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ART. I.—*Revue des deux Mondes*. Paris, 1849 and 1850.

FRANCE is *κατ' ἐξίχην* the land of experiment, as England is the land of compromise. There is scarcely a religious, political, or social experiment she has not tried; scarcely a religious, political, or social phase which she has not passed through. The form of Romanism in its narrowest and harshest bigotry which she exhibited towards the close of the reign of Louis XIV., was exchanged under his successors for a wild, angry, aggressive infidelity. This in its turn was succeeded by a cold and contemptuous indifference, which is now giving place to a somewhat more hopeful spirit in the poetical and mystical faith of Lamennais and Lamartine among the adherents of the old creed, and to the stiff and dogmatic opinions of Guizot, Coquerel, and Quinet among the votaries of the new. In polity France was at one time a military aristocracy, when the Guises and the Condés were almost the equals of the reigning Prince. Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV. curbed the power of these rival potentates, and established a central and relentless despotism, which lasted till 1789, and was then followed in rapid succession by the most democratic of republics and the most stern of military empires,—by a restoration, a second revolution, a constitutional limited monarchy, a third revolution, and an anomalous, ambiguous, tottering republic. The social changes which the country has undergone have been no less startling. Vassals and serfs till sixty years ago, the people suddenly became, first, the equals, then the tyrants of their former masters; and after losing their power under the empire, and being firmly repressed under the succeeding dynasties, they saw Communism for one short period actually

triumphant and in power, and are still struggling to replace it at the Luxembourg. The middle classes, non-existent or insignificant under the old monarchy, and unwisely despised by Napoleon, have been dominant since 1830, and promise to remain so still; while the aristocracy, formerly the proudest and mightiest in Europe, have sunk into apparently hopeless impotence, retaining even their titles with difficulty, and in occasional abeyance. Hitherto, in all the manifold forms which her Government and her society have assumed, France has been almost equally unfortunate: she has travelled round the whole circle of national possibilities, and like Milton's Satan, has contrived constantly "to ride with darkness."

When the Revolution of 1848* once more summoned her to the task of reconstruction, that task was far more difficult than at any former period. In 1789 her course was comparatively clear, and her materials comparatively rich. There were scandalous and universally recognised abuses to be removed; enormous grievances to be redressed; shameful oppressions to be cancelled; and rights long and cruelly withheld to be conferred. There might be danger in all these changes; but the changes were rendered necessary by decency and justice; and the necessity was clearly seen. The old theories of Government and society were to be swept away, but the new ones had been long ready to take their place. Men might be mistaken as to the value of the objects they had at heart, and might overestimate the advantages which were to flow from their attainment; but they had no doubt or confusion as to what these objects were. They knew what they wanted. The enthusiasm of the Reformers might be irrational, and

* See this Review, vol. ix.

their faith fanatical; but they *had* a faith and an enthusiasm as earnest as ever carried martyrs unflinching to the stake. They had a new political framework to construct, but they had the constituent elements of that framework ready to their hand; they had an existing though a damaged monarchy; they had an aristocracy, frivolous, corrupt, and haughty, but still retaining some of the better elements of nobility within its bosom, and numbering many generous and worthy men among its ranks; and they had a *tiers-état*, indignant at past oppressions, thirsting for the promised freedom, energetic, trusting, simple, and with a loyalty not yet utterly extinguished. The court, the clergy, the high nobility were discredited and corrupt; but corruption had not yet penetrated the heart of the common people. They had a hard task to fulfil, but the means of its accomplishment were within reach: there was devotion, energy, and zeal in ample measure—there was high virtue and aspiring genius—there was eloquence of the loftiest order, and courage tried in many a conflict, all girding up their loins and buckling on their armour for the struggle.

In 1799, the task was a clearer and a ruder one still—it was simply to replace an anarchy of which all were sick and weary, by a strong government of any kind. In 1830, it was simply to enthrone a monarch who would govern according to the law, in the place of one who sought to govern by his own foolish and wicked will. But in 1848, when to the amazement of all and with scarcely any note of warning, the monarch fled and the dynasty and the constitution crumbled away like dust; and when the social as well as the political structure seemed to be resolved into its original elements, France saw before it a labour of a far more Herculean cast, surrounded with far more formidable difficulties, and demanding a profounder wisdom. It was not the reconstruction of a shattered cabinet—it was not the restoration of a fallen dynasty—it was not even the reform and purification of a partial and perverted constitution:—it was the re-education of society itself,—of a society corrupt to its very core,—in which all the usual constituents of the social edifice were poisoned, damaged, discredited, or non-existent—in which the monarchy was despised—in which the aristocracy was powerless—in which the clergy was without influence or general respect—in which the leading politicians could not furnish forth a single man able to command the confidence of the people—in which the middle classes were hopelessly selfish and devoted to material interests, and the mass of the lower orders were enduring severe privations, and swayed to and fro by the wildest theories and the most impracticable aspirations.

The purely political difficulties which presented themselves to the reconstructing statesmen of 1848, were the least they had to encounter. Yet these were embarrassing enough. When James II. abdicated or was dismissed from the English throne in 1688, he had only one rival and possible successor. The nation, too, as far as it could be said to be divided at all, was divided between the adherents of James and those of William of Orange. The old parties of Cromwell's days were extinct or powerless. But in France there were, and are still, four distinct parties,—any two of them capable by their junction of paralyzing and checkmating the others,—any three of them, by their union, able to overpower and drive out the fourth. There were the old Legitimists, who acknowledged no monarch but the exiled Count de Chambord; not strong in numbers, or in influence, or in genius; inexperienced and unskilful in political action, and singularly defective in political sagacity; strangely blind to the signs of the times; living in dreams of the past and visions of the future;—but strong in this one point, that they alone of all the parties which divided France, had a living political faith, firm religious convictions, earnest ancestral and traditional affections, a distinct principle to fight for, and an acknowledged banner to rally round. Though not numbering many adherents or vassals even in the remoter and less altered provinces, their position in society as the undoubted heads of the polite and fashionable world, and embracing the oldest and most respected families of the ancient aristocracy, gave them a certain influence which, much as the prestige of high birth has been dissipated in France, was still not inconsiderable.

Next to them came the Imperialists—those whom recollections of former glory, and worship of the memory of the most wonderful man of modern times, attached to anything that bore the name or the impress of Napoleon. Their chief strength lay in the army, whose veterans looked upon their great captain almost as on a demigod, whose soldiers had known no spoil, and whose marshals no glory, since the empire had departed, whose thoughts were always dwelling on the campaigns of Jena and Marengo, who were constantly thirsting to renew the triumphs of Austerlitz, and to wipe out the discomfiture of Waterloo. But, besides the army, this party could count a great number of adherents among the middle classes, who remembered how Napoleon had restored order and stability at home, while he extended the boundaries and the influence of France abroad; how he had opened by force new Continental markets for their produce; how he had stimulated industry, protected commerce, and covered the land with roads, bridges, and public institutions.

Among the commercial people, too, there were many who regretted the times when commissaries and contractors grew wealthy in a single year, and when a hardy speculation or a glorious campaign supplied wherewithal to found and endow a family. The peasantry of France, too, were Buonapartists almost to a man, as far as they had any political predilections at all. It was Napoleon who had re-organized society after the horrors of the Revolution. If it was Napoleon who had taken their sons and brothers as conscripts, it was he also who had led them on to renown, and often to wealth and distinction. He wrote his name indelibly on the very soil in every department of France; his is literally the only name known in the agricultural provinces and among the ignorant and stationary cultivators of the land. The demagogues who agitated France and the ruffians who ruined her before his time, as well as the monarchs who have ruled her since, have passed away and left no trace,—but Napoleon is remembered and regretted everywhere; his is the only fame which has survived the repeated catastrophes of sixty years, and floats uningulfed on the waters of the deluge. Many of the peasantry have never realized his death. Many even believe, incredible as it may seem, that it is he himself who now rules France. The overwhelming majority which elected Louis Napoleon to the Presidency surprised no one who has had an opportunity of conversing with the peasantry in the less visited districts of the country.

The third party was the Orleanists, or adherents of the existing dynasty. They were numerous and powerful, and comprised many sections. They included a great majority of the middle ranks, nearly the whole of the commercial classes, and five-sixths of the practical, sober, and experienced politicians of the land. Besides those who were attached to the government by long connexion, by old habit, by services rendered or benefits received, the Orleans dynasty rallied round it all the friends of constitutional liberty, all admirers of the English system, all who hoped by means of the Charter—imperfect and mutilated as it was—and of the two Chambers—restricted as was the suffrage, and corrupt as was often the influence brought to bear upon the elections—gradually to train France to a purer freedom, and a higher degree of self-government; to tide over the period of national boyhood and inexperience, and navigate the vessel of the state through the rocks and shoals which menaced it, into smoother waters and more tranquil times;—all the moneyed men, too, to whom confusion, uncertainty, and change are fraught 'with impoverishment and ruin; all that class, so numerous, especially in Paris, who lived by supplying the wants of

travellers and foreign residents; all whose idol was order, by whatever means it might be enforced, and at whatever price it might be purchased, and who saw no chance of peace or stability save under Louis Philippe's rule; and, finally, all belonging to that vast and indescribable section of every nation, who owned no allegiance, who worshipped no ideal, who sacrificed to no principle, whom Dante has scorched with his withering contempt, as neither good nor bad, but simply, and before everything, selfish. The strength of this party lay in its wealth, in its political experience, in its cultivation of the material interests of the country, in the sympathy of England, and in all those nameless advantages which long possession of the reins of power under a government of centralization never fails to confer.

Lastly, came the Republicans, divided, like the Orleanists, into many sections. There were the Republicans on principle—stern, honest, able, and uncompromising, of whom Cavaignac may be taken as the living, and Armand Carrel as the departed type. They had clear, though often wild conceptions of liberty—an intelligible though an impracticable political theory; they worshipped a noble though generally a classical ideal, for which they were as ready to die and to kill, as any martyr who was ever bound to the stake. They belonged to the same order of men as the Cromwells and the Harrisons of England, and the Balfours of Scotland, with the difference, that their fanaticism was not religious but political. Still they were, for the most part, estimable for their character, respectable in talents, and eminently formidable from the concentrated and resolute determination of their zeal.—There were the Republicans by temperament—the young, the excitable, and the poetic, who longed for an opportunity of realizing the dreams of their fancy, whose associations of freedom and renown all attached themselves to the first phase of the old Revolution, and whose watchword was "the year 1793." Such are to be found in nearly all countries. Their mental characteristic belongs rather to the time of life than to the nation or the age. Still they have played a prominent part in all French convulsions. The *Ecole Polytechnique* has an historical fame.—Then there were the Socialist republicans, whose hostility was directed less against any dynasty or form of government, than against the arrangements of society itself; who conceived that the entire system of things was based upon a wrong foundation, and who saw, in the overthrow of existing powers, the only chance of remodelling the world after their fashion. Of these Louis Blanc was the leader; and among his followers were hundreds of thousands of the operative classes, soured and maddened

with privations, thirsty for enjoyment, and intoxicated with the brilliant and beautiful perspective so eloquently sketched out before them—but, for the most part sincere, well-meaning, ignorant, and gullible, and easily dazzled and misled to wrong by the lofty and sonorous watchwords which their mischievous guides knew so well how to pronounce.—Lastly, there were the wretches who in troubled times come at the heels of every party, to soil its banner, to disgrace its fortunes, to stain its name—who profit by its victory, and slink away from it in defeat. The idle, who disdained to labour; the criminal who lived by plunder; the savage whose element was uproar; men who hated every government, because they had made themselves amenable to the laws of all; thieves and murderers, whom the galley and the prison had disgorged—all these obscene and hideous constituents stalked forth from their dens to swell the ranks of the Republicans, and to pillage and slay in the name of the Republic.

Such were the political parties, in the midst of whose noisy and furious hostility France was called upon to constitute a strong and stable government, on the morrow of that amazing catastrophe, which, on the 24th of February 1848, had upset a constitution, chased away a dynasty, and left society itself in a state of abeyance, if not of dissolution. The Provisional authorities—partly self-elected, partly voted in by acclamation, partly foisted in by low and impudent intrigue—had proclaimed a Republic, without waiting to give the nation time to express its volition in the matter, and without any intention of deferring to this volition even when expressed. To establish and consolidate a Republican form of government was thus the task assigned to the country;—a task which the existence of the several parties we have enumerated would alone have sufficed to make perplexing and difficult enough. But impediments far more serious were behind. All things considered, the problem was probably the hardest ever set before a nation:—to reconstruct society on a stable foundation, with all the usual elements of society absent or broken up,—without a monarch, without an aristocracy, without a religion,—with no principle unquestioned, with no truth universally admitted and revered, with no time-honoured institution left standing amid the ruins. She had to do all this, and more, in spite of nearly every obstacle which the Past and the Present could gather round her, and in the absence of nearly every needed instrument for the work. With antecedents in her history—with monuments on her soil—with arrangements in her social structure—with elements in her national character—which seemed peremptorily to forbid and ex-

clude republicanism, she endeavoured to construct a republic, and seemed resolved to be satisfied with nothing else. With no honest, high-minded, or venerated statesmen standing out like beacon-lights among the multitude, whom all were emulous to love, honour, and obey, she was called upon to undertake a work which only the loftiest intellects operating upon the most trusting and submissive people could satisfactorily accomplish. She set herself to rival and surpass in their most difficult achievements nations that differed from her in nearly every element of their national life. With a pervading military spirit—with a standing force of nearly half a million, and an armed and trained population amounting to two millions or more—with a centralized despotic bureaucracy—with Versailles and the Tuileries ever recalling the regal magnificence of former days—with an excitable temper, an uncommercial spirit, and a subdivided soil—she is endeavoring to imitate and exceed that political liberty, and hoping successfully to manage those democratic institutions, which have been the slow and laborious acquisitions of Britain, with her municipal habits and her liberal nobility; of America, with her long-trained faculty of self-government, her boundless and teeming territory, and her universally diffused material wellbeing; of Switzerland, with her mountainous regions and her historic education; and of Norway, with her simple, hardy, and religious population, and her barren and untempting soil.

Let us look a little more closely into a few of those peculiarities in the national character and circumstances, which appear to render the present struggles of the French after a constitution at once stable and democratic, so difficult if not so hopeless.

And, first, as to RACE. Races of men, like individuals, have their distinct type, their peculiar genius, which is the product of their origin, their physiological organization, their climate, and the development of civilisation through which they have passed,—which is, in fact, their inheritance from ancient times. Few European nations are of pure blood; almost all contain several elements, and are the more sound and vigorous for the admixture. The French and the English have in common something of the Norman and something of the Teutonic blood: but in England the prevailing element is the Saxon sub-variety of the Teutonic; in France the prevailing element is the Gallic sub-variety of the Celtic. From our Norman conquerors we derive that intellectual activity, that high resolve, those habits of conquest and command, so characteristic of our upper ranks, and which have spread by intermarriage through all

classes. From our German forefathers we inherit our phlegm, our steadiness, our domestic habitudes, and our unhappy addiction to spirituous liquors. The predominance of Frank and Norman blood gave to the old aristocracy of France those generous and noble qualities which so long distinguished the class; but since it was submerged in the great deluge which desolated the closing years of the last century, the Celtic element which pervades the great mass of the people has shone forth paramount and nearly unmodified. Now, the Teuton and the Celt have characteristics and capacities wholly dissimilar. According to the masterly analysis of our first ethnographical authority, M. Gustaf Kombst, the distinctive marks of the former are slowness but accuracy of perception, a just, deep, and penetrating, but not quick or brilliant intellect. The distinctive peculiarities of the Celt, on the contrary, are quickness of perception, readiness of combination, wit, and fertility of resource. The passion of the Celt is for national power and grandeur; that of the Teuton for personal freedom and self-rule. The Teuton is hospitable, but unsocial and reserved; the Celt is immoderately fond of society, of amusement, and of glory. The one is provident and cautious; the other impetuous and rash. The one values his own life, and respects that of others; the other sets little value upon either. Respect for women is the characteristic of the Teuton; passion for women the characteristic of the Celt.* The latter is intemperate in love; the former is intemperate in wine. The fancy of the one is sensuous; that of the other ideal. Lastly, the religious element presents diverse manifestations in the two races; in the Celt there is a latent tendency towards polytheism, while the Teuton displays a decided preference for monotheistic views;—Romanism retains an almost unshaken hold over the former; Protestantism has achieved its victories exclusively among the latter.

Now, these distinctions are not fancies of our own, derived from a glance at France, Germany, and England, under their present phases; they are taken on the authority of a philosopher, whose conclusions are the result of long study, and of the widest range of observation. The general accuracy of the delineation will be generally acknowledged, and can scarcely fail to impress us with the improbability that institutions which are indigeneous among one of these great divisions of humanity should flourish and survive when

they are transplanted into the other. Self-government, and the forms and appliances of political freedom, are plants of native growth in England and America; they are only delicate and valuable exotics in France. These national discrepancies manifest themselves in public life in a thousand daily forms. The Englishman is practical, business-like, and averse to change; his imagination, though powerful, is not easily excited; his views and aims are positive, unideal, and distinct. The Frenchman is ambitious, restless, and excitable—aspiring after the perfect; *passionné pour l'inconnu*; prone to *la recherche de l'absolu*; constantly, as Lamartine says, wrecking his chance or his possession of the good *"par l'impatience du mieux."* The Englishman, in his political movements, knows exactly what he wants; his object is definite, and is generally even the recovery of something that has been lost, the abolition of some excrement or abuse, the recurrence to some venerated precedent. The Frenchman is commonly aroused by the vague desire of something new, something vast, something magnificent; he prefers to fly to evils that he knows not of, rather than bear those with which he is familiar. His golden age beckons to him out of the untried and unrealized future; ours is placed almost as baselessly, but far less dangerously, in the historic past. The Frenchman is given to scientific definitions and theories in politics; the Englishman turns on all such things a lazy and contemptuous glance. The former draws up formal declarations of the rights of man, but has an imperfect understanding of his own, and is apt to overlook those of others; the latter never descends on his rights, but exercises them daily as a matter of course, and defends them stoutly when attacked. The one is confident in his own opinion, though he be almost alone in his adhesion to it; the other has always a secret misgiving that he is wrong when he does not agree with the majority. All these are so many criteria of the possession of that "political instinct," that native aptitude for administrative business, the defect of which in the French people has hitherto rendered all their attempts at a working constitution so abortive.

Next, as to RELIGION—the absence of which as a pervading element is a deplorable feature of the national character of France. The decay of her religious spirit dates from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. That fatal measure, while it banished Protestantism, struck Romanism with impotence and a paralytic languor. "The Gallican Church," no

* Dr. Kombst remarks, as a constant fact, the existence of Foundling Hospitals among Celtic nations, and their absence among those of Teutonic origin.

* Robert Hall.—Review of "Zeal without Innovation."

doubt, looked upon this Revocation as a signal triumph. But what was the consequence? Where shall we look after this period for her Fénélons and her Pascals? where for those bright monuments of piety and learning which were the glory of her better days? As for piety, she perceived that she had no occasion for it, when there was no longer any lustre of Christian holiness surrounding her; nor for learning, when there were no longer any opponents to confute or any controversies to maintain. She felt herself at liberty to become as ignorant, as secular, as irreligious as she pleased; and amidst the silence and darkness she had created around her she drew the curtains and retired to rest." To the forced and gloomy bigotry which marked the declining years of Louis Quatorze succeeded the terrible reaction of the Regency and the following reigns. Amid the orgies of weary and satiated profligacy arose first a spirit of scoffing, then of savage, vindictive, and aggressive scepticism. The whole intellect of that acute and brilliant people ranged itself on the side of irreligion; and nothing was left to oppose to the wits, the philosophers, and the encyclopedists, save old prosings which it was a weariness to listen to, frauds and fictions which it would have been imbecility to credit, pretensions which the growing enlightenment of the age laughed to scorn, and the few rags of traditional reverence which the indolent, luxurious and profligate lives of the clergy were fast tearing away. The unbelief of the higher ranks spread rapidly to those below them: some were unbelievers from conviction, some from fashion, some from a low and deplorable ambition to ape their superiors. "Bien que je ne suis qu'un pauvre coiffeur (said a hair-dresser to his employer one day in 1788) je n'ai plus de croyance qu'un autre." But worse than this, all that was warm or generous in human sympathies, all that was hopeful or promising for human progress, all that was true and genuine in native feeling, was found on the side of the philosophers. Religion ranged itself on the side of ignorance and despotism. Scepticism fought the battle of justice, of science, of political and civil freedom. The philosophers had truth and right on their side in nearly everything but their assaults on Christianity; and the Christianity then presented to the nation was scarcely recognizable as such. The result of these unnatural and unhappy combinations has been that religion has been indissolubly associated in the mind of the French with puerile conceits, with intellectual nonsense, with political oppression; while infidelity wears in their eyes the cap of liberty, the robes of wisdom, the civic crown of patriotic service.

Even the shocking license into which Athe-

ism wandered under the Republic produced nothing more genuine or deep than the reaction towards decency under Napoleon. The nation remained at heart either wholly indifferent or actively irreligious; and, such, in spite of growing exceptions, it continues to this day, by the confession of those even among its own people who know it best. The two reigns of the Restoration, and that of Louis Philippe, rather aggravated than mitigated the evil. The effect of this national deficiency in the religious element, is to augment to a gigantic height the difficulty of building up either society or government in France. Its noxious operation can scarcely be overrated. The foundation rock is gone; the very basis is a shifting quicksand. The habitual reverence for a Supreme Being, whose will is law, and whose laws are above assault, question, or resistance; the sense of control and the duty of obedience which flow from this first great conviction,—lie at the bottom of all community and all rule; without these it is difficult to see how the constructive task can even be commenced.

The absence of a fundamental and pervading religious faith has shewn itself in France in two special consequences, either of which would suffice to make the work set before them not merely Herculean, but nearly hopeless. The first is this:—France prides herself upon being a land in which pure reason is the only authority extant. She has no *prejudices* to lie at the root of her philosophy, no doctrine settled and universally adopted, and laid by as an everlasting possession,—a *πνεῦμα ἐξ ἀνδρῶν* in the sacred archives of the nation. She has no *axioms* which it would be insanity or sacrilege to question. Everything is matter for speculation, for doubt, for discussion. The very opinions which, with all other people, have long since passed into the category of first principles, are with her still themes for the wit of the saloon and the paradoxical declamation of the schoolboy. The simplest and clearest rules of duty, the most established maxims of political and moral action, the assumptions, or the proved premises which lie at the root of all social arrangements, dogmatic facts the most ancient and widely recognised, have in France every morning to be considered and discussed anew. Every belief and opinion, without exception, is daily remanded into the arena of question and of conflict. Topics the most frivolous and the most sacred, truths the most obvious and the most recondite, doctrines the clearest and the most mystical, are perpetually summoned afresh before the judgment-seat of logic, till none can by any possibility obtain a firm and undisputed hold upon the mind. The fact is not wonderful, though its consequences are

enormously pernicious. It is the inherited misfortune of a generation which has grown up in the vortex of a political and moral whirlpool, where nothing was stable, nothing permanent; where it was impossible to point to a system, an institution, or a creed, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*; where one philosophy after another chased its predecessor from the stage; where one form of government was scarcely seated on the throne before its successor drove it into exile; where, in a word, there was not a school, a doctrine, or a dynasty, of which men of mature age (to use the fine and pathetic language of Grattan) had not "rocked the cradle and followed the hearse,"—not an institution extant and surviving of which nearly every one alive could not remember the time when *it was not*. The result of all this has been that an entirely different class of subjects from those ordinarily agitated in settled countries has come up. Instead of discussing whether a monarch should govern or only reign, they are discussing whether the lowest and most ignorant orders of the mob should not have the actual sovereignty in their hands. Instead of considering modifications in the laws of landed inheritance, they are disputing whether the very institution of property be not in itself a robbery. Instead of differing on details of the law of marriage and divorce, they are bringing into question the subject of family ties, and the relation between the sexes in its entirety. Their struggles are not on behalf of religious liberty, nor for this Church, nor for that sect, but for or against those fundamental ideas which are common to all creeds alike. It is not such or such a political innovation, such or such a social or hierarchical reform which form the subject of habitual controversy; it is the religious, political, and moral groundwork of society that is at stake and in dispute.

We are here at once led to the recognition of that great fact which explains, better than any divergence of historic antecedents, or any dissimilarity of national character, the startling contrast between the failure of the French Revolution, and the success of that great English movement of the seventeenth century which corresponds to it. M. Guizot, with his accustomed sagacity, has in his last work placed his finger upon this distinction, though he abstains from following out a contrast so painful and unfavourable to his countrymen. The French Revolution followed on a sceptical and philosophic movement of men's minds. The English Revolution followed on a period of deep religious excitement. The English revolutionists were even more attached to their religious faith than to their political opinions. They fought for liberty of conscience even more fiercely than for civil rights. "Ce fut

la fortune de l'Angleterre au xvii^e siècle, que l'esprit de foi religieuse et l'esprit de liberté politique y régnaient ensemble. Toutes les grandes passions de la nature humaine se déployèrent ainsi *sans qu'elle brisât tous ses freins*." The English political reformers were pious Christians, whose faith was an earnest, stimulating, exalting, strengthening reality;—the French political reformers, on the other hand, were atheists, brought up in the school of the Encyclopedists to despise and deride all that other men hold sacred, whose passions, interests, and prejudices, therefore, found no internal impediment to their overflow. The Puritans unquestionably were bold reformers of religious matters as well as of political ones; they indeed attacked and overthrew the established creed, while maintaining intact the common principles of the Christian faith; but in the midst of their successes—in the chaos of ruins both of temples and palaces which, like Samson, they heaped round them—there was something left always standing which all sects revered and spared. They still, as M. Guizot beautifully says, recognised and bowed down before *a law which they had not made*. It was this law which they had not made—this boundary wall not built with hands—which was wanting to the French reformers: to them everything was human; on no side did they meet an obstacle, acknowledged as Divine, which commanded them to stop in their career of conquest and destruction. The consequence was, that in the one case the *bouleversement* reached only the secondary and derivative,—in the other, it embraced the primitive, fundamental, and indispensable institutions of social life.

The second special operation of French irreligion on society may be thus explained:—The thirst after happiness is natural to the human heart, and inseparable from its healthy action. After this happiness we all strive, though with every imaginable difference as to the intensity of our desire, and the conception of our aim,—as to the scene in which we locate it, and the means we employ to arrive at it. The cultivated, the virtuous, and the wise, place their happiness in the gratification of the affections, and the development of the intellectual and moral powers. Material welfare they value indeed, but they pursue it with a moderate and restrained desire. To the ignorant and the sensual, happiness consists in physical enjoyment and the possession of the good things of life. The paradisè of the religious man is laid in a future and spiritual world; that of the unbeliever—practical or theoretic—in some earthy Eden. On the belief or disbelief in the immortality of the soul, will practically depend both the nature and the locality of the heaven we

desire. Now the French—that is, that active and energetic portion of them which gives the tone to the whole people—repudiate the doctrine of a future life, and yet are vehement aspirants after enjoyment. They are well described by one of themselves as “*passionnés pour le bonheur matériel*.” The effect of the disbelief in a future world is, of course, not only to turn all their desires and efforts after happiness upon this, but to make their conception of the happiness of this life essentially and exclusively earthly, and to cause them to pursue it with the impatience, the hurry, the snatching avidity of men who feel that *now or never is their time*, that every moment that elapses before their object is grasped is a portion of bliss lost to them for ever. Those who, however dissatisfied with their portion of this world’s goods, still, like the majority—a decreasing majority we fear—of our English working classes, retain some belief in a future life, can strive after the improvement of their earthly lot with a more deliberate and less angry haste; for if they fail, their happiness is not denied, but only postponed to a more distant and a better day.

“To them there never came the thought
That this their life was meant to be
A pleasure-house, where peace unbought
Should minister to pride or glee.

“Sublimely they endure each ill
As a plain fact, whose right or wrong
They question not, confiding still
That it shall last not overlong:

“Willing, from first to last, to take
The mysteries of our life as given;
Leaving the time-worn soul to slake
Its thirst in an undoubted heaven.”

But if this earth is indeed all, then no time is to be lost, no excuse or delay is to be listened to. It is natural, it is logical, it is inevitable for those who hold this dreary creed to scout as insults those cautions as to the danger of going too fast, those maxims of wisdom which would assure us that social wellbeing is a plant of slow growth, that we must be satisfied with small and rare instalments of amelioration, that we must be content to sow the seed in this generation, and leave our children, or our children’s children, to reap the fruit. These indisputable truths sound like cruel mockery to the man who, suffering under actual and severe privations, regards a future existence as the dream of the poet, or the invention of the priest.

The immeasurable and impatient appetite for material felicity which is now one of the distinctive traits of French society, and which is the legitimate offspring of her irreligion, is

beyond question the deepest and most dangerous malady which the state physician has to deal with; for the Frenchman is not only logical, but always ready and anxious to translate his logic into practice. If our lot is to be worked out, and our nature to receive its full development on earth, we must set to work at once, at all hazards, and in spite of all obstacles, to construct that present paradise which is to be our only one. One of the historians of the recent Revolution, Daniel Sterne, has the following just remark:—“S’il est vrai de dire que le socialisme semble au premier abord une extension du principe de fraternité, apporté au monde par Jésus-Christ, il est en même temps et surtout une réaction contre le dogme essentiel du Christianisme, la Chute et l’Expiation. On pourrait, je crois, avec plus de justesse, considérer le socialisme comme une tentative pour *matérialiser* et *immédiatiser*, si l’on peut parler ainsi, la vie future et le paradis spirituel des Chrétiens.” Hence those Socialist and Communistic schemes, those plans for the re-organization of society on a new and improved footing, which have taken such a strong hold on the imagination and affection of the French *prolétaires*. Hence the eagerness and ready credulity with which they listen to any orators or theorists who promise them, by some royal road, some magic change, the wellbeing which they believe to be both attainable and their due. Hence, too, that daring, unscrupulous, unrelenting impetuosity, with which these social iconoclasts emulate the fanaticism of religious sectaries, and drive their car of triumph over ranks and institutions, over principalities and powers, over all the rich legacies and pathetic associations of the past, as remorselessly as did the daughter of Servius over the scarce lifeless body of her father.

This passion for material wellbeing—this “haste to be happy”—is by no means confined to the socialist schemers or the operative classes. It pervades ranks far above them, more especially those members of the *bourgeoisie* who have entered the liberal professions without any means or qualifications except natural aptitude and intellectual culture; the advocates, surgeons, artists, journalists, and men of letters. These are described by one who knows them well as the section of French society whose material condition is the most unsatisfactory and incongruous, while the influence they exert on the fortunes of the country is the most powerful. Their life is a combination of revolting contrasts,—a feverish and perpetual struggle. Their cultivated intellect, their excited fancy, raise them every moment to a dazzling height, and show them in dreams all the felicities and grandeurs of the earth; while their waking hours “must stoop

to strive with misery at the door," and be passed in conflict with the anxieties and humiliations of actual indigence or uncertain remuneration. They live in daily contact with men, their superiors in power and wealth, their equals or inferiors in character, in talent, or in cultivation; and the comparison disgusts them with inequalities of fortune, and the gradations of the social hierarchy. Their ambition, everywhere excited, and everywhere crushed back, finding in society as constituted no clear field, no adequate recompense, no prizes satisfying to their wants or glorious enough for their conceptions, sets itself to the task of reconstructing society afresh, after the pattern of their dreams. From this class are furnished the chiefs of the socialist and revolutionary movements;—men whose desires are at war with their destiny; and who in place of chastening and moderating the former, would re-fashion and reverse the latter.

There is yet another class, swayed by loftier motives, but pulling in the same direction. These are perhaps the most formidable of all, because their enthusiasm is of a more unselfish order, and flows from a purer spring. These are men of high powers and a fine order of mind, with little faith, or at most only a mystical and dreamy one, in God or in futurity, but overflowing with generous sympathies and worshipping a high ideal,—shocked and pained with the miseries they see around them, and confident in their capability of cure. They are a sort of political Werthers, profoundly disgusted with the actual condition of the world; the lofty melancholy, inseparable from noble minds, broods darkly over their spirits; an indescribable sadness

"Deepens the murmur of the falling floods;"—

they are disenchanted with life, and hold it cheap, for it realizes none of their youthful visions; they deem that this world ought to be a paradise, and believe it might be made such; and, feeling existence to be not worth having, unless the whole face of things can be renewed, and the entire arrangements of society changed, they are prepared to encounter anything, and to inflict anything, for the promotion of such change. Hence obstacles do not deter them—sacrifices do not appal them—personal danger is absolutely beneath their consideration—and both in France and Germany we have seen them mount the barricades and fight in the streets with a contempt of death which was utterly amazing, and seemed to have nothing in common either with the vaunting heroism of the French soldier, or the systematic and stubborn courage of the English, or the hardy indifference of the

Russians. France has martyrs still—martyrs as willing and enthusiastic as ever—but their cause is no longer that of old. Instead of martyrs who suffer death for freedom, for country, for religion, for devotion to the moral law, we have men ready to encounter martyrdom for objects scarcely worthy of the sacrifice,—for the exigencies of the passions, for the conquest of material felicity, for the realization of an earthly paradise.

The degree to which this universal and insatiable thirst for present and immediate enjoyment, and the schemes, associations, and ambitions to which it gives rise, must complicate the difficulties of any government formed at a time when such desires and such attempts at their realization are rife, must be obvious at a glance. One special point which even aggravates these difficulties, we shall have to recur to presently.

Side by side with the absence of religion in France—partly as a consequence, partly as a co-existing effect of remoter causes, there prevailed a deep-seated torpor and perversion of moral principle. We do not mean that there was not much virtue, much simple honesty, much conscientious adherence to the dictates of the moral sense, still to be found in many classes of the people, among the unsophisticated peasantry of the interior, among the scanty and scattered rural gentry who lived on their estates, and even among the artisan class of the cities. But a profound and mean immorality had spread its poisonous influence deep and wide through nearly all those ranks which, either directly or indirectly, act upon the Government, and give the tone to the national character and the direction to the national policy. So obvious was this painful truth, that it escaped neither foreigner nor native;—it led to a general and frequently expressed, though vague expectation, that some great catastrophe must be at hand; it was dimly felt that nearly all those warning signs—those mystic letters on the wall—by which Providence intimates approaching change, were visible on the face of French society; and we well remember that one individual, thoroughly conversant with that society in all its circles, distinctly predicted the Revolution of February more than a year before it occurred, not on the ground of any political symptoms or necessities, but solely from the corruption of morals and manners which pervaded the higher and middle classes,—the politicians, the writers, the commercial men, the artists, the circles of fashion—all alike. License in all that concerned the relations between the sexes was no novelty in France,—in this respect the profligacy of the Regency and the Directory could not be surpassed, and indeed was not approached. But the high

and scrupulous, though sometimes fantastic and inconsistent sense of honour, which formerly distinguished the French gentleman, seemed to be gone; his regard for truth and even pecuniary integrity was deplorably weakened; the "mire of dirty ways," whether in political life or in speculative business, no longer instinctively revolted his finer susceptibilities;—that "sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt stain like a wound, which inspired valour, while it mitigated ferocity," had died away under the demoralizing influence of the repeated social convulsions of the last sixty years. When religion has become an empty garment, and piety a faded sentiment, and loyalty extinct for want of nourishment, and when strict moral rules have thus lost their fixity and their sanctions, the spirit of a gentleman may for a time, in some measure, supply their place; but if this also has died out, the last barrier to the overflow of the twin vices of licentiousness and barbarity is swept away.

The extent to which this spirit was extinguished was not known to the world till the filthy intrigues connected with the Spanish marriages, (since so remorselessly laid bare by the publication of Louis Philippe's private letters,) and the suicide of the diplomatic tool concerned in them, the Count de Bresson, out of pure disgust of the dirt he had been dragged through,—first exposed a degree of low turpitude, for which even France was scarcely prepared. Then followed in quick succession the trial and conviction of a cabinet minister and a general officer for dishonesty and speculation in their official capacities, and the awful tragedy of the Duke de Choiseul-Praslin, a member of the highest nobility in France—the murder of his wife as an obstacle to his illegitimate desires, and his own subsequent suicide in prison. When, finally, a statesman and philosopher, as high in rank and reputation as Guizot, expressed little surprise and no horror at the corrupt malversation of his former colleague M. Teste, and even consented to soil his lips in public with a quasi-lie, in order to defend the duplicity of his master,—a sort of shudder ran through the better circles of Europe,—a perception that the measure of iniquity was full, and that the time of retribution must be at hand. It was as if the book had been closed, and the awful fiat had gone forth: "Ephraim is joined unto idols: let him alone." "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still: behold, I come quickly, to give to every man according as his work shall be!"

The prevalent immorality shewed itself to the French themselves in may minute symptoms which were unobservable by other nations,—in the looseness of domestic ties, in

the grasping and gambling spirit of Parisian society, in the appearance of the *lionnes*, as they were called, and other extravagant indecours of fashionable life; but to the world at large, it was chiefly signalized in the strange taste and monstrous conceptions which degraded their popular and lighter literature, and in the general corruption which pervaded all departments of the administration. We very much question whether any period of history can furnish a parallel to the French fictitious and dramatic literature of the last twenty years. Former times may have furnished comedies more coarse, tragedies more brutal, novels more profligate; but none displaying a taste so utterly vicious, a style of sentiment so radically false and hollow, a tone and spirit so thoroughly diseased. Not only do voluptuous pictures every where abound; not only is the unrestrained indulgence of the natural passions preached up as venial, to say the least; not only is the conjugal tie habitually ridiculed or ignored; not only is genius ever busy to throw a halo of loveliness over the most questionable feelings, and the most unquestionable frailties;—but crimes of the darkest dye are chosen by preference, and with research, as the materials of their plot; criminals, black with every enormity which we hold most loathsome, are the picked and chosen favourites of the play-wright and the novelist; scenes, which the pure and the refined mind shrinks even to dream of, are the commonest localities of their unholy delineations;—and the imagination of the writer is racked to devise the most unnatural occurrences, the most impossible combinations, the most startling horrors. This language sounds like exaggeration; but it will not be deemed such by any one who has even dipped into the cloaca of modern French fiction, from its more moderate phase in Victor Hugo, to its culminating point in "Le Comte de Monte-Christo," and the "Mystères de Paris." The favourite plan—the supreme effort—of these writers is to conceive some marvellous event or combination which has no prototype in nature, and could never have presented itself to a sound or healthy fancy; to depict some monstrous criminal, and surround him with the aureole of a saint,—to describe some pure, beautiful, and perfect maiden, and place her, as her atmosphere and cradle, in the lowest and filthiest haunts, where barbarity nestles with licentiousness. Excitement—what the French call *une sensation*—is the one thing sought after; the object to which taste, decency, and artistic probabilities, are all sacrificed; or if any more serious idea and sentiment runs through this class of works, it is that of hostility to the existing arrangements of society,—its inequalities, its restraining laws, its few still unshattered sanctities.

It is worthy of remark that Victor Hugo, the author of "Marion de L'Orme," "Lucrèce Borgia," "Bug-Jargal," and "Hans d'Islande," is a leader of the extreme party in the Chambers; that Eugène Sue, the author of "Atar Gull," "Le Juif errant," and "Les Mystères du Peuple," is the chosen representative of the more turbulent socialists; and that George Sand (whom we grieve to class with these even for a moment) was the reputed friend and right hand of the desperate democratic tyrant, Ledru-Rollin. Literature in France has become allied not only with democracy—that it may well be without any derogation from its nobility—but with the lowest and most envious passions of the mob, with the worst and most meretricious tastes of the *coulisses* and the saloon. Its votaries and its priests seem to have alike forgotten that they had an ideal to worship, a high ministry to exercise, a sacred mission to fulfil. Excellence, for which in former times men of letters strove with every faculty of their devoted souls,—for the achievement of which they deemed no effort too strenuous, no time too long—is deposed from its "place of pride;" and success,—temporary, momentary, sudden success,—success among a class of readers whose vote can confer no garland of real honour, no crown of enduring immortality,—success however tarnished, and by what mean and base compliances soever it be won,—is their sole object and reward.

The unwholesome and disordering sentiment which alone could flow from such a school is nearly all that the lighter intellect of France has had to feed upon for more than half a generation; and the corruption of the national taste and morals consequent upon such diet, is only too easily discernible. A passion for unceasing excitement, a morbid craving for mental stimulants thus constantly goaded and supplied, has rendered everything simple, genuine, and solid in literature, everything settled and sober in social relations, everything moderate, stable, and rigid in political arrangements, alike stale and flat. The appetite of the nation is diseased; and to minister to this appetite, or to control and cure it, are the equally difficult and dangerous alternatives now offered to its rulers.

The second form in which the national demoralization especially showed itself—at once a fatal symptom and an aggravating cause—was in the general administrative corruption which prevailed. This did not originate under Louis Philippe, but was beyond question vastly increased during his reign; and was not only not discouraged but was actually stimulated by his personal example. The system of place-hunting—the universal mendicancy for public employment, which reached so shameless a

height just before the last revolution, found in him one of its worst specimens. No jobbing or begging elector ever besieged the door of the minister for a tobacco-license, or a place in the customs or the passport office, with more impudent pertinacity, than Louis Philippe showed in persecuting the Chambers for *dotations* for his sons. Those who were conversant with the French ministerial bureaux declare, that it is difficult to imagine, and that it was impossible to behold without humiliation and disgust, the passionate covetousness, the mingled audacity and meanness, displayed among the candidates for place. *Everybody* seemed turned into a hanger-on of Government, or a petitioner to become so: everybody was seeking a snug berth for himself or for his son, and vowing eternal vengeance against the Government if he were refused. The system of civil administration in France—the senseless multiplication of public functionaries—has to thank itself for much of this embarrassing and disreputable scramble. The number of places, more or less worth having, at the disposal of Government, appears, by a late return to the Chamber, to exceed 535,000. "Les Français (says a recent acute writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes*) se précipitent vers les fonctions, parceque c'est la seule carrière qui garantisse l'existence même médiocre, et qui permette la sécurité du lendemain. Dans l'espoir d'assurer à leurs enfans un élargement au budget, nous voyons chaque jour de petits capitalistes consacrer au frais de leur éducation une partie ou la totalité de leur mince héritage. Les fonctions publiques sont considérées comme une assurance sur la vie, ou un placement à fonds perdus. Une place exerce sur l'esprit des familles la même fascination que faisait autrefois une prébende ou un canonicat. Madame de Staël disait autrefois: 'Les Français ne seront satisfaits que lorsqu'on aura promulgué une constitution ainsi conçue; article unique: Tous les Français sont fonctionnaires?' Le socialisme ne fait que généraliser sous une autre forme la passion des Français pour les places, et réaliser, sous un autre nom, le mot de Madame de Staël. La Charte du droit au travail peut, en effet, s'énoncer en une seule phrase: Tous les citoyens sont salariés par l'état."

The number of electors in Louis Philippe's time was 180,000—the number of places in the gift of the Crown was 535,000; that is, there were three places available for the purpose of bribing each elector. Put this fact side by side with that passion for the position of a Government *employé* which we have just described, and it will be obvious that the corruption must have been, as it was, systematic and universal. The electors regarded their

votes as a means of purchasing a place. Each deputy was expected to provide in this way for as many of his constituents as possible, and knew that his tenure of his seat depended upon his doing so. Of course he was not likely to forget himself: having purchased his seat, it was natural he should sell his vote. Thus the Government bribed the Chambers, and the Chambers bribed the electoral body. Now, from this eleemosynary giving away of places, to *selling* them—from selling them for *support* to selling them for *money*—the step is short and easy.

Some important considerations have been suggested in mitigation of the culpability of Louis Philippe's Government in thus corrupting both the candidates and the constituency,—to which, though not pretending to admit their entire justice, we may give whatever weight they may, on due reflection, seem to deserve. It is questionable (it has been said) whether representative institutions among a corrupt and turbulent people, or a people from any other causes unfit for self-government, do not *necessitate* bribery in some form. It was found so in Ireland: it was found so in those dark times of English history which elapsed from 1660–1760. The Government of July found representative institutions already established, and was obliged to rule through their instrumentality. The Ministers were in this position: a majority in the Chambers was essential to them, to the stability of their position, to the adequacy of their powers. This majority could not be secured, among an excitable and foolish people, by wise measures, by sound economy, by resolute behaviour; nor among a corrupt and venal people, by purity of administration, or steady preference of obscure and unprotected merit. They were the creation of a revolution, which their defeat might renew and perpetuate, and a renewal of which would be, to the last extent, disastrous to the country. They had, therefore, only two alternatives—either to distribute places with a view to the purchase of Parliamentary votes, to hand over appointments to deputies for the purchase in their turn of electoral suffrages; or to enlarge the franchise to such an extent as to render bribery impossible, and so throw themselves on the chance which the good sense and fitness for self-rule of the mass of the people might afford them. This they had not nerve enough or confidence enough to do; and who that knows the French people, and has seen their conduct on recent occasions, will venture to say that they were wrong?

If the French nation were fit for representative institutions, if it had the sagacity, the prudence, the virtues needed for self-government, the latter ought to have been the course

of the Administration of July; if it had *not*, (and who now will venture to pronounce that it had?) the Administration had no choice but to command a majority by the only means open to them, viz., corruption. Representative institutions among a people unqualified for them can therefore only be worked by corruption, *i.e.*, by distributing the appointments at the disposal of the State with a view to the purchase of Parliamentary or electoral support. What Government, even in England or America, still less in France—what Government, in fact, in any country *not autocratically ruled*—could stand a month if all its appointments were distributed with regard to merit *alone*; if, for example, Lord Stanley refused office to Mr. Disraeli or Lord John Manners because they were less competent to its duties than obscurer men; if Lord Lonsdale or the Duke of Newcastle had all their recommendations treated with merited disregard; if the members for Manchester or London saw their protégés contemptuously and rigidly set aside in favour of abler but less protected men? If corruption essentially consists, as it undeniably does, in *distributing the appointments and favours of the State otherwise than with a sole regard to merit and capacity*—if any deviation from this exclusive rule be corruption in a greater or less degree, then it is clear that some degree of corruption is inherent and inevitable in all representative Governments, and that the extent to which it prevails will be in precise inverse proportion to the sagacity and self-denying virtue of the people, *i.e.*, to the degree in which they can endure to see meritorious strangers preferred to less deserving friends. Where, in modern times, shall we find that blended humility and patriotism, which made the rejected candidate for the Lacedemonian Senate go home rejoicing, (perhaps with a touch of quiet sarcasm in his tone,) “that there were five hundred better men in Sparta than himself?” The people, therefore, and the institutions, not the rulers, are to blame for the amount of corruption which prevails. If they have the reins in their own hands, and yet cannot guide themselves, they must be governed by circuitous stratagems instead of direct force—for governed *ab extra* they must be. *It is the exclusive prerogative of an autocratic government* to distribute appointments according to merit only. Corruption, *i.e.*, appointments not exclusively according to desert, but with ulterior views, to purchase or reward parliamentary support—is the price which must be paid for free institutions among an imperfect people.

There is much truth in this plea; a plea which will be recognised as valid by each individual, in proportion as he is conversant with administrative life; but it does not affect our

argument. For, whether the Government of France were excusable or not, the operation of the wholesale, systematic, and unblushing venality and scramble for place which prevailed, was equally indicative of, and destructive to, the morals of the community.

One result of all this—one of the saddest features of French national life, one of the darkest auguries for the future—is the low estimation in which all public men are held; the absence of any great, salient, unstained statesman, whom all revered, whom all could trust, and whom all honest citizens were willing to follow and obey; of any politician who, in times of trial, could influence and sway the people by the force of character alone. They are not only worse off than other nations, at similar crises of their history, they are worse off than themselves ever were before. They have not only no Pericles, no Hampden, no Washington; they have not even a Turgot, a Lafayette, or a Mirabeau. Three only of their public men have been long enough and prominently enough before the world to have made themselves a European reputation—Guizot, Thiers, and Lamartine. All of these men have been at the head of affairs in turn; all are writers and historians of high fame; all are men of unquestioned genius; and two of them at least are types of a class. Thiers is a Provençal by birth, with all the restless excitability, all the *pétillante* vivacity, all the quenchless fire, all the shrewd, intriguing sagacity of the south. He launched into the mixed career of literature and politics at a very early age, and a characteristic anecdote is related of his first successes. The Academy of Aix, his native town, proposed the *Eloge de Vauvenargues* as the subject of their yearly prize. Thiers sent in an essay (anonymous, as was the rule) which was of paramount merit; but it was suspected to be his, and as he and his patron had many enemies, the academic judges proposed to postpone the adjudication of the prize till the following year, on the ground of insufficient merit in all the rival essays. Some days were yet wanting to the period of final decision. Thiers instantly set to work, and produced with great rapidity another essay on the same text, which he sent in with the post-mark of a distant town. The first prize was instantly adjudged to this, and the second only to the original production; and when both turned out to be the work of the same envied author, the academicians looked foolish enough. Shortly after this youthful stratagem Thiers came to Paris, the great rendezvous for all French talent, and commenced life as a journalist—that line which in France so often leads to eminence and power. His clear, vivacious, and energetic style, and the singular vigour and frequent depth of his views, soon made him

favourably known. His *Histoire de la Révolution* established his fame; and when, on the appointment of the Polignac Ministry in 1829, he (in conjunction with Mignet and Carrel) established the *National* newspaper, with the express object of upsetting them, and pleading the cause of legal and constitutional monarchy against them he was one of the acknowledged leaders of public opinion in France. The settled aim and plan of the three friends is thus epigrammatically stated by M. de St. Beuve:—“*Enfermer les Bourbons dans la Charte, dans la Constitution, fermer exactement les portes; ils sauteront inmanquablement par la fenêtre.*” In seven months the work was done—the *coup d'état* was struck; and Thiers was the prominent actor both in that public protestation against the legality of the Ordinances, which commenced the Revolution of July, and in those intrigues which completed it by placing the Duke of Orléans on the throne. Since that date he has been the most noted politician of France—sometimes in office—sometimes in opposition—sometimes, as in February 1848, bending to the popular storm, and disappearing under the waves—again, as in May, reappearing on the surface, as active and prominent as ever, as soon as the deluge was beginning to subside. Next to M. Guizot, he is unquestionably the statesman of the greatest genius and the most practical ability in France; subtle, indefatigable; a brilliant orator, an inveterate intriguer; skilled in all the arts by which men obtain power; restrained by no delicate scruples from using it as his egotism may suggest; alike unprincipled as a minister, and untruthful as an historian; boundless in the aspirations, and far from nice in the instruments, of his ambition; inspiring admiration in every one, but confidence in no one. Still he is one of the few leading men in France who have a clear perception of what that country needs, and can bear; and if his character had been as high as his talents are vast, he might now have been almost omnipotent.

Guizot is a statesman of a different sort, gifted, perhaps, with a less vivid genius, but with a character of more solid excellence and an intellect of a much loftier order. He earned his rank by many years of labour in the paths of history and philosophy before he entered the miry and thorny ways of politics, and both as a diplomatist and a minister has shewn himself equal to every crisis. Clear, systematic, and undoubting in his opinions, and pertinacious in the promotion of them; stern, cold, and unbending in his manners, with something of the Puritan and much of the Stoic in the formation of his mind, fitted by nature rather for the professor's chair than the turbulent arena of the senate, but “equal to either fortune;”

earnestly devoted to the pursuit of truth in philosophic matters, but not always scrupulously adhering to it in the labyrinth of political intrigue; taught by history and knowledge of contemporaneous life to look upon his countrymen with a degree of mistrust and contempt, which his ministerial career too often shewed; watching their follies with more of lofty disdain than of melancholy pity, oftener with a sardonic smile than with a Christian sigh, and meeting the most hostile and stormy opposition with a cold and haughty imperturbability; he was, perhaps, the most suitable, but was certainly the most unpopular ruler that France could have had. The stern front which he constantly opposed to any extension of the popular power or privileges, his resolute hostility to the liberalism of the day, was much blamed at the time, and has since been regarded by some as the proximate cause of the Revolution of February, though scarcely, we think, with justice. We are too well aware of the prodigious and unseen obstacles which public men have to encounter, and of the incalculable difficulty of arriving at a just estimate of their conduct in any peculiar circumstances, which is inevitable to all who are not behind the scenes, to be much disposed to condemn the conduct of M. Guizot, on this head, from 1840 to 1848. It was evidently pursued *on system*, and subsequent events dispose us to think that it may very possibly have been judicious. He seems to have been convinced that the French were not ripe for larger liberties or a wider franchise, and to have resolved to let the education of many years of constitutional monarchy pass over their head before granting them more; and when we remember that the Parliamentary reforms of M. Thiers were as promptly and scornfully thrust aside by the leaders of the February Revolution, as the conservative policy of his predecessor, we greatly incline to think M. Guizot may have been right. At all events, he acted on a plan, and from conviction; and if his master had trusted him with sufficient confidence, and had displayed half his nerve, the convulsion which agitated and upset all Europe might, we believe, have been easily compressed within the limits of a Parisian *émeute*. It is worthy of remark that the three Governments which succeeded, the Provisional Government, the Dictatorship of Cavaignac, and National Assembly, have all found, or thought, themselves obliged to be far more sternly repressive than ever M. Guizot was. His two works, published since his fall, on "Democracy in France," and on "The Causes of the Success of the English Revolution," display a profound knowledge of the foibles, the wants, and the perils of his countrymen, such as no other French statesman has shewn. If he were again at the head of

affairs, the experience of the last two years would, we believe, be found to have rendered the French far more competent to appreciate his merits, and more disposed to submit to his rule. A *popular* statesman he can never be.

Lamartine was made to be the idol of the French because he was the embodiment of all their more brilliant and superficial qualities. But he was utterly devoid of statesmanlike capacity. His mind and character were essentially and exclusively poetic; for power and effect as an orator he was unrivalled; and his "*Histoire des Girondins*" is one of the most splendid and ornate narratives extant in the world. He had much of the hero about him; he was a man of fine sentiments, of noble impulses, of generous emotions, of a courage worthy of Bayard, and greater perhaps than even Bayard would have shewn in civil struggles. In the first three days of the Provisional Government, Lamartine was truly a great man: he was exactly the man demanded by the crisis; he had all the qualities those sixty hours of "fighting with human beasts" required:—and it was not till that long agony was passed, and the Government, once fairly seated, was called upon to act, that his profound incapacity and ignorance of political science became apparent. No man spoke more ably or more nobly: no man could have acted more madly, weakly, or irresolutely: He sank at once like a stone. From being the admiration of Europe—the central object on whom all eyes were turned, he fell with unexampled rapidity into disrepute, obscurity, and contempt; and the entire absence of dignity, manliness, and sense betrayed in his subsequent writings has been astounding and appalling. The words in which he sums up the characteristics of the old Girondins are precisely descriptive of himself:—"Ils ne savaient faire que deux choses—bien parler, et bien mourir."

The peculiar administrative institutions of France present another obstacle of the most formidable nature to the establishment of a stable republican government in that country. There are two distinct and opposite systems of administration, the municipal or self-governing, and the centralizing or bureaucratic; and the degree of real freedom enjoyed by any nation will depend more on the circumstance which of these systems it has adopted, than on the form of its government or the name and rank of its ruler. The former system prevails in America, in England, and in Norway; the latter is general upon the Continent, and has reached its extreme point in Germany and France. The two systems, as usually understood, are utterly irreconcilable: they pro-

ceed upon opposite assumptions; they lead to opposite results. The municipal system proceeds on the belief that men can manage their own individual concerns, and look after their own interests for themselves; and that they can combine for the management of such affairs as require to be carried on in concert. Centralization proceeds on the belief that men cannot manage their own affairs, but that government must do all for them. The one system narrows the sphere of action of the central power to strictly national and general concerns; the other makes this sphere embrace, embarrass, and assist at the daily life of every individual in the community. Out of the one system a republic naturally springs; or, if the form of national government be not republican in name, it will have the same freedom and the same advantages as if it were:—out of the other no republic can arise; on it no republic, if forcibly engrafted, can permanently take root; its basis, its fundamental idea, is despotic.

In no country has the centralizing system been carried so far as in France. In no country does it seem so suitable to or so submissively endured by the inhabitants. In no country is the metropolis so omnipotent in fashion, in literature, and in politics. In none is provincialism so marked a term of contempt. In none has the minister at the centre such a stupendous army of functionaries at his beck, appointed by his choice, and removable at his pleasure. The number of civil officers under the control of the central government in France is 535,000: in England it is 23,000. The functions of these individuals penetrate into every man's home and business; they are cognizant of, and license or prohibit his goings out and comings in, his buildings and pullings down, his entering into, or leaving business, and his mode of transacting it. This system, which in England would be felt to be intolerably meddlesome and vexatious, is (it is vain to disguise it) singularly popular in France;—it is a grand and magnificent fabric to behold; it dates its completeness from the consulate, when the nation first began to breathe freely after the revolutionary storms; and amid all the changes and catastrophes which have since ensued, amid governments overthrown and dynasties chased away, no one has made any serious endeavour to alter or even to mitigate this oppressive and paralyzing centralization. It has evidently penetrated into and harmonizes with the national character. The idea of *ruling themselves* is one which has not yet reached the French understanding: the idea of *choosing those who are to rule them* is the only one they have hitherto been able to conceive.

Now, this system, and the habits of mind which it engenders, operate in two ways to add

to the difficulties of establishing a firm and compact government. In the first place, it deprives the people of all political education; it shuts them out from the means of obtaining political practice or experience; it forbids that daily association of the citizens with the proceedings of the government, from which only skill and efficient knowledge is to be derived. In England and in America, every citizen is trained in vestries, in boards of guardians, in parochial or public meetings, in political unions, in charitable societies, in magistrates' conclaves, to practise all the arts of government and self-government on a small scale and in an humble sphere; so that when called upon to act in a higher function and on a wider stage, he is seldom at a loss. This apprenticeship, these normal schools, are wholly wanting to the Frenchman. The establishment of them and practice in them is an essential preliminary to the formation of any republic that can last. The French have been busy in erecting the superstructure, but have never thought of laying the foundation. The following contrast drawn by a citizen of the United States is, in many respects, just and instructive:—

“It has never been denied that political institutions are healthful and durable only according as they have naturally grown out of the manners and wants of the population among which they exist. Thus, the inhabitants of the United States, inheriting from their English ancestors the habit of taking care of themselves, and needing nothing but to be left to the government of their own magistrates, have gone on prospering and to prosper in the work of their own hands. Every state, county, city, and town in America, you need not be told, has always been accustomed to manage its own concerns without application to or interference from the supreme authority at the capital. And this self-controlling policy is so habitual and ingrained wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has spread, that it will for ever present an insuperable obstacle to the successful usurpation of undue authority by any individual. The people of the thirteen original transatlantic states, in the construction of a commonwealth, had only to build upon a real and solid foundation made to hand; but in France the reverse of this was the case when in the last century a republic was proclaimed, and continues so now, without any material diminution of the rubbish, which must be swept away before a trustworthy basis can be found for the most dangerous experiment in a nation's history. The executive power, securely ensconced in central Paris, like a sleepless fly-catcher in the middle of his well-spun web, feels and responds to every vibration throughout the artfully organized system, which extends from channel to sea, and from river to ocean. Its aim has been to keep the departments in leading-strings, and its success to prevent neighbours from leaning only on each other for mutual aid and comfort in every undertaking great or small,

and to drive them to the Minister of the Interior as the sole dispenser of patronage. Provincialism has hence become naturally associated with social inferiority, sliding easily into vulgarity; and as vulgarity is often carelessly taken for intellectual incapacity, the consequence is, that the many millions living at a distance from the factitious fountain of power are regarded and treated as children even in matters that most deeply concern their daily comfort. If, for example, a river is to be bridged, a morass drained, or a church erected, more time is lost in negotiating at head-quarters for permission to commence the undertaking than would suffice in England or America to accomplish the same object twice over. Disgusted, doubtless, with all this, and, as too frequently happens, expressly educated by aspiring parents for some official employment, most provincials of distinguished talents, instead of honourably addressing themselves for advancement, as is the custom in the United States, to their own immediate communities, hasten to the feast of good things, whether within the Elysée or elsewhere, at which they soon learn to take care of themselves, leaving their country, as the motto on their current coin has it, to the 'protection of God.

"No one ought to feel surprised, then, whenever a revolution happens here, and a republic, the universal panacea which haunts the French brain, is announced, that the people out of Paris, utterly destitute of political training, and without leaders, as they are, should stand agape and helpless as a shipload of passengers in a gale whose ruthless violence has left them without captain or crew. Nor should their helplessness and apparent imbecility be a reproach to their natural intelligence, for the system of centralization, so briefly alluded to above as a curse to the country, has in its long course benumbed their faculties and paralyzed their energies for every sort of action beyond the little circle of a material existence. Neither is this system likely to be soon abandoned, the present Minister of the Interior having very lately, to my certain knowledge, fiercely and firmly resisted every attempt on the part of the Council of State to modify its operation. In the absence, therefore, of the very groundwork whereon to create and sustain a republic, how can such a form of government endure, except while it is kept as at present from toppling over, by the unwilling support of various factions, which preserve it from falling only to prevent an antagonist still more detested from taking its place?"

The second effect of this administrative centralization is to direct all the active, aspiring, discontented spirit which is always fermenting in the community, upon the originating power in the state. The people are passive as regards the administrators, aggressive as regards the government. They are annoyed or insulted by a policeman or a *sous-préfet*, and they at once, *having no means of direct action upon him, the immediate and subordinate agent*, vent their indignation on the central power. They have no readier way of avenging

themselves on an obnoxious prefect than by upsetting the dynasty which appointed him. When they feel themselves oppressed, unprosperous, or suffering, they go at once to that which the system has taught them to regard as the source of all—the regal palace or the ministerial hotel at Paris: they cashier their rulers, but never dream of changing the system of administration, and consequently never mend their position. The evil remains undiminished; the discontent continues; and all that has been learned is the fatal lesson with what astounding facility governments may be overthrown which have no root in the affections, the habits, the wants, or the character of the people. In England, if a policeman affronts us, we bring him before a magistrate; if an overseer or relieving officer disgusts us, we remember it at the next election of guardians; if a taxgatherer oversteps his powers, we complain to his chief and insist on his dismissal; if refused a hearing we make Parliament itself a party to our grievance; if a magistrate acts oppressively we either expose him, or bring an action against him, secure of impartial justice. But no act of injustice or oppression ever weakens our loyalty to Queen or Parliament, for we know that they are not responsible for the faults of their subordinates, since they have given us ample means of self-protection against them.

A third reason which renders this central bureaucracy incompatible with any settled and secure government, except a powerful despotism deserves much consideration. We have already spoken of the great difficulties thrown in the way of the re-organization of France, by that passion for material wellbeing which is at present so salient a feature in the character of her citizens. These difficulties are enormously enhanced when this material wellbeing is demanded *at the hands of the government*. Yet this demand is one which every Frenchman thinks himself entitled to make; and for generations successive governments have countenanced the claim. By taking out of the hands of the individual the regulation of his own destiny, and teaching him to look up to the abstraction called "The state," for guidance, direction, and support, it has sedulously fostered a habit of expecting everything from this supposed omnipotence, and has effectually trodden out that spirit of humble but dignified self-reliance which is the chief source from which material well-being can be derived. It has said to its subjects, to quote the words of one who has read deeply the signs of the times, "Ce n'est point à vous, faibles individus, de vous conserver, de vous diriger, de vous sauver vous mêmes. Il y a tout près de vous un être merveilleux, dont la puissance est sans bornes, la sagesse infaillible, l'opulence inépuisable."

sible. Il s'appelle l'état. C'est à lui qu'il faut vous adresser ; c'est lui qui est chargé d'avoir de la force et de la prévoyance pour tout le monde ; c'est lui qui devinera votre vocation, qui disposera de vos capacités, qui récompensera vos labeurs, qui élèvera votre enfance, qui recueillera votre vieillesse, qui soignera vos maladies, qui protégera votre famille, qui vous donnera sans mesure travail, bien-être, liberté."* It is not wonderful, then, that the French should have contracted the habit of asking and expecting everything—even impossibilities—from their government ; and of urging their claims with the confidence and audacity of "sturdy beggars ;" — but picture to yourself a people "passionné pour le bonheur," and trained to look for this *bonheur* at the hands of a government which has taught them to demand it, but has no power to bestow it, and then ask yourself what chance of success or permanence can a republic so situated have ?

Republicanism and bureaucracy are incompatible existences. You may call your state a republic if you will—you may modify its form as you please—you may have two chambers or one—you may place at the head a military dictator, or an elective President holding office for one year, for four years, or for ten ;—but so long as the administration of public affairs remains central and bureaucratic, the utmost that full representation or universal suffrage can give you, is the power of choosing the particular set of busy bodies who shall rule, or rather the irresponsible individual who shall appoint them. It is not liberty, but merely the selection of your head oppressor. Thus France is in a radically false position, and she has not yet found it out ; she is endeavouring unconsciously to unite two incompatibilities. Her government has all the finished and scientific organization of a despotism, with the political institutions which belong to freedom. Each man has a share in the choice of his legislator and his executive chief ; each man is the depository of a calculable fraction of the sovereign power ; but each man is the slave of the Passport office, the prefect, the gendarme, and the policeman. The republic of to-day may awake and find itself an empire to-morrow—scarcely an individual Frenchman would *feel* the difference—and not one iota of the administration need be changed. As it exists now, it was the child and may be the parent of imperialism. The whole machinery of autocratic rule is at all times ready for the hand of any one who can seize it.

Again : the national traditions of the French as written in their chequered history—the

monuments of regal magnificence and splendour, still so cherished and admired, in the Tuileries, at Versailles, and at Fontainebleau—the inextinguishable taste of the people for gorgeous and imposing shows, and their incurable military spirit, all combine to make the simplicity of a genuine republic unharmonious, grotesque, and out of place among them. It is manifestly an exotic—a transplanted tree of liberty, which nature never intended to grow out of such a soil. The republic, save for a few short years, is associated with no recollections of historic glory : the times which a Frenchman loves to recal are those of Henri Quatre, Louis Quatorze, and Napoleon—none of them names redolent of liberty. The French are, essentially and above all, a military people. Now, unreasoning obedience to a non-elected and non-deposable chief, an utter abnegation of the individual will, which are the soul of success in war, are direct contradictions to the ideas on which democracies are founded. The passion for external luxury and splendour is incongruous and fatal in a democracy, unless that splendour can be shared by all the people ; yet in no civilized nations is that passion stronger than in France, and in few is the contrast so great between the palaces of their monarchs, (which they still take pride in and adorn,) and the habitations of the other classes of the community. In England, where the democratic element is so powerful and so spreading, there is little difference either in comfort or magnificence between Windsor Castle and Chatsworth, between St. James's Palace and the noble mansion of Longleat. The palaces of our sovereigns, the castles of our nobility, the halls of our wealthy and ancient commoners, are connected by imperceptible gradations : our Queen might take up her abode at the houses of some of our country gentlemen, and scarcely discover any diminution in the comfort of her accommodations, or the splendour of her furniture. But in France this is not so. Her royal palaces may rival or eclipse ours—certainly we have nothing so immense or gorgeous as Versailles—but the chateaux and hotels of her nobles belong to an entirely different and much lower class than ours. She has nothing to represent that class of mansions, which we count by hundreds, of which Devonshire House, Northumberland House, Belvoir Castle, Drayton Manor, Chatsworth, and Longleat, are the type with us. The character of her social hierarchy as depicted in her dwellings is essentially monarchical : ours is essentially aristocratic. Versailles and a republic would be a standing contradiction—a perpetual incongruity and mutual repreach. They represent, and suggest, wholly opposite ideas.

If this article had not already extended to

* Emile Saisset.

so great a length, we should have dwelt on other difficulties which beset the task of reorganizing government and society in France; on those arising from the material condition of her people; from the degree of poverty, incompatible with contentment, in which so large a portion of her population live; from the want of a "career," so painfully felt by many thousands of her most active spirits, and so dangerous to internal peace; from the inadequacy of her protected manufactures, her imperfect agriculture, and her undeveloped commerce, to support in comfort the actual numbers on her soil; from the law of equal inheritance, with all its fatal and unforeseen consequences to peace, to freedom, to wealth, to social interests, and intellectual culture; and last, not least, from the fatal necessity, which each new Government that had sprung from a popular insurrection finds itself under, of turning instantly round upon the parties, the ideas, and the principles which have elevated it to power. A Government created by a revolution finds that almost its first task must be to repress revolutionary tendencies; nay, more, that it must repress these tendencies far more promptly, more severely, more incessantly, than would be necessary to a Government strong in the loyalty of the nation, in the traditions of the past, in the deliberate judgment of the influential classes, and which was not harassed by the spectre of anarchy daily knocking at its gates. Yet such a Government—casting down the ladder by which it climbed to office—shutting the door in the faces of undeniable claims—rebuking and punishing the enthusiastic soldiers who had fought for it—imprisoning the friends to whom it owed its existence—fettering and fining the press which had paved the way for its inauguration—has, it cannot be disguised, *primâ facie*, an ugly aspect.

To conclude. The basis of the Governments which owed their origin to the first Revolution was reaction against old anomalies; the basis of the Empire was military power; the basis of the Restoration was legitimacy, prejudice, and prestige; the basis of Louis Philippe's Government was the material interest of the nation, and the supremacy of the bourgeoisie as the depositaries and guardians of those interests. The Revolution of February—being (as it were) an aggressive negation, not a positive effort, having no clear idea at its root, but being simply the product of discontent and disgust—furnishes no foundation for a Government. Loyalty to a legitimate monarch; deference to an ancient aristocracy; faith in a loved and venerated creed; devotion to a military leader; sober schemes for well-understood material prosperity;—all these may form, and have formed, the foundation

of stable and powerful Governments; mere reaction, mere denial, mere dissatisfaction, mere vague desires, mere aggression on existing things—never.

To construct a firm and abiding commonwealth out of such materials, and in the face of such obstacles as we have attempted to delineate,—such is the problem the French people are called upon to conduct to a successful issue. Without a positive and earnest creed; without a social hierarchy; without municipal institutions and the political education they bestow; without a spirit of reverence for rights and of obedience to authority, penetrating all ranks,—we greatly doubt whether the very instruments for the creation of a republic are not wanting. A republic does not create these—it supposes and postulates their existence. They are inheritances from the past, not possessions to be called into being by a fiat. They are the slow growth of a settled political and social system, acting with justice, founded on authority and tradition, and consolidated by long years of unshaken continuance.

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- ART. II.—1. *The Progress of the Intellect, as exemplified in the Religious Development of the Greeks and Hebrews.* By ROBERT WILLIAM MACKAY. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1850.
2. *The Purpose of Existence popularly considered in relation to the Origin, Development, and Destiny of the Human Mind.* London, 1850.
3. *Phases of Faith; Passages from the History of my Creed.* By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London, 1850.
4. *The Soul, her Sorrows and her Aspirations; an Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul as the true basis of Theology.* By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN. 2d Edition. London, 1849.
5. *Culte Systematique de l'Humanité. Calendrier Positiviste, ou Système Général de Commémoration Publique.* Par AUGUSTE COMTE. Paris, 1850.

It is not a little remarkable that two apparently hostile and antagonist forces—Superstition and Scepticism—have often revived simultaneously in the past history of the Church, and that they have equally striven, especially at certain critical eras, to supersede and supplant "the faith once delivered to the saints." The fact is certain, but it may be viewed in different lights by different minds.

Some may flatter themselves that the antagonism of two such conflicting forces is destined to serve a useful purpose, in the way of neutralizing each other, and preserving the Church in that straight path which is intermediate between opposite extremes of error. Others, taking, as we conceive, at once a more comprehensive and more profound view of the subject, may discern in their simultaneous re-appearance an ominous "sign of the times" as a critical era in the history of public opinion, and may trace them equally to the same source, even "an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God." It is true that they are apparently antagonistic; but it is far from being equally evident that they are really opposed, either in the radical principles from which they spring, or in the ultimate issues towards which they tend. For, while Scepticism and Superstition, Infidelity and Popery, are seemingly so diverse, both in their fundamental principles and in their practical results, as to be incapable of being identified with each other, it may still be true, that, like the adverse systems of the Pharisees and Sadducees of old, they may equally indicate the operation of the same evil heart of unbelief, and even tend mutually, not to destroy, but to develop each other. The tendency of Superstition to induce Scepticism, and of Popery to engender Infidelity, is only too apparent in the case of many of the most cultivated minds in Europe; while the counter tendency of scepticism to fall at last as an unresisting captive, into the arms of an infallible church, has been illustrated by not a few affecting examples even in recent times. There is, in short, a nearer approximation and a stronger affinity between Infidelity and Popery, than there is or can be between either of the two and vital Evangelical Christianity; and hence, when both reappear simultaneously on the same arena, we have little hope that the one will serve only to neutralize the other: we regard them rather not as "conflicting, but as conspiring forces," which tend equally, although in different ways, to undermine and overthrow all that is most precious to us in a pure Bible Christianity. There is, in short, a mutual reaction between the two; the monstrous additions which Popery has superinduced on Christianity having a tendency to excite scepticism in the minds of reflecting men; while the mere negations of scepticism can never satisfy the instinctive yearnings of the human heart, and must leave it exposed, especially in seasons of danger or distress, and in the immediate prospect of death, to those influences, whether of hope or of fear, by which a Church claiming to be infallible can so easily impose on minds unenlightened by the word and Spirit of God. Popery makes many infidels

among the young, the intelligent, the inquiring; but infidelity is so cheerless and gloomy, that popery has still the advantage, when in the progress of life a man feels that he is going to the grave; *then* scepticism may pass at once into superstition; infidelity may be suddenly exchanged for popery; and the laughing Montaigne may die with the host sticking in his throat. Montaigne spoke, indeed, of reposing tranquilly on the *pillow of doubt*; but "the fact is, that in his declining years he exchanged his boasted *pillow of doubt* for the more powerful opiates prescribed by the infallible church, and that he expired in performing what his old preceptor (George) Buchanan would not have scrupled to describe as an act of idolatry."*

We are now threatened with danger from each of these sources. At the present moment we are exposed to a fresh invasion of Popery, and involved in a wide-spread national agitation against its arrogant pretensions; and, simultaneously with this inroad of superstition from abroad, there has been a remarkable revival of certain Forms of Infidelity at home. The public mind, engrossed and absorbed by the one exciting theme, may have been comparatively negligent of the other; and hence many seem to be so little alive to the fact, that works have recently issued from the British press, and are obtaining extensive circulation in certain circles of cultivated society, whose avowed object is to extirpate all faith in the supernatural; to account for the origin of every form of religion, not excepting Christianity itself, on purely natural principles; to undermine all creeds, and overthrow every existing form of worship; and to substitute for them either the simplest and most practical code of utilitarian morals, or the vague and mystic generalities of Pantheism. These works are widely different, too, from the spawn of vulgar infidelity which came forth after the first French Revolution, and which carried along with them their own antidote, at least to minds of refined culture, in their pervading grossness and scurrility, so offensive to good taste; they are generally the productions of men who have received a polite education; who are well versed in classical literature, and not ignorant of modern science; who have acquired a style, characterized, in some cases, by vigour and out-spoken plainness, in others, by a seductive and semi-poetic sweetness, and in almost all, by a freshness and perspicuity which can hardly fail to attract and interest that larger class of readers who are intent only on something that is new and exciting. There is reason to believe that in some quarters, they have already exerted a most pernicious influ-

* Dugald Stewart's Preliminary Dissertation to the Encyclopædia Britannica, 51.

ence; and that their attractive titles have obtained for them a too easy admission into circles where they would never have been admitted, and still less allowed to pass without warning into the hands of the young and inexperienced, had their real character been known.

This must be our apology for introducing to the notice of our readers a class of works which we deem peculiarly dangerous, but whose existence we cannot, as journalists, altogether ignore.

The first work on our list is, "THE PROGRESS OF THE INTELLECT, as exemplified in the Religious Development of the Greeks and Hebrews," by Robert William Mackay.

When we arose from the perusal of this elaborate and somewhat heavy work, we found ourselves asking in sorrow, if not in anger:—What! is it really come to this—that Christianity must fight over again her old battle with Paganism, and that too on the soil of England, and in the light of the 19th century? Not that Mr. Robert William Mackay is a Pagan; for he makes no such profession, and beyond what he is pleased to tell us, we know nothing about his religious views; but he is evidently, in so far as concerns a supernatural revelation and the special claims of Christianity, a thorough infidel; and has much less faith in the inspired oracles of God, than in the allegorical interpretations of ancient heathenism, by which the earliest philosophical antagonists of Christianity attempted to retrieve a falling cause, and to arrest the progress of the new religion.

The aim of his work is to account for the origin of the various forms of religion, including the Jewish and the Christian, on purely natural principles, without the recognition of any *supernatural Revelation*, and even, perhaps, of any *supernatural Being*. He attempts to do so by applying the theory of myths alike to the systems of Polytheism and the Scriptures of Truth; all mythology being, in his estimation, "but the exaggerated reflection of our own intellectual habits." The Polytheism of the Greeks and the Christianity of the New Testament, were equally the products or creations of the human mind; and each of the two may be satisfactorily accounted for by the same natural law or tendency which leads mankind everywhere and in all circumstances to give form and body to their ideal conceptions, to personify abstractions, and to endow these imaginary beings with attributes akin to their own. In attempting to develop this fundamental idea, he not only compares the mythology of the Greeks with the mythology of the Hebrews, as contained in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, but he places both on *precisely the same level*, and

ascribes them to a common origin. This mixture of things sacred and profane; this elaborate comparison of the follies of Polytheism and the horrors of Pagan idolatry with the sublime doctrines of Revelation and the pure rites of Christian worship, is one of the most revolting features of the work, and one of the worst symptoms also of the author's state of mind. We can conceive nothing more offensive than any attempt to represent Jehovah the God of the Bible, as bearing a resemblance either to Zeus, "the Moral God of the Greeks," or to Moloch "the revengeful God of the Ammonites;" and yet this writer does not hesitate to say "that the stern and revengeful Deity of the Old Testament, who is acknowledged author of evil as well as good, is in many respects similar to the arbitrary monarch of Olympus, guarded by the children of Styx, Force, and Jealousy, and parent of Ate, the genius of infatuation and its direful results." And this is only a specimen of innumerable comparisons of a similar kind, which are as groundless in respect of truth, as they are offensive in point of taste.

To review the work and to refute it at length, were an irksome and perhaps unprofitable task. We shall merely indicate the general outline of the hypothesis, and advert to a few points at which it comes into direct collision with the great principles both of Natural and Revealed Religion.

The author proceeds on the assumption that all religion, of whatever kind, is and can only be a form of *SYMBOLISM*; since "to rude men, deficient in precision of language as of ideas, abstract conceptions could be conveyed only by physical representations and visible forms"—hence "symbols became the almost universal language of ancient theology"—and "poetry, or the articulate expression of this silent but universal symbolism, was accounted the language of the gods, and of divinely inspired men. And hence, too, "the patriarchs and their attendants assigned a visible form to the Almighty; they saw and spoke to him, and believed him to be present in images and stones."

This natural symbolism gave birth to the various forms of *idolatry*; for "although the religious sentiment is essentially one," "yet those representative forms and symbols which constitute the external investiture of every religion, make its forms as various as the possible modes of its expression, branching into an infinite diversity of creeds and rites."

But the same symbolism which at first gave birth to idolatry produced, at a later stage in the process of human development, a pantheon of personal gods, each possessing a certain character, and invested with an historic interest. This was the proper product of *mythology*;

for "there was a wide interval between the use of a metaphorical symbolism, and the formation of an abstract theology; the intermediate space in the history of intellectual development is occupied by mythology. This venerable deposit of the oldest thoughts arose when *facts and opinions* were wholly unsevered, when notions assumed unquestioned the disguise of existences and deeds, and when all abstract speculation fell naturally into the form of *narrative*."

As yet we seem far removed from the simplest monotheism, and still farther from the sublime scheme of Christian theism; but these will follow each in its own turn. For "*nature* was deified before *man*," but in due time "*man* deified himself," by personifying his own abstract idea of reason, or intelligence, or order; for "the last stage of religious development is the matured consciousness of intellectuality, when, convinced that the internal faculty of thought must be something more subtle than even the most subtle elements, he transfers his new conception to the object of his worship, and *deifies a mental principle instead of a physical one*. He is, however, unable to remain long in the regions of abstraction, and being experimentally acquainted with no spiritual existences distinct from his fellow-men, his imagination cannot picture anything more exalted than a being similar to, though more perfect than himself. It has accordingly been remarked, that instead of "God making man," we ought to read, "man made God after his own image."* Still this is only a new form of symbolism, nay, of idolatry, for spiritualism itself is only a higher form of personification," "and the idea of deity has a natural tendency to assume that noblest form of symbolism—*personification*." "We often hear complacent self-congratulations on the recognition of a *personal God*, as being the conception most suited to human sympathies, and exempt from the mystifications of pantheism. But the divinity remains still a mystery, notwithstanding all the devices which symbolism, either from the organic or inorganic creation, can supply, and *personification is a symbol* liable to misapprehension, as much, if not more so, than any other." "Every man worships a conception of his own mind," and "all idolatry," says Carlyle, "is only comparative: the worst idolatry is only more idolatrous."

Thus symbolism, giving birth in the first instance to material idolatry, and then passing through mythology into polytheism, rises at length into its highest form, the recognition of a personal God, which is still, however, only a new product of the same natural tendency, a later result of the same intellectual law.

* We omit the blasphemous allusion to "the ideal of some eminent University professor."

Is there, then, any supernatural being? or any form of religion that is more true than another? The one universal religion, of which all varieties of creed and worship were only so many modifications, was PANTHEISM. Nature was deified before man, and man was deified as a part of nature. "Pantheism includes many varieties of refinement; it may blend God with nature, or raise nature to God; it may be materialism or idealism, spiritualism or personification. For personification, if not immediately present at the origin of religion, is at least closely connected with it, the mind requiring the imagery of the senses in order to develop its conceptions, and the symbol of man himself being one of the most obvious and satisfactory means of doing so." "Theological philosophy is perhaps only another name for pantheism." "Nature-worship, in its thousand forms, retains its ancient claim to equal and unequivocal respect. Of these varied forms one of the most memorable is that which it assumed in the early history of the Hebrews (!)" "Objections to Pantheism . . . imply ignorance on the part of the Christian objector as to the *nature of his own creed*."—(Acts xvii. 28.)

Of course when both Judaism and Christianity are declared to be mere forms of Symbolism, or varieties of Pantheism, all belief in the supernatural is at an end, and the whole history, both of the Old and New Testaments, must be explained as a mere series of Myths. The authenticity of the books of Scripture must be assailed, their inspiration denied, and even ridiculed, the non-reality and absolute impossibility of miracles affirmed, and prophecy so explained and applied as to invalidate its evidence. All this is attempted by Mr. Robert William Mackay, in a style of daring hardihood such as has been seldom exemplified of late years in this Christian land.

There is no originality in his views. He is indebted for most of his arguments to the writings of Dr. Strauss and Auguste Comte; but they are reproduced with the accompaniment of a vast array of miscellaneous learning. He is equally indebted to older infidels than these; for it struck us forcibly that he has adopted the arguments by which Porphyry and Jamblichus sought to defend Polytheism against the primitive apologists for Christianity; and that he has adopted also that method of explaining Old Testament prophecy, to which the rabbinical writers had recourse in opposition to the Messianic interpretation of it. His theory of *relative* as opposed to *absolute* truth, and his doctrine of *natural laws*, as applied in disproof of the possibility of miracles and the efficacy of prayer, are derived from the more modern schools of infidelity, which are too philosophical to believe, even on the authority

of Scripture, what was held to be perfectly consistent with reason by the profounder intellects of Bacon, and Boyle, and Butler. But we greatly err if he has not been indebted most of all to the "*ORIGINE de tous les Cultes, ou Religion Universelle*," by DUPUIS;* a work which proceeds on the idea that the universe is the only God, and that every particular form of religion may be accounted for by ascribing them all to the same origin,—viz., to the observed course of the sun, in its relation to the seasons of the year and the labours of agriculture; the twelve patriarchs and the twelve apostles being equally representative of the twelve "Signs of the Zodiac" Dr. Priestley himself, although assuredly no fanatic, could say of the "*Origine des Cultes*," as we are disposed to say of "*The Progress of Intellect*," that "a work bearing more marks of deep erudition, more ingenuity, or more labour, *though accompanied with little judgment*, has hardly ever appeared. But I am inclined to think with Festus concerning Paul, that *much learning has made him mad*, and deprived him of the use of his reasoning powers. This must either be his case, or that of all the world besides, and whether he be right or wrong he will be outvoted. We must either adopt this hypothesis, or say that his work is a mere *jeu-d'esprit*, that he was not in earnest in writing it, but wished to make an experiment, how far confident assertion, and an appearance of deep learning accompanied with ingenuity, could go in imposing on the world. But this work is too large and too dull to be a *jeu-d'esprit*. The other hypothesis, therefore, which is the only alternative in the case, is the more probable of the two. For, if he be in earnest, his mind must have suffered a considerable degree of derangement."†

The second work on our list is, "*THE PURPOSE OF EXISTENCE* popularly considered, in relation to the Origin, Development, and Destiny of the Human Mind."

This singular work is published anonymously, and we know nothing of the author except what may be inferred from some incidental statements occurring in these pages, which serve to indicate his social position and his past pursuits. He tells us in one place, that it was written at a splendid country seat in Ireland, which he describes as "the deep seclusion, whence my solemn warnings are uttered, and (where) the response given to

them may, perhaps, never reach me." He tells us in another, that, at an early period, he met and conversed with Dr. Samuel Parr; and, in a third, that these lucubrations are the result of fifty years' careful study, and that for thirty of these years he had been actively engaged in popular election contests. These hints are sufficient to indicate, even were there no evidence in the work itself to prove, that the author has moved in the higher circles of society, and that he still occupies an influential position in his retirement.

The opinions of such a man, expressed as they are with great frankness and force, and urged with the vehement earnestness of deep-seated conviction, must exert no inconsiderable influence on the public mind for good or for evil. In many of his views respecting our present social condition, the evils which exist in it, and the strong remedies which must be applied, if these evils are to be removed or even mitigated, we cordially concur; but we deeply regret that he should have thought it necessary to mix up the discussion of these practical topics with a statement of certain speculative notions, which must be painfully offensive to every believing mind, and which are fitted, in a Christian community, to excite prejudice against any cause with which they are thus associated. Without entering into the details of his doctrine, we shall merely exhibit an outline of his views on *four* of the most important subjects of human thought:—the origin of the material world, the origin of the human mind, the origin of moral evil, and the origin of the Christian System.

In regard to the first of these topics—the origin of the material world, the author makes it sufficiently plain, that while he acknowledges a Supreme Intelligence, he denies the doctrine of a creation, properly so called, and holds that matter is eternal and indestructible. He disclaims Atheism, and of course his disclaimer must be received: but, like the author of "*The Vestiges*," he defends the Nebular hypothesis as a method of explaining the origin of the planetary system, while he accounts for that of vegetable and animal life by *natural law*, and affirms that the Divine Power has *never acted otherwise* than, as at present, through the agency of *secondary causes*. Indeed, Creative Power is defined as "the Supreme Intelligence, acting by secondary causes." Of course, matter is self-existent and eternal: it never began to be, and it can never be destroyed,—"it is, perhaps, most probable," he says, "that infinite material worlds have existed from all eternity."

The eternal existence of matter being assumed, the author conceives that he can account for the origin of all its vegetable and animal tribes by natural law, without any

* Paris. In 3 vols. 4to, with a supplementary volume of plates. "*L'an III. de la République, une et indivisible, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*"

† A comparison of the Institution of Moses, with those of the Hindoos and other ancient nations, with remarks on M. Dupuis' "*Origin of Religions.*" By Joseph Priestly, LL.D. 1799.

direct interposition on the part of God; for while "it may be true that there are no secondary causes now in operation adequate to the spontaneous generation of plants or animals"—yet such causes may have operated in a prior state of our system, when it was undergoing those vast changes which geology has disclosed.

The production of man must be held to be the *experimentum crucis* of any such theory: and our author, faithful to his great principle, fearlessly grapples with this problem, and attempts to account, on purely natural grounds, for the origin of the human mind. Were it not so sadly serious, his expositions on this point might provoke a smile. He tells us that there is a self-dynamic *spirit* in matter—that it is *spirit* which sets matter in motion; that when "a cork is forced out of a bottle by the inclosed liquor," the particles are "put into the motion of fermentation, and expanded by spirit." This is what he calls "the spirit of vitality" which exists in vegetables, and is transfused into animals who are nourished by vegetable food,—of course also into carnivorous animals,—by a process which must ever remain one of nature's awful mysteries, but which is sufficiently exhibited to proclaim "one of her great working principles to be, that *spirit is evolved out of matter*, and outlives the body in which it is educated." "This," he tells us, "may almost be regarded as a demonstrated truth. Matter is full of spirit. This spirit is brought out of matter by vegetation. By means of vegetation it is conveyed into animal frames, in which its purest essence centres in the brain." "This spirit thus conveyed to the brain, evolves, according to its various degrees, successive orders of faculties, limited in the lower animals to their first grades, but in man presenting to our consideration three orders," including consciousness, memory, reason, &c. "The spirit of vitality, first drawn out of matter by vegetation, and imbibed by him either directly from esculent herbs, or indirectly from the animals slaughtered for his use, is refined by his more perfect organs, and his subtler absorbents, into an intellectual essence!" Nay, the one grand purpose of the universe, is "the evolution of mind out of matter." "Progression, evolving mind out of matter, is the end of being, the purpose of the great First Cause, in ordaining and maintaining that series of secondary causes and effects which we call Creation." The author advances this theory with amazing confidence, and yet seems occasionally sensible that it may provoke no little ridicule, as when he anticipates the objection that "the immortal soul" can scarcely be supposed to be brought into the body by the aid of "*salads and Sauer-kraut*:" but he is proof

against everything of this kind, and boldly affirms, without the slightest consciousness of an equivoque in the use of language, "the power that stirs the leaf of a plant, without external mechanical agency, is *the same in its nature* as that which raises the finger of man—weak and imperfectly developed indeed—still there it is;" and there we shall leave it, not caring at present to discuss the difference between one kind of spirit and another, or to demonstrate that alcohol is not intelligence!

To one who has accounted so satisfactorily for the production of the human mind, the problem of the origin of evil could present no very formidable difficulty; and accordingly he solves it in a trice. The fables of the Fall and of Original Sin are discarded at once as absurd legends:—and all evil, moral and physical, is traced to the imagination as its prolific source,—imagination which gives birth to "unreal wants," and which was "the original motive power of the human mind to exceed the first wants of nature." Hence the origin of wealth-worship; of luxury; of the love of rank, and fame, and power; and hence all the desolating evils which followed in their train, and which have inundated both Church and State. Christianity itself has done little to check the progress of these evils, and has even, as it has been commonly taught, tended to aggravate and perpetuate them; but the true remedy is to be found in the reign of reason, which will dispel the delusions of the imagination, and constrain men to live according to the rules of practical morality in the view of a future state of being, as taught by Jesus of Nazareth.

Here, however, the author approaches a topic which requires discreet handling, and, lest he should be mistaken for a Christian, in the common sense of the term, he enters into an explanation of his views, from which it is sufficiently plain that his creed, however elevating he may fancy it to be, is at least one of very scanty dimensions. He professes, indeed, the utmost reverence for Jesus of Nazareth:—"All that I believe, all that I have said, and all that I have yet to say, I have learned from one to whom I look up as to the wisest and most perfect mortal that ever lived,—from Jesus of Nazareth himself—purest, holiest of created beings!" "His character was the purest, the noblest, the most exalted, that can be found in the entire history of the world." But admiring Jesus as a man, he does not acknowledge him either as the Son of God, or as THE CHRIST; the latter epithet was not applied to him during his life, and was only appended to his name after his supposed resurrection; he was crucified, but crucifixion was not necessarily destructive of life—he swooned merely, but did not die, and in this state of apparent decease he was taken

from the Cross. Pilate and the Roman authorities had a "complicity in the escape of the intended victim to a fanatical persecution which they disapproved, but could not openly oppose;" and "the caution with which, for a short time, Jesus of Nazareth afterwards conversed with a few of his followers, and his *speedy retirement from public observation*, show that the life, *thus preserved*, should not be exposed to further danger." But when he re-appeared among his disciples, his *seeming* resurrection gave rise to mythical stories which were afterwards recorded in the Christian Scriptures: and not only was his resurrection attested, but his divinity also affirmed. Christianity in this sense arose first at Antioch, and "the men from Cyprus and Cyrene, but more especially LUCIUS of the latter place, were THE TRUE authors of Christianity!" The present gospels were written after this change had occurred; and have incorporated the philosophical doctrines of Platonism with the pure precepts of Jesus: and there can be no return to primitive religion as taught by him, otherwise than by the unsparing excision of all the distinctive peculiarities of Christianity, as it has existed since the days of the Evangelist John, and the adoption of the theory of progress in connection with the simplest rules of practical duty. For all true religion is reduced to "a simple, intelligible digest of practical morality, designed to spiritualize human nature, and train mind for its separate and independent state of being, when liberated from its school of matter:" and "the whole religion promulgated by Jesus of Nazareth is,—to love God, and to love our fellow-creatures, and by the full evolvment of these and their collateral duties, to fit ourselves for the future existence which is our destination." Jesus performed no miraculous works, and taught no supernatural truths; he was a good man, and an excellent moralist, who taught men to live here in the view of a future state of being.

Voilà tout.

Can it be necessary in the present enlightened age, to offer an elaborate refutation of such an hypothesis as this? Are there many minds in the reading community so ignorant or unreflecting as to be incapable of discerning the groundlessness of its assumptions, or detecting the fallacies of its reasonings? May not the mere exposition be a sufficient exposure of it? Or if more be required, is it not enough merely to indicate such points as these—the assumption of the eternal existence of matter, and of creation exclusively by Natural Law; the attempt to identify mind with a vital spirit existing in vegetables, extracted by animals, distilled by their peculiar organs, till its purest essence centres in the brain and constitutes the soul of man: the further at-

tempt to account for the origin of evil by ascribing it entirely to the imagination, or a sense of "unreal wants;" and the worse than Socinian, the thoroughly infidel theory of the origin of Christianity, which represents the Saviour not only as a mere mortal man, but as one who did not die even a martyr's death, and who must have had some "complicity" with Pilate, in managing those events which led to the story of his resurrection. On all these points, and many more, the author founds on the most reckless and unauthorized assumptions, and seems to have no faculty for appreciating the weight either of philosophical or historical evidence. His grand discovery, that *Lucius of Cyrene was the true author of Christianity*, is certainly original, but we question whether it will greatly contribute to his renown.

But we must pass on to a writer of a different class, whose personal history is one of deep and painful interest. Mr. Francis William Newman, late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, has recently published two works of an infidel tendency; the one entitled "PHASES OF FAITH; or Passages from the History of my Creed;" and the other, "THE SOUL, her Sorrows and Aspirations; an Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the true basis of Theology."

It was long ago remarked by the acute and learned Bishop of Cæsarea, that there are certain critical eras in the history of religion, when the public mind undergoes a revolutionary change, and when men who are not converted by the truth, fall off and diverge from it, but by two different and even opposite routes—the one leading to superstition, the other to scepticism; religion being exchanged for Ritualism in the former case, and for Rationalism in the latter. He tells us that in his own age,—the age of keen conflict between declining Polytheism and advancing Christianity, when the power of divine truth came home to the minds of the adherents of the ancient system, but without effecting a saving change, "multitudes of those who had been previously buried in superstition, were awakened out of their dreamy slumbers, and their eye being opened, they began to perceive the deep deception of their hereditary faith: but trusting to their own light, they were led, even while they departed from the ancient road, by the different course which their reasoning took, to follow one or other of *two opposite routes*: some, disengaging themselves entirely from the whole system of fables, vilified and ridiculed the doctrines of their ancestors; others shunning the reputation of Atheism, could neither maintain the doctrine which had been previously admitted, nor alto-

gether abandon it, and therefore proposing to flatter the commonly received opinions, and to use them as allegories, they declared the histories of those who passed for gods in their country, to be fables invented by the poets; and they dressed them up in certain physical explanations.*" A partial revival of the form and ritual of Paganism was effected for a time by the allegorical interpreters of its symbols; while a deep-seated and growing scepticism was secretly undermining the foundations on which it reposed.

We know not that this twofold tendency towards a superstitious Ritualism on the one hand, and a sceptical Rationalism on the other, which seems to be incident to a critical era like the present, has ever been more strikingly or more instructively exemplified, at least in modern times, than in the case of the brothers NEWMAN. The one a polished Churchman, a proficient scholar, and an attractive preacher; impressed, too, in some measure by the truth, and devoted to the service of the Church,—recoiled, nevertheless, from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus,—betook himself, for relief, to the doctrine of the Church and the sacraments,—found congenial food in the traditions of primitive times, and congenial employment in the defence of Episcopacy as an apostolical succession, and of baptism as a regenerating rite; till having exhausted the ritualism of the Church of England, and still thirsting for more, he passed over into the Church of Rome, and became, as a bishop of that communion, a sworn defender of its anti-christian creed and worship. The other, the younger brother, himself a student at Oxford at the time when the elder was still resident there and was fast rising into reputation and influence among the adherents of the Tractarian movement,—a thoughtful and accomplished, but independent and inquisitive man,—acquainted in early life with the leading doctrines of evangelical religion, and imbued to some extent with a spirit of religious earnestness, recoiled also, as his autobiographical sketch too sadly proves, from the simplicity of Christian truth; but taking a course directly contrary to that of his senior and more celebrated brother, descended from step to step until he reached the lowest level of unbelief, and divested himself of every shred and fragment of historic faith in the truth of Christianity.

The "Phases of Faith, or Passages from the History of my Creed," trace the progress of Mr. Francis Newman's declension from something like an evangelical profession to the gulf of utter unbelief, in a way which we have felt to be at once painfully interesting and deeply instructive. His early intercourse with men

holding evangelical opinions, and the influence which they seem for a time to have exerted over his mind, serve only to cast a deeper shade of melancholy over his subsequent aberrations; while the vigorous activity of his inquisitive mind, and the freshness and perspicuity of his manly English style, lead us to regret that one so well qualified to be an eloquent advocate for saving truth should have become an avowed abettor of deadly error. But he could not all at once throw off his former creed, or reach, *per saltum*, the unhappy position in which he now stands. He seems to have been first staggered at his "confirmation," when the examining chaplain tested his *memory* rather than his *faith*, and when the bishop himself appeared to him "a *made-up* man, and a mere pageant;" and this impression was deepened when he was called to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles at Oxford in order to be admitted to the University; for although to himself "subscription was no bondage, but pleasure," yet, knowing that "very few academicians could be said to believe them, and that of the young men not one in five seemed to have any religious convictions at all," he felt "that the system of compulsory subscription was hollow, false, and wholly evil." This was the crisis of his mental history; and from this point he gradually descended, discarding one doctrine after another, till he retained not one of the distinctive truths of Christianity. But the progressive aberration of his mind is deeply instructive, and affords a sad commentary on the truth of the adage,—"*Facilis descensus Averni*." He began by doubting and at length discarding the doctrine of Christ's imputed righteousness, still clinging, however, to that of his vicarious sufferings and atoning death; then he was led to question the reality of Christ's human nature after his ascension; then the sanctity and permanent obligation of the Sabbath, for which he had previously "endured a sort of martyrdom," and "fallen into a painful and injurious conflict with a *superior kinsman*, by refusing to obey his orders on the Sunday;" then the authority of the Old Testament Scriptures, which were treated, like the ceremonies of the former dispensation, as "weak and beggarly elements;" then the doctrine of the Atonement; then the Athanasian Creed; then the rite of infant baptism; then the authority of the Episcopate; then the doctrine of the Trinity; then the validity of the historical evidence; then all the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism; then the eternal punishment of the wicked; then the Incarnation, and the sinlessness of the Saviour; then the Canon of the Old and New Testaments, and generally the *letter* of Scripture, with its authenticity, inspiration, and infallible authority; then the

* EUSEBI; *Præparatio Evangelica*: lib. ii. c. iv.

evidence of miracles and of prophecy. Still Christ remained, and, as he thought, some doctrines concerning Christ. But at length his historic faith broke down altogether, and Christ, as well as Satan, disappeared entirely from his mental view. "My historical conception of Jesus had so gradually melted into dimness, that He had receded out of my practical religion, I knew not exactly when." "Christ and the devil had thus faded away out of my spiritual vision; there were left the more vividly God and man."

His sad career need scarcely be traced further. It may be instructive, however, to notice that long after he had discarded many of the most peculiar and fundamental principles of the Christian faith, he still spoke, with apparent warmth, of his reverence for Scripture; and even when he had conclusively abandoned all historic faith in the miracles of Scripture and the Messiahship of Jesus, he still held that he might possess the substance of Christianity. When he had given up the Bible, he writes, "Many persons will be apt to say, 'of course, then, you gave up Christianity?' Far from it. I gave up all that was clearly untenable, and clung the firmer to all that still appeared sound." And even at a later stage, when Christ was abandoned as well as the Bible, he still clung to the belief that he had, or might have, whatever was essential to true spiritual religion; for "religion is a state of sentiment toward God," a sentiment which pervades the Bible, but which is implied everywhere, viz., "*the intimate sympathy of the pure and perfect God with the heart of each faithful worshiper.*"

This is a mournful history; and all the more when it is viewed in the light of contrast with the opposite course of the elder brother, to whom some touching allusions are made in these pages, which can hardly fail to be read with deep interest. Thus at an early stage he writes—

"One person there was at Oxford who might have seemed my natural adviser; his name, character, and religious peculiarities have been so made public property, that I need not shrink to name him:—I mean my elder brother, the Rev. John Henry Newman. As a warm-hearted and generous brother, who exercised towards me paternal cares, I esteemed him and felt a deep gratitude; as a man of various culture and peculiar genius, I admired and was proud of him; but my doctrinal religion impeded my loving him as much as he deserved, and even justified my feeling some distrust of him. He never shewed any strong attraction towards those whom I regarded as spiritual persons; on the contrary, I thought him stiff and cold towards them. Moreover, soon after his ordination, he had startled and distressed me by adopting the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration; and, in rapid succession,

worked out views which I regarded as full-blown 'Popery.' I speak of the years 1823–6. *It is strange to think that twenty years more had to pass before he learned the place to which his doctrines belonged.*" "In the earliest period of my Oxford residence, I fell into uneasy collision with him concerning Episcopal powers. I had on one occasion dropped something disrespectful against bishops or a bishop—something which, if it had been said about a clergyman, would have passed unnoticed—but my brother checked and reproved me—as I thought, very unconstructively—for 'wanting reverence towards bishops.'" "To find my brother thus stop my mouth, was a puzzle, and impeded all free speech towards him. In fact, I very soon left off the attempt at intimate religious intercourse with him, or asking counsel as of one who could sympathize. We talked, indeed, a great deal on the surface of religious matters: and on some questions I was overpowered, and received a temporary bias from his superior knowledge; but as time went on, and my own intellect ripened, I distinctly felt that his arguments were too fine-drawn and subtle, often elaborately missing the moral points, and the main points, to rest on some ecclesiastical fiction; and his conclusions were to me so marvellous and painful, that I constantly thought I had mistaken him. In short, he was my senior by a very few years; nor was there any elder resident at Oxford, accessible to me, who united all the qualities which I wanted in an adviser."

Again, at a later stage, we find him saying—

"Now began a time of deep and critical trial to me and to my creed. The Tractarian movement was just commencing in 1833. My brother was taking a position in which he was bound to shew that he could sacrifice private love to ecclesiastical dogma; and upon learning that I had spoken at some small meetings of religious people, (which he interpreted, I believe, to be an assuming of the Priest's office), he separated himself entirely from my private friendship and acquaintance. To the public this may have some interest, as indicating the disturbing excitement which animated that cause; but my reason for naming the fact here, is solely to exhibit the practical positions into which I myself was thrown. In my brother's conduct there was not a shade of unkindness, and I have not a thought of complaining. My distress was naturally great, until I had fully ascertained from him that I had given him no personal offence."

And again, at a still later period—

"How many of my seniors at Oxford I had virtually despised, because they were not evangelical! Had I had opportunity of testing them spiritually? or, had I the faculty of so doing? Had I not really condemned them as unspiritual barely because of their creed? My heart smote me on account of one. I had a brother, with whose name all England was resounding for praise or blame: from his sympathies, through pure hatred of Popery, I had long since turned away. What was this but to judge him by his creed? True, his whole theory was nothing but

Romanism transferred to England: but, what then?" "My brother surely was struggling after truth, fighting for freedom to his own heart and mind, against Church articles and stagnancy of thought. For this he deserved both sympathy and love; but I, alas! had not known and seen his excellence. But now God had taught me more largeness by bitter sorrow, working the peaceable fruit of righteousness. At last, then, I might admire my brother. I therefore wrote to him a letter of contrition. Some change, either in his mind or in his view of my position, had taken place, and I was happy to find him once more able, not only to feel fraternally, as he had always done, but to act fraternally. Nevertheless, to this day it is to me a *painfully unsolved mystery, how a mind can claim its freedom in order to establish bondage*. For the peculiarities of Romanism I feel nothing, and I can pretend nothing, but contempt, hatred, disgust, or horror. But this system of falsehood, fraud, and unscrupulous and unrelenting ambition will never be destroyed while Protestants keep up their insane anathemas against opinion."

The case of the two brothers suggests some seasonable lessons as to the present practical duty of the Government and people of England. The first and most urgent duty of both is to secure a radical reform in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge—so as to prevent, if possible, the increase both of superstition and scepticism in institutions which ought to be nurseries alike for the Church and the Commonwealth. We have no hesitation in saying, that whatever arguments may be urged in defence of subscription to articles on the part of the *teachers*, no good reason can be alleged for the compulsory imposition of subscription on the *students*, as a condition for their receiving the benefits of a university education, and that its effect on the minds of many is deeply injurious. But the abolition of the students' test will be of little avail, unless also some more effectual provision can be made for a sound system of theological education. Had there been three such men in Oxford as Owen, Baxter, and Howe, at the commencement of the Tractarian heresy, it would have been nipped in the bud. At present, the course of preferment lies not from the church to the university, but from the university to the church; and hence the men of age and standing and influence are draughted off, instead of being left to devote their lives to the training of an educated and pious ministry. This is a grievous evil; and we see the effect of it in the lamentable perversions over which the Church of England has so much reason to mourn.

The fact that two brothers, both eminently gifted, and both educated at the same seat of learning, have equally abandoned the Church of England, and gone over, the one to Popery and the other to Infidelity, is surely fitted to

awaken some inquiry in regard to the method of education which prevails at that venerable seat of learning, and to suggest the necessity of some more effectual provision for a thorough course of apologetic and systematic theology. It is quite apparent from the recorded history of Mr. Francis Newman's creed, that he had not been thoroughly instructed in any one branch either of the evidences or of the doctrinal truths of revealed religion. He tells us himself, indeed, with amiable and somewhat amusing simplicity, of the occasion on which he opened in a gentleman's library a presentation copy of a Unitarian Treatise, and adds, "It was the first Unitarian book of which I had even seen the outside, and I handled it with timid curiosity as if by stealth." We submit, that this is not the way in which the Church can hope to rear a race of manly, vigorous theologians, adequate to the exigencies of the present critical times—that students of theology must be so trained as to acquire a competent knowledge, not only of the doctrines which they are afterwards to teach, but also of the systems to which these doctrines are opposed; and that, in any well-regulated and really effective course of theological education, they should not be required to take their information on these subjects on trust or at second-hand, but should be permitted and even encouraged to become acquainted with the best writers in support of heterodox opinions; with Bellarmine and Socinus, with Arminius and Episcopius, not less than with Melancthon and Calvin, or Witsius and Owen. *Fas est etiam ab hoste doceri*: and assuredly the Romish Church does not send forth her priests and missionaries unfurnished with that information which is necessary to fit them for meeting on the arena of controversy with the ablest opponents of their system, and which can only be gathered from a careful study of the principal works which have appeared in explanation or defence of the Protestant cause.

In the present state of Europe a loud call is addressed to all the Churches of the Reformation for combined action and systematic effort in defence of the bulwarks of their common faith; and for such a course of thorough theological education as may serve under the Divine blessing, to qualify their future ministers for the great and final struggle which seems to be so near at hand. For the works which have recently emanated from the British press are not to be regarded merely as individual and isolated cases of infidelity, but as specimens of a style of thought, or rather as symptoms of a spirit of speculation, which pervades a large and growing class in the community, and which, unless it be speedily arrested, may issue in a wide-spread and desolating infidelity. In proof of this we need scarcely refer to any

other evidence than that which is furnished so abundantly by the voluminous speculations of Auguste Comte. Of the high merits of this writer, considered simply as an expounder of physical science, we are disposed to speak with the utmost admiration and respect: for few have appeared in modern times who have exhibited such a profound knowledge of its various departments or of their mutual relations, and none who has an equal power of expressing his thoughts in clear, terse, and vigorous language. But M. Comte is not only a declared unbeliever in Christianity, and an avowed atheist; he is, or wishes to become the founder of an infidel *Propaganda*; and has constructed a scheme by which he hopes to unite the leading nations of Europe in opposition to the Christian Church, and in support of a new and hitherto unheard-of worship. In his ponderous work, entitled, "A Course of the Positive Philosophy," extending to six densely-printed volumes, and comprising a vast amount of scientific speculation, he had announced the great fundamental law of human development, by which, as he conceives, society must necessarily pass through several successive states, commencing with Fetichism, and reaching through the intermediate stages of Polytheism and Monotheism,—that critical era in which all theology must disappear under the powerful solvent of metaphysics, and at length be superseded entirely by Positivism, which, recognising neither efficient nor final causes as legitimate subjects of human inquiry, should confine itself to the observation of facts, and their co-ordination under general laws. And in a more recent tract, whose title we have prefixed to this article, he has announced the scheme of public commemoration, which he proposes as a substitute for Christian worship. The present state of the Positive philosophy may seem, indeed, to afford little ground for his confident hopes; for M. Comte makes the *naïve* confession, incidentally, but not the less truly, that hitherto, "the Positive School" consists of himself alone—(*l'Ecole Positive jusqu'ici essentiellement réduite à moi seul*;) but the solitary thinker has sublime visions before him: he proposes to found an atheistic community in the world, the true "Church of the Future," which shall be duly organized, and furnished with a hierarchy of suitable office-bearers. There must be the institution of a spiritual class or priesthood, distinct from and independent of the temporal power; there must be a vast society, not national, but cosmopolitan, framed as nearly as possible after the model of Catholicism, which is regarded as the noblest product of the wisdom and policy of the past. This society, abjuring all theology, and cultivating only the various

branches of science, is destined ultimately to regenerate the world. It may have, like the Romish hierarchy, a Pope or elective chief; perhaps also an order of celibacy, and a set of monastic institutions, but will differ from it in the total negation of the theological element, while it will aim at the same universal ascendancy, and retain all its most powerful engines of public influence. It must be limited, in the first instance, to the *élite* or advanced guard of humanity, and will be satisfied with Europe as the present field of its operations, while it cherishes the hope of ultimately embracing the whole world. In the meantime France is best prepared for the reception of its lessons, and next to France, Italy; then Germany, England, and Spain. These five nations, therefore, are to be represented in a Central Committee, (*Comité Positif occidental*), consisting of *thirty* members, each nation having a number of representatives proportioned to its aptitude for the task: France *eight*, England *seven*, Italy *six*, Germany *five*, and Spain *four*; this committee to sit at first, but not invariably, in Paris, and to constitute "the Permanent Council of the Church Positive for the reorganization of Europe!"

We might have been disposed to smile at this project as the visionary day dream of a man very learned but not very wise, had we not heard that a Society has actually been instituted at Paris with a view to its realization, and that, under their auspices, M. Comte has recently issued the astounding programme which we now proceed to lay before our readers. The "Positive Calendar," or Almanac, is designed to regulate "the systematic worship of Humanity, which has love for its principle, order for its base, and progress for its end." It exhibits a general system of public commemoration similar to that of the festivals and saints' days of the Catholic Church, but destined to supersede them, and to guide the final transition of the great Western Republic on its inevitable passage from theology to Atheism. M. Comte adopts a new division of the year, and makes it to consist of *thirteen* months, each of *four* weeks. The division of time into weeks is preserved, as also the distinctive character of the Sabbath, that, in superseding Catholicism, Positivism may still afford the means of sanctifying active life by a suitable periodic culture of the popular mind and of social sentiment. The systematic worship of humanity, which is declared to be the final and definitive form of religion, is described as being either *concrete* or *abstract*: the former celebrates the past, the latter represents the future; *this* being the higher and the ultimate landing-place, but *that* the best adapted to the present circumstances of society. It is a system of hero-

worship, in which all the benefactors of mankind are commemorated, in whatever age or clime they may have been born, and whatever creed or worship they may have followed. It is designed to celebrate the series of ancestors, intellectual and social, of the grand western family of man. They are divided into *three* classes, corresponding to gods, heroes, and

saints; and one of the first class is made to preside over a month, another, of the second class, over a week, and another, of the third class, over a day. With these explanations we proceed to exhibit a specimen of the Calendar of Infidel Worship, as drawn up for a year by M. Comte:—

First Month,—MOSES and Theocracy.

	First Week.	Second Week.	Third Week.	Fourth Week.
1. Monday,	Prometheus.	Belus.	Fo-Hi.	Abraham.
2. Tuesday,	Hercules.	Sesostris.	Lao-Tseu.	Samuel.
3. Wednesday,	Orpheus.	Menou.	Meng-Tseu.	Solomon.
4. Thursday,	Ulysses.	Cyrus.	Theoc. of Thibet.	Isaiah.
5. Friday,	Lycurgus.	Zoroaster.	Theoc. of Japan.	John Baptist.
6. Saturday,	Romulus.	Druids (Ossian).	Manco-Capac.	Haroun al Raschid.
7. SABBATH,	NUMA.	BOUDDHA.	CONFUCIUS.	MAHOMET.

Second Month,—HOMER and Ancient Poetry.

	First Week.	Second Week.	Third Week.	Fourth Week.
1. Monday,	Hesiod.	Scopas.	Esop.	Ennius.
2. Tuesday,	Tyrtaeus.	Zeuxis.	Aristophanes.	Lucretius.
3. Wednesday,	Anacreon.	Ictinus.	Terence.	Horace.
4. Thursday,	Pindar.	Praxiteles.	Phædrus.	Tibullus.
5. Friday,	Sophocles.	Lysippus.	Juvenal.	Ovid.
6. Saturday,	Theocritus.	Apelles.	Lucian.	Lucan.
7. SABBATH,	ÆSCHYLUS.	PHIDIAS.	PLAUTUS.	VIRGIL.

Sixth Month,—St. PAUL and Catholicism.

	First Week.	Second Week.	Third Week.	Fourth Week.
1. Monday,	St. Luke.	Constantine.	St. Benedict.	F. Xavier.
2. Tuesday,	St. Cyprian.	Theodosius.	St. Boniface.	C. Borromeo.
3. Wednesday,	St. Athanasius.	St. Chrysostom.	St. Isidore.	St. Theresa.
4. Thursday,	St. Jerome.	St. Pulcheria.	Lanfranc.	Vincent de Paul.
5. Friday,	St. Ambrose.	St. Genevieve.	Heloise.	Bourdaloue.
6. Saturday,	St. Monica.	St. Gregory.	Architects of Middle Age.	W. Penn.
7. SUNDAY,	ST. AUGUSTIN.	HILDEBRAND.	ST. BERNARD.	BOSSUET.

Eighth Month,—DANTE and the Modern Epopée.

	First Week.	Second Week.	Third Week.	Fourth Week.
1. Monday,	The Troubadours.	L. de Vinci.	Froissart.	Petrarch.
2. Tuesday,	Boccaccio.	Michael Angelo.	Camoens.	T. A. Kempis.
3. Wednesday,	Rabelais.	Holbein.	Spanish Romancers.	Madame Lafayette.
4. Thursday,	Cervantes.	Poussin.	Chateaubriand.	Fenelon.
5. Friday,	Fontaine.	Murillo.	Walter Scott.	Klopstock.
6. Saturday,	De Foe.	Teniers.	Manzoni.	Byron.
7. SUNDAY,	ARIOSTO.	RAFAEL.	TASSO.	MILTON.

Thirteenth Month,—BICHAT and Modern Science.

	First Week.	Second Week.	Third Week.	Fourth Week.
1. Monday,	Copernicus.	Vieta.	Bergmann.	Harvey.
2. Tuesday,	Kepler.	Wallis.	Priestley.	Boërhaave.
3. Wednesday,	Huyghens.	Clairaut.	Cavendish.	Linnaeus.
4. Thursday,	Jas. Bernouilli.	Euler.	Guyon Morveau.	Haller.
5. Friday,	Bradley.	D'Alembert.	Berthollet.	Lamarck.
6. Saturday,	Voltaire.	Lagrange.	Berzelius.	Broussais.
7. SABBATH,	GALILEO.	NEWTON.	LAVOISIER.	GALL.

But *jam satis*. It is remarkable, that while the names of Moses, Solomon, Paul, John the Baptist, and John the Evangelist, Justin, Clement, and Origen, are all commemorated in conjunction with those of Bouddha, Confucius, and Mahomet, no mention is made of JESUS CHRIST,—a singular omission in any view which can be taken of it, whether it arise from a latent consciousness of His unparalleled character,—or from a feeling of scepticism, such as is indicated in the only allusion which is made to Him as the real or imaginary founder of Christianity—“*le fondateur réel ou idéal*.” It is also remarkable that he omits those who are conceived to have been mere *destructives*, such as Luther, Calvin, and Rousseau, while Voltaire is admitted, but only as a tragic poet; and further, that the additional day in leap-year is devoted, at least for half an age to come, to the solemn public reprobation of the three great *obstructives* to human progress, Julian, Philip II., and NAPOLEON!

Such is the Positive Pantheon, and such its Calendar of Saints. Infidelity would fain become world-wide, like Popery; and it seeks to assimilate its organization and its rites to that masterpiece of Satan's policy.

ART. III.—1. *The Personal History and Experience of David Copperfield the Younger*. By CHARLES DICKENS. London, 1850.

2. *The History of Pendennis*. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. London, 1850.

THACKERAY and DICKENS, Dickens and Thackeray—the two names now almost necessarily go together. It is some years since Mr. Thackeray, whose reputation as an author had until then, we believe, been of somewhat limited extent, suddenly appeared in the field of literature already so successfully occupied by Mr. Dickens. But the intrusion, if it may be called such, was made with so much talent, and so much applause followed it, that since that time the two have gone on as peers and rivals. From the printing-house of the same publishers they have simultaneously, during the last few years, sent forth their monthly instalments of amusing fiction—Dickens his “*Dombey*” and his “*Copperfield*,” and Thackeray his “*Vanity Fair*” and his “*Pendennis*.” Hence the public has learned to think of them in indissoluble connexion as friendly competitors for the prize of light literature. There is, indeed, a third writer often and worthily named along with them—Mr. Douglas Jerrold. But though, when viewed in the general as

humourists and men of inventive talent, the three do form a triad, so that it is hardly possible to discuss the merits of any one of them without referring to the other two, yet, as the characteristic form of Mr. Jerrold's literary activity has not been specially that of the popular novelist, he is not associated with his two eminent contemporaries so closely, in this denomination, as they are associated with each other. As the popular novelists of the day, Dickens and Thackeray, and again, Thackeray and Dickens, divide the public attention. And as the public has learned thus to think of them together, so also, using its privilege of chatting and pronouncing judgments about whatever interests it, it has learned to set off the merits of the one against those of the other, and to throw as much light into the criticism of each as can be derived from the trick of contrast. One party of readers prefers Dickens, and points out, with an ardour almost polemical, that Thackeray wants such and such qualities which are conspicuous in their favourite; another party wears the Thackeray colours, and contends, with equal pertinacity, that in certain respects Thackeray is the superior writer. Very much the same things, we believe, are said on this subject both by ladies and by gentlemen at all literary parties. Now, though we cannot say that the public has as yet gone very deep in their discriminations between the two favourites, and though we are of opinion that, with all our grumbings and criticisms, we should be willing to leave both writers to go on in their own way, and only be too glad that we have such a pair of writers to cheer on against each other at all; yet we think that, in this notion of contrast, the public has really got hold of a good thread for a critic to pursue, and we mean, as far as possible, throughout this paper, to avail ourselves of it.

It is admitted that both writers are as well represented in their last as in any of their previous productions. “*Copperfield*,” according to the general voice of the critics, is one of the best of Mr. Dickens's stories, written with decidedly more care and effort than its immediate predecessors, as if the author had determined to shew the captious public that his genius was as fine and fresh as ever. And though we have heard “*Pendennis*” described as a mere continuation of “*Vanity Fair*,” and no advance upon it in point of excellence, we believe the general opinion to be that Mr. Thackeray has not discredited himself by his recent performance, but has rather increased his popularity. Moreover, no two stories are better calculated to illustrate, in the way of contrast, the characteristic peculiarities of their respective authors. The very spirit and philosophy of all Mr. Dickens's writings is that which we find expressed in the character and

life of David Copperfield, so that, did we want to describe that spirit and philosophy in a single term, we should not be far wrong in calling it *Copperfieldism*; and, on the other hand, in no work has Mr. Thackeray exhibited so fully that caustic, thoroughly British, and yet truly original humour, with which he regards the world and its ways, as in his sketch of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Arthur Pendennis. When we say "Pendennis" and "Copperfield," therefore, it is really the same as if we said Thackeray and Dickens. And this facility of finding the two authors duly contrasted in the two stories, is increased by the fact that the stories are in some respects very similar. In both we have the life and education of a young man related, from his childhood and school-time to that terminus of all novels, the happy marriage-point; in the one, the life and education of the orphan child of a poor gentleman in Suffolk; in the other, the life and education of the only son of a West of England squire, with a long Cornish pedigree. In both, too, the hero becomes a literary man, so that the author, in following him, finds room for allusions to London literary life. There are even some resemblances of minuter kind, such as the existence in both stories of a mysterious character of the outlaw species, who appears at intervals to ask money and throw the respectable folks of the drama into consternation; from which one might imagine that the authors, during the progress of their narratives, were not ashamed to take hints from each other. But however that may be, there can be no doubt that the general external similarity that there is between the two stories will serve to throw into relief their essential differences of style and spirit.

These differences are certainly very great. Although following exactly the same literary walk, and both great favourites with the public, there are perhaps no two writers so dissimilar as Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray. To begin with a matter which, though in the order of strict science it comes last, as involving and depending on all the others,—the matter of style or language: here everybody must recognise a remarkable difference between the two authors. If Messrs. Bradbury and Evans would furtively supply us with a page of the manuscript of "Copperfield," together with a corresponding page of the manuscript of "Pendennis," we should probably be able, on comparing the two, and examining the state of their penmanship, to detect some characteristic differences in the habits of composition of the two novelists, and to say which of them is, on the whole, the more careful and trained, and which the more easy and fluent writer. Nay, even without having such an unusual facility

afforded to us, we might, by way of a first attempt in the graphiological art, try to infer something or other (and we advise our readers to infer it) from a comparison of the free and somewhat dashing penmanship of Dickens as exhibited to the public in the printed specimens, with the neat and elegant writing of those stray autographs of Thackeray, which, in exploring the albums of our fair friends, we have occasionally seen. But in such a case we prefer having recourse to a receipt of our own, which we have usually found effectual when we wanted some insight into the mechanism of an author's style. This receipt, which we impart to the reader on the condition that he make no ungrateful application of it, is that the critic should deliberately copy out with his own hand a suitable paragraph or two from the author whose manner he wishes to study. By this means the critic attaches himself, as it were, to the author in the act of composition, and is able to discover much—not only haste or slovenliness, if there is any; not only superfluous expression, false metaphor, or bad punctuation; but also the tricks of association, the intellectual connexions and minute flights by which the author leaps from thought to thought and from phrase to phrase. We have selected a passage from "Copperfield," and one from "Pendennis," whereon the reader, while enjoying them for their own sake, may, if he chooses, try his ingenuity. That the test may be the fairer the passages selected are as nearly as possible in the same sentimental key.

Glance at a Model Prison.—"It being then just dinner-time, we went, first into the great kitchen, where every prisoner's dinner was in course of being set out separately, (to be handed to him in his cell,) with the regularity and precision of clock-work. I said aside, to Traddles, that I wondered whether it occurred to anybody that there was a striking contrast between these plentiful repasts of choice quality, and the dinners, not to say of paupers, but of soldiers, sailors, labourers, the great bulk of the honest working community, of whom not one man in five hundred ever dined half so well. But I learned that the 'system' required high living; and, in short, to dispose of the system, once for all, I found that on that head and on all others, 'the system' put an end to all doubts, and disposed of all anomalies. Nobody appeared to have the least idea that there was any other system, but the system, to be considered. As we were going through some of the magnificent passages, I inquired of Mr. Creakle and his friends, what were supposed to be the main advantages of this all-governing and universally over-riding system. I found them to be the perfect isolation of prisoners—so that no one man in confinement there knew anything about another; and the reduction of prisoners to a wholesome state of mind, leading to sincere contrition and repentance. Now,

it struck me, when we began to visit individuals in their cells, and to traverse the passages in which those cells were, and to have the manner of going to chapel and so forth, explained to us, that there was a strong probability of the prisoners knowing a good deal about each other, and of their carrying on a pretty complete system of intercourse. This, at the time I write, has been proved, I believe, to be the case; but as it would have been flat blasphemy against the system to have hinted such a doubt then, I looked out for the penitents as diligently as I could. And here again, I had great misgivings. I found as prevalent a fashion in the form of the penitence, as I had left outside in the forms of the coats and waistcoats in the windows of the tailors' shops. I found a vast amount of profession, varying very little in character: varying very little (which I thought exceedingly suspicious) even in words. I found a great many foxes, disparaging whole vineyards of inaccessible grapes; but I found very few foxes whom I would have trusted within reach of a bunch. Above all, I found that the most professing men were the greatest objects of interest; and that their conceit, their vanity, their want of excitement, and their love of deception, (which many of them possessed to an almost incredible extent, as their histories shewed) all prompted to these professions, and were all gratified by them."—*Copperfield*, pp. 603, 604.

Glance at an Inn of Court.—"If we could but get the history of a single day as it is passed in any one of those four-storied houses in the dingy court where our friends Pen and Warrington dwell, some Temple Asmodeus might furnish us with a queer volume. There may be a grave Parliamentary counsel on the ground-floor, who drives off to Belgravia at dinner-time, when his clerk, too, becomes a gentleman, and goes away to entertain his friends and to take his pleasure. But a short time since he was hungry and briefless in some garret of the Inn; lived by stealthy literature; hoped, and waited, and sickened, and no clients came; exhausted his own means and his friends' kindness; had to remonstrate humbly with duns, and to implore the patience of poor creditors. Ruin seemed to be staring him in the face, when, behold a turn of the wheel of fortune, and the lucky wretch in possession of one of those prodigious prizes which are sometimes drawn in the great lottery of the Bar. Many a better lawyer than himself does not make a fifth part of the income of his clerk, who, a few months since, could scarcely get credit for blacking for his master's unpaid boots. On the first floor, perhaps, you will have a venerable man whose name is famous, who has lived for half a century in the Inn, whose brains are full of books, and whose shelves are stored with classical and legal lore. He has lived alone all these fifty years, alone and for himself, amassing learning, and compiling a fortune. He comes home now at night from the Club, where he has been dining freely, to the lonely chambers where he lives a goddess old recluse. When he dies, his Inn will erect a tablet to his honour, and his heirs burn a part of his library. Would you like to have such a prospect for your old age, to store up learning and money, and end so? But we must

not linger too long by Mr. Doomsday's door. Worthy Mr. Grump lives over him, who is also an ancient inhabitant of the Inn, and who, when Doomsday comes home to read Catullus, is sitting down with three steady seniors of his standing, to a steady rubber at whist, after a dinner at which they have consumed their three steady bottles of Port. You may see the old boys asleep at the Temple Church of a Sunday. Attorneys seldom trouble them, and they have small fortunes of their own. On the other side of the third landing, where Pen and Warrington live, till long after midnight sits Mr. Paley, who took the highest honours, and who is a fellow of his College; who will sit and read and note cases until two o'clock in the morning; who will rise at seven, and be at the pleader's chambers as soon as they are open, where he will work until an hour before dinner-time; who will come home from the Hall and read and note cases again until dawn next day, when perhaps Mr. Arthur Pendennis and his friend Mr. Warrington are returning from some of their wild expeditions. How differently employed Mr. Paley has been! He has not been throwing himself away; he has only been bringing a great intellect laboriously down to the comprehension of a mean subject, and, in his fierce grasp at that, resolutely excluding from his mind all higher thoughts, all the wisdom of philosophers and historians, all the thoughts of poets; all wit, fancy, reflection, art, love, truth altogether—so that he may master that enormous legend of the law, which he purposes to gain his livelihood by expounding."—*Pendennis*, vol. i. pp. 290-292.

Now, after transcribing these two extracts, we must say that our impression of the difference between the two authors in the matter of style is very much what it has always been from a general reading acquaintance with their works; namely, that Mr. Thackeray is the more terse and idiomatic, and Mr. Dickens the more diffuse and luxuriant writer. Both seem to be easy penmen, and to have language very readily at their command; both also seem to convey their meaning as simply as they can, and to be careful, according to their notions of verbal accuracy; but in Mr. Dickens's sentences there is a leafiness, a tendency to words and images, for their own sake; whereas in Mr. Thackeray one sees the stem and outline of the thought better. We have no great respect for that canon of style which demands in English writers the use of Saxon in preference to Latin words, thinking that a rule to which there are natural limitations, variable with the writer's aim and with the subject he treats; but we should suppose that critics who do not regard the rule would find Mr. Thackeray's style the more accordant with it. On the whole, if we had to choose passages at random, to be set before young scholars as examples of easy and vigorous English composition, we would take them rather from Thackeray than from Dickens.

There is a Horatian strictness, a racy strength, in Mr. Thackeray's expressions, even in his more level and tame passages, which we miss in the corresponding passages in Mr. Dickens's writings, and in which we seem to recognise the effect of those classical studies through which an accurate and determinate, though somewhat bald, use of words becomes a fixed habit. In the ease, and at the same time, thorough polish and propriety with which Mr. Thackeray can use slang words, we seem especially to detect the University man. Snob, swell, buck, gent, fellow, fogy—these, and many more such expressive appellatives, not yet sanctioned by the Dictionary, Mr. Thackeray employs more frequently, we believe, than any other living writer, and yet always with unexceptionable taste. In so doing he is conscious, no doubt, of the same kind of security that permits Oxford and Cambridge men, and even, as we can testify, Oxford and Cambridge clergymen, to season their conversation with similar words—namely, the evident air of educated manliness with which they can be introduced, and which, however rough the guise, no one can mistake. In the use of the words genteel, vulgar, female, and the like—words which men diffident of their own breeding are observed not to risk; as well as in the art of alternating gracefully between the noun lady and the noun woman, the Scylla and Charybdis, if we may so say, of shy talkers—Mr. Thackeray is also a perfect master, commanding his language in such cases with an unconscious ease, not unlike that which enables the true English gentleman he is so fond of portraying, either to name titled personages of his acquaintance without seeming a tuft-hunter, or to refrain from naming them without the affectation of Radicalism. In Mr. Dickens, of course, we have the same perfect taste and propriety; but in him the result appears to arise, if we may so express ourselves, rather from the keen and feminine sensibility of a fine genius, whose instinct is always for the pure and beautiful, than from the self-possession of a mind correct under any circumstances, by discipline and sure habit. Where Mr. Dickens is not exerting himself, that is, in passages of mere equable narrative or description, where there is nothing to move or excite him, his style, as we have already said, seems to us more careless and languid than that of Mr. Thackeray; sometimes, indeed, a whole page is only redeemed from weakness by those little touches of wit and those humorous turns of conception which he knows so well how to sprinkle over it. It is due to Mr. Dickens to state, however, that in this respect his 'Copperfield' is one of his most pleasing productions, and a decided improvement on its predecessor 'Dombey.' Not only is the spirit of

the book more gentle and mellow, but the style is more continuous and careful, with fewer of those recurring tricks of expression, the dead remnants of former felicities, which constituted what was called his mannerism. Nor must we omit to remark also, that in passages where higher feeling is called into play, Mr. Dickens's style always rises into greater purity and vigour, the weakness and the superfluity disappearing before the concentrating force of passion, and the language often pouring itself forth in a clear and flowing song. This, in fact, is according to the nature of the luxuriant or poetical genius, which never expresses itself in its best or most concise manner unless the mood be high as well as the meaning clear;—for maintaining the excellence of the style of a terse and highly reflective writer, such as Thackeray, on the other hand, the presence of a clear meaning is at all times sufficient, though, of course, here also the pitch and melody will depend on the mood.

But it would be unfair to our courteous publisher, as well as to the reader, if we had quoted the foregoing extracts only as samples of the style and manner of our two novelists. We believe also, that they will suggest, or at least illustrate, certain more prominent and tangible differences between them.

Regarding the general intellectual calibre, for example, of the two men, viewing that as far as possible without reference to their special function as artistic writers, we should say that the passages we have quoted represent pretty fairly their average powers of thought; their competence, either by native faculty or acquired culture, to deal intellectually with any subject that might be submitted to them. Now, here again, our impression is, that Thackeray's is the mind of closer and more compact, Dickens's the mind of looser, richer, and freer texture. In the passage we have quoted from Thackeray there is certainly no positive or express display either of thought or of learning, and we would by no means cite it as a specimen of what he could do in the way either of speculation or of erudite allusion; still there is about it a knowingsness, an air of general ability and scholarship, that suggests that the man who wrote it could take an influential place, if he chose, either in an assembly of critics, or in a committee of men of business. There is a general force of talent, a worldly shrewdness and sagacity, as well as a certain breadth of culture, latent in it, from which we argue that the writer would in any company make himself felt, if not as a man of energetic activity, at least as a man of quiet brain and vigour. Mr. Dickens, too, is of course a man whose intellect would be remarkable anywhere; for no writer could rise to his degree of excellence in any department

without much of that general force and fullness of mind which would have enabled him to excel in any other; perhaps, also, his natural versatility is greater than that of Mr. Thackeray; still we do not see in him that habitual knowingness, that close-grained solidity of view, that impressive strong sense, which we find in what Thackeray writes. Mr. Dickens may be the more pensive and meditative, but Mr. Thackeray is the more penetrating and reflective writer. The contrast between them in this respect is not unlike that which might, though at the risk of confusion, be drawn between some of the best recent novelists of France and their contemporary Balzac. Like Balzac, Thackeray strikes us by his shrewd, hard, and all but remorseless insight, thus creating the impression that in the matter of general sagacity, the mere *lumen siccum* which all men need, he must be superior to many who could still rival him as artists. Dickens, we should suppose, would be more apt to fall into commonplace than Thackeray; indeed, in the passage on model prisons which we have quoted from 'Copperfield,' and which, as it is an important passage, and controversial in its tone, may be regarded as a fair average specimen of Mr. Dickens's habits as a thinker, it is only the soundness of the conclusion, and the evident sincerity of the feeling, that redeem the writing from a dangerous resemblance to common talk. Neither, on the one hand, does Mr. Dickens deepen and elaborate his thoughts by special effort, which might be deemed unsuitable in a novel; nor, on the other hand, do all his thoughts, on their first expression, carry with them that air of native weight which would belong, we imagine, to the opinions of Thackeray. A writer of Mr. Dickens's celebrity ought not to devote a whole page to the repetition of what everybody says in very nearly the same words that everybody uses. He ought, by giving his own reasons as profoundly as possible, to elevate and strengthen the common opinion. Here, of course, however, the same remark is of force that we applied to the matter of Mr. Dickens's style. As Mr. Dickens's language, though loose and redundant in the tame and level passages, gathers itself up and acquires concentration and melody under the influence of passions or pathos, so his thought, ordinarily lax and unwrought, attains real pith and volume when his feelings are moved. For this, we repeat, is the prerogative of an essentially susceptible and poetic nature, that every part and faculty of it, judgment as well as fancy, does its best when the frenzy is upon it. As a man, therefore, more capable of the poetic excitement than the majority of his literary contemporaries, Mr. Dickens might occasionally, we think, strike into a *questio vexata* with peculiar

effect, and render to the public a positive intellectual service. Still, our impression is, that as regards the possession and habitual practice of a cool, masculine, and decisive judgment, Thackeray's writings shew him to be a man more competent to exert an influence on current affairs. Dickens, when enthusiasm did call upon him to interfere, would act more restlessly; but Thackeray would be the man of more sound and steady intelligence.

Yet, curiously enough, the two writers seem, in this respect, to have exchanged their parts. Dickens is by far the more opinionative and aggressive, Thackeray by far the more acquiescent and unpolemical, writer. The passage on model prisons quoted above, wherein Mr. Dickens attacks the silent system of prison management, is but one instance out of hundreds in which he has, while pursuing his occupation as a novelist, pronounced strong judgments on disputed social questions. To whatever cause the fact is to be attributed—whether to a native combativeness conjoined with great benevolence of disposition, or to external circumstances that have developed in him the habit of taking a side in all current controversies—we should say, without hesitation, that few men, dominated so decidedly by the artistic temperament, have shewn so obvious an inclination as Mr. Dickens to step beyond the province of the artist, and exercise the functions of the social and moral critic. It was a law of Solon, that no Athenian should stand neutral at a time when any great question agitated the state;—whosoever did not come to the poll, give his vote like a man, and take his due part in the public business, was to be punished with death as a useless and immoral fellow. There was a profound sense in this law; and Mr. Dickens seems but to appreciate it, and to act up to his duty as an English citizen, when, by means of pamphlets, public speeches, letters to the newspapers, articles in periodicals, and other such established methods of communicating with his fellow-subjects, he speaks his mind freely on practices or institutions that offend him. It ought, indeed, to be a matter for congratulation, when such a man comes forward to give a practical opinion at all; he ought to be listened to with special deference, and his suggestions ought to be carefully considered. Nor is it a secret that Mr. Dickens, following the dictates of a warm and generous heart, has rendered, on various occasions, very zealous and important services to the cause of public morality and benevolence. Recently, indeed, his shrewd observation and brilliant powers of writing, have been employed from week to week in the express task of exposing certain anomalies and abuses in our social arrangements, lying, as it would seem, quite snugly out of sight of official vigilance. In all this

he merits only encouragement and success. We cannot, however, assent so easily to his habit of interspersing controversial remarks, and direct passages of social criticism and remonstrance, through his fictions. Clearly as these works belong to the department of artistic writing, there is not one of them that does not contain matter that is purely dogmatic in its import—judgments pronounced promptly and peremptorily by Mr. Dickens in his own name on various questions of morals, taste, or legislation. Prison-discipline, the constitution of the ecclesiastical courts, the management of schools, capital punishments: Mr. Dickens's opinions on these, and many other such topics of a practical kind, are to be found explicitly affirmed and argued in his novels. Nor is he content with expressing his views merely on practical points. Modes of thinking, doctrines, theological and speculative tendencies, likewise come in for a share of his critical notice. Passages might be quoted from his stories, for example, where he has distinctly attacked and denounced transcendentalism in philosophy, and puritanism in religion. Now, of course, a man must have his views on these subjects, and these views must break out in his works, however artistic their form; but it is a dangerous thing thus openly and professedly to blend the functions of the artist with those of the declaimer. A man who does so must needs be very sure of himself, and must have his own beliefs elaborated as a whole into their most complete and living form of combination. For, as we have before said, when a man like Dickens dogmatizes, one is entitled to expect something that shall, both in reason and in expression, have a finish and beauty beyond the art of the mere platform speaker. Every thought should then be conceived under the extreme pressure of a wish to say all in little space; and every word should sparkle like a well-set jewel. For our respect for the talent a man shews as an artist, ought not, as a matter of course, to extend itself so as to shelter all his dicta as a moralist or practical politician. It may be requisite to adjust our relations to him differently, according as he talks to us in the one capacity or in the other. We may owe one degree of respect for Mr. Dickens as the describer of Squeers and Creakle, and quite another degree of respect when he tells us how he would have boys educated. Mr. Spellow may be a capital likeness of a Doctors' Commons lawyer; and yet this would not be the proper ground for concluding Mr. Dickens's view of a reform in the ecclesiastical courts to be right. No man has given more picturesque illustrations of criminal life in London than Mr. Dickens; yet he might not be equally trustworthy in his notions of prison-discipline.

His Dennis the hangman in "Barnaby Rudge" is a powerfully conceived character; yet this is no reason for accepting his opinion on capital punishments. In short, the arguments and opinions of an artist must stand on their own merits, with this additional proviso that, for permitting an artist to argue at all, we require him to argue right royally, like an Apollo in the robe of a barrister. True, very many of Mr. Dickens's judgments on practical matters are sound and excellent—some of those we have alluded to in the number; on some points, however, and especially in those higher regions of speculative doctrine into which we have said that Mr. Dickens has not seldom ventured, we believe his sentiments to be defective. We shall have, probably, to revert to this consideration before we conclude the present paper.

Mr. Thackeray, though more competent, according to our view of him, to appear in the character of a general critic or essayist, seems far more of a *pococurante* than Mr. Dickens. Whether it is that he is naturally disposed to take the world as he finds it, or that, having at some time or other had very unsatisfactory experience of the trade of trying to mend it, he has taken up *pococurantism* as a theory, we have no means of saying; but certain it is, that in the writings he has given forth since he became known as one of our most distinguished literary men, he has meddled far less with the external arrangements of society than Mr. Dickens, and made far fewer appearances as a controversialist or reformer. An exception might, indeed, be taken to this remark with reference to certain essays in *Punch*, and particularly certain recent satirical sketches there of Jesuits and Jesuitism, which bear the stamp of Thackeray's manner. But generally, and even with regard to these particular papers, it will be found that it is not of the social arrangements and conventions amid which men and women move, so much as of men and women themselves, that Mr. Thackeray is the satirist. The foibles and vices of individual human beings; the ugly things, that are transacted and the commotions that go on in that little world, twenty-three inches or thereby in circumference, which each man carries under his own hat—these, and not the storms and discussions of the big world without, are the stuff out of which Mr. Thackeray weaves his fictions. His care is not about the conditions, political or social, to which this conceited young dandy, that old debauchee, that sentimental little minx, and all the rest of us, must submit during our little bit of life; what he delights to do is to follow these various personages as they get on amid these conditions—to watch, with an interest half humorous, half sad, the dandy as he struts along Pall Mall;

to trace the old wretch to his haunts; to detect the young minx boxing her brother's ears in private. And here, certainly, he is fierce and pitiless enough. What he likes in men and women, what he hates, what he will tolerate, and what moves his indignation and contempt, are indicated with too great clearness to be mistaken. But he does not carry his polemics into the field of exterior circumstances. The "snob," as such, is his quarry, and as he hovers aloft on the watch for him, it matters nothing whether he describes him in *Crim Tartary* or in *England*—on this side or on that side of any political frontier; the snob, and not his environment, is the object of his attention; hawk-like he gives chase and pins the victim. "Let us cease to be snobs; till then, whether we are in *Crim Tartary* or in *England*, whether we have liberal institutions or live under a despot, is of very secondary consequence," such is virtually the rule according to which he writes. How in his more private and unprofessional character he may think it right to act; whether or not he would make a busy vestryman if elected, or whether he regards all partizanship in public politics as a mere Hoolan and Doolan affair, to be left to the editors of newspapers, we have no means of knowing; the impression made by his writings, however, is that, in these matters, like many more of our best men, he is far gone in a kind of grim, courteous pococurantism.

To pass, however, to the consideration of what is after all the most conspicuous difference between the two novelists, namely, the essential difference between their styles of literary art, their peculiar faculties and tastes as descriptive and imaginative writers. Here it will assist us very much in our discriminations if we call to mind, by way of illustration, the leading distinctions of style and faculty in the kindred art of painting.

One evident source or reason of distinction, then, in the art of painting, is the outwardly-fixed variety of those objects which it may be the aim of the painter to seize. From this source arises first of all, the theoretical distinction of painters into two great classes—landscape-painters and figure-painters. The former, speaking generally, are those who seek to represent scenes of inanimate nature; portions, larger or smaller, of all that varied glory of form and colour that lies between the concave of sky and cloud above, and the plane of earth and sea beneath. The objects of the figure painter, on the other hand, are beings endowed with life, either singly or in groups. Though, of course, the distinction is strict only in theory—the landscape-painter introducing figures into his pictures, and the figure-painter requiring backgrounds for his—yet it holds to a certain extent also in

practice; and we hear of painters who are said to be good in their figures, but poor in their backgrounds, and of others of whom the reverse complaint is made. And, subordinate to this leading distinction are a number of others. Thus, under the designation of landscape-painters, using that term in its utmost generality, may be included such classes as these—landscape-painters proper, who represent portions of the earth's surface, whether in calm or rugged aspects; painters of sea-pieces; tree-painters; painters of street-scenes and city-vistas; painters of the interiors of edifices, both noble and humble; flower-painters; fruit-painters; and the like. By a similar license, the term figure-painters may be supposed to include such classes as these—cattle-painters; historical painters; portrait-painters; painters of scenes of village or town life; painters of imaginary actions; allegorical or symbolical painters; and so forth. Certain of these classes, as, for example, the landscape painters proper, the historical painters, the allegorical painters, and the painters of imaginary actions, rank as higher in kind than the others: the greatest painters have been great both in figure and in landscape; and perhaps the most interesting paintings are those wherein the two are duly combined, one or the other predominating.

But independent of these outwardly determined distinctions, and helping greatly to complicate them, are others, having their origin not in the outer variety of nature, but in the spirit and form of thought of the painter. Taking rise in this source, for instance, is the important distinction between what may be called the Real, and what may be called the Ideal, (we beg Mr. Thackeray's pardon for the use of these two words, which we do not like any more than he, and would avoid if we could,) style or theory of art. In the real style of art, the aim is to produce pictures that shall impress by their close and truthful resemblance to something or other in real nature or life. It would be false to say that there may not be a genuine exercise of the poetic or imaginative faculty in this walk of art. Even in the humblest specimen of imitative painting, if it is to rise at all above the character of a mere copy, the artist must contribute some special conception or intention of his own, according to which the objects may be arranged, and which shall give them their effect as a whole. Still, in the higher sense in which the word imagination is often used, as implying a rarer exercise of inventive power, it cannot be said that the real style of painting is so imaginative as that which we have called the ideal. In this style of art the conception or intention supplied by the painter bears a larger proportion to the matter outwardly

given than in the other. A picture executed in this style strikes, not by recalling real scenes and occurrences, but by taking the mind out of itself into a region of higher possibilities, wherein objects shall be more glorious, and modes of action more transcendent, than any we see, and yet all shall seem in nature. When the aspiration of the artist in this style is greater than his powers of harmonious conception, the result is the extravagant or the unnatural; perfect art is attained only when the objects as represented are elevated above objects as they appear, precisely to that degree in which a world constructed expressly in the mood of the artist's intention might be expected to exceed the common world. It is observed, too, that artists who favour the ideal theory, usually work in the more ambitious departments of landscape or figure painting; and hence probably it is that the real style is sometimes, though perhaps not very happily, called Low Art, and the ideal style, High Art.

All this may be transferred with ease to the occupation of the literary artist, or writer of fiction. Thus, applying it to the particular case in view, it may be said, in the first place, with respect to our two novelists, that the artistic faculty of Dickens is more comprehensive, goes over a wider range of the whole field of art, than that of Thackeray. Take Dickens, for example, in the landscape or background department. Here he is capable of great variety. He can give you a landscape proper—a piece of the rural English earth in its summer or in its winter dress, with a bit of water, and a pretty village spire, in it; he can give you, what painters seldom attempt, a great patch of flat country by night, with the red trail of a railway train traversing the darkness; he can even succeed in a sea-piece; he can describe the crowded quarter of a city, or the main street of a country town, by night or by day; he can paint a garden, sketch the interior of a cathedral, or daguerreotype the interior of a hut or drawing-room, with equal ease; he can even be minute in his delineations of single articles of dress or furniture. Take him, again, in the figure department. Here he can be an animal-painter with Landseer when he likes, as witness his dogs, ponies, and ravens; he can be a historical painter, as witness his description of the Gordon riots; he can be a portrait-painter or a caricaturist like Leech; he can give you a bit of village or country life, like Wilkie; he can paint a haggard or squalid scene of low city-life, so as to remind one of some of the Dutch artists, Rembrandt included, or a pleasant family-scene, gay or sentimental, reminding one of Maclise or Frank Stone; he can body forth romantic conceptions of terror or beauty, that

have risen in his own imagination; he can compose a fantastic fairy piece; he can even succeed in a powerful dream or allegory, where the figures are hardly human. The range of Thackeray, on the other hand, is more restricted. In the landscape department he can give you a quiet little bit of background, such as a park, a clump of trees, or the vicinity of a country-house, with a village seen in the sunset; a London street, also, by night or by day, is familiar to his eye; but, upon the whole, his scenes are laid in those more habitual places of resort, where the business or pleasure of aristocratic or middle-class society goes on—a pillared club-house in Pall Mall, the box or pit of a theatre, a brilliant *salon* in Mayfair, a public dancing-room, a newspaper office, a shop in Paternoster Row, the deck of a steamer, the interior of a married man's house, or a bachelor's chambers in the Temple. And his choice of subjects from the life corresponds with this. Men and women as they are, and as they behave daily, especially in the charmed circles of rank, literature, and fashion, are the subjects of Mr. Thackeray's pencil; and in his delineations of them he seems to unite the strong and fierce characteristics of Hogarth, with a touch both of Wilkie and Maclise, and not a little of that regular grace and fine sense of colour which charm us in the groups of Watteau.

Fully to compare the powers of description of the two writers, so as to see which is the more thorough and excellent artist in that to which his art extends, it would be necessary to compare descriptive passages from their writings, in which both have attempted the same or nearly the same thing—to compare, for example, a *salon* scene, or a tavern scene of Dickens, with a corresponding scene of Thackeray. We prefer, however, illustrating still further the difference of their range as artists, by quoting a passage from each, suggesting, by extreme contrast, how far the range of the one in picture exceeds the range of the other. Here is a passage from Dickens of almost savage power and grandeur.

A storm on the east coast.—"Don't you think that," I asked the coachman, in the first stage out of London, "a very remarkable sky? I don't remember to have seen one like it."—"Nor I—not equal to it," he replied. "That's wind, sir. There'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long."

"It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds, tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and

were frightened. There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and it blew hard.

"But, as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times in the dark part of the night, (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short,) the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before the storm, like showers of steel; and, at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were fain to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

"When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Norwich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London; and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church-tower, and flung into a bye-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country-people, coming in from neighbouring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

"As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was upon our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

"I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and sea-weed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met, at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

"Joining these groups, I found bemoaning women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could

run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; ship-owners, excited and uneasy; children, huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

"The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed into valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick: I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature."—*Copperfield*, pp. 558, 559.

Now, certainly, there is nothing in all Thackeray that can be compared, in its kind, with this noble piece of verbal description, which we admire the more now that, in copying it out, we have seen how true the words are to the reality they depict, and how natural and solemn is the cadence. On the other hand, we dare say there are not a few passages in Dickens that could with perfect justice be compared, for clearness and finish, with the following passage from Thackeray, the elegance and French taste of which remind us of Balzac:—

A Mansion in Grosvenor Place.—"Pen and his uncle declined the refection, but they admired the dining-room with fitting compliments, and pronounced it 'very chaste,' that being the proper phrase. There were, indeed, high-backed Dutch chairs of the seventeenth century; there was a sculptured carved buffet of the sixteenth; there was a side-board robbed out of the carved work of a church in the Low Countries, and a large brass cathedral lamp over the round oak table; there were old family portraits from Wardour Street and tapestry from France, bits of armour, double-handed swords and battle-axes made of *carton-pierre*, looking-glasses, statuettes of saints, and Dresden china—nothing, in a word, could be chaster. Behind the dining-room was the library, fitted with busts and books all of a size, and wonderful easy-chairs, and solemn bronzes in the severe classic style.

"But what could equal the chaste splendour

of the drawing-rooms? The carpets were so magnificently fluffy that your foot made no more noise on them than your shadow: on their white ground bloomed roses and tulips as big as warming-pans: about the room were high chairs and low chairs, bandy-legged chairs, chairs so attenuated that it was a wonder any but a sylph could sit upon them, marqueterie-tables covered with marvellous gimeracks, china ornaments of all ages and countries, bronzes, gilt daggers, Books of Beauty, yataghans, Turkish papooshes, and boxes of Parisian bonbons. Wherever you sat down there were Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses convenient at your elbow; there were, moreover, light blue poodles and ducks and cocks and hens in porcelain; there were nymphs by Boucher, and shepherdesses by Greuze, very chaste indeed; there were muslin curtains and brocade curtains, gilt cages with parrots and love-birds, two squealing cockatoos, each out-squealing and out-chattering the other; a clock singing tunes on a console-table, and another booming the hours like Great Tom, on the mantel-piece—there was, in a word, everything that comfort could desire, and the most elegant taste devise. A London drawing-room, fitted up without regard to expense, is surely one of the noblest and most curious sights of the present day.”—*Pendennis*, vol. i. pp. 371, 372.

On the whole it may be said that, while there are few things that Mr. Thackeray can do in the way of description which Mr. Dickens could not also do, there is a large region of objects and appearances familiar to the artistic activity of Mr. Dickens, where Mr. Thackeray would not find himself at home. And as Mr. Dickens's artistic range is thus wider than that of Mr. Thackeray, so also his style of art is the more elevated. Thackeray is essentially an artist of the real school; he belongs to what, in painting, would be called the school of low art. All that he portrays—scenes as well as characters—is within the limits, and rigidly true to the features, of real existence. In this lies his particular merit; and, like Wilkie, he would probably fail, if hankering after a reputation in high art, he were to prove untrue to his special faculty as a delineator of actual life. Dickens, on the other hand, works more in the ideal. It is nonsense to say of his characters generally, intending the observation for praise, that they are life-like. They are nothing of the kind. Not only are his serious or tragic creations—his Old Humphreys, his Maypole Hughs, his little Nells, &c.—persons of romance; but even his comic or satiric portraiture does not come within the strict bounds of the real. There never was a real Mr. Pickwick, a real Sam Weller, a real Mrs. Nickleby, a real Quilp, a real Micawber, a real Uriah Heep, or a real Toots, in the same accurate sense that there has been or might be a real Major Pendennis, a real Captain Costigan, a real Becky, a real Sir Pitt Crawley, and a real Mr. Foker. Nature may, indeed, have

furnished hints of Wellers and Pickwicks, may have scattered the germs or indications of such odd fishes abroad; and, having once added such characters to our gallery of fictitious portraits, we cannot move a step in actual life without stumbling upon individuals to whom they will apply most aptly as nicknames—good-humoured bald-headed old gentlemen, who remind us of Pickwick; careless, easy spendthrifts of the Micawber type; fawning rascals of the Heep species; or bashful young gentlemen like Toots. But, at most, those characters are real only *thus far*, that they are transcendental renderings of certain hints furnished by nature. Seizing the notion of some oddity as seen in the real world, Mr. Dickens has run away with it into a kind of outer or ideal region, there to play with it and work it out at leisure as extravagantly as he might choose, without the least impediment from any facts except those of his own story. One result of this method is, that his characters do not present the mixture of good and bad in the same proportions as we find in nature. Some of his characters are thoroughly and ideally perfect; others are thoroughly and ideally detestable; and even in those where he has intended a mingled impression, vice and virtue are blended in a purely ideal manner. It is different with Mr. Thackeray. The last words of his “*Pendennis*” are a petition for the charity of his readers in behalf of the principal personage of the story, on the ground that not having meant to represent him as a hero, but “only as a man and a brother,” he has exposed his foibles rather too freely. So, also, in almost all his other characters his study seems to be to give the good and the bad together, in very nearly the same proportions that the cunning apothecary, Nature herself, uses. Now, while, according to Mr. Thackeray's style of art, this is perfectly proper, it does not follow that Mr. Dickens's method is wrong. The characters of Shakespeare are not in any common sense, life-like. They are not portraits of existing men and women, though doubtless there are splendid specimens even of this kind of art among them; they are grand hyperbolic beings created by the breath of the poet himself out of hints taken from all that is most sublime in nature; they are humanity caught, as it were, and kept permanent in its highest and extremest mood, nay carried forth and compelled to think, speak, and act in conditions superior to that mood. As in Greek tragedy, the character that an artist, of the higher or poetical school is expected to bring before us, is not, and never was meant to be, a puny “man and brother,” resembling ourselves in his virtues and his foibles, but an ancestor and a demigod, large, superb, and unapproachable. Art is called Art, says Goethe,

precisely because it is *not* Nature; and even such a department of art as the modern novel is entitled to the benefit of this maxim. While, therefore, in Mr. Thackeray's style of delineation, the just ground or praise is, as he claims it to be, the verisimilitude of the fictions, it would be no fair ground of blame against Mr. Dickens, in *his* style of delineation, to say that his fictions are hyperbolic. A truer accusation against him, in this respect, would be that, in the exercise of the right of hyperbole, he does not always preserve harmony; that, in his romantic creations, he sometimes falls into the extravagant, and, in his comic creations, sometimes into the grotesque.

But, while Mr. Dickens is both more extensive in the range, and more poetic in the style of his art than Mr. Thackeray, the latter is, perhaps, within his own range and in his own style, the more careful artist. His stroke is truer and surer, and his attention to finish greater. This may be, in part, owing to the fact that Mr. Thackeray can handle the pencil as well as the pen. Being the illustrator of his own works, and accustomed, therefore, to reduce his fancies to visible form and outline, he attains, in the result, greater clearness and precision, than one who works only in language, or who has to get his fancies made visible to himself by the pencil of another. Apart, however, from the real talent with which Mr. Thackeray illustrates his pages, it may be cited as a proof of the distinctness with which he conceives what he writes, that the names of his characters are almost always excellent. Mr. Dickens has always been thought particularly happy in this respect; we are not sure, however, that Mr. Thackeray does not sometimes surpass him. Dr. Slocum, Miss Mac-toddy, the Scotch surgeon Glowry, Jeames the footman—these and such-like names, which Mr. Thackeray seems to throw off with such ease, that he lavishes them even on his incidental and minor characters—are, in themselves, positive bits of humour.

It is by the originality and interest of its characters that a novel is chiefly judged. And certainly it is a high privilege, that which the novelist possesses, of calling into existence new imaginary beings; of adding, as it were, to that population of aerial men and women, the offspring of past genius, which hovers over the heads of the actual population of the world. Into this respectable company of invisibles, the eldest and most august members of which are the Achilleses, the Theseuses, the Helens, and the Edipuses of ancient mythus; the middle-aged and now most influential members of which are the Hamlets, the Falstaffs, the Panurges, the Fausts, and the Manfreds of latter European invention; and the youngest and least serious members of which (the

Scotch element here predominating) are the Meg Merrilieses, the Nicol Jarvies, the Cud-die Headriggs, and the Sandy Mackayes of the modern tale-writers—two flights of new creatures take wing from the volumes before us. In a Pantheon already so multitudinous, the new comers run no small risk of being soon lost in the throng; for a while, however, they will be remembered at our firesides, and invoked as ministers of harmless enjoyment. First, with the gentle and dreamy David Copperfield at its head, comes a train of figures such as Dickens loves to draw—Steerforth, the handsome, the brave, the selfish, whose awful end is told with such tragic terror; Mr. Peggotty the elder, who appears in the beginning of the story only as a hearty Yarmouth fisherman, but becomes absolutely heroic ere the close; the three other Peggotys, honest inarticulate Ham, poor lost little Em'ly, and Peggoty of the buttons; the affectionate broken-spirited Mrs. Copperfield, with her tormentors, the Murdstones; the active aunt, Betsy Trotwood, with her ward, Mr. Dick; the inimitable Micawber family; the good, absurd Traddles; the dying child-wife Dora, and her successor Agnes; Rosa Dartle, the fierce, the fiendish, with the scar on her lip; the "willin'" Barkis, the "lone lorn" Mrs. Gummidge, the "umble" Heep, the "respectable" Littimer, and very many more. Surrounding the vain and clever Mr. Arthur Pendennis, on the other hand, comes a group quite different, and quite Thackeristic—the fine, firm, worldly old Major; the pious, fond Mrs. Pendennis, and the high-spirited Laura; the Fotheringay, stupid, yet a glorious actress; her father, the maudlin, tipsy reprobate, Captain Costigan; the Clavering family, with that repetition of Becky, the syren Blanche Amory; the accomplished Chevalier Strong; Monsieur Mirobolant, the French cook; Pen's friend and Mentor, the manly, rough, cynical George Warrington, who was found "drinking beer like a coal-heaver, and yet you could see he was a gentleman;" shrewd, likeable, little Harry Foker: poor, lonely Bows, the musician; Captain Shandon, the reckless dissolute man of genius with his literary attendants, the Finucanes, the Doolans, the Bludyers, and the rest; Bungay, the publisher, and Mrs. Bungay; Morgan, the major's man; Fanny Bolton and Mr. Huxter; Madame Fribbsby, the milliner, and minor characters innumerable. A glance even at these mere lists of *dramatis personæ*, will, we think, verify our preceding remarks, and recognise Mr. Dickens as being decidedly the more poetical and ideal, and Mr. Thackeray as being decidedly the more world-like and real in the style and tendency of his conceptions. For our own part, liking both styles well, we would point out as our favourite cha-

acters in the one group, Steerforth, the elder Mr. Peggoty, Mr. Micawber, and the child-wife Dora; and as our favourites in the other, the Major, Captain Costigan, Blanche Amory, and George Warrington. Were we required to say which single character is, to our taste, artistically the best in each, we should hesitate, in the one case, between Mr. Peggoty and the child-wife, in the other, between Major Pendennis and George Warrington; but, in the end, allowing ourselves to be swayed by sentimental liking, we should probably decide for the child-wife and Warrington. The former is an exquisite and most touching conception, such as Mr. Dickens has hardly equalled before; the latter is a perfectly original addition to our gallery of fictitious portraits, and is especially interesting as being a nearer approach than Mr. Thackeray had before favoured us with, to an exhibition of his serious *beau idéal* of a man. We are great admirers of "the stunning Warrington."

But, after all, it is by the moral spirit and sentiment of a work of fiction, by that unity of view and aim which pervades it, and which is the result of all the author's natural convictions and endowments, all his experience of life, and all his intellectual conclusions on questions great and little—it is by this that the worth of a work of fiction, and its title to an honourable place in literature, ought ultimately to be tried. Even the consideration of artistic merit will be found ultimately to be involved in this. The characters and scenes of a novelist, and the mode in which he evolves his plot from the commencement to the catastrophe, are but the special means by which, in his particular craft, it is allowed him to explain his beliefs and philosophy. Whether he does so consciously or unconsciously, whether he boasts of his philosophic purpose, or scouts the idea of having such a purpose, it is all the same. It remains for us, therefore, to go somewhat deeper than we have hitherto done, in our discrimination of the spirit of Thackeray's, as compared with the spirit of Dickens's writings. Here also "Pendennis" and "Copperfield" shall form the chief ground of our remarks.

Into this important question, as between the two novelists, the public has already preceded us. Go into any circle where literary talk is common, or take up any popular critical periodical, and the same invariable dictum will meet you—that Dickens is the more genial, cheerful, kindly, and sentimental, and Thackeray the more harsh, acrid, pungent, and satirical writer. This is said everywhere. Sometimes the criticism even takes the form of partizanship. We have known amiable persons, and especially ladies, express, with many admissions of Thackeray's talent, a positive

dislike to him as a writer—grounding this dislike on his evident tendency to fasten on the weaknesses and meannesses, rather than on the stronger and nobler traits, of human nature; his delight, for example, in making his readers conceive a rouged old duchess without her wig and false teeth, an elderly Adonis without his padding and stays, or a romantic young lady eating voraciously in her own room. In print, also, we have seen Mr. Thackeray taken to task for his exclusive preaching of the maxim "Humbbug everywhere," and his perpetual exhibition of the skeleton that is in every house. On the other hand, there are persons, and ladies too among them, who take Thackeray's part, and prefer his unsparing sarcasm, bracing sense, and keen wit, to what they are pleased to call the sentimentalism of his rival. From what we have observed, however, we should think that Mr. Thackeray's partizans are the fewer in number.

All this, which was, of course, well known to Mr. Thackeray himself long ago—as witness his "Kickleburys on the Rhine," where Miss Kicklebury calls Mr. Titmarsh a naughty man and positively wicked in his satire, and poor Captain Hicks expresses his uneasy sense that the same Mr. T. is going to *cowickachaw* him—has recently been brought before his notice in a somewhat rousing manner. On the publication of the "Kickleburys" there appeared, as every one knows, a short review of it in the *Times* newspaper, in which the reviewer, to use the homely phrase employed in speaking of the matter by one of Mr. Titmarsh's friends, "walked into" the little book and its author. Here are one or two of the reviewer's sentences:—

"To those who love to hug themselves into a sense of superiority by admeasurement with the most worthless of their species, in their most worthless aspects, the *Kickleburys on the Rhine* will afford an agreeable treat, especially as the purveyor of the feast offers his own moments of human weakness as a modest *entrée* in this banquet of erring mortality. To our own, perhaps unphilosophical, taste the aspirations towards sentimental perfection of another popular author are infinitely preferable to these sardonic divings after the pearl of truth, whose lustre is eclipsed in the display of the diseased oyster. * * Mr. Thackeray's pencil is more congenial than his pen. He cannot draw his men and women with their skins off, and, therefore, the effigies of his characters are pleasanter to contemplate than the flayed anatomies of the letterpress."

With what merciless wit Mr. Thackeray replied to the attack in the *Times*, and with what ridicule he contrived to cover its anonymous author, everybody knows who is in the habit of keeping up with the history of our current literature. Still, we must say that

Mr. Thackeray, in his reply, left the main charge untouched. Referring with much humour and effect to the heavy language of the foregoing sentences, he did not discuss their meaning. He had, probably, good grounds for this. It is not on every trivial occasion that a man is bound to argue on so deep a question as the tendency and structure of his own genius; and in this particular case the matter was made more delicate by the comparison which the reviewer had contrived to involve between Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens. Yet, Mr. Thackeray may depend upon it, this is the kernel of the whole dispute between him and the public. As on many other occasions, the *Times* has only said tonitruously and from a mountain top what everybody has been saying low down at any rate. Having no reasons to restrain us from saying what we think on the matter, we will express ourselves freely.

In the first place, then, the question as between "the aspirations after sentimental perfection" of Mr. Dickens, and the "sardonic divings" of Mr. Thackeray, connects itself with what we have been saying as to the styles of the two authors. "Aspiration after sentimental perfection," in other words, the habit of representing objects in an ideal light, is a necessary ingredient in that poetic or romantic style of art which Mr. Dickens practises; and "sardonic diving," as the reviewer expresses it, is quite as necessary an ingredient in Mr. Thackeray's constitution as an artist of the real school. You may prefer the style of Reynolds to the style of Hogarth, if you like, and, if this is all that the reviewer meant, his taste was not necessarily unphilosophical; but you have no right, while admitting both styles of art, to insist that there shall be but one method. It may be proper enough for one artist to exhibit "the pearl of truth" in quite ideal circumstances and conditions—pure-cushioned, for example, on the crimson lining of a casket; but it may be as legitimate for another artist to display the pearl (display it still artistically remember) in its real and native bed—the hollow of the opened oyster. As pearls neither grow in crimson caskets, nor get thither by their own exertions, and are yet justly admired when found there, so it is no valid objection to Mr. Dickens's writings, in his style of art, that they represent men and women ideally, and as they never existed, or have existed only by flashes and at moments; but, on the other hand, what we require of a writer like Mr. Thackeray is, that, whether in delineating the bad or the good, he shall not exceed the proportions of the real. Nor do we think that he has done so. Abundant as are the rogues, fools, and bores in Mr. Thackeray's fictions, we believe he has kept very nearly the numerical

ratio that Nature herself observes in her supply of such individuals; and he imitates Nature, too, in marking even his black characters with occasional veins of white. But he does not paint only rogues, fools, and bores; he paints, also, (though even here he *will* give the foibles,) good and amiable characters. True, as is frequently said, his amiable characters are often sadly silly, and not half so interesting as his bad ones—his Becky, for example, being a much more attractive person than his Amelia, and his Blanche Amory carrying off the palm of interest both from Mrs. Pendennis and Laura. Even here, however, we fear he is not quite unnatural. And then his Warrington is really a noble fellow! In short, Mr. Thackeray is an excellent artist in his own style; and we should greatly fear that, if he were to be foolish enough to change that style, out of respect to any momentary expression of critical opinion, and to attempt the finer and dreamier imaginings in which Dickens excels, the result would be as when Wilkie did affect, or as if Hogarth had affected, high ideal art. And why should he do so? There may be one spirit, one general aim towards the increase of good in the world, and yet many instrumentalities, many modes of working. Religion itself, in prescribing the process of moral education, recognises two methods—that of hanging forth before men fine and noble ideals, which they may contemplate with an enthusiastic melancholy in their private solitude; and that of punishing them sharply, and inflicting on them instant and public shame, for their actual vices. And so, while a writer like Dickens may do good in one way, a writer like Thackeray may do good in another. Ask the waiters at the London clubs, if Mr. Thackeray's exposition of human nature as manifested in these institutions has not been of some service to them. Probably the reason why many readers do not like Mr. Thackeray's writings is, that they find them too personal in their allusions. So much the better. There are many corners of society, "frae Maidenkirke to John o' Groat's," as well as farther south, into which we should like to introduce a wholesome terror of Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

But whence arises this difference between the two writers? Why is Mr. Dickens, on the whole, genial, kindly, and romantic, and Mr. Thackeray, on the whole, caustic, shrewd, and satirical in his fictions? Clearly the difference must arise from some radical difference in their ways of looking at the world, and in their conclusions as to the business and destinies of men in it.

Kindliness is the first principle of Mr. Dickens's philosophy, the sum and substance of his moral system. He does not, of course, exclude such things as pain and indignation from his

catalogue of legitimate existences; indeed, as we have seen, few writers are capable of more honest bursts of indignation against what is glaringly wrong; still, in what may be called his speculative ethics, kindness has the foremost place. His purely doctrinal protests in favour of this virtue, would, if collected, fill a little volume. His Christmas Books have been, one and all, fine fantastic sermons on this text; and, in his larger works, passages abound enforcing it. Not being able to lay our hands at this moment on any passage of this kind in "Copperfield," short, and at the same time characteristic, we avail ourselves of the following from "Barnaby Rudge."

Mr. Dickens's Apology for Mirth.—"It is something even to look upon enjoyment, so that it be free and wild, and in the face of nature, though it is but the enjoyment of an idiot. It is something to know that Heaven has left the capacity of gladness in such a creature's breast; it is something to be assured, that however lightly men may crush that faculty in their fellows, the Great Creator of mankind imparts it even to his despised and slighted work. Who would not rather see a poor idiot happy in the sunlight, than a wise man pining in a darkened jail? Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown, read in the everlasting book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in black and sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music, save when ye drown it, is not in sighs and groans, but songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million voices in the summer air, and find one dismal as your own. Remember, if ye can, the sense of hope and pleasure which every glad return of day awakens in the breast of all your kind, who have not changed their nature; and learn some wisdom even from the witless, when their hearts are lifted up, they know not why, by all the mirth and happiness it brings."

This doctrine, we repeat, is diffused through all Mr. Dickens's writings, and is affirmed again and again in express and very eloquent passages. Now, certainly, there is a fine and loveable spirit in the doctrine; and a man may be borne up by it in his airy imaginings, as Mr. Dickens is, (we might add the name of Mr. Leigh Hunt,) so cheerily and beautifully, that it were a barbarity to demur to it at the moment without serious provocation. Who can fail to see that only a benevolent heart, overflowing with faith in this doctrine, could have written the "Christmas Chimes," or conceived those exquisite reminiscences of childhood which delight us in the early pages of "Copperfield?" But when Mr. Dickens becomes aggressive in behalf of his doctrine, as he does in the foregoing, and in fifty other passages; when, as Mr. Cobden is pugnacious for peace, and as some men are said to be bigots for toleration, so Mr. Dickens is harsh in behalf of

kindliness—then a word of remonstrance seems really necessary. Is the foregoing doctrine, then, so axiomatic and absolute that no one may, without moral ugliness of soul, impugn or limit it? For our part we do not think so. We know men, and very noble men, too, who would not rather see a poor idiot happy in the sunlight than a wise man pining in a darkened jail; we know men, and very cheerful men, too, who do *not* find the pictures of the book of nature to be all in bright and glowing tints, nor the sounds of nature to be all pleasant songs. In short, in his antipathy to Puritanism, Mr. Dickens seems to have adopted a principle closely resembling that which pervades the ethical part of Unitarianism, the essence of which is, that it places a facile disposition at the centre of the universe. Now, without here offering any speculative or spiritual discussion, which might be deemed inappropriate, we may venture to say, that any man or artist who shall enter upon his sphere of activity, without in some way or other realizing and holding fast those truths which Puritanism sets such store by, and which it has embodied, according to its own grand phraseology, in the words sin, wrath, and justice, must necessarily take but half the facts of the world along with him, and go through his task too lightly and nimbly. To express our meaning in one word, such a man will miss out that great and noble element in all that is human—the element of *difficulty*. And though Mr. Dickens's happy poetic genius suggests to him much that his main ethical doctrine, if it were practically supreme in his mind, would certainly leave out, yet we think we can trace in the peculiar character of his romantic and most merry phantasies something of the want of this element.

Mr. Thackeray being, as we have already hinted, less dogmatic in his habits of writing than Mr. Dickens, less given to state and argue maxims in a propositional form, it is not so easy to obtain passages from his writings explaining general views in the first person. On the whole, however, judging from little indications, from the general tone of his writings, and from literary analogy, we should say that he differs from Mr. Dickens in this, that, instead of clinging to any positive doctrine, from the neighbourhood of which he might survey nature and life, he holds his mind in a general state of negation and scepticism. There is in "Pendennis" a very interesting chapter, entitled "*The Way of the World*," written after that severe illness which interrupted the author in the progress of his work, and threatened to do more, and in which Mr. Thackeray falls into a more serious strain than usual. A long, and almost religious, dialogue takes place between Pen, then in a low moral state,

and professing himself a sceptic and *pococurante*, and his elder friend Warrington, who retorts his arguments, denounces his conclusions, and tries to rekindle in him faith and enthusiasm. The dialogue is thus wound up:—

Pen and Warrington philosophizing.—"We are not pledging ourselves for the correctness of his (Pen's) opinions, which readers will please to consider are delivered dramatically, the writer being no more answerable for them, than for the sentiments uttered by any other character of the story. Our endeavour is merely to follow out in its progress the development of the mind of a worldly and selfish, but not ungenerous or unkind, or truth-avoiding man. And it will be seen that the lamentable stage to which his logic has at present brought him, is one of general scepticism, and sneering acquiescence in the world as it is; or, if you like so to call it, a belief, qualified with scorn, in all things extant. The tastes and habits of such a man prevent him from being a boisterous demagogue, and his love of truth, and dislike of cant, keep him from advancing crude propositions, such as many loud reformers are constantly ready with, much more from uttering downright falsehoods, in arguing questions or abusing opponents, which he would die or starve rather than use. It was not in our friend's nature to be able to utter certain lies; nor was he strong enough to protest against others, except with a polite sneer; his maxim being, that he owed obedience to all Acts of Parliament, as long as they were not repealed.

"And to what does this easy and sceptical life lead a man? Friend Arthur was a Sadducee, and the Baptist might be in the wilderness, shouting to the poor, who were listening with all their might and faith to the preacher's awful accents and denunciations of wrath or woe or salvation; and our friend, the Sadducee, would turn his sleek mule with a shrug and a smile from the crowd, and go home to the shade of his terrace, and muse over preacher and audience, and turn to his roll of Plato, or his pleasant Greek song-book, babbling of honey and Hybla, and nymphs and fountains, and love. To what, we say, does this scepticism lead? It leads a man to a shameful loneliness and selfishness, so to speak—the more shameful because it is so goodhumoured and conscienceless and serene. Conscience! What is conscience? Why accept remorse? What is public or private faith? Mythuses alike enveloped in enormous tradition. If, seeing and acknowledging the lies of the world, Arthur, as see them you can, with only too fatal a clearness, you submit to them without any protest further than a laugh; if, plunged yourself in easy sensuality, you allow the whole wretched world to pass groaning by you unmoved; if the fight for the truth is taking place, and all men of honour are on the ground, armed on the one side or the other, and you alone are to lie on your balcony and smoke your pipe, out of the noise and the danger—you had better have died, or never have been at all, than such a sensual coward.

"The truth, friend!" Arthur said, imperturba-

ly; "Where is the truth? Show it me. That is the question between us. I see it on both sides. I see it on the conservative side of the house, and amongst the radicals, and even on the ministerial benches. I see it in this man, who worships by Act of Parliament, and is rewarded with a silk apron and five thousand a year; in that man, who, driven fatally by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything, friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognised position of a leader, and passes over, truth-impelled, to the enemy, in whose ranks he will serve henceforth as a nameless private soldier. * * * Yes, I am a Sadducee, and I take things as I find them, and the world, and the Acts of Parliament of the world, as they are; and, as I intend to take a wife, if I find one, not to be madly in love, and prostrate at her feet, like a fool, not to worship her as an angel, or to expect to find her as such, but to be good-natured to her, and courteous, expecting good-nature and pleasant society from her in turn. And so, George, if ever you hear of my marrying, depend on it, it won't be a romantic attachment on my side; and if you hear of any good place under Government, I have no particular scruples, that I know of, which would prevent me from accepting your offer."

"O Pen, you scoundrel! I know what you mean," here Warrington broke out. "This is the meaning of your scepticism, of your quietism, of your atheism, my poor fellow. You're going to sell yourself, and Heaven help you! You are going to make a bargain which will degrade you, and make you miserable for life, and there's no use talking of it. If you are once bent on it, the devil won't prevent you."—*Pendennis*, vol. ii. pp. 236-238.

After Mr. Thackeray's protest that he is not to be held responsible for Pen's opinions, as delivered in the foregoing extract, and in the dialogue which precedes it, we may not, of course, seek his philosophy in these opinions alone. Indeed, we are too thankful to Mr. Thackeray for having had the boldness to introduce so serious a passage at all into a work of popular fiction, to wish to take any unfair advantage of it. But, it will be observed, Mr. Thackeray does not only report Pen's opinions, he also comments on these opinions very gravely in his own name, and he combats them through the medium of Warrington. When, however, a writer is at the pains to represent dramatically both the *pro* and the *con* of any question, we may be pretty sure that he has distributed nearly the entire bulk of his own sentiments on it between the two speakers to whom he assigns the task of conducting the argument. Accordingly, it seems to us, that in this antimony between Pen and Warrington, we may, without any injustice, discern the main features of the author's own philosophy of life. In other words, it seems to us that there are many parts of Mr. Thackeray's writings in which the spirit of the Pen-

dennis theory may be assumed to predominate; but that, ever and anon, traces of the Warrington spirit are also to be found in them.

Pen, in the passage before us, appears as a *pocourante* and a sceptic. Still honest and kindly, and above any positive meanness, he has sunk, for the time, into a general lowness of a spiritual faculty, the visible form of which is "a sneering acquiescence with the world as it is" or rather "a belief, qualified with scorn, in all things extant." But precisely here lies the point. To a man in this state of mind, all the things that do exist are not *extant*. As his eye sweeps through the universe, it rests by an internal necessity only on the meaner, minuter, and more terrestrial phenomena, which strike by their intense nearness; while the facts of the higher physics fade away into an invisibility, which, like that of the stars by day, passes for non-existence. Beings like Raphael, Gabriel, and Michael, may, as the poet sublimely teaches, sing of God's mightier works—of the sun hymning in chorus with his kindred stars, of the fair earth wheeling on her axis, of the storms that rage between land and sea. *They* may speak of these things, for these things are extant to their vision. But let Mephistopheles enter, and how the note is changed! *He* cannot talk fine; *he* cannot gabble of suns and worlds, and all that sort of thing! What *he* sees and can report upon, is a far more matter-of-fact concern—how men are daily growing more foolish and miserable; how the little god of earth is still as odd in his ways as ever, and is continually getting into some new mess or other! Precisely such, though with less profundity and more principle, is the spirit of Pen. He is, like Mephistopheles, a *pocourante*. The higher things of the world not being extant for him, he qualifies his belief in all he does see with a sneer. Suppose, now, this spirit transferred into, literature how will it show itself there? In a general tone of scoffing; in a disbelief in enthusiasm, or any species of mental exaltation; in a tendency to avoid in one's self, and to turn into ridicule in others, all words or phrases that recognise the diviner truths of existence or the higher developments of mind; in a fondness for scandal and vile social investigations, and in a distaste for the magnificent and the beautiful. What, for example, is Mephistopheles's speech in the presence of the angels, but another version of that of which our modern literature is full—a perpetual tirade against such entities and expressions as (to enumerate a few in different departments,) spiritual-mindedness, fervid affection, a Christian life, the transcendental metaphysics, noble aspiration, high art? It would be unjust to say that, even in the least earnest por-

tion of Mr. Thackeray's writings, he exhibits the spirit of scorn to anything like this extent. An admirer of Tennyson—the poet who, most of all men living, represents, and would woo back among us, the rare, the religious, and the exquisite—could hardly do this. Still, Mr. Thackeray is not altogether blameless in this respect; and, probably, whatever amount of truth there is in the general complaint against him, as a writer who delights in the contemplation of human weaknesses and absurdities, may be resolved into the cause under notice.

But there are moments in Mr. Thackeray's writings when Warrington breaks in. Believing many things that Pen believes; sympathizing with him in many of his feelings, and probably without any much more definite creed of his own, that he could state in words—Warrington is yet a nobler being than Pen. Higher things are extant to him; and though his hatred of cant, and his rough cynical habit, would probably lead him to show his sense of these things in any other way rather than that of seasoning his talk with references to them, and might even prompt him to kick the words art, the ideal, transcendentalism, &c., to death, if ever they came too provokingly across his path, (a murder in which, but that the words still do serve a kind of useful purpose, we know many that would assist him); yet in his own soul he cherishes a fund of finer emotion, which will betray itself in bursts and flashes. Something of this we remark in Thackeray himself. It is seen in the general conception of some of his characters, such as Laura and Mrs. Pendennis, as well as Warrington; it is seen in occasional passages of serious reflection, of which perhaps the most remarkable is the one from which we have made an extract; and it is seen also in a frequent touch of real pathos, such as no mere affectation of the sorrowful could enable a writer to assume. On the whole, we should say that Mr. Thackeray has nowhere exhibited this serious spirit so conspicuously as in the second volume of his "Pendennis;" and remarking this, and how good the effect is, we must admit, without any prejudice to our previous observation regarding the necessity of Mr. Thackeray's keeping obstinately to his own style of art, that we should like to see him in future diminish the Pen a little and develop the Warrington.

There is one piece of positive doctrine, however, in which both Pen and Warrington agree, and of which Mr. Thackeray's writings are as decidedly the exponents in the present day, as Mr. Dickens's are of the doctrine of kindness. This doctrine may be called the doctrine of *Anti-snobism*. Singular fact! in the great city of London, where higher and

more ancient faiths seem to have all but perished, and where men bustle in myriads, scarce restrained by any spiritual law, there has arisen of late years, as there arose in Mecca of old, a native form of ethical belief, by which its inhabitants are tried and try each other. "Thou shalt not be a snob," such is the first principle at present of Cockney ethics. And observe how much real sincerity there is in this principle, how it really addresses itself to facts, and only to facts known and admitted. It is not the major morals of human nature, but what are called the minor morals of society, and these chiefly in their æsthetic aspect, as modes of pleasant breeding, that the Cockney system of ethics recognises. Its maxims and commands are not "Thou shalt do no wrong," "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me," "Thou shalt not covet,"—but "Thou shalt pronounce thy H's," "Thou shalt not abuse waiters as if they were dogs," "Thou shalt not falsely make a boast of dining with Peers and Members of Parliament." He who offends in these respects is a snob. Thus, at least, the Cockney moralist professes no more than he really believes. The real species of moral evil recognised in London, the real kind of offence which the moral sentiment there punishes, and cannot away with, is snobbism. The very name, it will be observed, is characteristic and unpretentious—curt, London-born, irreverent. When you say that a man is a snob, it does not mean that you detest and abhor him, but only that you must cut him, or make fun of him. Such is *Anti-snobbism*, the doctrine of which Mr. Thackeray, among his other merits, has the merit of being the chief literary expounder and apostle! Now it is not a very awful doctrine, certainly; it is not, as our friend Warrington would be the first to admit, the doctrine in the strength of which one would like to guide his own soul, or to face the future and the everlasting; still it has its use, and by all means let it have, yes, let it have its scribes and preachers!

We had thought, after this more grave investigation, to indulge in some remarks illustrative more especially of the humours of the two writers, as compared with each other, of the forms of the comic in which they respectively excel and shew their mastery. Here also we should have seen the difference of their ultimate method and spirit; and should have found Dickens to be the more kindly, genial, and fantastic, and Thackeray to be the more tart, satirical, and truculent humorist. Forbearing any such process of contrast, however, the scope and results of which we have already indicated, we must close with a general remark, applicable to both writers.

Although the aim of all fictitious literature is primarily to interest the reader; and al-

though, in a certain deep sense, it may be maintained that no kind of literary composition whatever is valuable that is not interesting, it would yet seem as if recently the determination to achieve that special kind of interest which consists in mere amusement, had prevailed too largely among our writers of tales and novels. We do not often see now that effort at artistic perfection, that calm resolution to infuse into a performance the concentrated thought and observation of the writer, and to give it final roundness and finish, which did exist in old times, and which supreme authorities have always recommended. The spirit of craft and money-making has crept into our artistic literature; and, even in our best writers, we have but a compromise between the inner desire and the outward necessity. Nor is this to be very harshly condemned, or very gravely wondered at. Our writers of fiction, for the most part, candidly own that they write to make money and amuse people. Their merit is therefore the greater, when, like the two eminent writers whose works we have been discussing, they do more than this. Should we suggest that their functions would be intrinsically higher, and more satisfactory to their own better judgment, did they work less according to the external demand, and more according to the internal wish and form, they will admit the suggestion to the full, but say that on the whole they are not strong enough to follow it. Should we farther adduce the old consideration of fame, and the opinion of posterity, as an argument on the right side, they may even turn the laugh against us. "Posterity!" they may say, with Mr. Merryman in the *Prelude to Faust*:—

Would of posterity I heard less mention!
Suppose posterity had *my* attention,
Who'd make contemporary fun?

Besides, in the present and still increasing multitudinousness of books and authors, the chance of having readers among posterity is, even for the best, a very sorry hope. Still, we would adhere to our wish; and that very multitudinousness of books and authors may bring us right again one day. There are two literary devices or fashions to which at present one may trace much of the particular evil now under view. The one is the fashion or device of the three-volume novel; the other the fashion of publishing novels in serial numbers. The first, which we are happy to see is losing ground, is a wretched piece of publisher's despotism in literature, redeemed from absolute vileness only by that mystical artistic value which there is, and always will be, in the number of three. The other, which is still gaining ground, operates deleteriously, by

compelling an author to supply the parts of his story before he has thoroughly conceived the whole, and also by compelling him to spice each separate part, so that it may please alone. These conditions exist, and it is not given to any man, in any time, to be independent of conditions that will thwart him, and compel him to deviate from his ideal of excellence. Still, if such writers as Dickens, Thackeray, and Jerrold, who have already earned a reputation, who have as much talent as any of those past novelists of whom our literature is proud, and who may even venture now to lead the public against its own prejudices, were to set the example, by each doing his best, in the style each in his inner heart believes to be best, the good that would be effected might be very great.

ART. IV.—1. *Formal Logic ; or, the Calculus of Inference, Necessary and Probable.* By AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Fellow of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. London, 1847.

2. *On the Symbols of Logic, the Theory of the Syllogism, and, in particular, of the Copula, and the Application of the Theory of Probabilities to some questions of Evidence.* From the Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. Vol. IX. Part I. By AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, Sec. R.A.S., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. Cambridge, 1850.

3. *An Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought ; A Treatise on Pure and Applied Logic.* By WILLIAM THOMPSON, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. London and Oxford, 1849.

4. *An Essay on the New Analytic of Logical Forms, being that which gained the Prize proposed by Sir William Hamilton, in the year 1846, for the best Exposition of the New Doctrine propounded in his Lectures. With an Historical Appendix.* By THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES, Translator of the Port-Royal Logic. Edinburgh and London, 1850.

LOGIC, in so far as it investigates the laws of the process performed, consciously or unconsciously, by all sound thinkers, has been aptly compared to grammar, which in like manner inquires into the principles of correct speech. The parallel might be carried further. There

is an analogy in their perversions, as well as in their legitimate offices. Grammar, elevated into Gramarye,* has been regarded as enabling its fortunate possessor to penetrate into the mysteries of the unseen world ; and Logic, burdened with the incubus of Realism, has been considered as affording an insight into the no less mysterious essences of things in general. Less fortunate, however, than its sister science, Logic has scarcely yet been able entirely to emancipate itself from its early bondage. No one now regards Lindley Murray as a wizard, or those fair disciples by whom he is chiefly studied as possessing more of the black art than is contained in the natural magic of a Lancashire witch. While Logic, though slowly and painfully working its way to its proper position, as *the science of the laws of formal thinking*, meets every now and then with a rude recall to material associations. The slave has broken prison, but the master has not yet relinquished his claim ; and the fugitive still carries about him some links of his chain, by which ever and anon some emissary of his former tyrants seeks to drag him back to the burdens and the flesh-pots of his servitude.

Perhaps there is no branch of human knowledge of which the history presents anomalies so strange and startling as that of Logic. From age to age it has blended itself with the matter of predominant interest, and its nature, its form, its province, have in each successive stage been perpetually the theme of doubt and controversy. At one time an instrument of philosophy, at another the handmaid of divinity, now a method of demonstration, and now an art of thinking, allying itself at different periods with physics, with metaphysics, with psychology, with theology, now formal, and now material, in this generation a science, in that an art, sometimes both, and sometimes neither,—it is scarcely to be wondered at that these Protean metamorphoses have caused at times its very basis to be questioned, and that adversaries should have occasionally applied to it the language of its founder on a very different subject, *χαμαιλέοντα σίνα καὶ σαβῶς ἰδόμενον*.

And yet, notwithstanding these various doctrines concerning the nature and province of Logic, its actual contents have at no time essentially varied. Scarcely any two logicians are in accordance as to what it is that they are expounding ; scarcely any have in their exposition materially added to or taken from the original body of the system. Logic is not, like mathematics or physical science, the result of the united discoveries of successive

* See Bishop Percy's note to the ballad of King Estmere.

generations. It is the offspring almost entirely of one master mind, to whose authority nearly every disputant has appealed, as decisive on his own side of the question. It is not like the river, which, springing at first from some obscure and insignificant source, receives in its progress the waters of tributary streams, acquiring, still under the same title, a wider channel and an ampler volume, till the name which the inland peasant associates with some petty rivulet is to the merchant the broad highway of commerce, and to the mariner a sea, bearing navies on its bosom. It is the work of one age and of one man,—a Pallas, which sprang full grown and full armed from the head of her parent,—a monument which after generations have contented themselves with commenting on and elucidating, without adding to or diminishing from the original. Other gods have removed from their habitations; the fane of Terminus still stands on its pristine site; but its votaries are notwithstanding at variance as to its size and form, inquiring what parts are principal, what subordinate, what merely ornamental, what was the design of the architect, and how he has adhered to it in the execution.

As regards what Aristotle did, there is much truth in the remark of Kant, that since the time of the Stagirite, Logic has neither advanced nor receded a step. As regards what Aristotle left undone, it is no less true that its whole subsequent history exhibits scarcely anything but the ebb and flow of unsettled opinion. The master left behind him a collection of writings; and to the substance of that collection his disciples have for the most part faithfully adhered: he left no definition of the science on which he wrote and no principle for determining its boundaries; and these accordingly have been matter of controversy ever since.

The above remarks apply only to the state of Logic from Aristotle to Kant. Its history since the latter period presents a singular and instructive contrast to its former fortunes. A few writers indeed have rigidly adhered to or even narrowed the Kantian limits, but the predominant feature of speculation has been an inverted attempt at expansion. The general idea of the science becomes, with slight variety, tolerably fixed and definite; the province which that idea includes, varies almost from zero to infinity. In short, while the pre-Kantian logicians have laboured to accommodate the form to the matter, to comprehend under one general notion the heterogeneous mass of Aristotelian speculation, the post-Kantian logicians have striven to develop the matter from the form, starting from the idea of thought and its processes, to construct a science more or less comprehensive, accord-

ing as the domain of *pure thinking* is extended or contracted. This revolution is a natural consequence of the Critical Philosophy. The understanding, being thereby limited to the field of possible experience, became confessedly finite in its capacity and objects. There remained, therefore, no alternative for the future metaphysician, but either to abandon altogether the philosophy of the infinite, or to assume, in opposition to Kant, the existence of a directly cognitive faculty of Reason,—a faculty independent of the acknowledged laws of finite thinking. It had been proved impossible to contract the object within the received grasp of the subject; there remained only the attempt to expand the subject to the compass of the object; an attempt which necessarily ended in the identification of the two. Both the method and the nomenclature became thus inverted, and metaphysic, reversing the complaint of Aristotle, assumes the name and garb of dialectic,* not unmingled with sophistry. Thought and Being become one and the same; the reasoning process is a continual creation of the universe; and Logic, the science of pure thinking, is at the same time a revelation of the whole mystery of existence.†

The ancient metaphysic is described by Hegel as finite thought striving after the infinite; the Understanding attempting to contemplate the objects of the Reason.‡ But his own system escapes the charge at the close only by an act of suicide at the outset. The ancient philosophy merely overtasked the untired power of thought. Its successor commences by giving the lie to consciousness, and denying the validity of the very laws by which itself, in common with all human thought, is in act regulated. Logic has thus realized the fabled death of its founder. Unable to fathom the ebb and flow of the Euripus of Being, it has ended by drowning itself in the current. Among the struggles preceding the grand euthanasia, there have not been wanting speculations more akin to some of those which we propose to notice in this Article—speculations tending to identify logic, and through

* Metaph. III. 2. Οἱ γὰρ διαλεκτικοὶ καὶ σοφισταὶ ταῦτον μὲν ὑποδύνονται σχῆμα τῷ φιλοσόφῳ (ὃ γὰρ σοφιστικὴ φαινόμενη μόνον σοφία ἐστὶ, καὶ οἱ διαλεκτικοὶ διαλέγονται περὶ πάντων) κοινὸν δὲ πᾶσι τὸ ὂν ἵσθαι.

† "Bei der Exposition des reinen Begriffs," says Hegel, "ist angedeutet worden, dass derselbe der absolute, göttliche Begriff selbst ist, so dass jener logische Verlauf die unmittelbare Darstellung der Selbstbestimmung Gottes zum Seyn wäre." The mock thunder of Salmoneus was modesty itself to this. But our modern Salmoneus, while apparently raising man to an equality with his Maker, in fact only degrades the Deity to an identity with the general consciousness of mankind.

‡ Die blosse Verstandes-Ansicht der Vernunft-Gegenstände.

logic metaphysic, with mathematics. There is not indeed much affinity between the details of Mr. De Morgan's system and that of Bardili; but in both we may trace the same error of regarding reasoning as a *computation*, giving a partial and perverted view of the process of thought and its expression by means of mathematical analogies and a mathematical notation, inverting the relation of whole and part, subordinating logic to algebra, and substituting the calculus of inference for the inference of calculation. Verily, in philosophy, as elsewhere, extremes meet. Who would have expected to see English mathematicians extending the hand of fellowship to Hobbes, or German metaphysicians repeating the maxim of Condillac, "*calculer c'est raisonner, et raisonner c'est calculer?*"*

But the Logic of modern Germany is a subject too vast and too important to be discussed within our present limits. We have alluded to it chiefly as furnishing an instructive comment on what we believe to be the fundamental defect in Kant's treatment of the science,—the entire isolation of Logic from Psychology, the rejection, under the name of empirical, of all the special phenomena of consciousness, of all the actual characteristics of any determinate operation of thought. To this subject we may possibly find another opportunity of recurring. Our present concern is with the position and prospects of Logic in our own country; with the striking fact of a considerable amount of revived interest in the study, and with the important question, how that interest may be best controlled and directed.

In this point of view, the works which we have placed at the head of this Article claim the attention of our readers. They are the representatives of two distinct, and in some respects antagonist systems, each professing to contribute a large addition to the hitherto authorized contents of the science, and each claiming, as the basis of its extension, the principle of a more exact analysis of the *form* of Thought. The pretensions of either, if admitted, will necessitate a complete remodeling of the existing details of the science,—a step too important to be undertaken without a thorough sifting and testing of the grounds on which it is recommended. So important a crisis in the history of Logic demands on the part of a journal that professes to watch the chief contemporaneous evolutions of the mental and physical sciences some notice, which we

shall endeavour to bestow upon it in the following pages.

The exposition of one of these systems is given in the *Formal Logic* of Professor De Morgan; the other has for some years been taught in the unpublished lectures of Sir William Hamilton, and its essential features may be gathered from the publications of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Baynes. The characteristics of each may be given in the words of their respective authors. Mr. De Morgan, in his preface, calls the attention of his readers to the following points.

"In the form of the proposition, the copula is made as abstract as the terms: or is considered as obeying only those conditions which are necessary to inference.

"Every name is treated in connection with its *contrary* or *contradictory* name; the distinction between these words not being made, and others supplied in consequence. Eight really separable forms of predication are thus obtained between any two names: the eight of the common system amounting only to six, when, as throughout my work, the two forms of a convertible proposition are considered as identical.

"The complex proposition is introduced, consisting in the co-existence of two simple ones. The theory of the syllogism of complex propositions is made to precede that of the simple or ordinary syllogism; which last is deduced from it.

"The theory of the numerical syllogism is investigated, in which, upon the hypothesis of numerical quantity in both terms of every proposition, a numerical inference is made.

"The old doctrine of models is made to give place to the numerical theory of probability."

Sir William Hamilton has issued a prospectus of his intended *New Analytic of Logical Forms*, in which its most important features are described as follows:—

"In the *first* place, in the essay there will be shown, that the syllogism proceeds, not as has hitherto, virtually at least, been taught, in one, but in the *two* correlative and counter *wholes* (Metaphysical) of *Comprehension*, and (Logical) of *Extension*; the major premise in the one whole being the minor premise in the other, &c.

"In the *second* place, the self-evident truth,—that we can only rationally deal with what we already understand, determines the simple logical postulate,—*To state explicitly what is thought implicitly*. From the consistent application of this postulate, on which Logic ever insists, but which Logicians have never fairly obeyed, it follows:—that, logically, we ought to take into account the *quantity* always understood in thought, but usually, and for manifest

* *Langue des Calculs*, 1. I. ch. 16. It is unfortunate for the *computation* doctrine that the fundamental processes of arithmetic, under which, according to Hobbes, all ratiocination is comprehended, are not reasoning processes at all.

reasons, elided in its expression, not only of the *subject* but also of the *predicate*, of a judgment."

The doctrine of a *quantified predicate*, and its influence on the forms of the syllogism, may be selected as the most important feature in both systems, as well on its own account as on that of the controversy which has taken place concerning the authorship. Into that controversy we have no intention of entering; especially as we are convinced that the two systems are not only distinct from, but opposed to each other.* The opposition is clearly marked in Sir William Hamilton's own words.

"We have simply to consider, in their contrasts, the three following schemes of quantification.

"The *first* scheme is that which logically confines all expressed quantity to the *subject*, presuming the *predicate* to be taken,—in *negative* propositions, always determinately in its *greatest* and *least* extension, (universally and singularly,) in *affirmative* propositions, always indeterminately in *some part* of its extension, (particularly.)

"The *second* scheme is that which logically extends the expression of quantity to *both* the propositional terms, and allows the *predicate* to be of *any quantity* in propositions of *either quality*.

"The *third* scheme is that which logically admits *more expressed quantities* than a determinately least or greatest extension, (quantity singular and universal,) and an indeterminately partial extension, (quantity particular.)"

The second of these is Sir William Hamilton's; the third is Mr. De Morgan's. The latter is the more ambitious of the two, and makes more formidable inroads upon the established boundaries of Logic. It is incumbent, therefore, on those who take an interest in the progress of the science, to scrutinize narrowly its pretensions; and if, in endeavouring to

fulfil this duty, we find it necessary to express our dissent from the principles of the acute and learned author, we trust that we shall not be considered as feeling anything but the highest respect for the ability which he has in many ways displayed, and which indeed renders the task of opposing him more obligatory, as well as more difficult. Mr. De Morgan's great eminence as a mathematician makes it necessary for every student of Logic to see that he does not mar its doctrines by spurious importations from his favourite science; while the acuteness and ingenuity of many of his logical details render still more imperative the duty of detecting the unsoundness, if any exists, of his principles. It has been said that, next to him who forms the taste of a country, the greatest genius is he who corrupts it. If Mr. De Morgan should rank with posterity as one who corrupted Logic with mathematics, he need not be ashamed of his partners in the offence; for he will find among them Bacon, who corrupted it with physics, and Hegel, who corrupted it with metaphysics.

The main point at issue between us may be stated in a few words. Mr. De Morgan regards the processes of arithmetic and algebra as exhibiting the pure form of reasoning, and, consequently, as belonging to the *Logica docens*. We consider all mathematical operations, so far as they contain reasonings at all, to be special applications of reasoning to a particular matter, and as such to belong to the *Logica utens*. His system, fully carried out, would make logic an application of mathematics: we hold mathematical, in the same manner as any other reasoning, to be an application of logic. Our difference is thus fundamental. We believe that there is no tenable principle of distinction between the matter and the form of thought which will not make the greater part of his "Formal Logic" material. But that the controversy may not become a dispute of words only, we will endeavour at the outset to lay down clearly our own view of the distinction in question—a step the more necessary, inasmuch as we are acquainted with no work on Logic in which the principle is clearly enunciated, though in most, as far as they are consistent with themselves, it is implied. If Mr. De Morgan dissent, as he probably will, from our principle, he must state his own, and the public (that portion of it at least which takes an interest in Logic) must decide between us.*

* One doctrine indeed is common to both systems,—that of the ultra-total qualification of the middle term; and in this there can be no question that neither author is indebted to the other. But Mr. De Morgan goes rather too far when he asserts that a person kept close to Aristotle's forms could not prove that some men must have both coats and waistcoats, if a majority have coats and a majority waistcoats. The proof would indeed be condemned by Aristotle's *rules*, but it may be admitted without violating his *principles*. For Aristotle does not, like many of his successors, regard the 2d and 3d figures as independent forms of reasoning, but considers their validity to be dependent on their reducibility to the first. Mr. De Morgan's syllogism is in the *third* figure, and may easily be brought to the Aristotelian type by a *reductio per impossibile*. It therefore stands on the same footing with a syllogism in Bokardo, as *imperfect* but *perfectible*. But we agree with Sir W. Hamilton in regarding this quantification as authentic, but of little use in practice, and cumbering the science with a superfluous mass of moods.

* Though we have selected Mr. De Morgan as the principal offender, the principles here advanced are in many respects applicable to some other able works, which we have not space to notice in detail. To this class belong Boole's *Mathematical Analysis of Logic*, Solly's *Syllabus of Logic*, and a portion of the mathematical appendix to Drobisch's valuable *Neue Darstellung der Logik*. All, we think, are

Thinking, the operation of the understanding, may be defined as the act of knowing or judging of things by means of concepts. In the extended sense in which psychology employs the term, every act of consciousness is a *judgment*, inasmuch as it contains an assertion of the existence of its object within or without the conscious mind. The *concept* forms the distinguishing feature of thought. Perception, like any other *immediate* act of consciousness, has two constituent elements—the perceiving subject and the object perceived, the hypothesis of a representative idea being rejected. Thought, as a *mediate* act of consciousness, requires at least three elements—the thinking subject, the object about which he thinks, and the concept mediating between the two.*

Preliminary to every act of Thought is an act of Will, *attention*, in which the mind contemplates exclusively a certain number of the attributes given in an intuition to the neglect of the rest. By thought these attributes are regarded in their relation to objects. Of the three acts of thought commonly distinguished by logicians,—Conception, or simple Apprehension, regards a single collection of attributes as representing one or more objects; Judgment (in the more limited or logical sense of the term) regards two such collections as related to one or more common objects; Reasoning regards two judgments as so related, through a common concept and its objects, as to necessitate a third judgment in consequence.

In the product of every one of these operations we may distinguish between *matter* and *form*. The former is all that is given out of the thinking act; the latter is all that is conveyed in and through the act itself. To conception are *given* attributes; to judgment are *given* concepts; to reasoning are *given* judgments. These constitute the *matter* of the respective products. By the act of conceiving, the attributes are *thought* as representing one or more objects; by the act of judging, the concepts are *thought* as related to one or more

common objects; by the act of reasoning, the judgments are *thought* as necessitating another judgment in consequence. These three features constitute the *form* of the respective products. Hence we define the several products as follows:—

A concept is an attribute, or collection of attributes, (matter,) representing one or more objects, (form).

A judgment is a combination of two concepts, (matter,) related to one or more common objects, (form).

A reasoning (syllogism) is a combination of two judgments, (matter,) necessitating a third judgment as their consequence, (form).

The thinking process itself may also be distinguished as material or formal. It is *formal* when the matter *given* is sufficient for the completion of the product, without any other addition than what is communicated in the act of thought itself. It is *material* when the data are insufficient, and the mind has consequently to go out of the thinking act to obtain additional materials. If, for example, having *given* the attributes A, B, C, I can think those attributes as co-existing in an object, without appealing to experience to discover what objects actually possess them, this is *formal conceiving*. If, having *given* the concepts, P and Q, I can pronounce "P is Q" without a similar appeal, this is *formal judging*. If, having *given* the judgments, "W is X," "Y is Z," I can elicit a conclusion from them alone, this is *formal reasoning*. Experience is here used in a wide sense, for all accidental knowledge, all that is not part and parcel of the thinking act itself.

The condition of formal conceiving is that the attributes given must not contradict each other. There is no contradiction between the notions of a horse's body and a man's head. A centaur, therefore, is as *conceivable* as a horse or a man, whether such a creature exist in nature or not. But let us try to conceive a surface both black and white, or a figure contained by two straight lines; the attempt to individualize the attributes by applying them to an object shows their incompatibility. Hence the law of thought governing formal conceiving is, What is contradictory is inconceivable, what is not contradictory is conceivable. Here we have the well known principle of contradiction, the most general statement of which is, "nothing can be A and not A," or, "no object can be *thought* under contradictory attributes." But for material conceiving more than this is required. The senses must assure me of the existence of the objects, before I can think of a horse or centaur as actually existing out of my imagination. This assurance is not the result of a law of thought, but of a fact of perception; hence as a general

guilty of one fundamental error. *They represent thought as a species of algebra, instead of regarding algebra as a species of thought.*

* The reader of Kant will recognise in the following remarks much of the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*. But while acknowledging our great obligations to this philosopher, we think it necessary to state in *time* that we have departed from his theory in two important particulars,—1. In regarding all consciousness, immediate as well as mediate, as a *judgment*; 2. In introducing the voluntary element of *attention*, an element neglected by the Kantian as well as by the sensational school, and only fully appreciated since the reaction against the latter, commencing with the lectures of Laromiguière. Nor do we observe Kant's distinction between Understanding and Reason in Logic; the former term we employ to denote the whole thinking faculty.

rule, all imaginary objects are conceived as such formally; all real objects are conceived as such materially.

Formal judging is possible whenever one of the given concepts is contained in the other. If the concepts P and Q have no attributes in common, I cannot tell whether they co-exist in any object without an appeal to experience; but if Q contains the attributes O P, I can by a law of thought alone determine "all Q is P." The law in this case is the principle of identity, of which the most general statement is, "every A is A," or, "every concept is identical with itself." A negative judgment may in like manner be formed by means of the principle of contradiction, when the attributes in the two concepts are contradictory. Hence, as a general rule, all analytical judging is formal; all synthetical judging is material.

The wording of the above remarks has been adapted to categorical judgments; but hypothetical and disjunctive judgments are also sometimes analytical, and the result of a formal process. For example,—if having given the judgments, "A is B, C is D," I can form solely by a law of thought without experience the judgment "if A is B, C is D," the process is formal. This I can do when the concepts are *given* as standing in the relation of operating cause and resulting effect. Again, from the terms A, B, and C, if the two last are *given* as contradictory, I can form the analytical judgment, "A is either B or C, (not B.)" In other cases I must ascertain the fact from experience. Here we have two additional laws of thought, the one—if a cause exist, its effect exists likewise;* the other, the principle of excluded middle, which, of two contradictory judgments, compels us to think one as true.

Formal reasoning is possible when the given propositions are connected by a middle term,

* This, with its converse from the non-existence of the effect to the non-existence of the cause, may be called the principle of cause and effect, or of reason and consequence, but must not be confounded with the principle of sufficient reason, which is *synthetical*, and leads to material judgments. The two are distinguished by M. Royer-Collard, who adopts an illustration of Hume's:—*Point d'effet sans cause est la même chose que point de mari sans femme; de ce qu'il n'y a point de mari sans femme, il ne suit pas qu'il n'y ait d'homme qui ne soit mari; de même quand on dit, point d'effet sans cause, on ne dit pas que tout ce qui arrive soit un effet et soit produit par une cause.*" But this eminent philosopher, when he spoke thus disparagingly of identical judgments, did not anticipate the conclusion to which our present remarks are tending, viz., that from the constitution of the human mind, every law of pure thinking must be an identical judgment. If this can be shewn psychologically, what has hitherto been considered as the reproach of logic, becomes her glory.

under such conditions of quantity and quality that the mere act of thought necessarily elicits the conclusion. If any addition to the data is required, the consequence is material. Purely formal reasoning is dependent on the same laws as formal judgment—the law of identity governing the affirmative categorical syllogism, the law of contradiction the negative, the law of cause and effect the hypothetical, and the law of excluded middle the disjunctive. A single example must suffice. In a syllogism in Barbara we reason in this form,—“All A is [some] B, all C is [some] A;* therefore all C is [some] B.” The law which determines the conclusion is, that whatever is identical with a portion of A is identical with a portion of that which is identical with all A. Here is again the principle of identity—“Every portion of a concept is identical with itself.” The other forms of syllogism may easily be analysed in the same manner.

But whether the thinking process is formal or material, *i. e.*, whether the necessary data are given to the thinker, or have to be sought by him in addition to the act of thought, the resulting product possesses in every case a matter and a form, the former being given *to*, the latter being given *by*, the thinking act. We must necessarily be brief, and can therefore point out only one or two applications of the principle; but the latter being once clearly laid down, it will be easy to supply the rest.

We select then, as an important instance, the distinction of matter and form in a synthetical judgment gained from perception. I see an extended surface, which I am accustomed to call a table. I press my hand on it, and it resists; I judge in consequence “the table is hard.” The judgment is material—for I could not have formed it merely from the concepts; but I have now got an additional datum—the senses have informed me of the co-existence of the attributes. But this is not all that is needed for the judgment. The extended surface which I see is not identical with the hardness which I feel. The identity is in an imperceptible something, to which I am compelled to consider both as belonging. The visible and tangible qualities are by an act of thought attributed to one invisible and intangible subject. Here is a *form* of the judgment, expressed in language by the copula; the table is hard.†

* We have quantified the predicate, thus far anticipating our judgment of Sir William Hamilton's system. But in this we only express what every treatise on Logic tells us to understand, viz., that the predicate of an affirmative proposition is not distributed, *i. e.*, is *particular*.

† Mr. De Morgan asserts that “historically speaking, the copula has been material to this day.” We admit that logicians have often fallen into errors and

I hold a piece of wax to the fire, and it begins to melt. My senses inform me only of two successive phenomena, the proximity of the fire, and the melting of the wax. That the one is the *cause* of the other, is an addition to the sensible data produced by the act of thought. The matter of the judgment is here given in the successive phenomena, "the fire is applied, the wax melts:" the form is given by the mind, which is compelled to assert a causal relation between them. This relation is expressed by the conjunction; "If the fire is applied, the wax melts." But this is not all. I see the wax in a liquid state; I remember that just now it was solid. Here, again, my senses only present to me two distinct phenomena.* To pronounce that these belong to the same thing, that it is *the wax* which was solid and is liquid, I must believe in the continuous existence of the subject, notwithstanding the changes in its sensible appearance. This again is the result of an act of thought; and hence arises the disjunctive judgment. Its matter is given in the phenomena, "wax is solid, wax is liquid." Its form arises from the identification of the two, "the wax is solid or liquid." Thus we have three synthetical laws of mind, producing forms of material thinking. Qualities suppose a subject; changes suppose a cause; things continue to exist under changes of phenomena.*

Hitherto we have treated of singular judgments only. A single instance must suffice to show that the principle is applicable to common judgments also. I see a number of balls lying on a table; and I pronounce, "all those balls are white." I see another collection, and pronounce with the same readiness, "some of those balls are black." Here the senses present only individual objects. *This, this, and this* are within their province; they know nothing of *all* or *some*. It is by an act of thinking that the several individuals are regarded as constituting a whole, and a judgment pronounced concerning that whole or a portion of it.†

inconsistencies in this respect. But the true logical copula we believe to be in all cases an assertion of identity or distinctness, and as such, a *form* of the judgment. Mr. De Morgan's spurious copulas, such as "gives," "brings," "makes," &c., all arise from the neglect of this principle. When I assert "A gives B," I mean that the attribute of giving B is found in the same subject with the attributes forming the concept A.

* Into the metaphysical discussions connected with these laws it would exceed our limits and our design to enter. For logical purposes it is sufficient that the common language and common thought of mankind universally acknowledge them.

† The fourth Kantian form of judgment, modality, has given rise to considerable dispute among logicians. The question of its admission or exclusion as a *form* depends, on the above principles, on a

The above are only a few of the most obvious applications of the principle under discussion. Its general results may be briefly stated as follows:—All formal thinking is governed by laws which may be expressed in analytical judgments. All material thinking is governed by laws which may be expressed in synthetical judgments. The former are sufficient of themselves for an act of thought, operating only on that matter which is given, and which ultimately appears in the result. The latter are insufficient without calling in the aid of experience, thus requiring additional matter which does not appear in the result. The former are uniform in their operation, and can therefore completely guarantee the validity of the thought. The latter are modified in their operation by their combination with experience, and can therefore only partially guarantee the validity of one element of the thought. Hence the former may be described as *pure, adequate, or positive* laws of formal thinking; the latter may be described as *mixed, inadequate, or negative* laws of material thinking.

When, then, Logic is defined as the science of the laws of formal thinking, or as the science of the laws of thought as thought, (not as modified by experience,) it follows that it can adequately determine the *conceivability* of an object, the truth of an *identical* or *analytical* judgment, the consequence of a *formal* reasoning. It cannot determine the *real existence* of an object, the truth of a *synthetical* judgment, the consequence of a *material* reasoning; for in these cases thought can only operate in conjunction with an act of perception or memory; and the laws of the former are no security for the trust-worthiness of the latter.

question of psychological fact. Do we in forming a necessary judgment decide that the object thought under the concept A *must* be identical with that thought under B, or that it is identical with what on other grounds we know must be B? In other words, is modality an affection of the copula, or of the predicate? We believe that a distinction of modals may be admitted on pure logical principles: whether it is worth admitting is another question. Thus, necessary judgments are such as by the laws of thought alone we are compelled to make; impossible, such as by the same laws we are forbidden to make; all others are contingent; all identical judgments are logically necessary; all contradictory judgments are logically impossible; all synthetical judgments are logically contingent. If my conception of man does not include the attribute of mortality, man may, as far as logic is concerned, be mortal or not. I must appeal to experience to decide whether the Strudbrugs of Luggnagg are realities or fictions. For aught I know as a *logician*, a triangle may have more or less than two right angles. Geometry must decide whether this is materially possible or not. But if any distinction be admitted, the modality must be *expressed* in the copula, not *understood*.

It is of course open to any innovator to attempt to extend the boundaries of the science; but he does so in the teeth of Kant's demonstration that a criterion of material truth is not only impossible, but self-contradictory. In attempting to enlarge the field of Logic, he only makes it impossible to assign to it any definite field whatever. If a single intruder is admitted from the province of material knowledge, no barrier can be devised which shall not with the same facility give access to all.

One more remark may close this part of our subject. In maintaining the whole of formal thinking to depend on identical, or to use the language of Kant, on analytical judgments, we must be prepared to meet the charge of "empty tautology," of "solemn trifling," and such like hard names, which have been unsparingly heaped by modern authorities upon this unfortunate class of judgments. The whole charge rests on a confusion between Laws of Thought and Laws of Things, between laws under which the subject must think, and laws under which the object must operate,—in short, between the positive and negative poles of speculative philosophy, the *ego* and the *non ego*. If (as Kant has clearly shewn) the understanding, in the strict meaning of the word, has a discursive power only, not an intuitive, and if, as he has also shewn, it is by intuition alone that synthetical judgments can be obtained, it follows that no judgment of this class can possibly rank as a pure law of thought. Every new truth is the discovery of the special attributes of special things, and, as such, arises from the observation of differences: every general law of thinking must be indifferently applicable to all objects, and, as such, must be independent of differences. It is optional, and therefore contingent to every man, whether he shall think about this or that particular object; the laws therefore of any branch of material science are known to him only on condition of his adopting that line of study. But if all men have been thinking, some on this matter, some on that, but all *under one code of laws*, what marvel if, when their attention is called to those laws, they should recognise them as what they have all along unconsciously acknowledged? Herein lies at once the explanation and the justification of the supposed frivolities of logic. If its principles were synthetical, and therefore derived from intuition, it might rank with Optics or Astronomy, as a science of certain laws of material agents; or it might aspire to the character of a general Cosmology, to which these and other branches of physical study might be subordinate; but it could not pretend to exhibit the general laws which, independently of all special experience, the

thinking subject must obey. Surely, in the name of common sense and common honesty, never was outcry more palpably absurd than that which finds fault with a science for accomplishing the very purpose which it professes to attempt, and for exhibiting the very features which, if its pretensions are well founded, and its method sound, it necessarily must exhibit.

It is true that the laws of formal thinking may become futile when they are employed as the sole agents for attaining material truth; but the fault lies not in the laws, but in their misapplication. It is the lot of the intellectual, no less than of the physical man, to derive his sustenance from without, his digestion from within; he cannot make the same organ both obsonatory and peristaltic. If he will not confine his understanding to its proper office of *concocting the matter given by intuition*, it is as natural and proper for him to fall into barren subtleties, as it is for him to perish of inanition, if he perversely employs his gastric juice in feeding on the coats of his own stomach.

The above considerations apply to the laws of thought in a logical point of view, in relation to the acts which they govern. But psychologically considered, in their relation to the mind and its faculties, the examination of them furnishes us with an important special truth, the discovery, namely, to which we have before alluded, that the understanding in itself possesses no power of intuition.* If any one regards this discovery as trifling, he is refuted by the whole history of philosophy. It was by establishing this truth that Kant annihilated at a single blow all the fruitless speculations of the elder metaphysic: it is the influence of the same discovery which has determined the whole course of cognate speculations since that time, and has driven their authors to the candid and instructive confession that a knowledge of the absolute must be sought, not in accordance with, but in defiance of the laws of thought. It may be humiliating to know that man's powers are thus restricted; but the restriction is one which his Maker has thought fit to impose upon him, and, regret it as he may, he cannot escape from it. But so far is logic from being thereby convicted of frivolity, that it becomes the greatest possible safeguard

* In denying a power of intuition to the pure understanding or logical faculty, we do not insist on the adoption of the Kantian division of the mental powers, nor do we assert that the whole *matter* of knowledge is derived from sensation. We mean only that the act of thought, as mediate and representative, must be rested on an immediate and presentative fact of consciousness. This important principle, as thus explained, is not more connected with Kant's psychology than with Herbart's.

against frivolous speculation, by shewing clearly the nature of the pure laws of the understanding, and the exact limits within which they are operative.

"Tecum habita, et noris, quam sit tibi curta supellex."

Up to this point we have necessarily been somewhat prolix; but our principles being once stated, their application to the works before us will not be difficult. The title of Mr. De Morgan's book appears to us a complete misnomer. Under the name of *Formal Logic* he presents us with sundry perversions of the syllogistic form, designed to admit purely material reasonings. It does not seem as if the author had ever asked himself the preliminary question,—What constitutes the matter of thought, and what the form? His opening paragraph contains a clear and accurate statement of the nature and boundaries of logic, which his whole subsequent treatment seems expressly designed to refute. No logician will find fault with the following:—

"It (logic) has so far nothing to do with the truth of the facts, opinions, or presumptions from which an inference is derived; but simply takes care that the inference shall certainly be true if the premises be true. . . . Whether the premises be true or false, is not a question of logic, but of morals, philosophy, history, [may we not add mathematics?] or any other knowledge to which their subject-matter belongs: the question of logic is, does the conclusion certainly follow if the premises be true?"—*Formal Logic*, p. 1.

What, then, shall we say to the following?—

"Observing that every inference was frequently declared to be reducible to syllogism, with no exception unless in the case of mere transformation, as in the deduction of 'No X is Y' from 'No Y is X,' I gave a challenge in my work on formal logic to deduce syllogistically from 'every man is an animal' that 'every head of a man is the head of an animal.' From the total absence of attempt to answer this challenge I conclude that no one has succeeded in whose way it has fallen."—*Transactions*, p. 9.

Now, either Mr. De Morgan regards this reasoning as material or as formal. If the former, what business has it in a work on formal logic? If the latter, we beg, in answer to his challenge, to propose the following reasoning, of precisely the same form:—A guinea-pig is an animal; therefore, the tail of a guinea-pig is the tail of an animal. But, says our logician, guinea-pigs have no tails. Who told him that? Is it logic or natural history? Is it the science of inference in

general, or the knowledge to which the subject-matter belongs? We reply to Mr. De Morgan's challenge, by denying that the supposed inference is formally any reasoning at all. From the mere premise, "Every man is an animal," it does not follow that there is such a thing as a man's head in existence. We go out of the act of thought to obtain that information elsewhere. The consequence is therefore a special inference, *gained from our material knowledge of the thing thought about*, not a general inference necessitated by the universal laws of thinking.*

A similar confusion appears in his account of the copula. He lays down, in a passage which our limits do not permit us to quote at length, the characteristics of the word *is*, which, existing in any proposed meaning of it, make that meaning satisfy the requirements of the logicians when they lay down the proposition A is B. For this doctrine we must refer the reader to his *Formal Logic*, (p. 49.) We have only space for the ultimate result:—

"It should be noted that the copula 'gives' resembles 'is greater than,' and is an admissible copula in inferences with no conversion, provided that 'A gives B and B gives C,' implies 'A gives C.' The same may be said of the verbs to bring, to make, to lift, &c. And many of these verbs are, by the unseen operation of their having the effect of *is* in inference, often supplanted by the latter verb in phraseology. Thus we say 'murder is death to the perpetrator' where the copula is *brings*; 'two and two are four,' the copula being 'have the value of,' &c. But this practice may lead to fallacies, as above shown: which must be avoided by attention to the class of verbs which communicate their action or state, such as make, give, bring, lift, draw, rule, hold, &c. &c. All these verbs are applied to denote the cause of the several actions: so, to give that which gives, or to bring that which brings, is to give or to bring. The boy who was said to rule the Greeks because he ruled his mother, who ruled Alcibiades, who ruled the Athenians, who ruled the Greeks, would have been correctly

* The following passage from Wolf's German Logic will shew that this supposed inference has not been accidentally neglected, but intentionally and rightly repudiated by men who accepted the Aristotelian forms. We cite from the English translation published in 1770, which has been described by Sir W. Hamilton as one of the few tolerable versions we have of German philosophical works.

"We sometimes seem to draw a conclusion from a single premise, which manner of reasoning is called an *immediate consequence*. As if I say, 'A triangle is a figure; therefore, whoever describes a triangle describes a figure.' Here it should seem as if I immediately drew one proposition from another. But it is evident that the one of these propositions alone cannot possibly lead me to the other. For that purpose it would be necessary the first should directly excite the second in my mind: but that is by no means the case."—P. 106.

said so to do, if the matters of rule had been the same throughout."—*Formal Logic*, p. 268.

We presume Mr. De Morgan would not admit as valid reasoning the fallacy instanced by Hobbes,—"The hand touches the pen, the pen touches the paper; therefore the hand touches the paper." Still less would he allow us to reason, "Paris killed Achilles, Achilles killed Hector; therefore, Paris killed Hector." But how do these examples differ in form from "A gives B, B gives C; therefore, A gives C?" He will tell us that the verb "gives" communicates its action, the verbs "touch" and "kill" do not. But is this knowledge formal or material? Is it derived from the general laws of all thinking, or from a special knowledge of the nature of the actions denoted by the several verbs? If thinking about giving is a different form of thought from thinking about killing, there is an end of all general laws of reasoning. The nature of the object thought of must, in all cases, determine the inference. But his fundamental principle is erroneous. The copula, so far as it represents a form of thought, is not ambiguous. Its material misapplications are nothing to the purpose, unless one blunder authorizes another. When Mr. De Morgan speaks of the various meanings of *is*, as applied to names, ideas, and objects, he forgets that, in all actual thinking, name, idea, and object are combined. We think of an object, under a concept, which is represented by a sign. When I say "man is an animal," I can mean but one thing, the identity of one at least of the objects thought under each concept. Make the name or the concept itself an object of thought, and the supposed *is* of application or possession expresses a mere falsehood,—"the name man is the name animal." The copula always applies to the object of thought, in that application has but one meaning, and without an object there is no thinking at all.

But we must hasten on to the head and front of his offending, the *numerically definite syllogism*; as we believe that the question of the author's merits as a logician mainly turns on the legitimacy of this supposed addition to the Aristotelian forms.

"The ordinary universal propositions," says Mr. De Morgan, "are of a certain approach to definite character, both of them with respect to their subjects, and the negative one with respect to its predicate also. In $X)Y$ [every X is Y], for example, what is known is as much known of any one X as of any other. Perfect definiteness would consist in a more exact degree of description, and would require a higher degree of knowledge. But in this chapter I speak only of *numerical* definiteness, of the supposition that we know *how many* things we are talking about. We may be well content to examine what we

should do if we were a step or two higher in the scale of creation, if by so doing we can manage to add something to our methods of inference in the highest to which we have as yet attained.

"A numerically definite proposition is of this kind. Suppose the whole number of X s and Y s to be known: say there are 100 X s and 200 Y s in existence. Then an affirmative proposition of the sort in question is seen in '45 X s (or more) are each of them one of 70 Y s,' and a negative proposition in '45 X s (or more) are no one of them to be found among 70 Y s.' . . .

"Taking X, Y, Z as the terms of the syllogism, ξ the number of X s in existence, η the number of Y s, ζ and the number of Y s, and ν the number of instances in the universe, there are of course sixteen possible cases of knowledge, more or less, of these primary quantities, from all unknown to all known. Of these sixteen cases it will be requisite to consider two only. First, when the extent η of the middle term is known, and all the rest unknown; secondly, when all are known. The algebraical formulæ of the latter case will enable us to point out how the supposition of any less degree of knowledge would affect our power of inference.

"I propose the following notation. Let mXY denote either of the equivalent propositions, that m X s are to be found among the Y s, or that m Y s are to be found among the X s. Let $mX:nY$ denote either of the equivalent propositions, that there are m X s which are not any one among n Y s, or n Y s which are not any one among m X s.

"Let η be known, and η only of the four ν, ξ, η, ζ Let us first consider the premises $mXY+nYZ$. They tell us that among the η Y s we find m X s and n Z s: accordingly, neither m nor n exceeds η . If m and n together fall short of η , nothing can be inferred: Y is extensive enough (that is, there are instances enough of Y) to hold the m X s and the n Z s without any coincidence of an X with a Z But if m and n together exceed η , it is impossible that m X s and n Z s can find place among η Y s, except by putting either two X s or two Z s, or an X and a Z , with one of the Y s. Now, as by the nature of the supposition, there cannot be two X s, nor two Z s, to one Y , we must have the inference $1XZ$ as often as there are units in the excess of $m+n$ over η . That is,

$$mXY+nYZ=(m+n-\eta) XZ."$$

—*Formal Logic*, pp. 141, 143, 145.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with algebra, we will take a single numerical instance of the above theory, and translate it into the ordinary notation. In so doing we do no injustice to the author; for his general principle is obviously admissible only if all its special applications are so. We will suppose $\eta = 21, m = 18, n = 15$. Mr. De Morgan then holds the following to be a formal syllogism:—

18 out of 21 Y s are X s.

15 out of 21 Y s are Z s.

∴ 12 Z s are X s.

Of course no one denies a reasoning of this kind to be valid. The question is, is it valid in consequence of its form or of its matter? Is the conclusion such as I am by the laws of thought compelled to draw from the premises; or does it in any degree depend on the accidental circumstance of my possessing additional information not given in the premises? In the latter case the consequence is material, and the additional knowledge in question must be given as a new premise before it can become formal.

In examining whether any process is logical or not, we are at liberty to suppose in the logician any amount of ignorance out of the province of his own science. It signifies nothing whether the matters ignored are easy or difficult, common to nearly all men, or known only to a few; it is sufficient if they are not known *as parts of logic*. No man can make the above inference without the previous knowledge that $33 - 21 = 12$. Does he derive this knowledge from logic or from arithmetic? In the latter case the consequence is not formal but material. It is no answer to say that this knowledge is possessed by all civilized men. The question is do they possess it *as logicians*? There is no middle course between relieving the logician, as such, from all material knowledge whatever, and compelling him to be conversant with all. Once concede that as a logician he is bound to know that two and two make four, and there is no art or science, knowledge or device, under the sun, a proficiency in which may not with equal justice be required of him.

It is evident, therefore, that Mr. De Morgan's whole case rests on his being able to shew that all propositions gained by addition or subtraction are laws of thought, known to men not specially as arithmeticians, but generally as thinkers. We do not say that he cannot maintain this, but we can adduce sufficient authority to make it incumbent on him to undertake the burden of proof, and not, as now, tacitly to assume a controvertible point. We have already stated our own belief that all laws of formal thinking are analytical judgments; whereas arithmetical propositions, since the days of Kant, have been generally admitted to be synthetical.* We do not know Mr. De Morgan's opinion on this point, but we do not see how he is to escape from the following dilemma:—either he must maintain that synthetical judgments may be laws of formal thinking, in which case he is bound to prove against Kant that the understanding has a power of intuition; or he must hold that arithmetical judgments are analytical, in which

case he must be prepared to refute Leibnitz's logical demonstration that two and two make four.* For it is equally fatal to his cause whether he concede to Kant, that arithmetical judgments are intuitive, or whether he concede to Leibnitz, that they are demonstrable by the old form of syllogism, not the basis of a new one.

We hold with Kant that arithmetical numbers, like geometrical figures, are the result of an intuition, and as such, furnish not forms of thought, but objects about which we think. The judgments of addition, as that two and two make four, are no more gained by a reasoning process than the knowledge that snow is white; but, once gained, they may, like any other judgments, form premises in a syllogism. The numerical reasoning given above is, as it stands, elliptical and material; it may be made formal by supplying a defective premise, thus:—

The difference between 33 and 21 is 12.

The number of Zs that are Xs is the difference between 33 and 21.

Therefore the number of Zs that are Xs is 12.

The minor premise in this syllogism is a combination of Mr. De Morgan's two, precisely as in the logical analysis of geometrical reasonings, the premise "A and C are equal to B," combines "A is equal to B, and B is equal to C." The major premise is an addition absolutely necessary to the conclusion, but derived not from logic, but from arithmetic. Without this addition, the reasoning must be regarded as material.

As we do not consider arithmetical processes to be formal reasonings, so we do not regard arithmetical data as pure forms of the judgment. There is no law of mind which compels me, on seeing a number of balls on a table, to pronounce at once how many are black and how many white. I must proceed to the deliberate operation of counting. If two persons count and arrive at different results, I cannot decide between them by the laws of thought. I can only make them repeat the operation till the results coincide; and even then both may possibly be wrong. Now, is counting an appeal to facts as given in the intuition, or to a law of the mind in thinking? By every such law we are compelled to add something to the intuition, to think more than is given. But there is no law by which I am compelled to think of a number of balls as 70 rather than 69 or 71. The question is one of a more or less accurate examination of facts; and that examination must be completed before I begin

* Hegel on this point differs from Kant, but his reasoning is anything but satisfactory.

* Kritik der reinen Vernunft, Transc. Anal., b. i. Hauptst. 2 Abschn. i. § 17. Prolegomena, § 2, and Nouv. Essais, l. iv. ch. 7.

to think of them under this notion of number or that. To refer to a law of the understanding to decide a matter belonging to intuition, is analogous to the celebrated problem, "given the latitude and longitude of a ship at sea, to find the name of the captain."

Mr. De Morgan's chief error arises from his having overlooked the fact, that the *form of intuition becomes the matter of thought*. All formal judgments are necessary; but it by no means follows that all necessary judgments are formal. When Kant shewed that all mathematical judgments are synthetical, he shewed at the same time that they could not possibly be produced by the laws of thought alone. We may turn and analyse as we please the notions of 7 and 5; we cannot, by mere thinking, determine 12 to be their sum; as from the mere notion of two straight lines we cannot determine that they do not inclose a space. It is true that the intuitions which we call in aid for these judgments are dependent, not on the accidental presentations of this or that act of perception, but on the essential conditions of sensibility in general; and to this is owing the necessity of mathematical judgments, as thoughts, if not as truths; but it is nevertheless true that the constructed object of intuition is given *to*, and not *by*, the judgment, and in accordance with laws distinct from those of general thinking.*

The above remarks are also applicable to another of Mr. De Morgan's innovations, the substitution of the numerical theory of probability in the place of the old modality. If all arithmetical and algebraical processes are extra-logical, the theory of probabilities is of course excluded along with every other application of the calculus. Of the value of Mr. De Morgan's speculations, in a mathematical point of view, we are fully sensible; and had our task been to estimate his merits in that department, our judgment would have been very different from that which, relatively to logic, we find ourselves reluctantly compelled to give.

We have only space to notice one other feature of Mr. De Morgan's system, and that briefly. We allude to his treatment of every name "in connexion with its contrary or con-

tradictory name." He commences by assuming that "every negative proposition is affirmative, and every affirmative proposition is negative."* From this principle we have already virtually expressed our dissent. We have endeavoured to shew that negation is not an affection of the predicate, but of the copula; that we do not pronounce in judgment on the identity of the objects thought under the concepts A, and not-B, but on the distinctness of those thought under A and B. Negation is thus not the offspring, as Mr. De Morgan holds, of an accidental variety of language, but of an essential difference in the form of thought. But the principle becomes still more questionable, if we admit, with Mr. De Morgan, that the copula may express other relations than those of identity and difference. What, for example, is the contradictory of "A gives B?" Is it "A gives not-B?" or "A does not give B?" In the former case, the two opposed propositions, as Aristotle has long ago observed, are perfectly compatible with each other.† In the latter case, which of course is the true one, it must be admitted, either that "gives" is no copula, or that negation cannot be indifferently transferred from copula to predicate.‡ Nor are we better disposed to admit the author's applications of his principle. We observe the same confusion between the form of thought and the matter, between what we *must* know as logicians, and what we *may* know from other sources. For example:—

By the principle of excluded middle, we know that a concept may be affirmed or denied of any object whatever. But of this principle there are obviously three possible instances, none of which can be determined to be the true one without an appeal to our *material* knowledge. Either all A is B, or no A is B, or some A is B and some not. Mr. De Mor-

* Neither the principle nor the objection are new in logic. Sturm, in his *Compendium Universalium seu Metaphysica Euclidæ*, proposed a theory of indefinite names in many respects resembling that of Mr. De Morgan. On this Leibnitz remarks:—"Cæterum Sturmianus illos modos arbitror non formæ sed materiæ ratione concludere, quia quod termini vel finiti vel infiniti sint non ad formam propositionis seu copulam aut signum pertinet, sed ad terminos."

† Anal. Prior. i. 46. Mr. De Morgan, we presume, will say that, according to his characteristics of the copula, (p. 50,) whatever does not give B gives not-B. But, can any restriction be more arbitrary? And how are we to tell when the condition is fulfilled and when not?

‡ Since writing the above, we have seen Sir W. Hamilton's letter in the *Athenæum* of August 24, 1850, in reply to Mr. De Morgan's Cambridge Paper. Our own remarks we leave as they were, referring to that letter the reader who wishes to see the contrasts between affirmation and negation clearly and fully stated.

* Something of the same confusion may be observed in the language of a writer whose just and philosophical views of science in general make it the more necessary to notice his occasional inaccuracies, and whose authority may possibly have had some influence in forming Mr. De Morgan's doctrine. Dr. Whewell applies the name of Formal Sciences to the pure mathematics, as having for their object the ideas of space, time, and number; and this, though in one sense correct as regards forms of the sensibility, is not so in that in which the same name is applicable to logic with relation to the forms of the understanding.

gan assumes that we may logically lay down the third case as the true one.

"I always understand some one universe as being that in which all names used are wholly contained: and also (which it is very important to bear in mind) that no one name mentioned in a proposition fills this universe, or applies to everything in it. Nothing is more easy than to treat the supposition of a name being the universe as an extreme case."—*Formal Logic*, p. 55.

This extreme case, however, becomes positively inadmissible according to his subsequent doctrines. He tells us, for example, that the proposition all X is Y , contains, as a consequence, "some things are neither X s nor Y s." This proposition, he says, "has never till now been introduced into logic;"*—and for a very good reason, because it has no business there. Suppose his own extreme case, that either X or Y alone fills the universe, and there can obviously be nothing within that universe which is neither. The consequence is therefore material, based upon what we may happen to know of the extent of X and Y . Indeed, his whole theory of a material universe, with its positive contraries, is extralogical.† It is not by logic that we learn that real and personal fill up the universe of property.

Before quitting this part of our subject, we will describe the principle of Mr. De Morgan's complex syllogism, as that part of his system which comes in some degree into rivalry with the quantified predicate of Sir W. Hamilton, which we are about to examine. When we say that the latter accomplishes all the ends attained by Mr. De Morgan, with a vast superiority in clearness and simplicity as well as in accuracy of thinking, we have said all that is necessary in the way of criticism. Mr. De Morgan refuses to quantify the predicate in a single affirmative proposition. Accordingly, the universal affirmative, all X is Y , may form part of two complex propositions, either "all X is Y , and all Y is X ," or "all X is Y , and some Y is not X ." Hence a syllogism in Barbara, which, in Sir W. Hamilton's system, would be expressed in the form, "all X is some Y , all Y is some Z , therefore all X is some Z ," becomes in Mr. De Morgan's hands the following complex reasoning:—

All X is Y , and some Y is not X .

All Y is Z , and some Z is not Y .

Therefore all X is Z , and some Z is not X .

The reader who is desirous of further details must seek them in Mr. De Morgan's own

work. Those who will take the trouble of comparing his fourth and fifth chapters with the system which we are about to describe, will, we are convinced, discover abundant grounds to justify our preference of the latter. We have followed Mr. De Morgan through a tedious journey, during which we have more than once had occasion to express our respect for his talents, and our regret at their perversion. We take leave of him in the words of an eminent logician and mathematician:—"Enimvero quæ confuse tantum cognoscuntur, ea sæpius confunduntur, ut adeo casus similes videantur quæ sunt dissimiles, et secundum ideam confusam qui agit, facile omittit quibus vel maxime fuerat opus. Atque ideo logica naturali instructus in applicatione sæpiissime aberrat. Exemplo nobis sunt illi qui, in mathesi cum laude versati, methodum mathematicam extra eandem perperam applicant, etsi sibi rem acu tangere videantur."*

We must now turn to the rival system of Sir William Hamilton. In referring to the works of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Baynes as containing the principal features of this system, we by no means intend to describe either of these gentlemen as mere expositors of another's doctrine. Mr. Thomson's "Outline of the Laws of Thought" is a work of much acuteness and originality; and it is due to the author to mention that the principle of a quantified predicate had been given in its most important application, that to the affirmative propositions and syllogisms, in the first edition, published in 1842, previously, we believe, to any communication of the author with Sir William Hamilton.† Mr. Baynes's essay, though principally compiled from Sir William's lectures, contains additional matter of interest to the more advanced students of Logic, in the curious and learned historical notices of the Appendix.‡ But, while acknowledging the

* Wolf, *Philosophia Rationalis*, Prolegomena, § 19.

† We much regret that the limits and design of the present Article prevent us from noticing more particularly some of the peculiar merits of Mr. Thomson's important work. Without committing ourselves to the whole of his details, we cordially approve of his general conception and treatment of his subject. It is only, we are convinced, as a system of truths valuable for their own sake, and not as a system of rules valuable for what they enable us to perform, that logic can ever be treated with any degree of accuracy or completeness.

‡ Mr. Baynes is also the author of an able translation of the "Port Royal Logic." It is one of several original and translated philosophical works, lately published in Edinburgh, to which, from the specimens we have seen, we heartily wish success. Another of these works is an exceedingly well executed translation of the "*Discours de la Méthode*" of Des Cartes, accompanied by an Introduction.

* Formal Logic, p. 62.

† As is shown by Drobisch, *Neue Darstellung der Logik*, § 30, and by Trendelenburg, *Logische Untersuchungen*, c. ii. § 2.

merits of these works, we must express our regret at the delay in the publication of Sir William Hamilton's long promised "New Analytic of Logical Forms." We would remind him of Scott's censure of Coleridge for "throwing from him, as if in mere wantonness, those unfinished scraps of poetry, which, like the Torso of antiquity, defy the skill of his poetical brethren, to complete them." Should any untoward circumstance ultimately deprive the philosophical world either of the New Analytic, or of the conclusion of the Supplementary Dissertations to Reid's works, it would be hard to name a loss more deeply to be regretted or more difficult to supply.

Of the two principal characteristics of Sir William Hamilton's system, the quantification of the predicate is probably the most valuable accession to the science of logical forms which has been made since the days of Aristotle. The following passage from the Essay of Mr. Baynes exhibits at once the value of the principle and the reason of its general neglect in Logic:—

"Common language, as we have seen, seeks as its end to exhibit with *clearness* the *matter of thought*. Whatever does not contribute to this is thrown aside as worthless. Logic, on the other hand, seeks as its end to exhibit with *exactness* the *form of thought*. Whatever contributes to this is retained as of scientific value. All the elements which the analysis of the form of thought furnishes must be brought out to view and explicitly considered. Whatever does not belong to the form of thought must be cast aside as without the province of the science. We have seen that in thought the predicate notion of a proposition is always of a given quantity. This quantity is not expressed in common language; because, by a knowledge of, and reference to, the matter of thought, the omission is at once supplied. This procedure is, however, of course incompetent to logic. As a formal science, it knows nothing of the matter of thought; it makes no elisions; it can understand nothing; it can supply nothing; it can only recognise and deal scientifically with what is given formally. If, therefore, the predicate has always a certain quantity in thought, (and we have shown it has,) that quantity must be expressed before it can be logically taken into account, and its significance investigated. The recognition of the expressed quantity of the predicate is then as imperative in logic as the neglect of such recognition is convenient in common language; for it is plain that, unless all the elements furnished by analysis be received and considered in their relative influence and importance, the science cannot pretend to completeness. Logic, in common with all sciences, seeks perfection: but, as a formal science, it can only realize scientific perfection as it attains to formal exactness. The condition of its formal exactness is, that its analysis of the form of thought be exhaustive and complete. As soon as this is the case, synthesis may commence, and the science will emerge in its full beauty and true perfection."—Pp. 18–20.

The doctrine, indeed, is a necessary consequence of the principles which we have laid down above. If all actual thinking consists in the recognition of the relation between a concept and its object, it follows that, as a necessary condition of thought, the exact nature of that relation must be known. If all affirmative judgments assert the identity of one or more of the objects thought under two concepts, it is indispensable to such assertion that we should know how far the identity extends. Common language and common logic both partially acknowledge the same principle. If I say "this is a rose," common language, by the use of the indefinite article, implies the existence of other roses besides the individual in question. If the logician asserts that affirmative propositions do not distribute the predicate, he must mean, if he means anything, that the predicate is actually thought as particular. The opponents of Sir William Hamilton are thus reduced to a dilemma: either they must maintain that the predicate cannot be thought as universal; in other words, that no two concepts can be co-extensive—a position false in fact, and, even if true, not recognisable by logic; or they must hold that we have no means of determining the quantity at all—in other words, that we are deficient in the *sine qua non* of all actual thought. False thinking or no thinking are the sole alternatives.

Psychologically, as well as logically, we believe that Sir William Hamilton is right in maintaining "all A is all B" to be a single judgment, in opposition to Mr. De Morgan, who exhibits it in the complex form, "all A is B and all B is A;" thereby accepting the second horn of the above dilemma, since "all A is some B and all B is some A" would be a self-contradictory assertion.* On one or two difficulties which apparently lie on the surface of the system, it would be premature to pronounce judgment before the appearance of Sir William Hamilton's own work. Of this kind is an ingenious objection urged by Mr. De

* A curious inconsistency may be remarked in the theory of the complex proposition, when placed in antagonism to that of the quantified predicate. I cannot assert "all A is B and all B is A," without having thought of A and B as co-extensive, *i. e.*, without having made the judgment "all A is all B." If we know the quantity of the predicate we are of course entitled to state it. The complex proposition, is only preferable on the supposition of our ignorance, a supposition which annihilates the complex proposition itself. If the assertion all "A is some B and all B is some A" be suicidal, is there more vitality in "all A is (I know not how much) B and all B is (I know not how much A)?" But the question, to be fully discussed, must be treated on psychological as well as logical grounds. Logic deals with the judgment as already formed; psychology inquires what is the actual process of the mind in forming it.

Morgan.* "Every falsehood," he says, "which can be enunciated as a truth should be deniable within the forms of the science;" whereas the denial of "all A is all B" is the disjunctive assertion, "some A is not B or some B is not A." The true contradiction we take to be "all A is not all B," which, like the original proposition, may be treated *collectively* or *distributively*, i. e., as a singular or as an universal proposition. In the latter case it is compatible with one of three distinct assertions, "No A is B," "some A is not B," "some B is not A;" but the opponent does not commit himself to any one of the three. He denies only to the extent in which the original proposition was asserted, and no further; and hence, in proportion as the affirmation is *definite*, the negation will be *indefinite*. How far these indefinite statements, which are in fact judgments about the truth of another judgment, are entitled to a place in a logical system is a question which we leave to the consideration of Sir William Hamilton. We doubt not that this and similar questions will be satisfactorily disposed of in his work.

The value of Sir W. Hamilton's services to logical science in this part of his system it is scarcely possible to estimate too highly. It is, therefore, with considerable diffidence that we venture to suggest a difficulty in connexion with his other characteristic doctrine, that of the double syllogism in extension and comprehension. The following passage from Mr. Thomson's *Laws of Thought*, will at the same time furnish a concise account of the doctrine in question and exhibit the point in which we think its accuracy assailable:—

"Upon the examination of any judgment which appears to express a simple relation between two terms, we shall find it really complex, and capable of more than one interpretation. 'All stones are hard,' means in the first place that the mark, hardness, is found among the marks or attributes of all stones; and in this sense of the judgment, the predicate may be said to be contained in the subject, for a complete notion of stones contains the notion of hardness and something more. This is to read the judgment as to the intension (or comprehension) of its terms. Where it is a mere judgment of explanation, it will mean, 'the marks of the predicate are among *what I know* to be among the marks of the subject;' but where it is the expression of a new step in our investigation, of an accession of knowledge, it must mean, 'the marks of the predicate are among *what I now find* to be the marks of the subject.'

"Both subject and predicate, however, not only imply certain marks, but represent certain sets of objects. When we think of 'all stones,' we bring before us not only the set of marks—as hardness, solidity, inorganic structure, and certain

general forms—by which we know a thing to be what we call a stone, but also the class of things, which have the marks, the stones themselves. And we might interpret the judgment, 'All stones are hard,' to mean that 'The class of stones is contained in the class of hard things.' This brings in only the extension of the two terms; according to which, in the example before us, the subject is said to be contained in the predicate. Every judgment may be interpreted from either point of view; and a right understanding of this doctrine is of great importance." —P. 189.

In this passage we do not think sufficient distinction is made between marks which are constitutive of a concept and marks which are characteristic of an object;—between attributes which are employed in the *definition* of a class-notion, and attributes which may be used in a *description* of the individuals which the class contains. The doctrine is open to a different objection, according as the term comprehension is employed in the one or the other relation. In the former, which is the ordinary logical sense, and which seems to be that intended by Mr. Thomson, the attributes comprehended can only be predicated in analytical judgments, or, as they are called in the above passage, judgments of explanation. Mr. Thomson appears to meet this objection by holding that every new attribute is added, as soon as discovered, to the constitutive marks of the notion; in other words, that the progress of knowledge transforms synthetical judgments into analytical. But Geometry, and indeed every science in which definitions are genetic, is an exception to this rule. The attribute of having the square of the hypothenuse equal to the sum of the squares of the other sides, never forms part of the *notion* of a right angled triangle; nor does any advance of geometrical knowledge ever transform the 47th proposition of Euclid into an analytical judgment. If, then, the comprehension of a notion means the sum of the attributes forming its definition, judgments of this kind cannot be read in comprehension.

We see but one mode of meeting this objection, viz., by assigning another meaning to the term comprehension, understanding thereby the sum of the attributes possessed by the members of a class, whether forming part of the class-notion or not. But here we are met by an incongruity which the doctrine of quantification in both terms brings prominently into view. By that doctrine the copula of an affirmative proposition is regarded as expressing an *equation*, or, as we prefer to say, an *identification* of subject and predicate. The old theory of either term being *contained* in the other, as part in whole, whether by way of predication or of inhesion, is thereby abolished, and rightly so, for the material significance

* Transactions, &c., p. 22.

given in that theory to the copula tends to confound all distinction between the form and the matter of thought. But its abolition involves further changes. Under the old view, there is no inconsistency in regarding the related terms under opposite aspects. An attribute may be spoken of as inhering in a subject, or an individual as included under a notion, without any logical impropriety: the objections, if any, are solely metaphysical. But the laws of thought will not permit us to identify with each other these opposed notions. We can only identify attribute with attribute, or subject with subject, not a subject on one side of our copula with an attribute on the other. Hence arise two, and two only, *symmetrical* modes of expression.

1. Attribute identified with attribute: "some A is all B," or, the whole of the attributes constituting the concept B are identical with a portion of those constituting the concept A.

2. Subject identified with subject: "all A is some B," or, the whole of the things possessing the marks A are identical with a portion of those possessing the marks B.

The first of these is that to which we have above objected as admitting only analytical judgments; the second is that which we have adopted throughout the present remarks, and which is competent to all kinds of judgment. To express synthetical judgments in comprehension, a third and unsymmetrical form must be adopted, in which the sum of the attributes constituting the concept B are identified with a portion of those possessed by the things which also possess A. This last form is unsymmetrical and useless. It is unsymmetrical, because the things or objects thought under the concept are introduced on one side only of the equation: it is useless, as being only a circuitous mode of stating what is expressed directly in the second form. For it is manifestly the same thing to say "the attribute B is one of those possessed by the objects which possess A," and "the objects which possess A are identical with some of those which possess B."

We do not advance the above objection as insuperable; indeed, we have that opinion of Sir William Hamilton's learning and philosophical genius, that if we venture to impugn any of his positions, it is with the expectation of being refuted. But it constitutes at least a difficulty in the system, and one which we have not yet seen satisfactorily disposed of. The view which we have given in the earlier part of these remarks, of the nature of the mental process of judging, and the consequent distinction between the matter and the form of judgments, has been adapted exclusively to the possible extension of the terms. The problem which we wish to see satisfactorily solved by the advocates of Sir William Hamilton's

doctrine may be stated as follows: To construct a synthetical proposition containing an *equation* or *identification* of subject and predicate in any other respect than that of the objects thought under the compared concepts.

A word, before concluding, on systems of notation. We object to the illustration of logical processes by geometrical diagrams, as in the system usually attributed to Euler.* To compare the mental inclusion of one notion in the sphere of another with the local inclusion of one portion of space in another, is to confound the individual with the universal, the immediate presentations of intuition with the mediate cognitions of thought, and to lose sight of the characteristic feature of a concept, that it cannot be depicted to the sense or the imagination. As little do we approve of the algebraical method adopted by Mr. De Morgan, in which the premises of a syllogism are connected by a *plus*, and their relation to the conclusion expressed by the sign of equality, a method too redolent of the computation theory noticed above, and tending to confound the intuitive judgments of Arithmetic with the discursive inferences of Logic. The algebraical equation proper does not represent a syllogism, but a proposition; a proposition which, like any other, may form part of a logical reasoning, but cannot with any propriety represent the whole. Sir William Hamilton's scheme is free from these objections, and possesses the merit of being distinct from the established notation of any other science. It is on all accounts to be preferred to any rival method that has hitherto appeared. But we confess that, as far as our own experience goes, we are inclined to an opinion the reverse of that of Mr. Thomson, who holds that "to be able to represent to the eye by figures the relation which subsists in thought between conceptions tends greatly to facilitate logical analysis."†

But it is time to close a discussion which we fear has already severely tested the patience of the reader. For the dry and abstruse character of its details, we trust a sufficient apo-

* Euler appears to have been anticipated in this respect by Weisse, whose method was published in Lange's *Nucleus Logicae Weisiana* in 1712. See Drobisch, *Neue Darstellung der Logik*, § 44.

† We have already expressed our dissent from the fundamental doctrines of Hegel's *Logic*. In the following passage, however, we fully concur, as applicable to all views of the sciences which recognise a distinction between intuition and thought. "Da der Mensch die Sprache hat, als das der Vernunft eigenthümliche Bezeichnungsmittel, so ist es ein müssiger Einfall, sich nach einer unvollkommenen Darstellungsweise umsehen und damit quälen zu wollen. Der Begriff kann als solcher wesentlich nur mit dem Geiste aufgefasst werden. Es ist vergeblich, ihn durch Raumfiguren und algebraische Zeichen zum Behufe des äusserlichen Auges, und einer begrifflosen, mechanischen Behandlungsweise, eines Calculs, festhalten zu wollen."

logy will be found in the present aspect of Philosophy in this country. Condemned since the days of Locke to a long period of unmerited neglect, Logic has within the last few years again engaged a considerable share of attention, and has been cultivated with much ill-regulated energy; an energy which, if not brought under the control of definite and fixed principles, threatens to produce consequences scarcely less to be regretted than the former lethargy. It is a question of no light importance to all interested in the progress of philosophical thinking, in what manner the reviving study shall be prosecuted. Discontented with the definite but narrow field which it can claim as a pure and formal science, there are some who would invest it with a spurious importance by adding to its speculative principles a portion of its practical uses. Against this confusion of the laws of thought with their material applications, we have in the above remarks more than once recorded our protest. By whatever right one iota of the matter of thought can claim admission into the science, by the same right the whole universe of human knowledge is entitled to follow. Logic thus cultivated must be arbitrary or impossible. As little, however, can we advocate the exclusive study of an isolated and barren formalism. It is in connexion, not in confusion, with the sister sciences, as a branch of mental philosophy, that Logic may and ought to be exhibited; and it is to the expediency of such a course that we earnestly solicit the attention of academical bodies. The University of Oxford, in its recent Examination Statute, has prescribed, "Si quis in dialectica se bene institutum probaverit, hoc in honorum distributione aliquantum momenti habeat." In the propriety of this decision we fully concur; the manner of providing for the *bona institutio* may, we think, be profitable matter of further legislation. Of logics made easy and logics made useful we have in all conscience had enough. The one have sufficiently shewn that it is possible to be shallow without being clear; and the other, that the method of a science may be utterly deformed without obtaining in the slightest degree the end proposed by the deformation.* But, on the other

* On this point we have valuable testimony from Germany and from France. "So ist denn auch," says Rosenkranz, "die Logik hundertfach von philosophischen Stümpfern *utiliter* gemisshandelt worden." "Sans la Logique," says M. St. Hilaire, "l'esprit de l'homme peut admirablement agir, admirablement raisonner; mais sans elle, il ne se connaît pas tout entier; il ignore l'une de ses parties les plus belles et les plus fécondes. La Logique la lui fait connaître. Voilà son utilité; elle ne peut pas en avoir d'autre." Herbart, too, the most eminent expounder of Formal Logic since Kant, expresses himself to the same effect, "Die Logik sollte ihr

hand, if Logic is to be anything more than a mere sophistry of words or tissue of abstractions, it must neither, as with Hegel, aspire to fathom the infinite by the processes of reason, nor, as with Kant, disdain all connexion with the so-called empirical facts of psychology, which in truth are empirical only as it is empirical that we live and move and think at all. "La Logique," says M. Cousin, "n'est qu'un retour de la psychologie sur elle-même;" and the whole history of philosophy confirms the assertion. The philosopher to whom we owe nearly the whole material of Logic was the author of the *De Anima*. The philosopher who has done most to secure for the science an exact definition and province was the author of the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, whose contributions to psychology furnish at once the best defence and the most valuable means of transgressing his own precepts with regard to Logic. The philosopher to whose influence it is mainly owing that Logic in Germany has ever been estimated at its proper value was the author of the *Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement humain*. Sir William Hamilton's attainments in mental science will be acknowledged by all who are acquainted with his edition of Reid. The philosopher whose dictum we have quoted above has contributed more than any living writer to the progress of psychology in France: the most valuable recent contributions to Logic in that country emanate from the same school, and are professedly written on the same principle. These facts need no comment.

ART. V.—*Autobiography of the Rev. William Walford*. Edited, with a Continuation, by JOHN HOUGHTON. London, 1851.

THAT which entitles this volume to notice beyond the circle of private friendship, and of religious connexion, is not only the peculiarity of the case of suffering which is described in it, but the rare circumstance that such a case should be narrated and described by the sufferer himself, and he, too, a man of superior intelligence and many accomplishments. It is natural to think that some advantage should be taken of an instance of this sort when it occurs, tending perhaps to the furtherance of science; perhaps to the strengthening or illustration of some principle in morals.

angefangenes Werk vollenden, in dem sie die im allgemeinen mögliche Verbindung der gegebenen Elemente des Wissens vollständig nachwies; der Nutzen würde sich hinterher finden."

The late Rev. William Walford was an esteemed minister of the Congregational order; and during many years was Resident and Classical Tutor of the Independent College, Homerton—a colleague, therefore, of Dr. John Pye Smith, that ornament of the Dissenting ministry. Mr. Walford was a man of clear intellect, sound judgment, and, one may say, of metaphysical turn. His religious history, as given by himself, with much modesty and ingenuousness, cannot be perused without receiving from it an impression very favourable as to his personal seriousness, and the elevation and purity of his character as a Christian man. He has become known as a religious writer and biblical critic,* and as a tutor he is gratefully remembered by those who were his pupils.

Mr. Walford commenced his religious life in a manner—we must here refer our readers to the volume—which carried with it to himself a powerful and permanent conviction of its derivation from on high. He felt and knew that in his case certainly, “faith was not of himself,” it was “the gift of God.” This persuasion as to the source and the reality of his spiritual existence, it is well to notice. Conjoined with this characteristic of his personal religious feelings, was an early developed propensity, following him through life, to attempt—with restless and fruitless assiduity, a solution, never by finite minds to be attained, of the problem of the origin of evil. We note this fact in this place, merely as it enters into a due consideration of the case before us. Speaking of an early stage of his religious course Mr. Walford says—he was then in his eighteenth year—

“Suddenly I was thrown into extreme agitation, by observing the universal prevalence of moral and physical evil over the whole race of mankind. An inquiry concerning the cause of this desolating calamity immediately engaged my attention. All other considerations were suspended, that I might, if it were practicable, gain some satisfaction on the solemn and mysterious subject. The more, however, I meditated on it, the more incompetent I found myself to devise a solution. I was altogether ignorant that the question of the existence (origin) of evil is one of all ages, and of all thoughtful men; and I was equally ignorant of the discordant theories that have been devised to account for the frightful phenomenon.”—P. 46.

It was, in fact, this one subject and this per-

plexity that constituted throughout life the nucleus of the mental sufferings of which, from physical causes, he was the victim: it demands, therefore, to be noted in taking account of those sufferings. At times they reduced him to “a state of despair, bordering on insanity.” Now and then, he says, “the cloud broke for a brief interval, when I was consoled by a hope that the darkness would be dispelled, if not sooner, yet by the ‘bright discoveries of the heavenly state.’” He had, however, so far attained a due religious tranquillity, as to exercise the Christian ministry with acceptance and advantage to others and comfort to himself for a course of years. At length a malady which from early life had more or less affected him, became so much aggravated as to induce him to surrender the pastoral office, much to the regret of his congregation, at Great Yarmouth. He thus introduces this subject:—

“I have hitherto said nothing of an insidious malady by which, from a very early age, I was often very grievously affected, but of the nature and causes of which I was altogether ignorant, though its effects were inexpressibly painful. This malady had shewn itself chiefly by almost incessant headaches from my infancy; but soon after my settlement at Yarmouth it assumed a new form. I was attacked by paroxysms of despondency, which, during their continuance, rendered life a burden almost intolerable. I could give no account of the reasons of such disquietude, and was at a loss to devise any probable means of relief.”—P. 147.

A journey on horse-back brought some relief, but these sufferings recurred frequently during the course of the fourteen years passed by Mr. Walford at Yarmouth.

“With almost every source of happiness open to me,”—Mr. Walford was happy in his home and congregation,—“I was often for months together more wretched than I can describe. My prospects were darkened by the thickest clouds; all things, present and future, were compassed with fear and dread. Taciturnity, irritability of temper, an unnatural and diseased sensibility of conscience, and such a degree of indolent lassitude as rendered every mental occupation distasteful, increased over me to such a degree as to alarm me lest the sanity of my mind should be subverted. At times my thoughts were so agitated, and my conceptions so disturbed, as to make me apprehensive that some foreign invisible agency was acting upon me. Imaginations of the most extraordinary nature often darted upon me with such rapidity as left me without control over them.”—P. 148.

The sufferer had recourse to various means for diverting his thoughts, but in vain.

“Often I wandered about the fields and coun-

* Mr. Walford's publications are—*The Manner of Prayer. The Book of Psalms: a new Translation with Notes. Curæ Romanæ: a revised Translation of the Epistle to the Romans; and, A Catechism of Christian Evidences, Truths, and Duties.*

try, driven from my occupation and my home by unutterable anguish; lingering in unfrequented lanes, and hanging on gates and stiles, pouring out frantic and broken supplications to God to have mercy upon me. Not seldom, I was alarmed lest, in spite of myself, I should abandon all religion, and become an infidel or atheist. I dared not disclose to any the condition of my feelings, lest I should be taken for such, or for a madman. My pious, cheerful, and affectionate wife was but too sensible that some sad cause of disquietude preyed upon me; but for several years I replied to her anxious inquiries merely, that my spirits were low and depressed, from what cause I knew not. If these torturing paroxysms had not been relieved by frequent intervals, I must necessarily have relinquished my profession, as it was with inexpressible difficulty I performed its duties, while they were forcibly pressed upon me. So extraordinary, however, was my state, that during the intermissions I experienced I was often cheerful and even gay; I lost sight of my sorrows, and was astonished at myself that I could ever be so painfully affected. This alternation of feeling, altogether unaccountable to me, continued to actuate me through the whole period of my residence in Yarmouth."—P. 149.

In the hope that change of scene and occupation might bring relief, Mr. Walford had accepted an invitation to become resident tutor at Homerton Academy, and for a while the engagements of this new position had the desired effect; but after a while the malady returned in full force, and his mind returned in despair upon its perplexities concerning the origin of evil. Medical aid was resorted to, but with no effect; and the gloom which had so long clouded the mind was deepened to anguish by the death of a beloved daughter. Mr. Walford's distress on this occasion is especially to be noted, as one among several indications clearly distinguishing his malady from what it might seem to resemble—insanity. The *insane* seldom grieve in any such manner, or on such occasions. The following passage is very significant, regarded as a feature of the case:—

"The influence of the two kinds of distress by which I was affected differed as much as the causes of it did. My own peculiar sufferings never softened my heart—never drew a tear from my eyes; I was unable to weep though I often passionately desired to do so. The grief I felt during the time my child was daily sinking to death, and immediately following, vented itself in floods of tears, that seemed to exhaust my whole nature and render me incapable of repressing them."—P. 170.

The unabated pressure of this affliction at length induced Mr. Walford to retire from his position at Homerton, and to seclude himself entirely from the world.

"I began to shut myself up in solitude, as walking or riding through the streets made me feel as though every one I met was acquainted with my wickedness and misery. I could not endure to look any one in the face; and ere long the sight of my own face filled me with fear and aversion, as I considered myself to be wholly a reprobate—forsaken of God, and odious to man."—P. 179.

During four years after his retirement from Homerton this distress went on increasing; and descriptions of these sufferings fill pages of this Memoir. Sometimes a passionate impulse to pray seized the sufferer and rendered him almost frantic; but more often devotional exercises were intolerable to him. His books were disposed of that the sight of them might not torment him. "I earnestly wished," he says, "that I had never learned to read or write." The voices of his family inflicted agony upon him, as well as the light of day, and the sight of ornamental furniture, especially of looking-glasses; and his dress and personal appearance were neglected. The irritability of his temper being such that he fully expected that he should some day murder some of the inmates of the house.

"The agitation and restlessness that affected me were so great that I was unable to sit down, as the moment in which I attempted to do so brought an increase of misery; and I was thus kept pacing up and down my parlour from the time of getting up until going to bed. I was so intensely wearied by this incessant going to and fro as frequently to scream with anguish. In consequence of this painful excitement I seldom rose from my bed before noon, as I was able to continue this posture without additional pain. . . . At night, when endeavouring to compose myself to rest I was often roused to vigilance by convulsive startings, which no sooner ceased than the most hideous appearances of monstrous face and shape would pass before me, to free myself from which, I was constrained to keep my eyes open, that the real objects about me might dispel those of my disordered imagination."—P. 186.

A friend had advised Mr. Walford to divert his thoughts with chess or bagatelle. At first he rejected the idea with scorn, but at length, having made the experiment, he found it avail for enabling him to sit during the day. He therefore called for the board as soon as he came down stairs in the morning, and insisted that his wife or niece should play the whole day, until it was time to retire for sleep. In this manner he played thousands of games. At length he happily discovered that he could play backgammon without a partner.

Relief, however, at length arrived, yet not by the aid of medicine or any new means of recovery. Whether the change in the suffer-

er's habits should be regarded as the *symptom* of an incipient restoration, or as the *cause* of it, it is not easy to determine. First came a disposition to leave the house and walk after night-fall, when he could be unobserved; then a resumption of his habit of smoking; next a return to books—and anxious to avoid any that might recall religious ideas, the first he selected was Baines' "History of the Cotton Manufacture," and next, Babbage's "Economy of Manufactures," both which he epitomized; and he then commenced a translation of Herodotus. It is manifest that a spontaneous cure was at this time in progress, and had advanced so far that a mere accident sufficed to enable mind and body (so to speak) to cast off the slough of disease which still encrusted both. He was invited on a fine morning in May to take a drive:—

"The verdure of the grass, trees, and country in general, with the fineness of the weather, so affected me, that all my fears, disquietudes, and sorrows, vanished as if by a miracle, and I was well!—entirely relieved, and filled with a transport of delight, such as I had never before experienced. My hope and confidence in God were restored, and all my dreary expectations of destroying myself or others were entirely forgotten. On my return home from this reviving excursion every desire to shut myself up and exclude my friends was departed, and I could with difficulty restrain myself from being always abroad."—P. 193.

This recovery was permanent for a length of years; Mr. Walford, some time after he had regained comfort and health, took charge of a small congregation at Uxbridge. In reflecting upon what he had suffered he thought he detected the physical cause of his malady. He mentions the circumstance of his having been liable from childhood to frequent attacks of headache, which increased in intensity up to about the twenty-second or twenty-third year of his age, at which time he became liable to a discharge of fetid mucus from one nostril. The opinion of Mr. Cline, whom he consulted, was, that an ulcer had formed in the frontal sinus, on one side. But the remedies applied by this eminent surgeon, who, as it appears, misunderstood the case, did but aggravate the disease. Dr. Withering of Birmingham, whom he afterwards consulted, inquired if he had at any time sustained an injury upon the skull. This pertinent question led him to recall what his mother had mentioned, that when about two years old he had fallen on the edge of a fender and received a dangerous wound on the forehead, the scar of which remained through life: strange that this scar had not caught Cline's eyes! "That," said this physician, "that is the origin of the pain you suffer."

The injury had spread inwards, and produced a wound which surgery could not reach, although possibly Nature, in the lapse of years, might work a cure; meantime this deep-seated mischief "should not be tampered with, although stimulants might be employed to assist the escape of the purulent secretion."

Some mitigation was obtained by these means; but just in proportion as the headaches became less frequent, and less intense when they occurred, those mental sufferings which have above been described were enhanced. The dejection and the anguish of the soul took the place of the paroxysms of bodily suffering. The substitution of the one kind of suffering for the other was so gradual as not to attract Mr. Walford's attention at the time, but he at length became fully cognizant of it. After his recovery he could not doubt that both were attributable to the same cause—the injury the head had received in infancy; and that when at length mental distress came in place of bodily pain, it was because the diseased action had passed in from the cranium to the brain itself. This diseased action at length wore itself out, and a spontaneous recovery ensued.

Threatening clouds did, however, at times darken Mr. Walford's skies—the perplexities of his early years regained their influence, in some degree, over his mind, and his last days were in fact saddened by a return, though in a somewhat mitigated form, of his malady—the same despondency, with distaste of his usual occupations, incessant restlessness, and occasional outbursts of the language of impassioned despair. Religious consolations did, at moments, return to him, but this gloom was not again dispelled, and he sunk away from life under the cloud.

What remains for placing the whole of this remarkable case before the reader, is to subjoin to the sufferer's own intelligent description of it, the result of a *post mortem* examination.

Examination of the body of the Rev. William Walford, on the 27th June, 1850, the fifth day after his decease.

"No remarkable external appearance; there was more fat over the whole body than could have been expected when his long illness and great abstinence from food are considered. On opening the head the dura mater was found so firmly attached to the bone at two points as to be incapable of separation without being torn. Those two points were—one near the superior and anterior angle of the right parietal bone, the other at the superior and posterior angle of the left parietal bone; they were marked on the internal surface of the bones by deep depressions having a sort of honeycombed appearance, but not carious. The outer table of the skull alone remained at these parts, and its thickness scarcely exceeded stout letter-paper; the size of both de-

pressions was nearly the same—about an inch long by three-fourths of an inch in breadth. The colour of the brain under the first point was different from all its surrounding surface; it had assumed a green tinge, similar to long-retained pus; this did not extend more than a quarter of an inch into the substance of the brain. There was no discoloration of the brain at the second point, nor was there elevation of the surface at either; the depressions in the bone were from thickening of the dura mater in those specified localities. The dura mater throughout its whole extent had lost much of its proper vascularity, and assumed a thickened yellow leathery appearance. Over the whole surface of the brain there was considerable serous effusion; the ventricles were full of water; there were no signs of recent inflammatory action, but there were several points of unnatural adhesion of the membranes, denoting a former existence of an inflammatory state. The lungs were sound throughout, but had large adhesive bands at various parts, the consequence of inflammation at some remote time. There were several ounces of water in both sides of the chest.

"The heart was large, flabby, and covered with a good deal of fat, especially at the base. It contained no blood; it was strongly adherent to the pericardium over the whole space corresponding to the left ventricle, the evident effect of inflammation at some former time. The valves of the heart were sound; the aorta was fully one-half larger than natural, and at its origin from the heart was an almost continuous circle of ossification. The whole inner surface of the left ventricle and of the arch of the aorta had a deep red color, like inflammation, but there were no enlarged capillary vessels to be seen. The pericardium contained about an ounce of water. All the abdominal viscera were in a healthy condition.

"DAN. MACNAMARA, Surgeon, } Uxbridge."
 "WILLIAM RAYNER, Surgeon, }

In commenting very briefly, as we may, upon this case, it need scarcely be said that it offers no indications whatever which should ally it to insanity. The most extreme and agonizing paroxysms of the malady, affecting, as they did, the mind only, were of a character altogether unlike the symptoms of that deeper disease. The sufferer, crushed to the earth, gave way to misapprehensions of himself and of the world around him; but he did not talk logically on the ground of utter illusions. He trembled at the thought that the violence of his emotions might some day drive him in frenzy to injure those around him. He did not murkishly ponder murder and suicide. Besides, the affections were in their natural state, which, during insanity, are usually dislocated, retroverted, or utterly torpid. To his affectionate and patient wife he anxiously put the question, "Are you not afraid to live with me?" She, truly interpreting his symptoms, replied, "Not in the least." The death of his child dissolved the father in grief—floods of tears flowed on this occasion. This circum-

stance alone might suffice to exclude the supposition of insanity.

The *post mortem* examination of the cranium and brain, if regarded as a conclusive summing up of the history of the malady, as furnished by the thoughtful and intelligent sufferer, removes all obscurity from the case, considered *physically*; and this examination should also suffice to repress any attempted theorizing with the intention of borrowing support from it for this or that doctrine, as to the branular structure, or the location of faculties. The points of adhesion of the dura mater to the interior plate of the cranium do not happen, we think, to hit the spots where they *ought* to have been found as the cause of despondency. Nor even if there had been any such coincidence, would the inference thence derived have been legitimate; for, inasmuch as inflammation had affected the dura mater extensively, or universally, and as serum was suffused over the entire surface of the brain, and throughout the ventricles, a localized cause of particular mental affections can never be assumed. The analogy of facts in pathology warrants the belief that the presence *anywhere*, in the branular or nervous system, of a very small amount of semipurulent matter, would be enough to diffuse throughout it an infection, showing itself in a universal derangement of the nervous economy. It is thus that the absorption of an infinitely minute particle of a specific virus, as in hydrophobia, produces an excitement which soon becomes fatal, throughout the nervous system; and thus, too, specific crudities in aliment, taken up by the mesenteric vessels, and passed into the circulation, give rise to monstrous dreams, and inflict a quick punishment upon the indulgence of appetite at supper.

We are not about to lecture "eminent practitioners," and yet one must marvel at the misapprehensions into which such frequently fall. It is strange that an able physiologist like Cline, with the indications of the interior mischief before his eye, should not have better read the symbols. Those who, as amateurs only, have looked into skulls, must have noticed frequent instances in which a barely observable irregularity, or morbid condition of the interior plate, has told the troubled history of the departed inmate. Now those who are professionally looking into hundreds of skulls (it might be thought) would find it easy to read the indications of living disease in the contrary direction;—that is to say, from the symptoms to divine with certainty the occult cause. It is not for us to say, or to surmise, whether a true conjecture as to the cause of disease, in a case such as the one we have now had before us, might have suggested effective curative measures: perhaps not; nor is it to be assum-

ed as certain that a very distinct statement of his case to a patient so intelligent as Mr. Walford, would have availed much—or perhaps at all—to bring about what we might term a mental *metastasis* of this sort;—"I now know and understand that the distress and despondency I endure, spring directly from an inaccessible abscess—such and such. I will so think of it, therefore, henceforth; and although I must continue to suffer, these sufferings shall not be allowed in my view to spread a pall over the universe." It is doubtful whether, in a case so peculiar and extreme, any such substitution of the physical for the moral and intellectual could have been effected by an act of the will even in the strongest mind. Perhaps we should assent to the sad conclusion that *extreme* cases such as this, lie beyond the reach, as well of the mind itself, as of the physician or surgeon.

But are there not less extreme cases which, if properly understood, may admit of alleviation or cure? We incline to think that mild and *undefined* cases of branular disturbance, indicated by peculiarities of temper, by singularities of opinion, and by chronic or acute fits of moodiness, abound in all circles. If so, what are the practical inferences?

Some of us have already acquired this measure of personal wisdom, leading us to say—when sliding into a mood which our better reason resents—"this is my infirmity; it is not all the world that ought just now to be blamed; but my own stomach rather, or liver, or brain." Let those confess the humiliating fact who are conscious of it, that a well-dressed mutton-chop has sometimes brought them over from Manicheism, or has seemed to condense within its savoury juices, the very essence of a better philosophy. We admit no materializing tendency in saying this.

But may it not be safely assumed that all *moods* of mind—not occasioned by actual and obvious circumstances; that all individual peculiarities of temper, and all those singularities of opinion which, after having been a hundred times exposed, refuted, and apparently discarded, return ever and again to their wonted place of supremacy in the mind; that all these specialties of the individual, take their rise in the animal organization, either as consequences of mal-formations, or of morbid action, or inaction?

The first inference then, of course, is to employ medical treatment, where the case is sufficiently pronounced to call for it. But the second inference is of another sort, and it bears upon the question of what is the best *moral* treatment in such cases. Now in dealing with them—and the father of a family, and the teacher of youth, and the minister of religion, are called to deal with them—it is, we think,

an error to take the course of a sedulous and solicitous treatment of the patient in *his own style and tone*. We assuredly shall end in making him a sentimental hypochondriac if we do so. It is easy to be too wise, too nice, too "considerate," too learnedly skilful, in attempting cures in such cases. In a word, that which such patients need is not moral *physic*, but moral *aliment*. An ingenuous medical adviser often says, "You don't want *me*; get abroad and live well." So it is in the analogous instances which we have in view. Temper, and moodiness, and a tendency to view all things under one colour, which a parent may see to have a physical origin, (and this ought perhaps always to be assumed as the fact,) are not to be reasoned with (ordinarily) or talked out of the patient; nor is he to be worried by reiterated rebukes into some morbid equivalent, which is very likely to prove itself something more or worse than an *equivocal*.

Rather administer more of bland, tranquil love—not to the *patient singly*, but to the household of which he is a member; let a better ventilation in the house—the *oikos*—disperse domestic miasmas; open the windows to the light of heaven; increase the daily rations of sound doctrine—that is to say, Christian beliefs, unadulterated, undiluted, and ungrudged. The things which we assuredly hold to be true, let us speak of them as if we so held them; rising up and sitting down, going out and coming in. Ill-temper and despondencies, and religious moroseness, are abated, mitigated, or remedied by and in the midst of heaven's atmosphere, and the day-light of Christian hope. Are we saying that "miracles" of cure may be effected by them, or by any such means? No, indeed; nevertheless more may thus be done than those imagine who have not fairly made the experiment.

There is doubtless a broad middle region, indefinitely bordered, on the one side by those cases of *severe* physical disease, to which medical or surgical treatment must almost despair of affording relief; and on the other side, by instances of a *purely* intellectual and moral kind, in the treatment of which the homogeneous means of suasion and reasoning, and these only, are appropriate. But to those far more numerous and *mixed* cases which, belonging, as to their first cause, to pathology, are nevertheless remediable wholly or partly, by means of moral treatment; to these cases we should apply a rule analogous to that which undoubtedly would now, by most practitioners, be adhered to in treating the same cases physically; "Do not tamper with the general health by dosing the liver, or the stomach, or the brain; do whatever will invigorate the entire animal

system." In the moral treatment, likewise, we say—cease to argue with infatuation; do not apply logic to a sullen misanthropy; cease from attempting to tinker a bad temper. Be deaf to the outbursts of petulance; be blind to those improprieties of which the patient, left to himself (or herself) is presently ashamed. Do not neglect the disease; but do not let the patient feel that you are always thinking of it. Be sure that the remedy, if indeed the case admits of moral and religious treatment, is to be found in a free administration of the great and soul-quickenings truths—truths of universal applicability—truths that recognise no individual peculiarities—truths that are as broad as the heavens, as bright, and as unchanging.

ART. VI.—1. *Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemical Attraction, in their relations to the Vital Force.* By KARL, BARON VON REICHENBACH, Ph. Dr. Translated by WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. 1850.

2. *The Power of the Mind over the Body: An Experimental Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Phenomena attributed by Baron Reichenbach to a New Imponderable.* 1846.

3. *Letters on the Truth contained in Popular Superstitions.* By HERBERT MAYO, M.D., &c. Second Edition. *Supplementary Letter.* 1851.

It has been frequently asserted, and that almost from time immemorial, that the common magnet is capable of re-acting upon the nervous system of man. MESMER attributed all the phenomena of animal magnetism to the efflux and the influx of a subtle fluid, conceived of as specifically localized in the magnet, but radiating also from stars and planets, sun and moon, the earth and the sky, and most effectively of all from the bodies of healthy and viripotent men. Less adventurous mediceasters have confined themselves to the power of the magnet proper and to metallic tractors. Partly on account of the somewhat paracelsian character of poor Mesmer, partly because of the bombastic and unenlightened enthusiasm of the vast majority of his disciples, and partly owing to the indeterminable nature of the professed phenomena, men of positive science have generally held aloof from the whole subject. Men of observation, accustomed to the use of telescopes and equatorials, of microscopes and micrometers, barometers

and thermometers, thermoscopes and electrosopes, balances and test-glasses, entertain a laudable aversion to the employment of the morbid nerve of exceptional human beings as at once the indicator and the measure of any physical force whatever.

Even physicians, who never have had, and probably never shall attain to anything like physiometrical accuracy of observation in the principal objects of their study, namely in symptoms and cures, have steadily and sternly refused to have anything to do with the magnet and its alleged effects on certain patients. They have even scouted, abused, contemned, and banned the unfortunate magnet, with that impetuous hatred which is characteristic of the otherwise magnanimous profession;—as if such proceedings could put a summary stop either to its influences or to people's belief in them!

The great obstacle in the way of animal magnetism, in so far as the regulars of science are concerned, is the circumstance that the only known re-agent upon the professed and otherwise undiscoverable force is the exceptional nerve. It is to sensation indeed, that is to say to touching, tasting, smelling, hearing and seeing nerves, that we owe all those facts the recording, the classification, the generalization, and the co-ordination of which constitute the whole substance of natural science; but it is to the common or general sensations of the race, not to the exceptional and particular sensations of the individual. It is also the unfailing instinct and practice of positive science to distrust the obscurer senses of touch, taste, and smell. It reserves its confidence for those of hearing and sight, the differences and identities of sound and of light being directly perceptible by the ear and the eye. In fact, it may be said that it is always the first effort of the exact sciences to transform the dimmer perceptions of the more deceivable organs into those of sight, the most discursive and accurate of the senses. The mineralogist does not satisfy himself with the intimations of what has been called the muscular sense, or that sense of resistance which is related to the perception of weight, concerning the specific gravity of a stone. He weighs it first in the air, then in water; notes the difference between the two weights; and thence computes its specific heaviness. The chemist does not trust his fingers, or even his lip, for the temperature of his agents and reagents; but invents the thermometer, and reads off his measurements with the eye. It is the same in the sciences of magnetism proper, electricity, and galvanism. Even in the investigation of sound (which is measurable with such exquisite nicety by the ear, as to render the art of music not only possible, but

the very antitype of mathematical proportion,) the natural philosopher converts its vibrations into visible things before he will philosophize upon them. In the region of the visible, on the other hand, he trusts as little as possible to the immediate reactions of the eye; but devises micrometers, photoscopes, and what not! The excessive beauty of all this procedure consists neither solely nor mainly in the transmutation of the perceptions of the lower senses into those of the eye, which is "the light of the body" as reason is the light of the soul. He would deem but poorly of this great preliminary device of science who should think so. The true beauty of this primary invention consists in its elevation of the eye itself, from being a mere measure of external phenomena, to the dignity of being a measurer of them;—two things as different from one another as a polypus from a man.

It is chiefly in the art of healing that this nobler method of procedure is not realizable as yet. The physician must work as well as he can upon the reported sensations of his patient, the sounds of his stethoscope, and the feelings of his own fingers; enlightening such comparatively vague intimations as reach him in those ways, to the best of his ability, by means of knowledge derived from the scalpel, the microscope, chemical analysis, and other instruments of science. Let him be ever so learned in anatomy, organic chemistry, histology, pathology, and all other sciences, it is very seldom that he can altogether dispense with the sensations of his patient; that is to say with the reported reactions of the morbid and exceptional nerve. It might, therefore, have been expected that physicians could have approached the subject of animal magnetism without scientific distress; and that not only because it professes to deal with the miserable body of man, but because its method of inquiry is akin to that of their blessed art. Alien to the habits of the natural philosopher and the chemist, its ways of procedure are not altogether foreign to theirs. It is accordingly not so wonderful that men like Elliotson, Esdaile, and Engledue, to name no foreign doctors, should have entered this department of doubtful science with the confidence of an honourable scepticism, as it is curious that the vast majority of the profession should have turned their backs upon it with aversion. This is not owing to motives of self-interest or scientific bigotry, but simply to that instinctive craving in the man of science for instrumental observation, which has been deepened in the medical men of the present day by the grand predominance of the exact sciences. They have failed, perhaps, to remember that the methods of such sciences are not altogether applicable in medicine. They have certainly gone beyond

their preceptors; for it is notorious that men of eminence in optics, in chemistry, in natural history, and in physics in general, have shown more interest in the alleged phenomena of animal magnetism than the descendants of Hippocrates and Galen. It will likely be retorted on this assertion that it owes its truth to the fact that the physicist is ignorant of physiology. It may be so. The instinct of the profession may be preserving it from errors. It is even possible that those physicians who have dared to confront this phenomenal imbroglia, are not competent physiologists; for there is nothing more common in society than to meet doctors of medicine who are ignorant, not only of the first principles of physiology, but even of the very first principles of scientific research. But no man on earth can deny that it is the duty of every professed physiologist either to confirm or to confute the laborious and profound convictions of their colleagues in the architecture of science, be their supposed or actual deficiencies what they may:—or else to keep a wise and kindly silence. No other course of conduct is either manly or safe.

The animal magnet, however, has at last found a scientific champion in the person of Karl, Baron von Reichenbach and doctor of philosophy, resident and at work in Castle Reichenberg near Vienna. During the last decade of the century, this eminent personage has satisfied himself that the old story about the power of the magnet over the nervous system of man is well founded. Having surrounded himself with a multitude of witnesses to the fact, he has multiplied experiments with rare ingenuity; recorded hundreds of results with much fidelity; and constructed a generalization or theory of the whole subject, which is not without its feasibility and beauty. In short, the baronial doctor has either created a new science for posterity, and placed himself among the Copernicuses and Newtons, at least with the Voltas and the Oersteds of the world; or he has built himself as brave a castle in the air as ever was seen. There is, indeed, a third alternative, to borrow an image from Marryat's triangular duel: It is possible that Castle Reichenbach may turn out to be partly real and partly false, founded on facts but reared with unsubstantial inferences, begun in truth and ending in moonshine.

It is just six years since Reichenbach published the first part of his novel researches in two supplementary numbers of Liebig and Wöhler's *Annals of Chemistry*. It is impossible to deny that this experimentalist possesses certain of the qualifications for such an investigation in a very high degree. He had won himself a good name for accuracy and invention by his analyses of tar and of the proximate

principles which he discovered to be the components of that fragrant olio. His knowledge of several departments of natural philosophy and history, as well as his active labours in them, had long been acknowledged in the commonwealth of science. It appears that he had earned the distinction of being unquestionably the highest living authority on the natural history of aerolites or meteoric rocks and stones. Altogether, he had approved himself a sufficient and reputable master in the art of scientific observation. There was therefore no wonder that Berzelius, who made a greater number of accurate observations in chemistry than ever was done by any single man in the whole history of that science, should express the opinion that the investigations now under review could not possibly have fallen into better hands. The Swedish chemist had frequently expressed the wish, during the last forty years of his life, that the allegations of the mesmerists concerning the magnet should receive a liberal but searching criticism at the hands of some competent experimentalist; and his hope was fulfilled in the person of his friend the discoverer of creasote. The Baron has also been singularly fortunate in securing the confidence, approbation and discipleship of Professor Gregory, a man quite remarkable for openness of mind in the direction of natural science. Those great qualities and strokes of good fortune, however, have not protected him from much injurious treatment: the insolent silence of neglect; the private and social sneer of many scientific circles, where his name would have been pronounced with vast respect, if he had only not dared to venture on untrodden ground; the open but uncandid criticism; the virulent and unreasoning assault; and even the depreciation of his past labours. It is the world-old tragedy of scientific history. No sooner does a man obey the impulse of conscience, and challenge the foregone conclusions of his age, than the hue and cry is raised against him. It is in vain that he shall lavish his good name, his means, his talents, the blood of his heart, the sweat of his brain, everything that is his, upon the working out of the thought by which he has been visited. One word of scorn, one flippant little word, will defraud him of the only outward reward he values, namely the sympathy of his brethren. Why, even if the enthusiast were the laborious and generous victim of some coil of error, he would still deserve the love and furtherance of men, for he is at least casting his life into some breach with bravery worthy of a better task; but being the heavy-laden, and therefore the slowly-treading, perhaps the staggering bearer of a weighty new truth from the heart of Nature to the ears of her frivolous children, they

they ignore, flout, slander, obstruct, and even hate him. The highest and most enduring reward of scientific exploration, conducted in the spirit of the masters and not in that of the hirelings, is not even the finding of truth; it is the finding of new strength, faith deepened in foundation, more capacious love, and hope building higher and higher. Such assuredly, let all critics and criticasters know and inwardly digest, shall be the mellow last-fruits of this protracted and harassing investigation of Reichenbach's, be the residual amount of scientific truth contained in his books what it may.

These researches have been continued with great industry ever since 1844; and the results of his manifold labours in this direction are now before the world in a large octavo volume, composed of two parts. Dr. Gregory has lately translated and published it for the use of the British public; a service which is doubtless its own reward. The merits of this remarkable volume are great. The painstaking, conscientious, cautious, ingenious, we had almost said the religious, and certainly the self-possessed enthusiasm with which the experimental clew is followed from turn to turn of the labyrinth, is surpassed by nothing of the same sort in the whole range of contemporary science. The moral qualities of a great explorer are displayed by the author in no common degree, with one exception. It is beneath Von Reichenbach to speak with so much bitterness of spirit against Reymond, his Berlin vituperator, or with such contempt of his young medical opponents in Vienna; although the former is a bully, and the latter are puppies: "He is there sitting, where they durst not soar." But his too great animosity against these wretched critics is not the exception referred to. It is a want of respect for the convictions of others; the very crime that is perpetrated against himself. His observations relative to ghostly or spiritual apparitions are little short of insulting to those who believe in such things; and all the more so, that they appeal to the very same kind of evidence as his own discoveries depend upon. Excathedra denunciations of other people's beliefs do not become the writer who exclaims against them in his own case. Ghosts are to be disproved or explained away, or else established and reduced to law, by the same methods of criticism as may be applicable to odylie flames. Then why does he indulge in such woundy contempt for the older school of mesmerism? Its cosmical fluid is as good as his; it is the germ of his one indeed, call it animal magnetism, call it odyle, or call it what he choose. To deface the memory of Mesmer is to disown his own father. Mesmer is the legitimate predecessor of Reichenbach, whether the Baron will or not. It was the doctrine of

Mesmer, suggested by a chapter of Van Helmont's, that there radiates from the sun, the moon, the planets, the earth, in short from the whole of nature, a quick and subtle essence, which is not heat, nor light, nor anything else that is known. This secret force was furthermore understood by that speculative physician to be peculiarly resident and concentrated in the common magnet; and partly on that account, partly because the animal nerve was its only known measure or reagent, the fluid itself received the name of animal magnetism. Let us now see what sort of extension the magnetist of Vienna has given to these ideas.

The germinal fact from which this singular investigation has sprouted and grown, till it has become somewhat of a jungle it must be confessed, is very simple considered as a fact; but there are many ways of accounting for it, simple as it looks. When good strong magnets, capable of lifting some ten pounds' weight, are carried slowly down the persons (without touching them) of a score of people taken at random, one or more are sure to be effected by the passes (as they are called) in a notable and a somewhat describable manner. Sometimes so many as three or four such sensitives will be found in that number of subjects. Our author knows an institution where eighteen out of twenty-two women are perceptive of the sensations produced by the passes of the magnet. Many people, who enjoy an average degree of good health, seem to feel the influence in question. The higher degrees of sensitivity, however, are shown chiefly by the sickly; folk with weak nerves, the hysteric, the spasmodic, the cataleptic, the epileptic, the paralytic, sleepwalkers, and the insane. As for the very large number of healthy subjects, who displayed considerable and even remarkable sensitivity in the later of Reichenbach's experiments, it is not to be forgotten that the apparently healthy man may well be the subject of an unhealthy diathesis or habit of body. The tendency to fits, somnambulism, and madness may and does exist in thousands, who never shew it to the uninitiated eye:—a thing to be insisted on with all respect for Endlicher the botanist, Schuh the mechanician, Kotschy the traveller, and all the other healthy enough patients of the Baron. The difficulty is to find a family without hereditary morbid dispositions of the constitution; and a considerable, if not a large proportion of those inherited vices must be assigned to the class of nervous disease. This investigation would therefore have been more complete, if the hereditary and acquired predispositions of the so-called healthy patients had been ascertained. It is not a very difficult thing to do; but it is a delicate task, and we must be content without it in this instance. In the meantime, it would be unfair to assume

that all the subjects described in the course of those researches are the victims of a neuropathic diathesis, or ill habit of body in the matter of nervous system. The reader may suspect it, but he cannot prove it. It is our own opinion, we confess; but opinions go for nothing in the sciences of observation and induction. At the same time, it is a point which the candid experimentalist in this department will do well to attend to, for it is an inquiry of some importance.

The sensation produced in the excitable by the magnetic pass is represented as being rather unpleasant than agreeable; and it is associated with a slight feeling either of coldness or of warmth, resembling a cool or else a tepid little breeze passing along the line of traction. They sometimes experience a sense of dragging or pricking in the parts under reaction. Formication or the sleeping of a limb is not an uncommon attendant of these experiments. There are some men in the prime of life who perceive this magnetic influence, but women are decidedly more sensitive. It is sometimes vividly felt by children. The most notable of this whole group of magnetic symptoms is the sensation of cold or of heat.

Starting from this primogenitive and obscure fact, our experimentalist has discovered a multitude of related things. He has found that one pole of the magnet produces the sensation of coolness, the other that of warmth. That single crystals of all sorts of chemical substances, especially when very large and perfect, work the same effects as the magnet. That crystals possessed of more than one axis are also endowed with more than two poles of animal magnetic action; how many axes so many poles. That chemical action is also animal-magnetic; some reactions producing the cool, others the warm sensation, in the sensitive. That light is animal-magnetic precisely in the same way; the light of the sun and stars being cool, that of the moon and planets or moon-stars being warm. That heat, electricity, and galvanism are all capable of giving rise to the animal-magnetic phenomena. That the body of a man is peculiarly potent in this way; whence the manipulations or hand-passes of Mesmer and his disciples. That one side of the body produces the cool, the other the warm sensation, in the sensitive. That, in fine, everything in nature, crystalline or uncrystalline, magnetic, chemically active, luminous, cold or hot, dead or living, is capable of yielding similar results: a fact amazingly and suspiciously broad and general.

These things are known only through the reports of subject patients, of course; but Reichenbach adduces the testimony of some sixty people, of both sexes, of all ranks, of all degrees of sensitivity, some of them men of

science, two or three of them members of the medical profession; and the unvarying agreement of such a number of intelligent people had better not be set too easily aside. Anything like imposture is wholly out of the question. The simplicity, the purity, the precaution, the ingenuity, with which some of the experiments were made, cannot be too much admired; as shall be found when we come to the discussion of the second great fact in the investigation, namely the perception by the sensitives of the odylie lights, as they are called. In the meantime, we accept and believe the fact of the animal-magnetic sensations of cold and heat, as evoked in the sensitives of our investigator by magnets, crystals, chemical mixtures, light, heat, electricity, and everything else.

Before proceeding to the theory of this broad fact, however, let us clearly understand what it is as a fact. The sensation produced is not an actual and ordinary sensation of heat or cold of course. No thermometer, no thermoscope, detects the slightest change of temperature. In a section devoted to the consideration of the difference between the agent of these phenomena (as well as others) and heat, the author is perfectly aware of this. Heat sometimes produces the cold animal-magnetic feeling. The warm radiance of the sun flashing upon a broad metallic plate sends the cool breeze through a long wire to a sensitive in an isolated chamber. In short, this animal-magnetic coolness or warmth is not real in one sense of the word; that is to say, it is the image of no object. It corresponds with no phenomenon of temperature. It is not a sensation proper; it is a mere quasi-sensation. It is a sensuous illusion. The magnet or the crystal appears to act upon the nerve of the subject in some yet occult way; and one of the effects of that action is the perception of a pseudo-sensation of heat or cold. That pseudo-sensation is a mere spectral illusion at the very best. Reichenbach knows this. He has even expressed it; but it does appear to the critical student of his work that he does not lay enough stress upon it, perhaps even that it does not seem to have pronounced itself with sufficient emphasis to his mind. He should have iterated and reiterated it all through the book. Neither the writer nor the reader could have held it too constantly and inexorably in view, "for thereby hangs a tale."

So much for the facts themselves; and now for the theory of them. It has just been said that the animal magnet (whether a common magnet, a man's hand, or a crystal) appears to stir, agitate, commove, or act upon the nerve of the sensitive in some yet wholly occult manner; and that one of the effects of that action, one of them, is the perception of a

quasi-sensation of heat or of cold in such nerve or nerves. But there are two to a bargain; and even this small amount of claim for the power of the animal magnet is open to reasonable question. Mr. Braid the hypnotist, and also the most searching of the experimental critics of mesmerism, has published a counter-statement. He asserts the principle that the instrument employed, whichever of all the so-called animal magnets it may be, has nothing to do with the sensations in question; nothing, that is to say, in the way of direct causation. He can produce precisely similar sensations in certain sorts of people both with and without such an instrument. He takes a patient's hand, lays it on the table with the palm upwards, makes passes from the wrist down the fingers, and the subject soon begins to feel cold or warm, as the case may be, under the lines of passage. He then bids the patient turn away her head, and making believe that he is repeating the experiment, asks her what she feels; and she experiences the very same sensations as before, although no passes are being made. In short, he provokes the same sort of sensations as are described by Von Reichenbach, without the same instrumentation. He has only by word or sign to excite the expectation of the occurrence of such sensations in the patient's mind. Dr. Holland has shewn at large how the direction of the expectant attention to any organ or part of the body excites actions in that part.* The mesmerist or hypnotist, as Braid prefers to call him, is also well aware that he can present any image he chooses to his patient, by a word or a hint. It is therefore very natural for Mr. Braid to conclude that the Viennese patients experienced all those sensations, or rather quasi-sensations, merely because they more or less obscurely expected them;—in other words, that they directed their expectant attention to the parts apparently operated upon, and the sensations ensued. The uniformity in character of these quasi-sensations is no objection to this view, for the uniformity in character of all spectral illusions is one of the most noticeable of things about them. There is a law or unity of procedure in the phenomena of disease, quite as clearly displayed as in those of health.

Yet the conclusion of Mr. Braid is not obligatory. The same effect may be produced by two differing causes. A man may perceive the image of a tree, because the radiance of a veritable tree paints it on his retina; but he may also perceive the image of a tree because his nervous system is disordered, and a tree of conception is thereby intensified into a tree of

* *Medical Notes and Observations*; a truly admirable book of facts and thoughts.

quasi-sensation. The perception is the same in both these cases. A hypnotic patient may see a book, because a book is placed before her, or she may see a book because an experimentalist tells her his glove is one. Mr. Braid has failed to perceive this alternative, and his inference is therefore defective. His experiments may be good and true, but so may those of Reichenbach. His effects may have been produced by suggestion, Reichenbach's by objects. Similar as they are, and diverse as are their respective causes, they do not contradict one another. For our part, we accept them both. Braid's cases seem to be unexceptionable; but it is not easy to read the elaborate and orderly statement of the German naturalist, to consider the number and character of his subjects, to observe the precautions taken against any thing like suggestion, to notice the continual congruity of the descriptions given by the patients, to see the checks upon coincidence and unintentional collusion which occurred at every turn of the inquiry, without yielding to the conviction that the phenomena, obscure and indirect as they are, were the effects of an outward physical cause. That physical cause or force is not magnetism, for a crystal is as productive of the effects as a magnet, and a crystal is not magnetic. It is not crystalism, if the reader will tolerate a bad new word for once, for amorphous or uncrystallized matter is also effective in this way. It is not light; it is not heat; it is not electricity: neither is it chemical affinity, nor gravitation, nor anything peculiar to organization. It is nothing that we know otherwise than in and by those new observations. The author of the investigation under review considers it to be a distinct and universally diffused force, the common accompaniment of all those better known cosmic powers. In compliance with an old and established method in physical science, he refers the phenomena to the external agency of a new imponderable fluid, analogous to, yet differing from caloric and its congeners, which he christens by the name of *odyle*; a word perfectly synonymous with animal magnetism. Before proceeding to the criticism of the ingenious Baron's views of the natural history and physiological scope of this cosmic force, it is necessary to examine another series of his experimental observations.

The animal magnetists have been proclaiming, during the progress of more than half a century, how the more susceptible of their patients declare that they see rings and haloes of light playing round the heads of their magnetizers, or such as are placed *en rapport* with them; strings of light passing towards them from those by whom they are being swayed; lambent glowings of light investing those to

whom they are drawn by sympathy; 'glowings, glowings everywhere, but ne'er a ray to see by,' to paraphrase a memorable distich of the *Anciente Marinere*. Without express reference to these allegations, but guided by some dim conjecture concerning the nature of the northern and southern lights or auroras, our experimentalist requested the father of one of his earliest and most sensitive patients to place a powerful horse-shoe magnet before her during the night. She immediately perceived nebulous lights or flames flickering upwards from the poles of the instrument. This was the beginning of a long run of singular experiments of the same kind. All sorts of patients were found to see similar lights; *odylic* flames, *odylic* threads, *odylic* vapours. Some saw them rising from the same magnet to different heights and of different colours. They saw them playing round the poles of crystals, emanating from finger tips and lips, rising in fact from everything. They saw them not knowing they were to see them. Their descriptions did not jar with one another. Cataleptic girls, people of good culture, men of science agreed in their reports. In one instance the flames from a very powerful magnetic pole were some ten inches high. Chemical action, sunlight, &c. all sent such flames through wires in such a manner that a patient, confined in a pitch-dark chamber, saw them issuing from and playing around the extremities of the wires, introduced through the luted key-hole. A little globe or *terrelle*, with a good straight magnet in its interior, as an axis with its pair of poles, suspended from the ceiling of a dark room, gave a mimic semblance of the earth and its auroral lights to the sensitive. In short, not only the old-world stories about corpse-candles and ghosts hovering over graves, but the phenomenon of the aurora are at length explained—to the satisfaction of this experimentalist.

Now, apart from Mr. Braid's finding that precisely such lights are perceived by exceptional people under the influence of suggestion and expectant attention, and accepting the amazingly congruous perceptions of Reichenbach's sensitives as the effects of an external physical cause operative in magnets, metals, crystals, planets, suns, plants and animals, there is an all-important remark to be made concerning them on the very threshold of his theory. It is this: the sensations of coolness and warmth, as produced indirectly by the same agents, are not correspondent with external phenomena of temperature. He has said so himself. They are real as perceptions, not as sensations; they are tactual illusions. By a parity of reasoning, these perceptions of light are not real as sensations; they are real only as perceptions. They are not correspondent with external phenomena of light. They are

the parallels, the analogons of the quasi-sensations of coolness and warmth. They are optical illusions. A fact must be judged by its peers: and, if the sensations of heat and cold produced by a magnet or a crystal are only quasi-sensations or spectres, then the sensations of red and blue produced by a crystal or a magnet are only spectres and quasi-sensations too. This at once explains how one sensitive should see the flames three inches, and another see them ten inches high, though issuing from the same pole of the same magnet; for when a dim-sighted person sees an illuminated disc, he does not see it as of half the size it presents to the eye of one who sees twice as well, but of half the degree of illumination. It explains how 'even Bollmann,' as Reichenbach frequently says of his one blind patient, should perceive the odylie lights just like another. In fine, it explains all the little discrepancies between the reports of the sensitives, while it does not contravene the remarkable amount of similarity or identity of these reports; for spectral illusions, (whether arising wholly within the nervous-system, as in *delirium tremens*, or drawing one of their origins from without, as in these memorable experiments,) are the orderly exponents of law, just as truly as any other natural phenomena. But this view also excludes and rejects the Reichenbachian hypothesis of the aurora, unless the hypothetist is prepared to defend the still more novel proposition that the aurora is an optical illusion, quite as visible 'even to Bollman,' as to those who have eyes! In truth even if we reciprocated his belief concerning the common reality of his odylie radiance, we should deeply regret that he should have ventured to leap the gulf which separates the sheen of magnets and crystals, perceptible only by the exceptional, from the classical and published glories of the polar light. But we do not reciprocate that belief. On the other hand, we entreat his disciples to take notice that parity of reasoning, just analogy, and the right rule of induction compel the critical mind to place the odylie lights on the same level with the odylie heats and colds; which latter the discoverer himself perceives and states, but without precision, to be illusory as sensations, though real and constant as perceptions.

I have said nothing about Reichenbach's attempt to furnish something like a physical proof of the optical nature of the odylie flames, threads and smokes; and that simply because it is utterly unsatisfactory. His friend Carl Schuh, an expert heliographist, shut up a prepared silver-plate, with a magnet before it, in a dark box; and another without a magnet, in a dark drawer. After some hours the former was found, by exposure to mercurial vapour, to be affected by light; the latter not: 'but the

difference was not very great.' Why were the plates not in exactly similar dark boxes or drawers? 'A dark box' and 'a dark drawer' are worth nothing whatever in an experiment so infinitely dainty as this. Schuh next placed the magnet over against a plate, within a box wrapped in thick bedding; and after sixty-four hours the plate, on exposure to the vapour of quicksilver in the dark, showed the effect of light over its whole surface. Why were not two plates, one with and the other without a magnet, and in equally dark boxes of course, employed in this experiment? And why was this most legitimate and comfortable species of experimentation not prosecuted any farther? Certainly these two poor experiments prove nothing. The experiment with two plates lasts a few hours; the experiment with only one, and therefore without a check, lasts sixty-four: the check in the former was rendered null by want of care about the box and the drawer; and there was no check provided in the latter. The experiments of Mr. Braid are much better.

They were made with nine plates, prepared by Mr. Akers of the Manchester Photographic Gallery, a man professionally engaged in daguerreotypic experiments, and therefore quite as likely to be an adept as Herr Schuh. Three of the plates were exposed to the action of a powerful horse-shoe (originally able to lift eighty pounds, but somewhat reduced by use) in seclusion from light. Other three were treated precisely in the same manner, only two sheets of black paper were placed between the magnet and the plates, so as to intercept the real or supposed radiance of its poles. A seventh plate was confined in a box at a distance from the magnet. They were all kept in these several circumstances from sixty-six to seventy-four hours; but in no instance was there any appearance of the photographic action of light, the only changes being such chemical modifications of the surfaces, 'as generally arise from keeping prepared plates for some time before exposing them to mercury.'

Now it is to be noticed that these are three positive results. Those of Schuh, such as they were, were at the best only negative ones. In his two experiments, it is not the least impossible but that common light reached the plates; and it does not appear that he was on his guard against those chemical changes which 'generally arise from keeping prepared plates for some time.' But in the experiments of Braid and Akers, metallic sensitives were positively and indubitably submitted to the prolonged action of a powerful magnetic force, but no photographic effects ensued. This is the positive observation, not that; although at first sight it seems to be the reverse. In every point of view, in fact, the experiments of the

Manchester surgeon are greatly superior to those of the Viennese authority on meteoric stones; and they settle this part of the question in the meantime. It is of course quite possible that Reichenbach, or some other experimentalist, may yet adduce photometrical evidence so luminous as to throw all objections and objectors into perpetual shade; and therefore let us all be prepared to give it a scrutinizing, but a hearty welcome.

But Reichenbach made another experiment with a lens; an experiment, however, not a whit more physical and positive because of the use of an optical instrument. It had an opening of about eight inches, a focal distance of about $12\frac{1}{2}$ for a candle at 59. In a dark room he placed the magnet, whose flame was $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches high to Madlle. Reichel, the subject of this experiment, behind the lens at the distance of about 25 inches, directing the axis towards a wall to which he called the attention of the patient. It was found necessary to withdraw the lens gradually to the distance of 54 inches from the wall, during which process Reichel saw 'the image' constantly diminishing, till it had shrunk from $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the size of a lentil. She placed her finger on the place where she saw the focal image; the experimenter felt for her hand, and placed his own finger on the spot. He then desired an assistant who held the lens, to shift its direction without saying how. The girl instantly pointed out another spot. The observer felt for it, placing his finger on it, and desiring the assistant to tell him in what direction the lens had been moved. His finger, he says, was always found to have been placed in the direction indicated; whether to the right or to the left, upwards or downwards. This experiment was subsequently repeated with a very large lens, made at Paris on purpose, upon a great number of sensitives with similar results; and those results are doubtless all true as facts.

Yet they are quite unsatisfactory as bearing on the point now at issue. Nobody who is conversant with medical psychology, or knows anything of the phenomena of spontaneous somnambulism, or is aware of the power of direct or indirect suggestion over mesmeric patients, even over highly educated men apparently quite self-conscious, can attach any value to them. The more intelligent the sensitive the worse; for he will just understand the suggestions of the apparatus and the experiments all the better, and expectant attention will have all the fuller swing. Moreover, if a sensitive sees such lights emanating from the magnetic poles, and from her own person, and from the experimenters, and from the lens, and from everything else, as are described in other parts of this piece of research, why, the dark

chamber can hardly be dark to her. Lastly, 'right and left, up and down,' and all such vague indications are surely far below the mark of scientific accuracy, as it is practised and demanded in these days. But here appears the avenging Nemesis of Reichenbach's contempt for the older mesmerists. If he had studied their works, he could neither have made nor published this set of his experiments. Braid the hypnotist would more especially have furnished him with both facts and thoughts for his guidance. Dr. Holland, who is neither hypnotist nor mesmerist, would have put him on his guard against the effects of expectant attention on certain exceptional nervous systems. In fine, our otherwise accomplished investigator would have been all the better for a little more knowledge of the physiology and the pathology of the cerebro-spinal axis, considered as the instrument of the mind, and a little less knowledge of meteorology. At all events, these experiments with the lenses will carry conviction into the judgment of neither physicist nor physiologist, especially if he be cognizant of the phenomena to be evoked in the mesmerized nervous system by a word, by a sign, by absolutely next to nothing; and still more especially, if he have seen how perfectly self-conscious the possessor of such a nervous system may appear to be, even when seeing water become white, a handkerchief turning into paper, and so forth. If Baron von Reichenbach were to intermit his experimentations in this department for a year or two, as being dazzled and bewildered by the strange things he has seen with the astonished eye of his mind; and if he were to occupy the interval with the study of the phenomena of morbid psychology as shewn in the sleepwalking, mesmeric, and partially hypnotic states, the second edition of this great work of his would probably be as superior to the first, in all the qualities of scientific and literary organization, as a psyche to its chrysalis, or the chrysalis to its original worm.

It is unnecessary to say anything concerning this author's observation, that a cataleptic limb frequently follows a magnet or an operator's hand, as if it were attracted by them; for it has often been as well made and better stated. It is astonishing that, knowing as he does, that there is no mutual attraction between the magnet and the cataleptic limb, he should not have defined it as an irresistible following of the removed magnet on the part of the limb. This phenomenon in fact, considered as a phenomenon of motion, is altogether subjective in the patient. According to our experimentalist himself, a magnet suspended from one end of a beam and balanced by weights at the other, never moved when a cataleptic hand was tending towards it with

much force, was allowed to approach close to it, and was hindered from touching and clinging to it only by the stronger arm of the operator. The magnet does not draw the hand, but the hand seeks towards the magnet; and an experimenter's fist or a large crystal is as good as a magnet.

As for the facts recorded concerning the discomfort experienced by some sensitives from lying in any direction but that of the magnetic meridian, with their heads northwards and their feet southwards, they are very curious and important; but they still retain all the characters of isolated and unexplained facts to our mind. If they be referable to any animal-magnetic or other physical law, one should expect to find it hinted, if not strongly set forth in the instinctive habits of the living world; but the author frankly confesses there is no such indication in the common history of nature. Since Faraday has proved that the body of man is a diamagnetic, in all its parts and as a whole, the direction of east and west should be the most suitable for repose, always supposing the magnetism of the earth is strong enough to act upon a sleeping animal at all. This is also the proper place to mention that Reichenbach appears to suppose that his *odyle* and the London Discoverer's diamagnetism are one and the same thing. Dr. Herbert Mayo understands him to say so. Inasmuch as we cannot understand the meaning of this claim, opinion, conjecture or scientific hope, we cannot criticise it. North and south and east and west, longitude and latitude, are certainly at right angles to one another!—But it is clear that we do not comprehend the meteorologist's ideas on this point, so that it will be better to proceed at once to the criticism of his doctrine of *odyle*.

Carefully remembering then that the heats, colds, and luminosities of this whole investigation do not correspond with any real external phenomena of temperature and light; yet allowing that the perception of them as quasi-sensations or sensuous illusions is initiated by some occult action on the exceptional nerve, it remains to be considered what the agent of that action is in itself. It is resident in everything that is material; it is more potent in matter that is more active, in crystals, in light, in chemical mixtures, in magnets, in the living body; it is peculiarly energetic in mighty magnets, and in a kind of mighty men. Wherever there is more than ordinary atomic activity, or wherever the sum of that activity in a single form is made to drive in one direction by polarity, as in the magnet and the crystal, there this obscure action upon the exceptional nerve, this *cœnæsthesia*,* as Feuchterleben the great medical psychologist would

have called it, is more than ordinarily manifest. Of its *cœnæsthetic* effects we know absolutely nothing, except in and by means of the sensuous illusions it gives rise to in some roundabout manner, of which also we know nothing. Now all nature is quick with motion, all nature throbs and thrills, all nature is phenomenal. Suns blaze and rotate, planets rotate and revolve, atoms never rest. The coldest stone is as full of movements, actions, and reactions as the milky way. How much more intense the interior phenomena of a regular crystal with its pointing axis and poles, an energetic magnet, a plate of metal with the sun flashing on it, the chemical basket, an ever-unfolding tree, the body of a breathing man! Every footfall is propagated through the universe. Did it descend on the snows of Siberia, it would penetrate to Peru in a trice, and pass on for ever. It would institute motions in every nerve in Christendom. Suppose that instead of a footstep it were an earthquake, it is not very easily conceivable that the exceptional nerve should be obscurely sensitive of the shock, not so as to recognise it for an earthquake or a shock, but so as to fashion forth for itself a sensuous illusion pointing to the north-east, a flash of light or a glow of heat? In a precisely similar manner do we think that the ordinary atomic energies which are common to all animal magnets, are quite competent to the commoving of the exceptional nerve in such a manner as to yield spectral glows and coolings, lights and shades, however vivid these may be to the perception of the unfortunate subjects. The inward stir, the wondrous and incalculable inward stir that is ceaselessly going on within the body of the so-called animal magnet, excites an inward stir within the substance of the exceptional nerve, and that stir bodies itself forth through the said exceptional nerve to its percipient owner as a cool aura, a warm breeze, a luminous flame, a thread of light, a phosphorescent vapour:—or what not! In other words, the common nerve of man is reactive on the whole of nature; especially on the more energizing forms of nature, the magnet and so forth, but not in the way of sensation, or anything that simulates the nature of sensation: whereas the exceptional nerve is all the more reactive on those highly energetic natural forms, but that not in the way of direct sensation either, only in the way of indirect quasi-sensations or sensuous illusions of remarkable regularity of character. This simple view of the matter explains everything connected with the subject; the peculiar action of peculiar substances or classes of substance, idiosyncratic aversions to certain forms of matter, nervous sympathies and antipathies, and so forth. Now it is the great rule of the inductive hypothesis, that the investigator invent nothing new if possible; it

* Hidden, secret, latent, or dark sensation.

is the second, that he adduce the minimum of causation for the maximum of effect; and it is the third that he proceed from the known to the unknown. It is humbly submitted that the doctrine now explained fulfils these conditions.

Reichenbach, however, has devised and promulgated quite another doctrine, which seems to comply with only the last of these rules. He refers the cœnæsthetic effects under discussion to the agency of a new imponderable or dynamide. This new fluid or force is distinguished from caloric, electricity, magnetism, and their congeners, by the name of *odyle*. Apart from hypercriticism of the notions commonly entertained concerning the nature of the so-called imponderables or dynamides in general, and allowing the usefulness of such language as corresponds with these notions in the meantime, we can only say that we do not see the necessity or convenience of creating this new sort of matter or material power; and those who have followed our strictures on the facts of the case with their approval will assuredly say the same. We acknowledge neither the thing nor the name. The former is *non-inventum* and unnecessary; and the latter is as odd as it is ill compounded.* They are both of them intellectual illusions in our opinion, struck out of the investigator by his observations:—*et præterea nihil*.

The author indeed endeavours to substantiate his *odyle* by investing it with a show of polarity, and setting it forth in all the algebraical and Arabian dignity of plus and minus, and dressing it out in the point-lace of positive and negative,—thesis, mid-point, and antithesis. This part of his researches appears to be a signal failure. Heat and cold are not polar opposites; the latter is the negative of the former in a very different sense from that, in which the chloroid pole of a galvanic battery is negative to the zincoid one. They are not anode and cathode, they are not positive and negative, two yet one, opposites not different, in the physical sense of these terms. Neither are light and darkness; still less are red and blue. Yet the only indication to be found in our author's experiments, that his (invented) *odyle* is bipolar in its manifestations, is the fact that heat and cold, red and blue, are produced as quasi-sensations in the exceptional nerve by the actions respectively of the poles of a magnet, the poles of a crystal, sun and planet, right and left of the human body, oxygenoid and potassoid bodies, and so forth. That the

opposite poles of a magnet (and so forth throughout the list) should produce different cœnæsthetic effects is what might be expected. It tallies with all experience. But these effects, coolness and warmth, do not stand in polar opposition to one another after all! Moreover, the experimentalist should have remembered that his sole reagent, namely the cerebro-spinal axis of a sensitive, is confessedly and notoriously a bipolar instrument. It is therefore our distinct opinion that the very superficial semblance of bipolarity, observable in the cœnæsthetic effects of crystals and other animal magnets, are derived partly from the polar relations of the agents, and partly from the manifestly bipolar constitution of the nervous systems of the reagents, from Reichenbach and Nowotny up to Endlicher and Kotschy, to say nothing of the duality of the cerebro-spinal axis of the observer himself. At all events, the inheritance of bipolarity in a force so dimly and remotely hinted by experiment as this, even supposing it to be nothing less than a new cosmical power, must be established on incomparably more outward and positive grounds than the quasi-sensational reports of exceptional women and men.

Such is a candid criticism of this singular piece of work from the point-of-view of a positive, that is to say an inductive methodology; and we trust it has been expressed with good nature and respect. In case any reader, going along with the experimentalist in all his judgments, should think some of our phraseology is touched with the spirit of levity and some of it too caustic, we beg to repeat the assurance of a profound regard for the accomplishments, the ability, and the courage of the inventor of *odyle*. It is confessedly a miserable thing to think that a laborious and self-denying man shall spend years of toil in working out a difficult subject, only to be criticised by people sitting at their ease in their studies; and we should feel our present task to have been ungracious in its very nature, and even somewhat insolent in its performance, if we did not heartily desire, and now strongly express the wish, that every body who has perused this commentary should also read the book commented on. Nor is it possible for the student of positive science to forget that although an experimental subject may be open enough to critical objection in its earlier stages of development, another day's work or a single new experiment on the part of the explorer may cover the handless critic with confusion of face. Talk is nothing to work, and speculation is less than nothing to fact. The only thing that becomes men like our present experimenter is to tread right forward; coolly, firmly, slowly, and surely. In some

* Men of science are sometimes, if not generally, but indifferent hands at the making of words. Chloroform has been dubbed an *anæsthetic agent*! An *anæsthetic* is an *insensible*; but chloroform is neither *sensible* nor *insensible*; it only renders its inhaler *insensible*.

propitious hour he may discover a purely physical reagent upon odyle; and thereby not only silence the conscientious critic, who will rejoice to hold his peace; but also bring to open shame that curse of science, the man that 'sits in the chair of the scorner.'

Nor must the reader whose bad passions may perhaps have been gratified by the body, if not by the spirit of this critique, conclude that little or nothing remains in the book after such large deductions as have just been made. Very far from that. Supposing the author and his disciples ready to grant that the odylic lights are as spectral as the odylic heats and colds, that the existence of odyle is the most questionable thesis in all the literature of experimental science, and, in fine, that every one of our objections is founded, there would still remain a massive body of new matter. So extensive, orderly, and authentic a narrative of sensuous illusions is an invaluable contribution to the science of medical psychology. But that is not all: for this investigator has established the proposition, that the whole of nature is reactive on the nervous-system of man, on a breadth of basis which cannot be shaken; there being no matter, considering the thing as a discovery of fact, whether that influence be exerted through the medium of a new dynamide, or by the propagations of the well-known cosmical powers of matter. The idea of this proposition is as old as the doctrine of the macrocosm and the microcosm; it entered into the conceptions of astrology; it was a favourite with the Rosierucians; it was a grand point with Paracelsus; it began to shape itself into a distinct hypothesis within the mind of the elder Van Helmont; it at length derived a local habitation and a name from Mesmer; and the affirmation of that unfortunate physician has now received immovable confirmation from the careful observations of Baron von Reichenbach. This will, of course, be understood to be said only of the bare and simple proposition stated above; because, as for the hypothetical entities entitled animal magnetism or odyle, whether singular like caloric or dual like electricity, we reject it and its attendant speculations altogether:—until such not impossible evidence of its individual activity be discovered and brought forward, as no experimentalist shall be able to withstand.

It has just been remarked, in the second last paragraph, that the discovery of some purely physical reagent upon the (so-called) animal-magnetic or odylic fluid, would settle the question for ever. Such an instrument, or rather something professing to be such an odylometrical apparatus, has actually been found out and offered to the world of science since the present year began; and it therefore behoves us to examine its claims with impartiality and rigour.

Dr. Herbert Mayo was once well known in this country as an anatomist. Certain observations on the brain gained him a distinct reputation; and he lectured in University College, London, for some time, with acceptance. Of late years, however, unfortunately for advancing science, this distinguished physician has been invalided at Boppard on the Rhine. Completely crippled by his malady, he presides over an establishment for the water-cure, and beguiles the day with literary and scientific pursuits. Among other things, he has written and published, from his sad retreat, a series of letters on the truths contained in popular superstitions. These interesting and open-minded epistles have lately reached a second edition.

It appears that the ingenuous doctor has become acquainted, in the course of his multifarious reading, with the experimental researches and the inferences of our friend the Baron von Reichenbach; and, indeed, accorded them his cordial and unreserved belief and consent. So lately as the very last evening of 1850, he was introduced by a mathematical proficient, of the name of Caspari, to the mystery of that antique geomantic toy, the divining ring. After an hour or two's tuition in the higher mathematics, for this English invalid is too accomplished to be ashamed of being a scholar, the pupil and his teacher entered into a desultory chat about the divining rod and Von Reichenbach's book on odyle. The upshot of their gossip was as follows. Caspari had something to tell as well as Mayo; and, what was still better, he had something to show. He wanted nothing but a piece of silver, a gold ring, and a thread of silk for his experiment. Having tied the ring to one end of the thread, he held the other in his hand in such a manner that the ring hung right over a silver spoon upon the table. The ring was not allowed to touch the spoon; it was suspended half an inch above it. It soon shaped its first vagabond movements into regular oscillations, passing from and towards the body of the geomancer; and it was at once evident to the valetudinary Englishman that this longitudinal libration must be akin to the motion of the still more venerable divining rod itself. But this was far from being the terminus of his inferential career; for a maid was summoned to the thaumaturgical chamber, and she was desired to place her hand in that of Caspari which was free. No sooner had she done so than the oscillations of the hanging ring became transverse; they went at right angles to their former direction; they passed from left to right across the person of the mathematician, instead of to and from him. In other words, to quote the too rapid and resistless conclusion of the old anatomist, 'an od-current had been

established between the two experimenters, and the apparent influence of the two metals on each other had been modified.'

Without stopping to question this sudden connection of the swingings of his gold ring with the Reichenbachian talisman called odyle, Dr. Mayo plunged into the investigation of this new department of odylic science. He multiplied experiments, making as many as thirty supposed to be worthy of publication. For gold he substituted silver, lead, zinc, iron, copper, coal, bone, horn, dry wood, charcoal, cinder, glass, soap, wax, sealing-wax, shell-lac, brimstone, and earthenware; and he called a lengthy little chip of any of these substances, when hanging by a silk thread, an odometer, —thereby advancing a considerable way in his novel researches! In place of the silver spoon, he tried gold, glass, and other kinds of matter; and these he denominated od-subjects, an eccentric enough procedure in inductive inquiry, but carrying the mind another step forward in the investigation of this foregone conclusion! For two or three days the odometers would not move over the od-subjects with anything like lawful regularity, but perseverance gained its legitimate reward. They began and continued to vibrate, and sometimes to rotate, with the most exemplary certainty. In ten days Caspari and his disciple 'succeeded in disentangling the confused results which attended their first experiments.' The literary doctor wrote down thirty observations of how odometers moved longitudinally, transversely, obliquely round and round, according to their own inherent natures, to those of the od-subjects over which they were held, to the relative positions of these to those, to the relation of the operator with a person of the opposite sex, and so forth over several otherwise valuable sheets of writing-paper. Zealous of good works, he swiftly embodied his discoveries in a posthumous letter, to be printed for Blackwood and Sons, and circulated among the possessors of his book.

It is worth while to consider this seminal experiment a little: for it is the germ from which the aforesaid thirtyfold structure has developed itself after the morphological fashion in botany, that of self-repetition; in the present instance, however, the clumsy and uninventive self-repetition of the cactus. The first thing that puzzles the simple-minded reader is the difficulty of understanding how, according to the instantaneous perception of Dr. Mayo, the residence of odyle in the ring and spoon even in the state of polar opposition, or the passage of odyle from the experimenter down the thread, or its leaping the half-inch gulf between the gold ring and the silver spoon, or the odylic disturbance produced by the maid's laying her hand in Caspari's free one, should

any or all of them produce mechanical motions of either one sort or another. There are only two directions of mechanical force that we know of, attraction and repulsion. Did the ring draw towards the spoon, it would stand stock still; all the stiller, in fact, for this supposed odylic attraction, superinduced upon the common downdraught of gravitation. Did they repel one another, their mutual repulsion would be in right and not in oblique antagonism to the attraction of gravity, and continued repose is the only conceivable resolution of two such forces. Besides, Reichenbach has not adduced a single effect of mechanical movement as produced by his supposed new dynamide: and he certainly never dreamed of such an eccentric development of the idea of motive force, as shot up within the mind of the English resident at Boppart, under the sight of the mathematical teacher from the gymnasium and his ring; and that in less than a night, like the *bovista giganteum* in a loose, light, and damp soil under the spectral touch of the moon!

The phantasmagorical nature of his initiative idea, however, did not diminish the ardour with which the friend of odyle pursued his experiments; it rather acted as a stimulant to his enthusiasm. And it cannot be denied that experiments may be good and sufficient, even when the hypothesis from which they are studied is as incongruous as a dyspeptic's dream. A gold ring with a plain stone was his first odometer, but he eventually had recourse to an inch of shell-lac, broader below and lancet-shaped throughout; hanging the thread over the first joint of one of his forefingers for the most part.

Then here are the results:—

I. Odometer (we will suppose armed with shell-lac) held over three sovereigns heaped loosely together to form the od-subject; the odometer suspended from the forefinger of a person of either sex. *Result*—Longitudinal oscillations.

II. Let the experimenter, continuing experiment I., take with his or her unengaged hand the hand of a person of the opposite sex. *Result*—Transverse oscillations of the odometer.

III. Then, the experiment being continued, let a person of the sex of the experimenter take and hold the unengaged hand of the second party. *Result*—Longitudinal oscillations of the odometer.

IV. Repeat experiment I., and the longitudinal oscillations being established, touch the forefinger which is engaged in the odometer, with the forefinger of your other hand. *Result*—the oscillations become transverse.

V. Repeat experiment I., and the longitudinal oscillations being established, bring the

thumb of the same hand into contact with the finger implicated in the odometer. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

VI. Then, continuing experiment V., let a person of the same sex take and hold your unengaged hand. *Result*—the oscillations become again longitudinal.

VII. Experiment I. being repeated, take and hold in your disengaged hand two or three sovereigns. *Result*—The oscillations become transverse.

VIII. Continuing experiment VII., let a person of the same sex take and hold your hand which holds the sovereigns. *Result*—The oscillations become longitudinal.

And so on through other twenty-two experiments; the last three being made with a glass odometer.

He can vouch for being able to reproduce unfailingly the recorded results of only the first twenty-seven experiments however. He had been in doubt as to the genuineness of the whole hypothek of them in fact; they were so contradictory and capricious for some days. But the interest of these experiments is now very considerable, he says. They seem to him to contribute a mass of objective and physical evidence in favour of the subjective results of Reichenbach's experiments, and add something to the cumulative demonstration that there exists some such universal force as odyle. And such a universal force,' exclaims this disciple more generous than his master, 'what other can we deem it to be than the long-vilipended influence of Mesmer, rendered bright, and transparent, and palatable, by passing through the filter of science?

It is quite possible, beforehand, that these thirty experiments may be as genuine in their essence, as they are undoubtedly true in the report of them; and, before criticising them, we shall relate other three experiments of our own.

I. Being men of firm nerves, and perfectly self-possessed in so far as the body is concerned, having never suffered from any neuropathic disease in our lives; always having failed in getting hypnotized or mesmerized, though ever so willing; not to be swayed by the suggestion of circumstances or of other folk; but strongly mesmeric, if there be such a quality, we repeated Caspari and Mayo's preliminary experiment. We hung a good gold ring from the first joint of our right forefinger, by a white silk thread, over a silver spoon; holding the so-called odometer half-an-inch apart from the odylie subject. After its first vague movements were brought to rest, the ring stood still; it never budged. This looks like a mere negative experiment at first sight, and negatives go for nothing: but it is not; it is the positive experiment in this case. Owing to

the unsteadiness of most hands, owing also to the pulsative movements and nervous twitchings of most fingers, the difficult thing to do is to hold any object still. Our ring will sway to and fro at the end of its thread, in fact, when hanging from nine fingers out of ten. If, however, a tenth one be found which is able to hold it suspended in perfect stillness, there is then discovered a positive proof that the movements in the other nine cases must have been owing to nothing that is 'physical and objective.' Considering the matter as a question of motion or no motion, Caspari's experiment is negative although it affirms, and ours is positive although it denies. If there be such a motive force, free to operate its effects in such circumstances, as Dr. Mayo asserts, then no property of ours could interfere with its action. We could as easily hinder the ring from falling to the extent of its tether, in obedience to terrestrial gravity, as control the odylie impulsion, if there were such a thing at work within, through, and upon the so-called odometer. Any properly qualified person can repeat our experiment.

II. We summoned two ladies to witness the experiment repeated. No sooner had the ring come to rest than it began to move again, and that no longer vaguely. It swung to and from us along the line of the spoon; but as soon as one of the fair testators laid hold on our unoccupied hand it stopped, only however to vibrate transversely. The thing was repeated with the same results; it oscillated longitudinally when we were sole and singular; transversely whenever either of the ladies gave us her hand. We bade them observe how fixedly we held our uplifted hand, and they observed it. But, to tell the reader the truth, we produced these motions of the ring by means of infinitely trifling and imperceptible movements of our hand; and without any difficulty we could suffer the tricky pendulum to fall to rest whenever we chose. This is certainly not the manner in which Dr. Herbert Mayo's librations, longitudinal and transverse, were brought about; but this purely negative experiment is described for the purpose of showing how very minute and unobservable movements of the hand and finger can work wonders.

III. We suspended the odometer from a fixed point by its thread, and let it fall to rest. We then held a silver spoon, a plate of porcelain, sealing-wax, and several other odylie subjects under it in the air, half an inch from it, a quarter, a twelfth, but all in vain: no motions ensued; no phenomenon of any sort took place. Now we think that this is precisely the same experiment as Caspari's, considered as 'physical and objective;' and it is strange to think that an English doctor did

not at once reverse it in this style. If odyle go down the thread, it goes through the spoon. It cannot matter whether the odometer or the odylic subject be in the hand of course, else the experiment is neither objective nor physical. This is certainly a crucial test, and it needs no ghost to predict that not one of all the doctor's variations of his mathematician's geomantic performance will bear its application.

At the same time, the regularity and reck-onable certainty which attended these Boppart experiments, after a few days (be it always observed) of contradiction and caprice, is very interesting, when considered from the right point of view. It is as clear as crystal that the results became expected things. Many of the experiments indicate a foregone conclusion. All of them would become such after the first satisfactory trial. Now we have seen that the most minute and invisible movements of the hand communicate certain oscillatory motions to the suspended body; and we also know something of the power of expectant attention and extrinsic suggestion over certain nervous systems, especially the hypnotizable. It appears that Dr. Mayo is the subject of the mesmerizable diathesis or habit of body: the disease under which he labours is almost a completed proof of it. Nor would any one venture to speak in this manner of his condition, but that he has adduced himself as the instrument of a scientific investigation, as well as its author. That instrument, although it is the sick body of a most excellent and valuable man, must therefore be judged as freely as if it were a sympiesometer or an electric clock. Be it understood, then, that a mesmerizable nervous system holds a thread with a light body at the other end of it; that the most infinitesimal movements of the suspensive point of that nervous system are able to institute librations of the light figure suspended; that the direction of these librations is under the control of the will of a wholly self-possessed experimentalist; that the expectant attention of another sort of nervous system in the operator is calculated to bring about its own results in the matter of direction—and this posthumous letter on the truth contained in popular superstitions is both refuted and explained.

The intellectual under-current of motive in these unproductive experiments is good and true. Their distinguished author expresses, through means of them, his opinion that the experiments of Reichenbach are hitherto purely subjective, to use that adjective in the limited sense frequently put upon it by English writers. It is evidently his conviction that physical and objective manifestations are necessary to the establishment of the existence of an imponderable or a dynamide, which professes to be

objective and physical. Neither is Dr. Mayo blind to the fact that odyle is nothing more nor less than the animal magnetism of Mesmer, whether animal magnetism be a new specific force or a nerve-stirring resultant of the general cosmical powers of nature. The most important of these indications is certainly the perception that nothing short of a physical instrument, an odometer in fact, will ever establish and illustrate the thesis of the Baron of Castle Reisenberg. In short it is the one urgent, commanding, unmistakable, and unavoidable duty of Von Reichenbach to suspend his operations on the exceptional nerve, and betake himself with stout and eager devotion to the invention of an odyloscopic apparatus. It were in vain to say that the exceptional nerve is the only reagent and test of odylic action; for if such be the case, it differs from all the family of dynamides in a very central particular, and that is a sad argument against it to begin with. It were almost as absurd as to speak of a new gas, supposed to want the property of weight. To imagine that, though gendered and resident in all sorts of unorganised matter, as well as in plants and animals, it shows its existence only through the exceptional nerve, is all but equivalent to shutting it out of the society of the imponderables altogether. Gravity, cohesion, affinity, heat, light, electricity, galvanism, and honest old magnetism disown it in such a case, and it must just found a family for itself. The indefinite hope is not to be abandoned, however, that Reichenbach himself, or Professor Gregory, or Dr. Herbert Mayo will yet construct a true odometer, and thereby exult victoriously over all us sceptics and critical house-dogs. Io triumph!

ART. VII.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on Public Libraries, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, &c.* Ordered to be printed 23d July 1849.

2. *Report from the Select Committee on Public Libraries, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, &c.* Ordered to be printed 1st August 1850.

On the 6th of April 1841, Mr. Ewart moved in his place in the House of Commons, "That an humble Address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that she will be graciously pleased to direct that some responsible Minister of the Crown shall yearly make to the House of Commons a statement of the con-

dition and prospects of the education of the people." This was in other words moving for the appointment of a Minister of Public Instruction. It is hardly necessary that we should inform our readers that the address was *not* presented to Her Majesty. In the course of the arguments by which Mr. Ewart supported his motion, he alluded in marked terms to the importance of the establishment of Public Libraries. The motion itself failed, but the discussion was not altogether barren of results, and the subject of public education being constantly kept before the notice of the House of Commons by the Committee on the Fine Arts, the Public Museums Act, and in other forms, Mr. Ewart succeeded, on the 15th of March 1849, in obtaining the consent of Sir George Grey to the appointment of a Committee "on the best means of extending the establishment of Libraries freely open to the public, especially in large towns, in Great Britain and Ireland." The only restriction imposed upon the Committee was, that it should not enter into any inquiry respecting the British Museum, the constitution and management of that institution being then the subject of investigation by a Royal Commission.

The result of the inquiry by the Committee of the House of Commons is now before the public, comprised in two Blue-books—the one issued in the year 1849, and the other in 1850.

The Minutes of Evidence present a great deal of curious and most interesting matter relating to the state of education among the poorer classes of society in the three kingdoms, and the efforts which have been made from time to time to infuse among them a love of reading, and to supply them with the means of gratifying the taste when acquired. These Minutes also shew that much time and labour have been bestowed upon inquiries foreign to the subject before the Committee, and of which the greatest praise would be to say that they were aimless and worthless.

The attention of the Committee was very much directed towards the benefit likely to accrue from the formation of public libraries to the classes lowest in the scale of education. And here, not only the direct evidence of some of the witnesses, but the natural inference to be drawn from that of all who spoke with anything like experience upon the subject, was, that public libraries must be considered and treated as ancillary to a good and comprehensive scheme of Public Education. The mere fact of being able to read is not sufficient. There must be a certain degree of mental cultivation before books, that is, good and useful books, will be relished. And here is the diffi-

culty with what are termed the lower orders. We do not speak now of journeymen mechanics, or those who are in the receipt of regular wages, and who are thus raised above the lowest level: we speak of those whose means of living are casual, whose earnings are small, to whom the common decencies of life are strange, and who consequently are more particularly exposed to the temptations of idleness and want. It is not enough to say to such persons as these, "There is the public library; go and read; ask for the book you want, and it will be given to you." They must be coaxed into a respect and liking for books. On this point the evidence of Mr. Mackenzie, the rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and that of Mr. Brereton, his curate, is most conclusive and highly encouraging.

It appears that Mr. Brereton was in the habit of giving religious instruction to the inhabitants of a locality called White Hart Court, in Whitcomb Street, inhabited by "the humblest of the working people." Being anxious to improve their social condition, and conceiving that this could be accomplished by cultivating a taste for reading, and giving them something which they could enjoy in common, "he took a room in White Hart Court, he then got together some books, and little subscriptions were made, and he got together a library of about 400 volumes. The parties who used it were all of the humblest classes; they were admitted upon paying a subscription of one penny per week. The library was open two days in the week. The rules were, that one month's residence in the Court was to entitle them to become members; that the curate of the district should be the secretary, and have charge of selecting books and admitting members." In a letter addressed to Mr. Mackenzie, (produced by that gentleman in the course of his examination by the Committee,) Mr. Brereton gives the following particulars of the working of his scheme:—

"You will remember that the library which I opened in White Hart Court was intended as an experiment to try whether by that or similar means a greater degree of neighbourly good feeling might not be produced than generally exists among the working-classes in towns; at the same time I hoped that it would give me access as clergyman to that large class of artisans over whom religion has apparently so little control, who being extensively (as I believe) organized into clubs or trade associations, from which all the better influence of the upper classes is excluded, are not only a depraved, but also a very dangerous portion of society. I merely remind you of this, as I think it is probable that, the object of my library having been rather social than intellectual, the experiment there made may not much illustrate the views with which, as I suppose, the Parliamentary Committee is making its inquiries. And yet, so far as it went, I think

my library abundantly proved that the working-classes are ripe for much superior and more extensive information than that to which they have generally access at present. . . . While I was in town and able to be present on the library nights, I was able to keep some order and arrangement, but I have been told that during the few weeks it continued in operation after my leaving town, there was great difficulty in observing order and regularity, and this was one chief reason for its being suspended. Still, on the whole, I think the lists of attendance will prove that similar institutions on a sufficiently large and well-regulated scale would not only be useful but very acceptable to the working-classes. . . . Perhaps I may also remind you that the plan I should have recommended had I been well enough to remain at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, would have been to have had a central library under the charge of one efficient person, and in connexion with it to have opened a reading-room in each court and street, through which the books would circulate from the central depot. . . . You will see that the penny subscriptions of the White Hart Court Library amounted in one week to 10s.; and remembering under how many disadvantages this was attempted, I think it will occur to you that there will not be much difficulty in making such institutions self-paying," &c.—*Minutes of Evidence*, 1849, p. 133.

Mr. Mackenzie, in the course of his examination, gives it as his opinion, founded on his own experience among the poor, that a small payment on the part of the recipients is desirable, inasmuch as "they value much more highly that which they pay for." This gentleman also thinks that they would have had very few subscribers if they had not been canvassed.

These appear to us to be pregnant passages. In this short history of a short experiment we learn how much may be done and how to do it. There is one part of Mr. Brereton's letter which deserves particular notice, inasmuch as it points to the careful superintendence demanded by these libraries for the poorer classes, bearing also as it does upon the evidence of Mr. Inray, to which we shall refer immediately. Mr. Brereton says, "I have been told that during the few weeks it continued in operation after my leaving town, there was great difficulty in observing order and regularity, and this was one chief reason for its being suspended." It is to be regretted that such an experiment should have been suspended for such a reason. The benevolent projector of the scheme naturally calculated upon the softening and civilizing influences of a rational and instructive pursuit like that of reading. Mr. Mackenzie closed the library because the readers were noisy. Mr. Inray was not to be so deterred, and his labours were spent upon a class yet lower than those who inhabit White Hart Court. His testimony

is so conclusive that we shall make no apology for the following extracts:—

"Have you had the means of observing whether the poorest classes of the population show much disposition to avail themselves of facilities for reading?—I have taken lately the superintendence of a Ragged School in the Marylebone district, and in connexion with that school we have established a small library and reading-room, and those that have attended have attended with great regularity, and read the books with the greatest quietness and attention; the room is open every evening but one in the week.

"How many frequent the room?—There have been 100 there; at this season [May] generally only twenty or thirty.

"Of what age?—It is in the evening; those who attend in the evening are of the age of from sixteen to thirty or thirty-five.

"Do you throw it open to anybody?—To anybody without restriction; generally those who attend the library are the same who attend the school.

"They do not go there for the mere object of passing the time, or having a comfortable place to sit down in?—It is possible that they may begin from that motive, but having begun, they get interested in the books, and they return to get books to read. Since the means of emigration have been provided for those classes, and many have gone from that school, the inclination among them for reading works which will give them information regarding the countries to which they intend to go has been very great.

"Is it not likely that they will imbibe more knowledge from books which they take up themselves, provided those books are well chosen, than from any other source?—I think so. I may add, that a great number of those same persons who frequent the Ragged-school library had been in the habit of reading before, but they had read the bad cheap publications which had circulated in thousands among those classes. I may say that among those classes there is perhaps a greater amount of reading than among the better classes in London, but it is reading of the worst description.

"You think the institution of good libraries would withdraw the population, and especially the most dangerous part of the population, from bad reading, to which they at present apply themselves?—I think it would have that tendency, and not only withdraw them from worse reading, but from worse pursuits.

"How do the people conduct themselves in the reading-room?—With the greatest order and quietness.

"Although they may be very humbly born and very poorly clad?—Extremely so; and many of them persons who would, under any other circumstances, be most noisy and rude in their conduct.

"Have you known persons who apparently came with habits of disorder gradually reclaimed, in consequence of reading in the library, to habits of order?—I have known men of from twenty to thirty, who when they came smoked their pipes in the school-room, overturned the forms, and did all kinds of mischief, and now they are perfectly quiet and orderly, and they dress better;

instead of rags they come with whole clothes, (though of the poorest kind still,) and they sit down in the library with the greatest quietness and decorum, and read the books.

"Is it possible for the class amongst which you benevolently labour to make a small subscription in aid of the funds for the library?—I am afraid they are too poor for that; we have to provide them almost with everything, in order to attract them to the school; we are not only obliged to make them pay nothing, but we are obliged occasionally to give them an entertainment; a supper or a tea-party. At first, when the system was begun they were very rude and unmannerly; but now they behave with the greatest courtesy, politeness, and quietness."

Surely these are facts which cannot be too widely circulated or too frequently brought under the notice of those who desire to effect a permanent and radical improvement in the moral and social condition of the so-called lower orders.

There is another point connected with the effort to give the means of self-improvement to the humbler classes, to which we would particularly direct the attention of our readers—that of Itinerating Libraries on the plan of those established for a time with so much success in East-Lothian, by the late Rev. William Brown. According to the evidence of his son, the Rev. John Crombie Brown, the object of his father was "to have a library within a mile and a half of every inhabitant of the county if possible. The plan was to station a division of fifty volumes in every village and hamlet where a librarian could be found; those were removed at the end of two years, and a general exchange took place." This system was commenced in 1817, and at one period as many as fifty of these libraries were circulating through a district twenty miles in length by fourteen or fifteen in breadth. For the success of such a plan as this, two things are requisite, an active and intelligent superintendent for the entire collection, and a zealous librarian in each village. Such officers are, doubtless, requisite in every library—but they are peculiarly necessary, as we have before observed, for those destined for the poorer classes, who so frequently require to be drawn away from the low and sensual pleasures within their reach to a profitable employment of their leisure hours. Mr. William Lovett, than whom few are better acquainted with the habits and wants of the working-classes, says, in answer to the question:—

"Do you know anything of itinerating libraries which are established in villages in the country?—I have not heard of them; I think, however, that while every arrangement should be made for

the population of the towns, that libraries for the population of our villages should not be neglected. I think an agricultural population and persons in remote districts stand most in need of information. I would respectfully suggest the formation of itinerating libraries for their benefit, the same to be circulated from village to village in rotation. Such libraries, containing 100 or 150 volumes, might be fitted up in a box form, and supplied with shelves, and a set of rulers and catalogue put in with the books, and form a library when opened without any trouble to the person receiving it."

We have selected this part of the subject more especially for remark, for two reasons. In the first place, the evidence upon it is the most direct and satisfactory; and, secondly, the poorer classes are those which more particularly require a fostering hand. They are the infants of society. They cannot help themselves in the first instance. There are even yet some old world spirits (we trust they are but few) who doubt whether it is proper to give them more education than will enable them to read the Scriptures, or even so much. Were it possible to give them such an education as would enable them to read the Bible only, it might perhaps be better for them to stop there; but seeing that we cannot teach them to walk in the one path without giving them at the same time the ability to stray into another, we are surely bound not to withdraw the guiding hand until we have conducted them so far on their way, that they may not only be able to distinguish the right from the wrong, but may have learnt by experience of mental happiness that there are other pleasures besides those of the senses. Hitherto we have done little more than make experiments in this direction; but these experiments even in their failures, have afforded every reasonable hope for ultimate success; and we would urge again and again the establishment of some comprehensive system, by which not only the means of instruction in the first instance, but of self-improvement afterwards, may be placed within the reach even of the most destitute.

As we ascend in the social scale, the subject of public libraries assumes a different aspect. Their importance is admitted by all. Whether the object be instruction or mere amusement, the necessity of public depositories of books, to which resort may be freely had, is felt and acknowledged. It is no longer a question whether such institutions are calculated to do good, but how they can be most effectually promoted and maintained. The principle being so fully admitted, we cannot but observe with regret the great mass of evidence which has been collected by the Committee about

foreign libraries, bearing but in the slightest possible degree upon the question. Were this the only objection—if it merely had nothing to do with the inquiry—we might content ourselves with recording our regret, and pass on. But the evil does not stop here—it is calculated to mislead—its tendency is to give false impressions, and to divert the attention from the real object of the inquiry, and from the best means of promoting that object.

The libraries in Great Britain, more or less accessible to the public, are very few. The number is totally inadequate to the wants of the people. This fact was admitted at the time the Committee was granted. It was notorious, and required no evidence to prove it. It was equally well known that, from various causes, the libraries of a similar character on the Continent were more numerous than those of the United Kingdom. No evidence was required to prove *this* fact. Still less was it necessary, for the purposes of inquiry before the Committee, that an attempt should be made to draw up a statement of the number of books as compared with the number of inhabitants on the Continent and in Great Britain, the sole object of which appears to have been to place England in as unfavourable a light as possible. That there may be no doubt on this point a map is added, in which the several countries of Europe are shaded deeper and deeper still, not in proportion to their lack of civilisation, but of books,—the United Kingdom being, of course, distinguished by the blackest shade of all.

Such comparative views are curious, and, we doubt not, are very interesting to librarians, but how they are to enable the Legislature to promote the establishment of public libraries, we are quite unable to discover. A slight examination of the evidence may throw some light upon the manner in which all this extraneous matter crept in.

At the twenty-eighth page of the Minutes appended to the Second Report, issued in 1850, we find the following questions and answers, Mr. Edwards being the witness:—

“*Mr. M. Milnes.* Have you any objection to state what has been your principal object in taking so much pains in the investigation of libraries in England and on the Continent?—I have for many years contemplated a work upon the economy of public libraries. I began to collect the statistics of libraries as far back as 1835, and I have since, at intervals, continued my inquiries, by getting the best information which I could from official documents and other sources.
Chairman. Perhaps you are aware that ten years ago I called the attention of Parliament to this subject?—Yes. And that Mr. Panizzi gave some very valuable information upon it?—Yes. And, the year before last, I gave notice of a motion upon the subject; and then, by chance,

seeing an advertisement of a pamphlet written by you upon it, not having the pleasure of knowing you, I wrote to you, and asked you if you could supply me with information, which you very readily did. *Is not that the origin in fact of a great part of the inquiry and the evidence laid before the Committee?*—With one exception, that it was not an advertisement which you saw, but you had done me the honour to read a paper which had been published in 1848 in the Transactions of the Statistical Society.”

It would appear, then, that Mr. Edwards had collected together a mass of names and figures about libraries at home and abroad, and called them statistics; and as the Committee wished to know how the establishment of public libraries could be best promoted in Great Britain, he tendered his “statistics” as an answer to the question. The chairman evidently saw, at the very outset, that comparative views were not altogether what they were to inquire about, for the seventh question is the following:—“In what respects do you think a statistical comparison of this kind is of value?” To which the reply is—“Of course, in order to an accurate comparison of the value of different libraries, you ought to know something of the character of the books contained in them respectively; but I think that even a mere comparison of the numbers has some relative value, especially if taken in connexion with the growth, so that you can compare what a library was in point of extent at one period with what it has become at a later period.” What, we must ask, has this to do with the question before the Committee? If we understand the reply at all, it means, in the first place, that, in order to institute a useful comparison between libraries, you must know something about their contents, a knowledge which Mr. Edwards confessedly does not possess; and, secondly, that it is important to shew the numerical contents of the same libraries at different periods—a piece of statistics which Mr. Edwards does not pretend even to guess at in more than one case out of five—and, therefore, upon his own terms, his statistical comparison is of no value. Surely this gentleman must be aware that in France and Germany and Italy there are a vast number of libraries to which no regular additions are made; in which works published within the last fifty or even one hundred years are hardly to be found; libraries which for all popular purposes are mere sapless trunks. What weight do the hundreds of thousands of volumes in these collections add to the scale?

Our objections hitherto have been directed against the admission of such evidence at all, even supposing the statements to be correct. But Mr. Edwards's statements are in very

many instances erroneous. This, however, does not appear to be an objection in his eyes, as we learn from the following curious examination, at p. 70 of Minutes of Evidence, 1850.

"Lord Seymour. You were aware that your statistics were not accurate?—*Perfectly so, &c.* What value do you attach to inaccurate statistics?—Of course the value attached to statistics must be always comparative. The first effort in compiling a general view of public libraries of this nature must be expected to have many errors; But upon every subsequent revision some of these errors will be removed," &c.

Again we ask, what has all this to do with the inquiry before the Committee, and so thought Lord Seymour, for his next question is—

"For a Statistical Society it may be desirable to approximate gradually to accuracy in statistics; but is there much value in giving to the House of Commons, in an Appendix, statistics upon which very little reliance can be placed?—[The answer to this question is very much what might be expected.] I must venture to differ from the opinion that very little reliance can be placed upon them. I have carefully verified 655 distinct statements contained in the Appendix, and I find only forty-two of those attended with errors of any description."

We beg to place this reply among Mr. Edwards's statistics.*

A bad use has been made of these bad tables. Britain is represented as in a state of mental darkness from the want of public libraries, while the Continent is blazing with infinite multitudes of these suns of civilization. As a natural consequence of this one-sided view, the number of libraries on the Continent has been exaggerated, while many English libraries have been omitted. When all this machinery has been brought into working order, the results are shown as follows, viz:—Brunswick has 2353 volumes publicly accessible to every 100 of the inhabitants; Mecklenburg-Strelitz has 1111; Oldenburgh 1878; Rudolstadt 1150; Saxe-Weimar 1057; Waldeck-Pyrmont 2000; Russia 80; and, lowest in the list comes Great Britain and Ireland, which have only, says Mr. Edwards, 53 volumes to every 100 of the inhabitants. Any person left to draw his own conclusion from these facts, would naturally infer that

they were meant to show that no nation, Russia not excepted, was so low in the scale of mental improvement and civilisation as the United Kingdom. And this was the view taken by Lord Seymour; for he asks, (*Evidence* 1850, p. 856.)

"In page 275 you give a calculation of the number of volumes to every 100 of the population, from which it appears that at Cracow there are 141 volumes for every 100 of the population, while in Great Britain and Ireland there are only 53 volumes to every 100 of the population; does not that so appear?—I give a table, shewing in alphabetical order all the States of Europe, but without drawing any comparison between Cracow and Great Britain, the circumstances of which are so different, that one would hardly make a statistical comparison in that case—one would compare England and France, but not England and Cracow."

(Q. 857).—"What is the value of your statistical information if no inference can be drawn from it?—I do not say that no inference can be drawn from it; I only say there is no fair comparison between Cracow and Great Britain."

If Mr. Edwards did not mean to institute a comparison in this instance, by means of his "Approximate Tabular View," he certainly did in his map before alluded to. Lord Seymour attempts to draw an inference from *this* source, but with no better success.

(Q. 344).—"According to that map Italy is much more enlightened than England?—I do not at all assume that; on the contrary, I think it would be almost ridiculous to draw a comparison of that kind; the map is only given to illustrate what I believe to be in the main substantially the fact, as to the relative condition of these countries in respect of the number of books stored in them in libraries for public use. I believe that it does actually in the main represent their relative position in that one particular; but of course it has no reference whatever to culture, or to the state of education, or to the state of literature—it only represents one single fact; that fact I think important enough to be taken into account in estimating the intellectual condition of a country, but by no means to stand by itself."

After this opinion, it is hardly necessary to pursue the subject further, as far as this witness is concerned. He declares, *totidem verbis*, that his statement of the relative number and extent of public libraries has no reference whatever to the state of cultivation, of education, or of literature. What, then, has it reference to? Mr. Edwards informs us—to the intellectual condition of a country, which, consequently, is, in his opinion, something distinct from its cultivation, education, or literature.

Under other circumstances, we should have despatched Mr. Edwards's statements in very

* See four papers signed "Verificator" in the Athenæum for November 17 and 24, and December 8, 1849, and January 5, 1850, where some of the blunders in these tables are most ably exposed. Similar exposures are also given respecting the German libraries, in the *Serapeum* for January 15, 1850.

few words. But they occupy too prominent a place in, and have, we fear, exercised too unfortunate an influence upon the progress of the labours of the Committee, to be passed by without an effort to place them in their true light. Mr. Edwards gives evidence *de omnibus rebus*—of libraries in England, libraries in Scotland, libraries in Ireland, libraries in France, Italy, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Poland, Hungary, &c. &c. &c. When asked, in 1849, Q. 9, "Have you visited many libraries in this country?" he replies, "I have visited several in this country, and some in France; but I have not seen any libraries out of this country and France." In 1850, we learn the extent of Mr. Edwards's acquaintance with foreign libraries.—Q. 143. *Lord Seymour*. "With regard to the foreign libraries, what foreign libraries have you visited?—I have visited the Royal Library at Paris, now the National Library, [12 or 13 years ago,] and the library at Rouen, and some other small libraries.—Q. 145. *Mr. C. Lewis*. What other libraries in France have you visited?—I think a small library at Havre." So far as personal experience went, therefore, Mr. Edwards was very ill supplied.

We are willing to give this gentleman all possible credit for good intentions. It was not his fault that his information was not equal to his good-will. But it was his fault that he persisted in giving evidence upon subjects with which he was only imperfectly acquainted. Had he confined himself to directing the attention of the Committee to the various channels whence they might derive information, he would have done good service. As it is, he has given us tables in which towns belonging to one country are placed under another; in which libraries are inserted which ought to have been omitted, while others are omitted which ought to have been inserted; in which numbers appear bearing no relation to the truth; in which authorities contradict the statements they are brought forward to support: we find one set of tables contradicting another set of tables; we find one table professing to give certain information, and yet excluding it when it tells against the compiler's theory;—we find, in short, many things we ought not to find, and look in vain for much that ought to be there. After a very careful perusal of his evidence, we have come to the conclusion that his statistics, apart from the question of their applicability to the subject under inquiry, are too faulty to be of any value; and as to the rest of his evidence, that there are few points he has touched upon, upon which better evidence has not been given by other witnesses.

It must not be supposed, however, that our strictures extend to all the evidence contained

in these Reports. There is a vast deal that is not only highly interesting, but extremely valuable. With one remarkable exception, which we shall mention immediately, the Committee have evidently sought with much care for the best sources of information, and the pages of their Evidence contain details respecting the poorer classes,—the efforts to establish mechanics' institutions in different parts of the country,—the struggle to maintain local libraries,—which cannot, but prove highly important to those who may be engaged in carrying out any scheme of a general character for supplying the means of gratuitous reading to the public of Great Britain.

But there is still a want of practical detail throughout. It is not enough to say, let us first get the libraries, and we will then learn to manage them. If the Committee merely proposed to establish the fact that there was a great want of public libraries in England, they undertook a work of supererogation. The want was well known when they commenced their labours. If they wished merely to ascertain how public libraries could be fostered, they have burdened their evidence with a vast mass of unnecessary detail; but if they wished to place on record all facts bearing upon the subject of the establishment and maintenance of public libraries in Great Britain, then it is clear that they have omitted much that was important, and easily to be procured. We allude especially to the evidence which could have been given by the principal librarian of the British Museum, and the keeper of the department of printed books in that institution. The Committee examined the librarians of Williams's Library; Sion College Library; Cheetham Library at Manchester; Tennyson's Library; Marsh's Library in Dublin; the former librarian of Caius College, Cambridge; and the librarian of the Royal Society. They also obtained information, from competent witnesses, respecting the University Library of Aberdeen; the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; the various libraries in America; the library of the Royal Dublin Society, &c. &c. But the names of Sir Henry Ellis and Mr. Panizzi appear nowhere in the Report published in 1849.

As a sequel to these Statistics of Public Libraries, we shall now offer some account of the details of the management of the British Museum Library. The business of that great national library may be classed under three heads—Acquisitions, Catalogues, and Arrangement.

And first of *Acquisitions*.

It is known to many of our readers that books enter the Museum Library by three channels, viz., by copyright, by purchase, and by presentation. By the recent Copyright

Act an advantage is conferred upon the British Museum which is not enjoyed by the other four libraries of public deposit; that is to say, the Museum is not obliged to demand works, but the London publishers are bound to deliver their books within one month of publication, and those residing in the country within three. For the reception of works so delivered, an office is fitted up where a person is in constant attendance to give the necessary receipts. These receipts are drawn up on a printed form, the particulars peculiar to each work—such as the title, number of the volume, size, date, place of printing, and publication, &c.,—being filled up in duplicate by Wedgwood's 'manifold writer.' Of this receipt the duplicate is kept by the Museum, and thus forms not only a check upon the publisher, but also upon the receiver, and a register of the receipts under the Copyright Act.

In the library everything is systematized as much as possible; the consequence is that little time is lost in giving directions. Every one knows his duty, and knows at the same time that he must perform it. There are two peculiarities in Mr. Panizzi's arrangements; one is that each part is made to depend more or less upon the rest, so that derangement in one quarter is sure to be felt in another—and thus neglect is at once detected. The other is, that, wherever it is possible, one process is made to answer two or three purposes. The mode of giving receipts is one instance of the latter peculiarity, and we shall have occasion to point out others as we proceed.

Purchases are effected either by direct orders, or in the way of selection from books sent in for approval. This duty rests solely with the keeper of the department, who alone is authorized to decide in the first instance what works shall be added to the collection. The trustees, however, possess a veto upon the purchase of even the smallest work. All parcels of books are accompanied by an invoice. The contents of each parcel are checked by the invoice, and then examined by the keeper, who makes his selection—rejecting all such as he thinks it inexpedient to purchase either on the ground of price or condition. The invoice is then corrected, by striking out from it all such as have been so rejected; and the books retained are handed over to an attendant in order that the catalogues may be searched for the purpose of ascertaining that the books proposed to be retained are not already in the library. When this process has been carefully gone through, and the invoice again weeded, by striking out all such as are found to be already in the collection, a bill is made out by the bookseller from the invoice as finally corrected, and the books retained are again compared with the bill, which is submitted to the

keeper a few days before a meeting of the trustees. At the foot of the bill, the keeper writes an order for payment, and the bill so subscribed is laid before the trustees, and, if approved by them, they make their order authorizing payment.

In the case of books which from their extreme rarity, from being printed on vellum, or from any other cause, do not come within the class of ordinary accessions to a library, a special report from the keeper of the department is required by the trustees, stating the grounds upon which it is considered advisable that the article in question should be added to the collection. These reports are not mere matters of form. A collection of such documents would prove a most curious and valuable addition to bibliographical literature. The trustees, although actuated by a liberal spirit in this respect, occasionally exercise their power of rejection. But it must be presumed that the recommendation of their officers always has great weight, the trustees being well aware that the desirableness or non-desirableness of an object must be judged of in connexion with the particular collection to which it is proposed that it should be added, and not upon its own individual merits. For this reason it is that no work can be considered too costly for the British Museum Library, provided the price be not excessive. The art of printing has its history like every other art, and its history requires illustration like the history of every other art. The history of printing is the history of civil and religious freedom. When Providence determined that mental darkness should be removed, man was made the worker out of his own emancipation, by the inspiration of the discovery of printing. This was a second creation of light. If we give to the history of printing the importance it really possesses, and regard great libraries like that of the British Museum as the depositories of the evidences of its miraculous progress and effects—then a fragment of a Donatus, a Caxton, an early edition of a Bible, a first edition of a classic, or the first productions of the printing press in the United States, Mexico, California, Australia, or the Sandwich Islands, cease to be curiosities, and take their deservedly prominent place in the history of civilization.

In selecting the accessions to be made to the library of the British Museum, this illustration of the past has been kept constantly in view, at the same time that every effort has been made to give the current literature of all countries a place on the shelves of the institution. It must not be assumed that every, or indeed any class is perfect. For such a consummation two conditions are indispensable—unlimited funds, and unlimited space. An

approximation might be made to the first requisite, for, to the honour of Parliament in general, and of Mr. Hume in particular, be it spoken, every disposition has been shewn to make grants in the most liberal spirit. But space is another question. Walls of five feet in thickness are not of rapid growth; and if they were, Bedford Square, and Upper Montagu Place exercise a rather powerful veto upon any very extensive ramification. We have, however, great reliance upon the resources and energy of the present keeper of the printed books, upon the readiness of the principal librarian to support, and of the trustees to adopt any suggestion for the improvement of the noble institution the affairs of which they administer; and we do not despair to see the library represent in a complete form, not only the scientific and polite literature of the United Kingdom, but of the whole world.

Presented works are laid before the trustees at the monthly meetings, and thanks ordered in the usual manner in such cases.

The next process is to attach to each part or volume a mark, by which it shall be distinguished as the property of the Museum. This is now effected by impressing at the beginning of the book the Museum stamp, and at the end the date of the day, month, and year, when the bill was signed for payment by the keeper of the library. We have before observed, that whenever it is practicable, one process is always made to subserve more purposes than one—and this stamping of the books is another instance of it. It is a proof in the first place, that the book has been paid for, and is thus in every sense the property of the Trustees; and, secondly, the bills being kept in chronological order, reference can be immediately made to them from any book of which it may be desired to ascertain the price, or of whom purchased.

Books obtained by copyright, are stamped in like manner by the person who receives them.

Ink of three different colours is used in stamping books, for the three different modes of acquisition—red, indicating that a book was purchased; blue, that it came by copyright; and yellow, that it was presented.

Having thus shewn how books are acquired and stamped, we shall now proceed to the important detail of *cataloguing*. And here we must beg our readers not to be alarmed by this awful word “cataloguing”—a word suggestive of laborious research and mechanical care and precision to an extent suspected by few. It is far from our intention to enter into the subject of classed and alphabetical catalogues, or to attempt to decide the question between long and short titles. These are matters which have already been productive of

too many scratches and hard knocks to hasty volunteers in this dangerous field.

For the purpose of forming the catalogue, several gentlemen possessing peculiar qualifications are employed in the library. All are linguists to a considerable extent, some possess this accomplishment in a more than ordinary degree. In a library like that of the British Museum, where the literature of every country in the world, and of every age is represented, it is of course the duty of the authorities to see that there shall be found in it persons capable of describing works of such varied character. This duty has not been neglected. One cataloguer attends solely to the Chinese books—another when requisite to Oriental works—a third to Hebrew and rabbinical literature—a fourth devotes his attention to the maps—a fifth, in addition to other duties, catalogues the music and Slavonic works—while books in Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish, find ready hands for registering their contents.

Great efforts are made to secure uniformity of plan in cataloguing, so far as that most desirable object is attainable. For this purpose a code of rules has been drawn up, and revised and sanctioned by the Trustees. Objections have been brought against these rules on the ground of their number and minuteness; but as no objector has yet shewn how six persons can be brought to catalogue in one and the same manner books which may be catalogued six different ways, unless they are told which of the six ways they are to follow, we think we are at liberty to adopt the views so fully explained by Mr. Panizzi in his evidence before the Commissioners on the British Museum, wherein he brings his own matured experience to bear with overwhelming force upon the fancies of his opponents.

When a book is catalogued it is passed over to a reviser, whose duty it is to see that all the rules laid down for cataloguing have been duly observed. This is a work of no slight labour and responsibility, and it is intrusted to those only who have had great experience, and have shewn much care and skill as cataloguers. This may be regarded as an excess of caution, but it has been found advisable in practice. It is evident that there will occur differences of opinion in the interpretation of rules, however clearly and strictly worded—and that when several persons work independently of each other, although under the same rules, discrepancies will be found which must be reconciled. This is one of the chief duties of the revisers. The keeper of the department is the ultimate referee in all cases of difficulty. These discrepancies occur most frequently in the titles of anonymous works; and we must here give in

our adhesion to the opinion expressed by more than one witness before the Commissioners, viz., that there should be one simple and uniform rule for cataloguing anonymous books; the first word or the first substantive of the title is better than any other, because it is more simple than any other; but let there be one rule—let that rule be one that can be uniformly adopted, and let there be plenty of cross-references from what are termed leading words of the title; as cross-references these leading words enable us to find the book—but they only lead us astray in proportion to their number, when one is selected for the main entry of the work.

The books being catalogued and revised, the next care is to *arrange* them on the shelves. This is a very important process, and one the execution of which requires a vast amount of general information, and a knowledge of not less than twelve languages. In the library of the Museum the objection to classification extends no farther than to the catalogue. The books are arranged in six great classes, viz., 1. Religion. 2. Jurisprudence. 3. Philosophy. 4. Arts and Trades. 5. History. 6. Literature. The subdivisions under each of these classes are strictly and even minutely observed. We regret that our limited space forbids our entering more into detail upon this branch of our subject, as it is one of great interest and utility, and is that part of the arrangement of the library which is far from being the least creditable to the gentlemen engaged in carrying it out.

The library is divided into presses, each of which has a number; the shelves of each press are distinguished by a letter of the alphabet, and the place of each book on a shelf is indicated by a number, thus—573, c. 13, means the thirteenth book on the third or c. shelf of press 573. When the present library was erected, the numbers of the presses were carried on from those of the King's library, and when a supplementary room to the new library was built, the numbers were again carried on, thus forming a regular series from one to 1618. A natural consequence of this arrangement has been that the same class of books will be found in more places than one, it being evident that when all the spare room left between one class and another has been filled up, a fresh locality must be assigned to subsequent acquisitions in the same class. In order to avoid this inconvenience as far as possible, a new plan has been introduced into a supplementary library recently erected. The numbers of the presses are no longer in immediate sequence, thus—supposing the first press to be numbered 2000, and that the works under the class religion occupy two presses,

twenty numbers may nevertheless be allotted to this class.

The first three numbers would then be 2000, 2001, 2020. When a third press was required for theological works, instead of placing them in another part of the library, the books in the press called 2020, together with its number, would be moved on to the next press, and the press occupied by 2020 would be called 2002. By this process all the works belonging to one class may be kept together for a longer period than was practicable under the old system. This arrangement involves two indispensable conditions, viz., plenty of room, and that all the presses should be exactly of the same size. This is called the expansive system.

An expansive system, but of a different character, has also been applied to the periodical publications, and to the maps. This plan consists in attaching a number to the book or map, but not to the locality in which it is placed; the numbers in these instances, also, not being in immediate sequence. Thus the periodicals may be marked 1, 5, 10, 15, 20, &c., leaving the intervals to be filled up by future acquisitions; the advantage of which is, that those of a particular character and country can be kept together without interfering with the sequence of numbers.

The maps, requiring more minute classification also, demand a more complicated system of marking. The following is the mode adopted:—The collection is arranged geographically. All the folded maps, comprising almost the entire collection, are kept in light millboard cases, somewhat resembling solander cases. Maps of the world, of the great divisions of the globe, and of particular countries or localities, form what are termed classes, and no two classes are allowed to be placed in the same case. These classes are numbered, but not in regular sequence, intervals being left for additional classes. Maps of the same class are arranged in the cases chronologically, and numbered, but not in regular sequence, intervals being left greater or smaller according to the date to be provided for; thus, fewer numbers are left open between 1500 and 1600 than between 1600 and 1700, it being very properly considered that the accessions of maps printed in the seventeenth century will be much larger than of those printed in the sixteenth.

The books, when catalogued and revised, are sorted into their several classes and subdivisions; these parcels so sorted are carried to their respective localities, and arranged on their proper shelves, the titles remaining in the books. When the books are placed, an attendant marks the books and their respective titles with the press-mark proper to each,

throwing each title as he marks it into a box. When the book is marked, the next process is to attach the press-mark to the back of it. These press-marks are printed on papers of various tints to match the different coloured leathers used in binding. They are printed in large sheets and cut out with a stamp of an oval shape. The number of the press is attached to the upper part of the back of the book, the mark for the shelf, and number of the shelf, to the lower part of the back. This plan saves a great deal of time. Before its introduction, the place of a book could not be ascertained without opening it—now it is only necessary to look at the back, and its proper locality is seen at once. Another advantage is, that if a book be placed by accident in a wrong press or on a wrong shelf, the mistake is sure to be detected.

The titles, when marked as above described, are sent to the superintendent of the transcribers, whose duty it is to see that all the titles are duly entered in the catalogues, and to revise the entries so made, in order that there may be no blunders in the transcript. These duties of transcription and revision demand a considerable acquaintance with languages in the transcribers, and, more especially, in the reviser. It is evident that the latter must be familiar with all the languages known by the whole body of transcribers. The process of inserting titles in the catalogue is so peculiar, that we feel ourselves justified in going somewhat into detail in describing it. Each mass of titles is, in the first place, separated into English and Foreign. Each of these sets is then arranged in alphabetical order, and incorporated with those which may have already been accumulated for transcription.* When the titles are to be copied, they are distributed among the transcribers according to the languages each may best understand. This transcription is not made into the catalogue, but into a book, the leaves of which consist of the thinnest paper, prepared for Wedgwood's process of manifold writing. Four transcripts are taken at once, carbonic paper being placed between the first and second sheet, and the third and fourth. Each transcriber uses two books, by which arrangement the superintendent is enabled to collate with the original title-slip the work of each day, without stopping the transcribers, who continue the transcription in the book not under revision. These books, as they are filled and revised, are handed over to the binder, who mounts each leaf upon one of rather stronger paper.* These leaves when

dried are subjected to enormous pressure. Each four duplicate sheets are then pinned upon a board and cut into slips between each title. We now have the transcription on separate slips, the four duplicates being kept together. The next process is to arrange them in their proper order, and incorporate them with the mass of titles (if any) already prepared and arranged for insertion in the catalogue. When the insertion is to be made, the transcribed titles are divided into parcels according to the letters contained in each volume of the catalogue, and then each title is marked with a number, and a corresponding number marked in the place in the catalogue the title is to occupy. Each volume of the catalogue so supplied with titles is then handed over to two binders, one of whom pastes the upper and lower edge of each title and hands it to his companion, who inserts it into the catalogue—the two ends of each title being left open. When it becomes necessary to shift one of these titles in order to preserve the strict alphabetical arrangement, a paper-knife is inserted into the open end, and the title is removed without difficulty. The slip upon which the transcription is made being mounted upon another, any abrasion which may occur from this process affects not the slip written upon, but only that upon which it is mounted.

Should a thicker paper be introduced, and the process of mounting be discontinued, this advantage will of course be lost. Before we quit the subject of transcribing, we will mention a striking fact connected with the expense of this branch of the management. It appears from the evidence of Mr. Panizzi before the Museum Commissioners, that at one time the transcribers were paid at the rate of one penny per title. Under the present system, this same item amounts to about three-fourths of one farthing per title, or three-sixteenths of the former charge—in other words, the same amount of work which formerly cost four pounds, is now obtained for about fifteen shillings.

When the title of a work is entered in the catalogue, the work may be said to be then at the command of the readers; we believe, however, that we are justified in stating, that at no time has a reader been denied the use of a book, merely because the title had not appeared in the catalogue.

The service of the reading-room, like every other service in the department, is systematized. We have already given the history of a book from the shelves of the bookseller to those of the Museum; we will now give the history

* We understand that experiments are now being made for the purpose of procuring a paper which, possessing the qualities necessary for being written upon by Wedgwood's process, shall, at the same time, be so stout as to render the process of mounting

unnecessary. Should these experiments prove successful, they will lead to a considerable saving both in time and expense.

of a book from the shelves of the Museum to the hands of a reader, and back to its shelf again.

The readers are provided with blank tickets on which they write the press-mark, title, very shortly, size, place, and date of the book they want, the date of the application and signature of the reader being subscribed. These tickets are handed to an attendant who sits at a bar which separates the reading-rooms from the library. The tickets are passed by him into the library, where they are placed on a table in the order in which they are delivered from the reading-rooms. The attendants, whose duty it is to supply the readers with books, take these tickets in the order in which they are received, no one being at liberty to select a ticket, unless it be for a book which stands near to one he is about to fetch. To each of these attendants a number is attached, regulated originally by the order of the initial letter of his name in the alphabet, and each attendant is also furnished with, say, 200 pieces of mill-board, the ends being covered with red roan leather, on the edge of which the number of the attendant is stamped, and on the side the number of the board, these boards being numbered in regular sequence, from one up to as many as the attendant has. When a book is taken from a shelf, the attendant puts one of his boards in its place, taking care to use them in their regular order, that is, having once used say No. 10, he will keep that back until he has gone through all his boards and come round to 10 again. Each attendant is also provided with a book filled with blank leaves. When he has taken from the shelf a book for a reader, he marks in pencil on the back of the reader's ticket the number of the board he has left in its place. He then enters in his book, in one line, first the press-mark of the book, the name of the reader, and his own number, and the number of his board; and then in the same line the press-mark again—the name of the author or first word of the title of the book—the size, place, and date—the name of the reader, and the number of his board.

When the work has been entered by the attendant, it is placed on the bar which separates the library from the reading-room, whence it is taken by one of the attendants in the reading-rooms, and delivered to the reader. The attendant who so delivers it then writes on the ticket the letter D. (meaning delivered,) and hands it to the attendant we have before mentioned as stationed at the bar, who deposits it in one of a set of pigeon-holes fixed beneath the bar under the initial letter of the reader's name. The reader is responsible for the book specified on his ticket so long as the ticket remains in the possession of the authori-

ties of the library. When a reader has no longer occasion for a work, he returns it to the attendant at the bar, who delivers to him his ticket in exchange, having first compared the work with the ticket, in order to see that all is returned that is specified upon it.

The books so returned are placed on a table and sorted according to their press-marks, for the purpose of being restored to their respective places on the following morning.

It frequently occurs that a reader is desirous of using the same book from day to day. When this is the case he writes his name on a slip of paper and places it with the books, which are then deposited in closets fitted up with sliding shelves for this especial purpose. The utility of this plan may be appreciated from the fact, that every year nearly 100,000 volumes are in this manner laid aside for continuous use by the readers. The consequent saving of time and labour is immense. It must not be imagined, however, that through this process a reader can insure to himself a monopoly of any work. The maxim "first come first served" is strictly adhered to. Should a reader apply for a work so set aside before the person for whose use it is kept presents himself to claim it, it is *transferred*, as it is termed, to the new reader. This process consists in entering the work in the usual form, but in a particular book and in red ink. These entries are made by an attendant whose duty it is to take charge of the closets, and also to see that the readers' tickets are actively and properly attended to.

Every attendant writes in his book the day of the month at the commencement of the entries of each day. At the end of the day he cuts between each line of entries as far as his own number. The books of all the attendants are then taken away by the book-binder, whose duty it is to cut off all the entries as far as they have been cut through by the respective attendants, to arrange them all into one series according to their press-marks, and paste them into a book, heading each day's work with the date, and writing at the end the number of these dockets. This forms a daily register of all the readers who have written for books.

Every morning the books returned from the reading-rooms on the previous day are carried to the several parts of the library to which they respectively belong. Two attendants then go round with the register of short entries or dockets above referred to, and while one puts each work on the shelf, and calls out the press-mark, the other calls out the number of the attendant he finds in the register, whose board is then removed, and the docket is stamped in red ink, with the date when the

book is returned, thus—18. 3. 51., indicating that the work was restored to its place on the 18th of March 1851.

All this will doubtless appear complicated and confused to our readers; and it may by some be considered that refinement and minuteness of detail had been carried too far. In the actual working of the scheme, however, there is neither complication nor confusion. Every effort is made to economize time and labour, but without sacrificing that care or giving up those checks which are absolutely indispensable in the management of a large public library. A comparison of the annual returns of former years, with those of more recent date, will shew with what vast rapidity the labours of the department have been extended, and to how great a degree of perfection the system of statistical detail has been carried.

The contents of every bill is analyzed; that is to say, the number of volumes, of parts of volumes, of maps, and of sheets of maps, are taken out and entered in a book in their respective columns. The same is done with objects presented. At the end of the year these columns are cast up, and it is immediately known what has been the number of articles procured during the year through these channels respectively.

The duplicate receipts kept by the receiver of works under the Copyright Act give the same information for this branch of the acquisitions.

The register shews the number of books returned to the shelves, every day. A book kept by the attendant who has charge of the closets affords similar details respecting the number of books kept for the readers from day to day.

Every cataloguer registers daily, in a book kept by himself, the number of titles written by him; the aggregate of these books gives the number of titles written in the department during any period.

Revisers and transcribers keep similar accounts.

One of the superintendents of the reading-rooms registers the number of visits made daily to the reading-rooms, and reports the total, at the end of the year, to the keeper of the department of printed works. A similar account is kept in the readers' lobby; but as this latter account makes no distinction between those who come to read and those who may pass into the reading-rooms for other purposes, discrepancies may occur, and in the returns for the year 1850 actually did occur, between the two accounts.

The result of all this is, that in the course of a few hours an exact and minute return can be given of everything done in the depart-

ment during the year, or any other given period, the whole forming an array of numbers truly startling.

We have before observed that one process, whenever it is possible, is made to subserve several objects. We have shewn how the receipts for books delivered under the Copyright Act answer not only the ordinary purpose of a receipt, but also of a register of such books.

The readers' register shews at one glance how many books were sent to the reading-rooms on a particular day—the day any book was removed from the shelves—for whom it was taken—by whom it was taken—the particular board left for it—and when it was returned. Each attendant's register shews what books he removed from the shelves on a particular day—for whom, and the number of his board; while the board on the shelves shew what attendant removed the book, and by its number points to the particular entry in his register. By means of this system a book can be traced regularly through any number of hands for any length of time, and faults in the reading-room service can in like manner always be traced to the guilty party.

The binding of books forms a very important item in the economy of a public library. The great desideratum for the mass of books is strength and durability at the least possible expense. In a library like that of the British Museum, it may well be imagined, there is abundant opportunity for testing the various styles of binding and kinds of leather, so as to arrive at the most correct judgment upon this point. The general plan now adopted is as follows:—All dictionaries to be full-bound in russia. Other works likely to be in frequent use to be half-bound in morocco, with cloth sides. Two or more volumes of the same work are always bound together where their bulk will permit it. Pamphlets are half-bound in roan, with paper sides. Experience has shewn that this plan is in every respect the most economical that could be adopted. Different colours are used according to the subject of the book, thus, *red* for history, *green* for botany, *blue* for theology, &c.

In the library of the British Museum, as in other large libraries, certain works considered to be select are set apart from the rest and preserved with greater care. Among these are several remarkable for their bindings, which are arranged so as to illustrate as far as practicable the styles of different schools, English, French, Italian, &c. The present keeper of the department, looking upon bookbinding as something more than the art of stitching loose sheets neatly into a cover, has endeavoured, in binding rare and valuable books, to follow the grand example set by Grolier, Majoli, De

Thou, and others, and would fain give an individuality to the dress of his protégés. In some instances the success has been great. A good bookbinder ought to be a man of great taste, and an artist. All use flowers and studs and fillets; but what flowers were ever so graceful as the flowers of Roger Payne? who has ever sprinkled his studs as he sprinkled them? who cannot immediately recognise Lewis's simple fillet, so beautifully true? The German style of tooling at the end of the 15th century was heavy, but it was blind, and the effect, consequently, was massive and grand. German tooling at the present day is no less heavy, but it is no longer blind, but in gold; the effect is no longer massive and grand, but vulgar. The materials are there, but the artistic taste is wanting.

But we are diverging into a dissertation upon bookbinding. By the Statutes of the British Museum, no object is allowed to be removed from the premises. This regulation involves the necessity of having a bookbinder attached to the establishment. When books are removed from the shelves for the purpose of being bound or repaired, a board similar to those above described as used by the attendants is left in its place. On this board the letter B. is stamped, indicating that the book is in the hands of the binder. The books so sent are entered by an assistant in what is termed the binder's book, a margin being left on both sides. In that on the left the binder writes the press-mark of the book, in that on the right Mr. Panizzi writes directions as to the manner in which the book is to be bound or repaired. The entry of each batch of books is dated and signed by the binder, and when returned each entry is stamped with the date. The signature makes the binder responsible for the books, the stamp is his discharge. The date at the head and the stamp on the entry shew how long he has kept each book. The entries also are made in the form to be observed for the lettering piece on the back of the book, and this is again an instance of one process serving a double purpose.

We will only mention one point more; all the shelves upon which large and heavy or handsomely bound books are placed are lined with hard and smooth leather. This simple process tends greatly to preserve the binding.

These are some of the details of the management of the British Museum Library, which, although we do not pretend to say that they are, as a whole, applicable to all libraries, may suggest to every intelligent librarian arrangements, even for libraries of the most limited extent, which are invaluable, and which it might have been well that one so experienced

as Mr. Panizzi, had obtained an opportunity of explaining to the Committee.

The length to which this Article has already extended compels us to bring our remarks to a close. The public libraries on the Continent would present many interesting materials for comment; but however well adapted they may be to the wants of the districts in which they respectively exist, it is doubtful if they would afford many points fit for imitation in this country. Mr. Panizzi states in his evidence given before the Committee, that he had visited about ninety foreign libraries, and that he had not learnt a single fact that he could apply to the library of the British Museum under its present constitution. It is this consideration which has led us, in the preceding Article, to present so fully to our readers that which we believe likely to prove of most practical utility,—the broad and comprehensive scheme, and admirable details of the management of our own great National Library.

ART. VIII.—*Biographie de LAZARE NICOLAS MARGUERITE CARNOT, Membre de la première classe de l'Institut de France (section Mécanique.)* Par M. ARAGO, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences. Paris, 1850.*

It is only in seasons of danger, and during the emergencies of a Revolution, that the genius of an empire is roused from hybernation and summoned into life and activity. When France lay prostrate under the despotism of her kings, her military and her intellectual glory were equally eclipsed. The privileges of class overbore the claims of merit, and the very power of competing for the prizes of the State was denied to those who would have carried them off in triumph. Among a people thus morally degraded, the seeds of discontent ripened where the seeds of glory had been crushed; and that which would have been the ornament and safeguard of the throne was stimulated to dishonour and to destroy it. The moral of the French Revolution, pregnant with individual and national instruction, has been appreciated neither by the people whom it scourged, nor the nations whom it scared. The terrors of anarchy and democratic violence, indeed, are destined to have a broader field and a longer reign before

* Extrait du Tome xxii. des Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences.

the rulers of nations are taught to govern ;—and education and knowledge must have a wider range, and take a deeper hold, before the people learn to obey.

There is no phase in which man can be contemplated more painful and humiliating than that in which he appears as the pilot of the State ; and in the history of European governments, whether absolute or constitutional, we have too frequently to deplore the consequences of presumptuous statesmanship, and of imbecile or reckless legislation. When incapacity and ignorance are placed at the helm, and talent and wisdom in the hold, the vessel of the State may survive the summer lightning and the zephyr gale, but it will in vain seek its haven when Jove brandishes his thunderbolt, and Neptune upheaves his trident. The revolutionary history of France displays to us the magnitude and grandeur of achievements when genius and talent are the only passports to power, and proclaims to us how nobly the intellectual and military glory of a people may be sustained even when civil war rages in the midst of them, and external foes threaten them from without. In the chronicles of our own country, whether of peace or of war, we may study the baneful effects of an opposite system. In what age have we found a Colbert, whose appreciation of knowledge inspired him with the patronage of literature and science—whose taste fostered the arts of polished and industrious life—whose liberality endowed the educational institutions of his country, and whose piety and wisdom prompted him to suppress immorality and vice by teaching and reforming the immoral and the vicious ? The records of the past have not preserved to us even the shadow of so glorious a name. The experience of passing years exhibits to us no such minister, and in the horizon of the future there looms no auroral gleam of a luminary on its way. We have, on the contrary, to mourn over establishments destroyed—churches breaking down—colleges in decay—teachers starving—and wise men consigned to poverty and degradation.

Nor are these evils counterbalanced by financial wisdom,—by commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural prosperity, or even by the vain splendour of military and naval glory. Science was not more assailed in a darker age by the persecution of Galileo, the exile of Tycho, and the poverty of Kepler, than it is at this hour, and in this land, by the miserable expediency of heaping imposts upon knowledge, and the heartless taxation of invention and discovery ; and the heart of the philanthropist could not have been more lacerated by the sight of negro humanity in chains, than it might now be by the imposition of

taxes on the health, the prudence, and the parental forethought of British subjects.

We wait for the advent of a minister strong in piety, knowledge, and moral energy, who shall raise to the same platform all the various interests of the State, and who shall give its honours to those who merit them, its offices to those who can best discharge their duties, and its patronage and support to everything that can advance the intellectual glory and the material interests of the nation. Such a pilot must be willing to quit the helm when his people cease to obey him, and must seek for permanent fame from the measures which he has lost, as well as from the trophies which he has won. The man who can thus act must be moulded from a nobler material than vulgar clay—not from the fragile pottery which a breath can break, and a vibration shiver ; but from the tough and shining porcelain which rings when it is struck, and rebounds when it falls.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of the admirable Biographical Memoir of Carnot, which we owe to the eloquent pen of M. Arago. The history of a great man by a man equally great—of a patriot of the first French Revolution by a patriot of the last, cannot fail to rivet the attention of thoughtful men, even if it did not, as it does, throw the brilliant light of truth over characters which faction has defamed, and upon deeds of glory which proscription and exile have obscured. Rich in its anecdote—brilliant in its wit—powerful in its argument—vigorous in its eloquence, and generous and lofty in its aspirations, this biographical memoir will challenge a comparison with the most elaborate productions of ancient or of modern times. It is in studying the life of such a man as Carnot, by such a writer as Arago, that we may discover those germs of discontent which so dangerously ripen into revolution ; and that we are enabled to appreciate those hidden and irresistible influences which urge the civilian from his hearth, and the soldier from his barracks, to sustain the liberties of their country, and to take their place in its Forum or upon its ramparts. In the feelings of one such heart we recognise the impulse upon that of thousands, and by integrating their individual throbs we may estimate the frenzy of their combined pulsation.

Such of our readers as may seek in the perusal of the original memoir a fuller account of the Life of Carnot than our limited space allows us to give, will, doubtless, be impressed as we have been with the value of a National Institution, which embalms in eloquence the memory of its members, and transmits to

posterity the record of their virtues and achievements. In our own land no such obligation is felt, and no such duty discharged. The philosopher passes from the circle which he has adorned, honoured doubtless by the tears of his associates, but no eulogy is pronounced over his grave, and no monument rises to the ornament of his country, and the benefactor of his race.

Lazare Nicolas Marguerite Carnot, whose life and character we are about to review, was born on the 13th May 1753, at Nolay, in the department of the Côte-d'Or in Burgundy, a duchy which had been the cradle of three of the greatest celebrities of which the Academies of Paris could boast—Bossuet, Vauban, and Buffon. His father, Claude Abraham Carnot, was a distinguished advocate, who “followed this noble profession with much talent, which is not rare, and with great disinterestedness, which is said not to be so common.” He was descended from a family which, since the fifteenth century, had given to the priesthood and to the army more than one remarkable man. Out of a numerous family of *eighteen* children, two lived to be lieutenant-generals of the French army, one a counsellor in the Court of Cassation, one a procureur-général of the Cour Royale, one a directress of the hospital of Nolay, and one a municipal magistrate, highly esteemed when he discharged the duties of his Commune, but if possible still more esteemed when after twenty years of service he submitted, at the Restoration, to dismissal from his office rather than abandon his duty.*

The education of Lazare Carnot, the subject of this Article, was superintended by his father till he was qualified for the college of Autun. When he was only ten years of age, he accompanied his mother in a journey to Dijon, which she had at that time occasion to make; and as a reward for his habitual docility, she took him to the theatre. It was at that time the custom to exhibit on the stage the evolutions of troops, in which battles followed one another in succession.

“The scholar,” says M. Arago, “followed with the deepest attention the series of events which were gradually developed before him; but all on a sudden he rose up, became excited, and in spite of his mother’s efforts, he questioned, in no very civil terms, a personage who had just appeared on the stage, and who was the com-

mander of the troops, in whose movements the young Carnot had felt an interest. The juvenile soldier announced to the unskilful commander that his artillery was ill placed, that the artillerymen so exposed could not fail to be killed by the first shots of musketry that were fired from the rampart of the fortress they were about to attack, and that if he were to establish his battery behind a certain rock which he pointed out both by word and gesture, the soldiers would be much less exposed. The actors thus interdicted did not know what to do. Madame Carnot was shocked at the disorder which her son had occasioned;—the house was convulsed with laughter;—every one sought for an explanation of so unusual a frolic, which turned out to be nothing more than the germ of a high military intelligence,—the first symptom of that superior genius which, disdaining beaten paths, created some years afterwards a new system of tactics, and proposed to replace the fortifications so skilfully and ingeniously combined by Vauban by a totally different system.”—*Biographie*, pp. 3, 4.

Between his twelfth and his fifteenth year Carnot followed the course of study which prevailed in the college of Autun, where he was distinguished by his quickness and originality, and by a degree of intelligence far from common. At sixteen years of age he had finished his philosophy; and at this early period that decision of character became apparent which we shall have occasion to admire in the course of his most stormy career. The learned professors of the seminary of Autun experienced its effects when their scholar had to support his thesis in public. At this ceremony every individual in the audience was entitled to start objections; and the reputation of a great establishment was thus placed at the mercy of a stupid youth. Hence it had become the custom to permit a prompter to assist the scholars in the defence of their theses, and it often happened that in aiding their memory and suggesting a new train of thought he was himself dragged into the controversy.

“According to use and wont,” says M. Arago, “the body of professors in the college of Autun were on their way to the public hall, where a large audience had assembled, when young Carnot intimated that he intended to support his thesis without a prompter, that he would on no account confine himself to the task which had been assigned him, and that he would either perform his part alone, or not perform it all. This resolution was alternately deprecated by entreaties and assailed with threats; but the remonstrances of the professors were in vain, and they were obliged to submit unconditionally to the caprice of the scholar. The most brilliant success, however, soon justified it in the eyes of the irritated professors. The resolution of Carnot, and an incident sufficiently singular, gave an interest to the proceedings. A lady, the wife of a Doctor of Medicine, became the most formidable

* The reader will find interesting notices of these five brothers in the *Biographie Universelle et Portative des Contemporains*, tom. i. pp. 783-791, Paris, 1834; and in another work, *Biographie Universelle, Ancienne et Moderne*, vol. lx. pp. 178-192, he will find an account of Carnot and his elder brother who died in 1835.

adversary of the young Rhetorician, and argued with him in Latin with a power of logic, a grace and an elegance of language, at which Carnot and the audience were the more astonished, as Madame L'Homme had hitherto discreetly concealed from her friends that she had extended her studies beyond the *Cuisinière bourgeoise*, the *Almanach de Liège*, and the *Petit Paroissien*."—*Biographie*, pp. 5, 6.

At this period of his life, Carnot was so impressed with the religious principle, and with those minute forms of devotion which were scrupulously followed in the seminary at Autun, that some of his friends proposed that he should take orders in the Church; but though this suggestion was strengthened by the recollection that Canons, Vicars-General of the diocese of Chalons, Doctors of the Sorbonne, and an Abbé of Cîteaux had been members of his family, the love of military glory prevailed, and young Carnot was sent to a special school in Paris to prepare for his examination. Among his companions at this seminary, his religious opinions and habits were the subjects of continual sarcasm. But sarcasms were not arguments in the mind of Carnot, and he found it necessary to ripen by reflection and study, those sentiments and opinions which he had hitherto cherished. Theology thus became for some months the only occupation of the Apprentice Officer, but no person can now say what were the results of his studies, for, as M. Arago informs us, he carefully avoided, even in the midst of his family, not only discussions but even conversations on the subject of religion. "We know only," says his biographer, "that he professed principles adopted by all honest and enlightened minds." "Universal toleration* is the dogma which I boldly profess. I abhor fanaticism, and I believe that the fanaticism of irreligion, made fashionable by the Marats and Père Duchènes, is the most dreadful of all. We must not kill men in order to force them to believe. We must not kill them to prevent them from believing. Let us compassionate the failings of others, as each of us has his own; and allow our prejudices to be removed by time when we cannot cure them by Reason."

From the study of Theology, Carnot passed

to that of Geometry and Algebra, in which he made a rapid and brilliant progress. M. Longprès, the director of the preparatory school, was acquainted with the illustrious D'Alembert, who, in one of the visits which he occasionally paid to the school, particularly noticed Carnot, and addressed to him some flattering and prophetic words, which our colleague repeated with emotion even at those epochs of his life when Fortune had made him one of the arbiters of the destinies of Europe.

Previous to the French Revolution, no individual, however distinguished, could be admitted an Officer of Artillery, unless he belonged to the class of nobles. We have already seen in our review of M. Arago's Life of Baron Fourier, that when, under the patronage of the illustrious Legendre, Fourier applied for permission to be examined for the artillery, the minister replied that as he was not noble he could not be admitted, even if he were a second Newton. At an earlier period, the united labours of a genealogist and a geometer were not required in the examination of an officer of engineers. Every Frenchman in 1771 could be admitted into the school of engineers at Mezières, provided their father or their mother had not enriched their family or their country by commerce or by manual labour, and it was under this system, less rigorous than that which had excluded Fourier, that Carnot was admitted an officer of engineers. Bossuet, his examiner, certified his great mathematical acquirements; and his father had no difficulty, as M. Arago observes, "in proving that never had one of his ships been in a distant country exchanging the fruits of the French soil and of French industry, against the productions which nature had reserved for other climates;—that his hands had never combined the moveable types of Guttenberg—not even to reproduce the Bible or the Gospels;—and that he had never personally concurred in the execution of any of those admirable instruments which measure time or sound the depths of space. When these negative merits were legally proved, young Carnot was declared to be of a sufficiently good family to wear the epaulette, and he received without delay that of second lieutenant."

In the school of engineers, which he entered at the age of eighteen, he studied descriptive geometry and the physical sciences, under the celebrated Monge, and so rapid was his progress, that on the 12th January 1773, he was sent to Calais as first lieutenant in the service of fortresses, where the influence of the tides added a new and important condition to the very complicated data of the problem of fortification. In this position he acquired, among the officers of the garrison, the character of an original, choosing to live in libraries rather

* The doctrine of religious toleration, adopted and practised by all the Churches of Christendom, but the Catholic Church, was maintained, even in an intolerant age, by Marshal Vauban, who published a work, entitled *Mémoires sur le Rétablissement de l'Edit de Nantes*. In the three Memoirs which it contains, Vauban demonstrates the necessity of re-establishing the Edict of Nantes, and maintaining religious toleration. This distinguished soldier published also *Mémoire sur les Limites de la Puissance Ecclésiastique dans les choses temporelles*, which might be perused with advantage by the statesmen of the present day.

than in cafés, and preferring Thucydides and Polybius and Cæsar to the licentious works of the day.

M. Arago has justly remarked that scientific discoveries, such as the mariner's compass and the steam-engine, from which the greatest advantages might have been expected, were received at their publication with a disdainful indifference,—political events and great military achievements enjoying the exclusive privilege of moving the public mind. To this rule he mentions two exceptions, the discovery of America, and the invention of balloons,—events which have immortalized the names of Columbus and Montgolfier. From the conquest of the sea by the frail bark of the Spanish navigator, and from the conquest of the atmosphere by the still frailer balloon of the French *savant*, men of speculative and ardent minds anticipated results which time has yet refused to realize. The Spaniard gloated over the gold and the gems which the new world was to yield; and the Frenchman, more sanguine still, but more rationally sanguine, looked forward to the advancement of science, as well as to the accumulation of wealth.

"In France," says M. Arago, "every one according to the turn of his mind made a different but a seducing application of the new faculty, I had almost said the new organs, which man was about to receive from the hands of Montgolfier. The natural philosopher, transported to the region of meteors, and catching nature in the very fact, might perceive at a single glance the mystery of the formation of lightning, snow, and hail. The geographer, taking advantage of a favourable wind, might explore without danger and without fatigue, those polar zones which accumulated ice seemed to have for ever withdrawn from our view, and those central regions of Africa, New Holland, Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, no less barred against our enterprises by a burning climate, than by the animals and ferocious races which they feed. Certain generals thought of devoting themselves to the study of systems of artillery fortification, which could be opposed to enemies in a balloon; while others devised new systems of tactics applicable to battles in the air. Projects like these, which might have been borrowed from Ariosto, might have satisfied the most adventurous and enthusiastic minds. But it was not so. The discovery of balloons, notwithstanding the brilliant cortege with which every person surrounded it according to his own fancy, appeared but as the precursor of still greater discoveries. Nothing, indeed, should appear impossible to him who had subjugated the atmosphere. The idea assumed every shape. Youth was carried away with it, and age made it the text of a hundred bitter regrets. The lady of Marshal Villeroi, an invalid in her 80th year, was carried almost by force to one of the windows of the Tuileries, for she did not believe in balloons. The balloon, now detached from its moorings, our colleague, M. Charles, being seated in the car and gaily saluting the

public, rose majestically in the air. Passing in an instant from the most complete incredulity to an unlimited confidence in the power of the human mind, the aged *Maréchal* fell upon her knees, and with her eyes bathed in tears, allowed these sad words to escape her: 'Yes—it is decided—it is certain—these men will discover the secret of not dying, but this will be when I am dead.'"—*Biographie*, &c., pp. 12, 13.

With very different feelings, though not without enthusiasm, was this magnificent spectacle viewed by Carnot, who at the mature age of thirty, had become captain of engineers. He believed in the possibility of directing balloons, and therefore in those applications of them which science and the art of war had expected; and he submitted to the Academy of Sciences a memoir, containing an arrangement of light oars, by which the balloon could be steered. This memoir has not yet been recovered, but M. Arago promises to make a careful search for it, and should it add to the author's reputation, to publish it along with a memoir of the same kind by another academician, the accomplished Meunier, who fell fighting for his country on the ramparts of Mayence.

In the year 1783 the Academy of Dijon having offered a prize for an *Eloge* of Field-Marshal Vauban, a native of Burgundy, it was carried off by Carnot, whose "*Eloge de Vauban*" was published in 1784.* Fontenelle had already written the life of the illustrious Marshal with his usual eloquence and power, but by omitting to view his character in one of its most interesting phases, he left room for a better portrait from the pencil of Carnot. "One would have thought," says M. Arago, "that an *Eloge* of Vauban from the pen of an officer of engineers, would have consisted chiefly in an appreciation of those systems of attack and defence which he bequeathed to the art of war. But this was not the plan which Carnot adopted. It was on account of the qualities of his heart, his virtues and his patriotism, that Vauban appeared to him worthy of admiration."—"Vauban," says Carnot, "was one of those men whom nature gave to the world fully equipped for its service; imbued like the bee with an inborn activity for the general good, who could sever not their lot from that of the Republic, and who,

* In 1785 the French Academy proposed the *Eloge* of Vauban as the subject of a prize, which was gained in 1790 by M. Noel. On the 26th May 1808, when the heart of Vauban, which had been placed under his bust in front of the tomb of Marshal Turenne, was deposited in the church of the Invalides in Paris, in the presence of the Ministers of War and Marine, and several Marshals of France, an *Eloge* was pronounced upon Vauban by Carnot, General Dembarre, and M. Noel.—*Biog. Universelle*, tom. xlviii. p. 13.

themselves integral members of society, live, prosper, suffer, and languish with it."

It is interesting at the present time, when great social questions are keenly agitated throughout the civilized world, to observe that even in the time of Louis XIV., as well as immediately before the French Revolution, the principles of Socialism had taken a deep hold of powerful and enlightened minds.

"The *Dixme Royale*,"* says M. Arago, "a work which, under Louis XIV., led to the disgrace of Vauban, and of which Fontenelle had the prudence not even to quote the title, in his enumeration of the works of the illustrious Marshal, is described by Carnot as a simple and pathetic exposé of facts,—a work in which 'every thing strikes by its precision and truth.' The distribution of taxes in France appeared barbarous to a young officer, and the manner of collecting them more barbarous still.† According to him, the true object of a government is to compel every member of the State to labour, and the means which he points out to obtain this result is (to use his own words) to make riches pass from those hands in which they are superfluous into those where they are necessary. Carnot adopted without reserve this precept of Vauban—that the laws ought to prevent the frightful misery of the one, and the excessive opulence of the other. He assails the odious multiplicity of privileges from which the most numerous classes of the population had then so much to suffer, and after having divided men into two classes, the workers and the idlers, he goes the length of saying of the latter, with whom, according to him, we are exclusively occupied in constituting modern societies, that '*they begin only to be useful when they die, for they vivify the ground only when they return to it.*'"—*Biographie*, pp. 16, 17.

Notwithstanding the boldness and the danger of these opinions, the Academy of Dijon crowned in 1784 the Memoir which contained them; and dictated to Buffon, whom nobody will accuse of being a reformer in matters of government, the following expressions, so flattering to the author:—"Your style is noble and flowing, you have executed a work both agreeable and useful." Prince Henry of Prussia, too, who was present when the *Eloge* was read and crowned, not only expressed the pleasure which it had given him, but offered its author a place in the service of his brother,

Frederick the Great. The Prince of Condé, likewise, who presided at the meeting as governor of Burgundy, added his applause to that of the Prince;—the same Condé whom Worms a few years afterwards saw at the head of the emigrant nobility, and who afterwards denounced the Revolution of 1789 as an effect without a cause—and as a meteor, the arrival of which nobody could have foreseen. In reference, and in reply to this sentiment, M. Arago makes the following profound remarks:—

"The moral transformations of society are subject to the law of continuity: they spring up and acquire magnitude, like the productions of the soil, by insensible gradations. Every age develops, discusses, and assimilates, to a certain extent, truths, or, if you choose, principles, the conception of which belongs to the preceding age. 'This work of the mind passes, in general, unperceived by the vulgar; but when the day of application arrives—when principles demand to be acted upon—when they wish to penetrate into political life, ancient interests, invoking in their favour this same antiquity, rise up, resist and combat them, and society is shaken to its very foundations. The picture will be complete, when we add, that in these bloody struggles it is never principles which yield.'"—*Biographie*, pp. 17, 18.

M. Arago has described at great length, and with his usual power, an interesting episode in the history of Carnot, which originated in an ambiguous expression in his *Life* of Vauban, and which in its development threw him into the Bastille. In speaking of the technical part of the works of Vauban, he had occasion to say that a *certain ignorant and vulgar person* took an erroneous view of fortification, by reducing it to the art of tracing, upon paper, lines subject to conditions more or less systematic. These words were, without any reason, applied to himself by the Marquis of Montalembert, a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a general officer in the French army. He had written a work entitled *Fortification Perpendiculaire*, containing a new method of defending fortified places, which had been bitterly attacked by almost the whole corps of engineers; and believing, and persisting in the belief, that the expression used by Carnot applied to himself, he sought his revenge by publishing an edition of the *Eloge* on Vauban, with notes, outrageously offensive to Carnot, and calculated to crush for ever the rising officer of engineers. In this difficult position Carnot showed himself what he has ever since been, frank, loyal, and insensible to injuries which he did not deserve. "Had there been," said he, in writing to his fiery antagonist, "any ground for your suspicions, I should have misunderstood the first

* The project of the *Dixme Royale* is said by his biographer in the *Biog. Universelle* not to have been published till 1707. It was reprinted in 1709; but nobody durst print the concluding memoir entitled *Raisons secrètes et qui ne doivent être exposées qu'au Roi seul, qui s'opposeraient à l'établissement du système de la Dixme Royale*. These reasons are the subject of a long chapter on abuses and the persons who are interested in maintaining them.

† How applicable is this sentiment to the unwise and unjust system of taxation which has so long thrown discredit upon British statesmanship.

duties of honour and of decency: I should have failed especially in that infinite respect which soldiers owe to a distinguished general. Believe me, there is no officer of engineers who has not learned with pleasure that the Marquis of Montalembert has fortified places, as well as the brave D'Esse* has defended them. Your work, he added, is full of genius. Provided your casemates are known and proved, fortification will take a new form, and become a new art. Though the corps of engineers has not the advantage of possessing you, we believe that we have no less the right of reckoning you among its most illustrious members. Whoever enlarges our knowledge, whoever furnishes us with new means of being useful to France, becomes our colleague, our chief, our benefactor." With so flattering a testimony to his merits, M. de Montalembert was completely overcome, and the most formal apology for his unfortunate pamphlet followed the noble reply of Carnot.

The affair, however, did not end here, and we blush when we record the history of its termination. The superior officers of engineers, men appointed chiefly from the ranks of the nobility of France, were so irritated by the *Eloge* which a captain of their own body had pronounced upon systems of fortification which they had so authoritatively condemned, that "a letter of cachet and the Bastille taught," as M. Arago observes, "our colleague, that on the eve of our great Revolution the right of judgment—that precious conquest of modern philosophy—had not penetrated into military circles." In the very letter to the Marquis which gave rise to this deed of oppression, there were sentiments so noble and flattering to the very men who now injured him, that generous hearts should have accepted them as a just compensation for the imaginary wrong which they resented. "An officer of engineers," said the inmate of the Bastille, "stands in the very heart of danger, but he stands alone and in silence; he sees death, but he must look at it with indifference—he must not court it like the hero of battles; he must see it calmly approach;—he goes where the thunderbolt bursts, not to act, but to observe, not to be distracted, but to deliberate." With such an incident before him, and it is but one of a thousand, who will say with the Prince of Condé that the French Revolution was without a cause? And when M. Arago tells us that in his day he has heard the simple sub-lieutenant question and even refute the opinion of the general, and that in place of

being sent to the Bastille he had thus earned a fresh title to promotion,—who will venture to say that the French Revolution was without a result?

In the year 1783, Carnot gave to the world his *Essai sur les Machines en général*, which, had he done nothing else, would have immortalized his name, and placed him on a level with the most distinguished philosophers of other lands. It has long been a vulgar notion that a machine creates power by increasing or multiplying the power or force which moves it. The power applied to machinery may be the force of a man or of a horse, the weight or the impulse of water, the elastic force of heat, steam, or gunpowder; and when a given quantity of any of these powers is applied to produce a great mechanical effect, by the agency of a machine consisting of a number of moveable powers, such as levers, wheels and pinions, &c., all that the machine does, is to enable us to produce that effect in a longer time, *the machine causing us to lose in time, or in velocity, what we gain in force*; that is, a force which would raise a ton to the height of six feet in a second, would require, by the aid of a perfect machine, two seconds to raise it twelve feet, and so on. But a piece of perfect machinery does not exist; the flexibility of beams and rods, the stiffness of belts and chains, and the friction of all the moving parts upon each other, and even the resistance of the air, destroy or absorb a certain considerable portion of the moving power. Following out these principles, Carnot has shewn that in machines, and, generally speaking, in every system of moving bodies, we ought at all hazards to avoid sudden changes of velocity; and he shews that the loss of force (*vis viva*) produced by such changes, is equal to the force with which all these bodies would be actuated, if each of them were endowed with the final velocity which it had lost, at the instant when the sudden change was affected.* This principle, known by the name of the *Theorem of Carnot*, now directs the mechanical philosopher in his calculus, guides the engineer in his practice, and protects the public against the schemes of ignorant speculators. But though we have spoken of the loss of force in machinery, we must not suppose that force can ever be lost in the true sense of the term; it is lost only in so far as the useful effect of the first mover is concerned; but in being absorbed and lost, it has been spent in the dislocation and destruction of the machinery.

* D'Esse was an ancestor of the Marquis, and had, in 1543, by a heroic resistance, obliged the forces of the Emperor to raise the siege of Landrecies.

* In referring to the subject of *perpetual motion*, Carnot has not only shewn that every machine left to itself must stop, but he determines the instant when this will take place.

In quitting this topic M. Arago has, with that admirable felicity of application which characterizes all his works, drawn an instructive moral from this mechanical principle;—a moral which has been too sadly illustrated in recent events which he could scarcely have anticipated.

“Were I not afraid of the extreme credulity which would at first attach to my words, I would make the additional remark, that this same theorem of analysis and mechanics has also played a great part in the numerous events of our (First) Revolution, the character of which the determinations of Carnot might have changed. Encouraged in my youth by the kindness and friendship with which Carnot had the goodness to honour me, I occasionally took the liberty of calling his attention to those great epochs of our revolutionary annals, where parties in their mad convulsions were extinguished, overcome, or only appeased by sudden and violent measures—by real *coups d’Etat*. I then asked our colleague, how he alone among the rest had constantly expected to gain his objects without personal danger, and without being attainted by law. His answer, which was always the same, has been deeply engraven on my memory. But what was my surprise when quitting the circle of studies which a young astronomer ought to pursue, I found in so many words the constant answer to which I allude in the enunciation of a mechanical theorem; and when I saw that our colleague had always spoken to me of the political organization of society precisely as he speaks in his work of a machine, in which sudden changes necessarily produce great waste of power, and, sooner or later, lead to the complete dislocation of the system.

“It is then true, gentlemen, that in our human weakness the loftiest minds have so little confidence in the soundness and wisdom of those determinations to which their heart prompts them, that they require to confirm and to strengthen them by more or less forced resemblances? This doubt will not surprise you, if I add, that in all difficult emergencies, one of the philosophers, whose labours have thrown the greatest lustre on this Academy, was led to regulate his conduct on the following very accommodating maxims: ‘Water takes exactly the shape of the vessel which contains it—a sound mind ought, with the same fidelity, to model itself upon the circumstances of the moment.’ I might also quote another of our colleagues, not less celebrated, when a certain personage one day asked him in my presence, by what secret he had, without injury, passed through the terrible epochs of our civil disorders: ‘Every country in revolution,’ replied he, ‘is a carriage whose horses have taken the bit between their teeth;—to try to stop the horses is to rush heedlessly to a catastrophe: He who leaps from a carriage runs the risk of being crushed beneath its wheels—the best way is to leave it to itself and shut your eyes, as I did.’”—*Biographie, &c.*, pp. 28–30.

It was the fate of Carnot, as of other distinguished men, to be driven from the repose of study into the arena of political strife; but

he was neither the quiet fluid, which took the form of its containing vessel, nor the contented passenger, that shut his eyes when his steeds were in gallop.—He strove to mould to a smooth and Tuscan outline the rude vessel which imprisoned him.—He grasped the safety rein of his headlong coursers, and if he did not stop them in their fiery onset, he slackened their speed, and saved them from destruction. *Injicit fræna vaganti.*

Although Carnot was one of the first officers of the French army who honestly and enthusiastically embraced the reforming principles of the National Assembly, yet his name does not occur in the annals of the Revolution till the beginning of 1791. In that year, when he was in garrison at St. Omer, he married Mademoiselle Dupont, the daughter of a rich merchant, by whom he had several children, and along with his brother, who was also a Captain of Engineers, he was chosen to represent the department of the *Pas de Calais* in the Legislative Assembly. “From this time Carnot devoted himself wholly to the discharge of those high and onerous duties which were imposed upon him by the choice of his fellow-citizens, and the suffrage of his colleagues. The geometer was almost wholly merged in the statesman, and in the former character he made only an occasional appearance.”

Writing under the dominion of Louis Philippe, M. Arago might naturally have felt himself under some restraint in speaking of that period of the life of his friend when he was one of the judges of Louis XVI. The position was doubtless a delicate one; and in yielding to the prejudices of his more timid friends, none who are acquainted with the moral courage of our author, will for a moment suppose that he either dreaded danger, or trucked to power.

“I will not speak,” says he, “of the drama which terminated in the tragical death of the successor of a hundred kings, and the overthrow of the monarchy; yet, myself a devoted partizan of the abolition of the punishment of death, I do not perceive the pretended difficulties of the position which should have prevented me from here abandoning myself publicly to the dictates of conscience. Nor can I better understand why I should abstain from making this assembly cognizant of the deep aversion which I profess for every political arrest sanctioned by a political body. Need I say, in short, that a fraternal solicitude for the memory of Carnot does not appear to demand the sacrifice which is imposed upon me. Can any one forget what contemporaneous history has recorded of the documentary charges against the thousand courtiers whose interested, hypocritical, and anti-national intrigues, threw the monarch into a labyrinth without an exit, caused him to be pronounced guilty by the unanimous voice of the national representatives, and

with more effect than the ardent democratical opinions of the Convention, rendered inevitable the catastrophe of the 21st of January? Had I descended from these high moral considerations to the minute appreciation of facts, or to their technical discussion, such as I would submit to a court of appeal or cassation, I should have found, with all right minds, with our own Daunou, for example, the illegality of the celebrated process, less in the nature of the sentence, less in the severity of the punishment inflicted, than in the composition of the tribunal itself, or than in the usurpation of power which had created it. But, gentlemen,—and I must not fail to make the remark,—when the Convention invested itself with the right of pronouncing death upon Louis XVI., when it afterwards regulated its jurisprudence, and when it assumed simultaneously the functions of accuser and judge, Carnot was absent from Paris. He was then fulfilling, with the armies, one of the most important missions in which his ardent patriotism always found the secret of overcoming difficulties.”—*Biographie*, &c., pp. 32, 33.

In recording the events of a still more stormy and difficult period of the life of Carnot, when he became a member of the Committee of Public Safety, M. Arago does not feel himself justified in being influenced by the same delicacy. The base and atrocious calumnies which his enemies have heaped upon some of the most honourable and patriotic acts of his life, have compelled our author to investigate their origin, and estimate their value during the lifetime of the colleagues and fellow-labourers of Carnot, from whom alone correct information could be obtained.

In 1793, the Convention was the only organized power in the State which was capable of opposing a bulwark against the shoals of enemies which, from every part of Europe, threatened the nationality of France. The Committee of Public Safety formed, on the 6th April, was, after some partial changes, composed, on the 11th September 1793, of *Robespierre, Saint-Just, Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, Prieur de la Marne, Prieur de la Côte-d'Or, Carnot, Jean-Bon-St.-André, Barère, Herault de Séchelles, and Robert Lindet*. The Committee thus constituted were entrusted with great powers. A majority of votes was required to decide every question, and a certain number of signatures to give these decisions the force of law. In defence of the general proceedings of this active and zealous body, M. Arago might have argued that moral and intellectual force can no more than physical force be increased by machinery: what is gained in power is lost in time; and on the events of time depended the very existence of France. The mental energies of twelve men were insufficient for the business which pressed upon them. Despatches from every part of their frontier

invaded or threatened with invasion,—from every city,—and even from every village, struggling against the prejudices of the privileged classes, could not receive that mature consideration which they deserved. The reconstruction of the Committee, in the face of enemies without and within, would have occasioned fresh dissensions, and deprived it of its magic power. The Committee therefore resolved upon the division of its labour. Carnot was charged with organizing the armies and superintending their operations; Prieur of the Côte-d'Or with the armaments; Robert Lindet with the army stores; and the other members were reserved for matters of politics, general police, and measures of safety. In every kind of question a single signature was serious, and involved responsibility, though the law required as a formality that the other signatures should be added. The imprudence of such a system is equalled only by its danger—a danger as great to the possessor as to the victim of power. “In permitting himself to countersign without examination the decisions of his colleagues, Carnot,” as our author remarks, “made the greatest of all sacrifices to France: he placed his honour in the hands of several of his declared enemies; but, counting on the tardy justice of posterity, he illustrated that motto, almost superhuman, of one of the most powerful organizations which revolution ever raised from the popular will—that motto which every sincere patriot with an ardent temperament may well avow, ‘*Let my reputation perish rather than my country.*’”

While M. Arago gives the highest praise to the Committee of Public Safety for the vigorous and energetic acts by which they saved their country at the risk of their honour and their life, he does not scruple to denounce the cruelties of which they were guilty.

“But soon, gentlemen,” says he, “their firmness degenerated into frenzy;—but soon they immolated the rich only for their riches;—but soon terror reigned from one end of France to the other.—It carried grief and despair indiscriminately into the family of the simple soldier, as well as into that of the general; it seized its victims in the humble dwelling of the artisan, as well as in the gilded palace of the ancient duke and peer; it spared neither age nor sex; it blindly struck at all opinions; and at last, adding dissimulation to cruelty, it parodied the very forms of justice! At such a spectacle, gentlemen, the heart becomes callous, hope withers, and the liveliest and most ardent sympathies give place to the profoundest grief.

“I know that some have explained and even excused these bloody saturnalia, by invoking the popular will. If I can judge of the people of '93, whom I did not know, by the people whom I have seen at work in 1830, the explanation is false,—and I scruple not to say it. In a moment of effervescence and tumult the people are often

driven to culpable acts, but never are they associated with daily barbarities. We degrade them if we allege that terror alone may make them march to encounter bands of their enemies; and we no less mistake their sentiments when we insinuate that they desired the death of one of the members of this Academy who honoured France by his genius, and the death of another of our colleagues, who honoured the human species by his virtues. No, gentlemen; in the noble country of France, the death of Lavoisier, the death of Malesherbes, could not have been commanded by any consideration of public safety. There is no apology for crimes like these: we must denounce them to-day, we must denounce them to-morrow, we must denounce them always. Devoted by sentiment, by conviction, by the irresistible power of logic, to the worship of liberty, we spurn the execrable thought—that the scaffold is the inevitable auxiliary of democracy.”*—*Biographie*, &c., pp. 37–49.

Bitterly as we must denounce the cruelties of the Committee of Public Safety, and associate the name of Robespierre with its most sanguinary acts, we are bound on the strength of the evidence adduced by M. Arago, to absolve Carnot from the charges which have been brought against him as a member of that hated body: at no period, and under no circumstances, in his long political career, was he, in the bad sense of the term, a party man, who strove to carry out his principles and his plans by those tortuous ways which honour and justice forbid. As chairman of the Commission of the 9th June 1792, charged with proposing compensation to the families of Théobald, Dillon, and Berthois, who had been massacred before Lille, by their own troops, Carnot did not, as others would have done, make a compromise with his duty, and try to soothe the susceptibility of the army. He denounced the brutal act in these burning words:—“I will not repeat,” he exclaimed, “the circumstances of this atrocity. Posterity, in reading our history, will believe that they see in it the crime of a horde of cannibals rather than that of a free people.”

In 1792, when the National Guard had volunteered to form an army of reserve at Soissons, a report was circulated through Paris that their stores of flour had been poisoned, and that 200 soldiers had perished. The Parisian populace became exasperated: the Court had disapproved of the armament; and the base act of poisoning its food was ascribed to the king, and even to the queen and their adherents. Carnot was sent to the camp as commissary to make the necessary investigations. Under his rigorous inquest the slander and its danger at once disappeared. No sol-

diers had perished, because no flour had been poisoned. The balls of some youths at play had detached pieces of glass from the windows of an old church, and some of them had fallen, not in powder but in pieces, into a single sack of corn!

From the bureaux of the Committee of Public Safety our author might have collected many striking proofs of the kindness and indulgence of Carnot towards those who held political opinions different from his own, but he has wisely rested his defence upon more general considerations. “The Convention,” says he, “was the arena where the heads of those factions which divided the country went to contend; but it was in the clubs where their adherents were formed, and also that energetic force, the action of which often annulled the effects of the most eloquent harangues. If the Convention saw the bursting of the thunderbolt, it was out of its bounds that the storm began to gather till it grew and attained an irresistible power. There was not then a single influential politician who was not obliged to appear every day at the *Jacobins* or at the *Cordeliers*, and take a part in every debate. But, gentlemen, Carnot did not belong to any of these associations; never was a word of his heard in the clubs:—At this time of trouble, Carnot was exclusively a *Man of the Nation*.”

It is no slight proof of the correctness of these views, that Robespierre and his more violent associates viewed with jealousy, and even indignation, the moderate conduct of their military colleague. “To be led away,” cried Robespierre, in one of his harangues, “by every military operation, is an act of selfishness;—to repose obstinately, or take no part in the affairs of police in the interior, is to enter into terms of accommodation with the enemies of the country.” “I am distressed,” said he to Cambon on another occasion, “that I do not understand that construction of lines and of colours which I see upon their charts. Ah! had I but studied the art of war in my youth, I should not have been obliged, whenever we discuss the subject of our armies, to tolerate the supremacy of the odious Carnot.” This animosity had its origin in Carnot’s disapproval of the Coup d’Etat which led to the fall of the Girondists; and such was the feeling entertained against him for his moderation, that Saint-Just demanded that he should be put upon his trial for having refused, when with the army of the north, to sign an order for the arrest of General O’Moran: but he escaped from the vengeance which would have thus fallen upon him, because it was impossible in the estimation of his enemies, as well as his friends, to replace him in his military position by a member of the Convention.

* The recent revolutions in 1848 have afforded a satisfactory proof of the truth of this opinion.

We have already referred to the greatness of the sacrifices which Carnot was obliged to make in sanctioning by his name the acts of his associates; and we cannot better illustrate the principle upon which such a sacrifice was made, than to mention the fact, that he was thus led to sign, in ignorance, the arrest of his own secretary, and of the very restaurateur whom he employed! But though the signature of Carnot may have often given its sanction to an act of cruelty, yet we know that that act would have been performed without it; and in estimating the amount of crime to which he may have been indirectly a party, we learn with the deepest satisfaction from the works of the Royalists themselves, and from the published writings of the Republicans, that "in the Committee of Public Safety Carnot had saved more lives than his colleagues had sacrificed." From the meetings of the Committee he was never absent, excepting when his military duties absorbed all his attention, and whenever he was present innocence could always reckon upon him as its bold and affectionate advocate. "Chance," says M. Arago, "led me a few days ago to discover, that the part of a kind defender was not the only one which he had performed. There is among you, gentlemen, a venerable academician, equally versed in mathematical theories and in their application: who has gloriously associated his name with useful works and vast undertakings, which the future may yet realize. He has run through a long career without making, and certainly without deserving, an enemy; yet his life was one day menaced, and the miscreants wished to effect his fall when he was rearing one of those scientific monuments which have thrown the brightest lustre on the revolutionary era. An anonymous letter intimated to our colleague the danger to which he was exposed. The storm was dispersed, but it might again from time to time recur: The friendly hand pointed out a plan of conduct, suggested prudential cautions, and indicated the necessity of finding a place of retreat. It promised not to leave its work unfinished, and to resume the pen if danger reappeared. The anonymous writer, gentlemen, was Carnot—the geometer whom he thus preserved to science and our affections, was M. de Pronay!"

At this time, as M. Arago informs us, M. de Pronay and Carnot had never seen one another. At a later period, in 1814, we had the privilege of seeing them together on the floor of the Institute—the one rejoicing in the peaceful pursuit of his studies, and in the friendship of the illustrious Watt, by whom he had just been introduced to him; and the other mourning over the subjugation of France, dejected, though lofty in his mien,—as if he

already saw that duty to his country might yet summon him into the field, or drive him into exile.

In order rightly to understand the position of Carnot when, in August 1793, he became a member of the Committee of Public Safety, we must look more narrowly into the state of France. "The wreck of the army under Dumouriez had been driven from one position to another:—Valenciennes and Condé had opened their gates to the enemy; Mayence had capitulated under the pressure of famine; two Spanish armies had invaded France; forty thousand Vendéans under Cathelineau had taken Bressuire, Thouars, Saumur, and Angers—threatened Tours and Le Mans, and attacked Nantes by the right bank of the Loire, while Charette operated upon the left. Toulon had received into its harbour an English squadron, and our principal towns, Marseilles, Caen, and Lyons, had separated themselves violently from the Central Government." Under such circumstances all Europe looked for the overthrow of the Convention, and the submission of France. But they had formed an erroneous estimate both of the patriotism and the resources of the nation. Carnot was charged with the organization and direction of its armies, and he nobly fulfilled the mission which was intrusted to him. With almost sovereign power, he introduced order and system into the army. He united all the various elements of the service, reading every despatch, and availing himself of the suggestions and talents of the humblest of his officers. It was at this time that the young Hoche, a serjeant of infantry, composed his *Memoir* on the means of penetrating into Belgium, a work which drew from Carnot the prophetic exclamation, "Behold a serjeant of infantry who will make his way!" The general's eye followed him in every battle, and in the course of a few months Hoche became Captain, Colonel, general of brigade, general of division, and general-in-chief!

In another branch of his military administration, Carnot, as our author shews, was no less great and successful. Copper was required for his cannon, and saltpetre for his gunpowder, and leather for the shoes and accoutrements of the soldiers, and muskets for the destruction of his enemies. The bells of the church and of the convent, which had peacefully summoned the worshipper to prayer, became the cartilage of those brazen throats that were to utter the thunders of desolation and death. The soil of France, never before appealed to for the elements of destruction, surrendered to the analyst the last atom of its nitre; and while new discoveries in chemistry gave rapidity to the process of the tanner, new inventions and new methods added fresh

skill and unexampled rapidity to the hand and labours of the armourer. The balloon, hitherto used to gratify the multitude, became, in 1799, an instrument of war. From the region of clouds General Morlot studied the manœuvres of the enemy at the battle of Fleurus, and was thus enabled to obtain for his country a brilliant triumph. The telegraph, too, which had been profitless for centuries, was perfected for the service of the Committee of Public Safety, —transmitted their orders in a few minutes, and enabled them to follow the movements of their armies, as if they had deliberated in the midst of them. Thus did science and patriotism combine their irresistible powers to smite an enemy and to save an empire. The annals of nations, struggling for their existence, present us but with few examples in which science has been summoned to their defence, and acquitted itself of the task. When the scientific arts were in their infancy, they had but little to offer for the service of the State, and even that little the State did not deserve. But in the present age, when the firmament of civilization shines with its constellations of genius, and when new elements of matter and new combinations of mind have given an almost superhuman character to the works of man, we may look forward to the time when a small but intellectual State may defy the most powerful empire, and when a handful of instructed warriors may drive from their shores the hordes of barbarism and ignorance that may assail them. Writing under the second dynasty of the Bourbons, M. Arago has said that the art of thus exciting genius and forcing it from its accustomed repose, has been lost. True as this remark is, it is not applicable to England. The art of exciting genius has never penetrated the chain of shops and custom-houses which girdle our commercial island, and there has never been a statesman who was willing to import it. Times, however, of national danger are not impossible. Continental hosts may surround us with their navies of steam, and stop the corn and the wine on which we live, and the flax and the cotton with which we work, while an internal foe, the enemy of religious truth and religious liberty, is ready to rebel and to betray. Science may then be required when it is scarcely in existence, or may be summoned when it refuses to appear. Like the invisible domestic which quits the house when its services are undervalued, science may have found a home in a foreign land when she was no longer wanted in her own.

While Carnot was thus occupied in relieving the more immediate necessities of the State, he did not forget his obligation to the men of science who had so nobly assisted him. Among

the great establishments which he contributed to found, were the First Normal School, the Polytechnic School, the Museum of Natural History, the Conservatory of Arts and Professions; and among those which he encouraged by his vote, were the mensuration of the earth, the establishment of a new system of weights and measures, and what M. Arago calls the great and incomparable registers of the national property.

But though a colossal mass of physical power—of men and of the munitions of war, was thus placed by the Convention in the hands of Carnot, yet it was left to him to organize, to discipline, and to instruct the Requisition.*

"Carnot," says M. Arago, "organized fourteen armies. He required to create qualified officers, and he was of the opinion of a certain Athenian general, that *an army of deer commanded by a lion was better than an army of lions commanded by a deer*. He selected them from the inexhaustible mine of non-commissioned officers; and, as I have already said, his penetrating eye searched the obscurest ranks for talents and courage combined, and promoted it rapidly to the highest grade. Like the Atlas of fable, he bore for several years the weight of all the military events in Europe. He wrote with his own hand to the generals;—he gave them detailed orders, in which every contingency was minutely foreseen;—his plans, such as those which he addressed to Pichegru on the 21st Ventose, of the year II., seemed the result of real divination. The facts justified to such a degree the predictions of our colleague, that in order to write the history of the memorable campaign of 1796, we have only to change the proper names of a few villages in the instructions which he addressed to the general-in-chief. The places where they were to give battle,—those where they were to limit themselves to simple demonstrations and skirmishes,—the strength of each garrison, and of each post,—everything was pointed out, and everything regulated with admirable precision. It was by the orders of Carnot that Hoche one day concealed his movements from the Prussian army, crossed the Vosges, and joining the army of the Rhine, struck a decisive blow upon Wurmser, which led to the deliverance of Alsace. In 1793, when the enemy expected, in conformity with the classic precepts of strategy, to see our troops march from the Moselle to the Rhine, while they collected on the latter river a formidable force to resist them, Carnot, heedless of old theories, detached suddenly 40,000 men of the army of the Moselle, and sent them by forced marches to the Meuse. Such was the celebrated manœuvre which decided the success of the campaign of 1793, during which the Austrian and Dutch generals had the double mortification of being constantly beaten, and of being beaten contrary to rule. Yes, gentlemen, the National Tribune was no

* By the Requisition all unmarried persons from 18 to 25, were ordered to join the armies.

more than just when it re-echoed these glorious words, now become historical,—*Carnot has organized victory.*”—*Biographie, &c.*, pp. 49, 50.

One of the most interesting displays of Carnot as a soldier, was made on the field of battle at Wattignies. The Prince of Cobourg, at the head of 60,000 men, occupied all the outlets of the forest of Mormale, and blockaded Maubeuge, the retention of which was the only obstacle to the advance of the Austrians to Paris. Though with inferior numbers, Carnot recommended an attack on the apparently impregnable position of the enemy. General Jourdan hesitated before so terrible a responsibility. Carnot hastens to the army, and attacks the enemy; but their numbers are so great, and their entrenchments so strong, and their artillery so formidable, that the day closes without any decided advantage to either of the armies. The left wing, which had lost ground and some cannon, in place of being reinforced, was almost wholly carried to the right, and in the morning Cobourg found himself in the front of, as it were, another army. The battle again raged, and the Austrians enclosed in their redoubts, and protected by woods, coppices, and hedges, valiantly resisted the attack, and repulsed one of the French columns of attack, which began to run away. Carnot, in agony at the disorder, rallied the soldiers, formed them anew on the plain,—cashediered, in the sight of the whole army, the general who had allowed himself to be beaten by disobeying his orders, and seizing the musket of a grenadier, he marched at the head of the columns in the costume of a Representative of the People. The Austrian cavalry were repulsed by the bayonet. Carnot forced his way into the village over heaps of the slain, and from that moment the blockade of Maubeuge was raised.† This was but the second time that Carnot had heard in battle the sound either of musketry or cannon: he had on a former occasion, with the musket in his hand, carried by assault the town of Furnes, when it was occupied by the English. The campaign of seventeen months, conducted by Carnot, and during which the troops of the Republic never laid down their arms, was one of the most successful and glorious that France can boast. According to the report of Carnot, they gained 27 victories, eight of which were in order of battle, 120 combats of inferior

importance, 80,000 enemies killed, 91,000 prisoners, 116 fortified places or important cities taken, of which 36 were after being besieged or blockaded, 230 forts or redoubts carried, 3800 cannons and mortars, 70,000 muskets, 1400 milliers of powder, and 90 standards.

Soon after the Parisian sections had risen against the Convention, Carnot quitted the Committee of Public Safety, and from that moment victory almost everywhere abandoned the Republican standard. Reverses followed in rapid succession, the springs of action were unbent, and distrust and despair seized every mind. From such a result, as M. Arago remarks, better than from an interrupted series of victories, we may learn *how great an influence the genius of a single man exercises over the destiny of nations.* Nor was the nation insensible to the obligations which it owed to Carnot. He was called to the legislature, which replaced the National Convention, by fourteen departments; and soon after his admission into the Council of Ancients, Carnot, on the refusal of the Abbé Sieyès, became one of the five members of the Executive Directory.

Carnot was now a second time called to the direction of the armies, when the Republic was again on the brink of a precipice. The public treasury was empty. The Directory, believed to be insolvent, could scarcely procure clerks and servants. Couriers were delayed for want of money to pay their expenses, and generals themselves did not receive more than *eight francs* per month in coin, as a supplement to their pay in assignats. Farmers declined to supply the markets with provisions, and manufacturers refused to sell their goods, because they would have been compelled to take payment in paper money, of no value. Throughout France, too, famine prevailed with its usual attendants of discontent and riot. The army was without clothes and shoes—without the means of transport—without the munitions of war. Pichegru carried on a plot with the Prince of Condé, compromised the army of Jourdan, evacuated Manheim, raised the siege of Mayence, and delivered the frontier of the Rhine to the Austrians. Civil war was lighted up in La Vendée, the English threatened the coasts, and on the frontier of the Alps, Schérer and Kellermann carried on a disadvantageous war of defence against the Austrian and Italian troops.

Under such circumstances Carnot again accepted the high trust which he had in times equally trying so nobly discharged. Conscious of the difficulties which surrounded him, he warned his colleagues that the destinies of the State hung on the personal character of five men, and that the nation might suffer from

* “Décrétez vous,” said Bourdon de l’Oise, “d’accusation l’homme qui a organisé la victoire.”

† According to a German historian, the Prince of Cobourg, when he saw the French columns giving way, exclaimed to his troops, “The Republicans are excellent soldiers; but if they dislodge me from this position, I will consent to be a Republican myself.”

differences in their views: and satisfied with having recorded his apprehensions, he submitted without a murmur, when the Directory had been legally established. Adopting from Carnot a new system of operations for pacifying La Vendée, Hoche triumphed over Charette, and in eight months brought to a close the civil war, which had so long desolated the country. On the Rhine Jourdan and Moreau carried their victorious arms into the very heart of Germany; and Bonaparte, who at the age of twenty-five got the command of the army of Italy, with the cooperation of Masséna, Augereau, Lannes, and Murat, annihilated in a few months three Austrian armies. The plan of this campaign, glorious to France, was given by Carnot; and M. Arago has cited a letter from Bonaparte, desiring to learn his intentions for the guidance of the army of Italy, and he has given us the following characteristic letter from Carnot to Bonaparte, dated the 21st May 1796. "Attack Beaulieu before his reinforcements can join him; do not on any account neglect to prevent this junction; you must not weaken yourself before him, and especially you must not, by a disastrous separation, of your troops, give him the means of fighting you in detail, and recovering the territory he has lost.

. . . After the defeat of Beaulieu, you may make an expedition to Leghorn. The intention of the Directory is, that the army should not pass the Tyrol till after the expedition to the south of Italy."

In concluding this notice of the correspondence between Carnot and Bonaparte during this celebrated campaign, M. Arago justly reminds his colleagues of the noble instructions which were given to the French general, to honour and protect the distinguished artists and *savants* whom the fortunes of war might subject to his power. On the 13th June 1796, Carnot wrote the following letter to Bonaparte,—a letter which will never be forgotten in the annals of civilization or of war:—"General, in recommending to you in our letter of the 26th Floréal, to receive and to visit the famous artists of the countries in which you find yourself, we have particularly pointed out to you the celebrated astronomer, Oriani of Milan, as deserving to be protected and honoured by the Republican troops. The Directory will learn with satisfaction that you have fulfilled its intentions with respect to this distinguished *savant*; and it invites you, in consequence, to give an account of what you have done to shew to the citizen Oriani those marks of interest and esteem which the French have always had for him, and to prove to him that they know how to unite to the love of glory and of liberty, that of genius and the arts."

Although Carnot had, at the call of his

country, quitted the peaceful pursuits of science, and taken his place in the battle-field, and in the wild arena of political strife, yet he never forgot the science which he so much loved. Amid the dangers of war, and the distractions of the Tribune, his mind was often turned to the subject of the higher analysis, and he published in 1799, his celebrated work entitled, "*Reflections on the Metaphysics of the Infinitesimal Calculus.*" Had these noble "Reflections" been the transition studies, during which Carnot was marking his return from the stormy discussions of the Directory to his peaceful duties in the Institute, or the engrossing pursuits by which he was weaning himself from the excitements of a political life, science would not have had to mourn over the misfortunes of one of her most distinguished sons, nor humanity to deplore the baseness of enemies, and the ingratitude of friends. Carnot did not quit the Directory when its existence was threatened by a powerful combination of its enemies. The foreign affairs of the nation presented the most favourable aspect. Bonaparte had signed at Leoben the preliminaries of a treaty of peace. He had pointedly refused to insert in the protocols, the name of the Emperor of Germany before that of the French Republic; and when foreign generals talked to him of its recognition, he replied in those memorable words:—"The French Republic does not wish to be recognised: it is in Europe what the Sun is in the horizon; and so much the worse for those who do not wish to see it, and to profit by it." Under these circumstances, Carnot believed in the possibility of conciliating the parties which divided the State, and he refused to escape from danger by overstepping the limits of the constitution. This illusion, however, was speedily dispelled by the events of the 4th September 1797. Violent addresses had been sent by the army of Italy against the party of the Clichians to which he belonged, and Augereau, the lieutenant of Bonaparte, had been commissioned to assist in the revolution. Ignorant of what had passed in Italy, Carnot had so little foreseen what was to happen, that he was surprised in his bed by the officers of Barras, and had scarcely time to save himself by escaping through the garden door of the Luxembourg. A family of artisans from Burgundy, received and placed him in concealment. "He then took refuge in the house of M. Oudot, a great partisan of the Coup d'Etat of the 4th September, and where, of course, nobody thought of seeking for the proscribed Director." He was condemned to banishment on that very day, along with his colleague Barthelemy, and all the chiefs of the Clichian party; and, before he quitted Paris, his name was erased from the list of the members of the National

Institute, to the creation of which he had so effectually contributed.

The ordinances which were issued on the 5th and 6th of September 1797, declared vacant all the offices which were held by the citizens who had been proscribed on the 4th. Letourneau, the Minister of the Interior, enjoined the Institute to fill up the place of Carnot, and Bonaparte was unanimously elected by a hundred and four members, in whom the right was vested. "I have often," says M. Arago, "felt a just sentiment of pride, on seeing the admirable proclamations of the army of the east signed, MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE, *General-in-Chief*; but a sadness of heart followed this first emotion, when the thought returned that the *Member of the Institute* was adorned with a title which had been torn from his first protector and friend!"

Concealed in the house of a political enemy, M. Oudot, whose name ought to be cherished by every friend of humanity, Carnot had the good fortune to find another noble-minded citizen, who took him from his hiding-place, and conducted him in a post-chaise to Geneva. Here he lodged with a bleacher of the name of Jacob; but, though prudence required that he should remain in concealment, his desire to have correct intelligence respecting the country which he loved, induced him to quit the house, when he was immediately recognised by the spies of the Directory. The accredited agent of France lost no time in demanding from the Genevese Government the person of Carnot; but the magistrate to whom the application was first made was fortunately a man of honour and conscience, and felt all the degradation which such an act would bring upon his country. The name of the magistrate was Didier, a name honourably known in the republic of letters. M. Didier lost no time in writing to Carnot. He warned him of his danger,—implored him immediately to leave his lodgings, and indicated to him the part of the Lake of Geneva where he would find a boatman to carry him to Nyon.

"It was now very late. The officers of the Directory were watching for their prey. Our colleague went straight to his host, and without any preamble asked his pardon for having introduced himself into his house under an assumed name. 'I am,' added he, 'a proscribed individual, —I am Carnot. They are about to arrest me: my fate is in your hands: will you save me?'"

"Without doubt," replied the honest bleacher. He immediately dressed Carnot in a blouse, with a cotton bonnet and a basket, and he placed upon his head a large packet of dirty linen, which hung down even to the shoulders of the pretended Jacob, and covered his figure. It was by means of such a disguise that the man from whom a few lines would have been sufficient to move or stop in their march the armies commanded by

the Massenas, the Hoches, the Moreaus, the Bonapartes,—to excite hope or fear at Naples, Rome, or Vienna,—it was as a servant in a washing establishment that Carnot reached safe and sound the small boat which was to enable him to escape from transportation. In this boat a new and strange emotion awaited Carnot. In the boatman he recognised the same Pichegru whose culpable intrigues had rendered the event of the 4th September almost inevitable. During the passage across the lake, not a single word was exchanged between the two exiles. The time, the place, and the circumstances were not suitable for political debates or mutual recriminations. Carnot had soon reason to felicitate himself on his reserve. While reading the French journals at Nyon, he found that he had been deceived by an accidental resemblance, and that the companion of his voyage, so far from being a general, had never made any other manoeuvre than that of his frail bark; and that Pichegru, arrested by Augereau, awaited his transportation in one of the prisons in Paris. Carnot was still at Nyon when Bonaparte, returning from Italy, passed through this town on his way to Rastadt. Like all the other inhabitants he illuminated his windows in order to do homage to the general."—*Biographie*, &c., pp. 75, 76.

For the space of two years Carnot resided at Augsburg under an assumed name, exclusively occupied with the cultivation of science and literature, but he was again destined to be recalled to power when his country was in danger. When Bonaparte, on the 9th of November (18th Brumaire,) upon his return from Egypt, overturned the constitution of 1795, which had never taken root in the affections of the people, one of his first acts was to recall the illustrious exile, replace him in the Institute, and appoint him Minister of War. On the refusal of the British Minister to negotiate a peace—an act which Europe and humanity have had so much reason to deplore, Bonaparte rallied under Carnot the heroism of the nation, and by the glorious victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden secured the independence of France. Although it was in the power of Bonaparte to have established order and liberty upon an impregnable basis, yet the ambitious soldier had very different objects in view. These objects were soon discovered by Carnot and the friends of the Republic, and very sharp disputes arose almost daily between the First Consul and the Minister of War. Carnot mourned over the changes in the constitution which he saw in preparation, and resolved not to be a party to them. He resigned office on the 16th Vendemiaire 1801, in the following words, "Citizen Consuls, I send you again my demission; have the goodness not to delay accepting it."

In 1802 Carnot was again called into public life as a member of the Tribunal. In this

new position he embraced every opportunity of opposing the downward tendency to absolute power. He used all his influence against the establishment of a Consulate for life. He opposed the creation of the Legion of Honour as an Institution not for rewarding merit, but for creating political subserviency; and when it was proposed to raise Bonaparte to the Imperial Throne, he resisted every attempt to seduce him; and "though surrounded," as M. Arago observes, "with old Jacobins, and even with those who persecuted him as a Royalist on the 18th Fructidor, he stood almost alone in the midst of the general defection, as if it were to shew to the world that a political conscience is not an empty name, but a reality."^{*}

The tribunate did not long survive the overthrow of the Republic, and Carnot, again freed from the trammels of office, returned to his country house near Estampes, and resumed his mathematical studies. He soon after this published his able work, "*The Geometry of Position*,"† in which he has described, for the first time, many new properties of space, evincing the power and the fertility of the original methods which he has presented to science.

In the year 1809, Bonaparte was greatly annoyed at the slight resistance which several fortified towns had opposed to the besiegers, and about the end of that year he requested Carnot to draw up a system of special Instructions for the guidance of the Governors of such places. Carnot entered with zeal on the discharge of this duty, and in the course of four months he produced his celebrated work, entitled, *Traité de la Défense des Places Fortes*, in which he gives an account of an entirely new method of defending fortified places. Vauban had estimated the duration of the siege of a place well fortified and garrisoned at forty-eight days. Carnot considers this as the extreme duration, and is of opinion that it seldom exceeds twenty-two or twenty-three days, fourteen being generally spent in constructing the approaches, and eight or nine days in the assault. The principle of the new method of defence which he proposes, is to substitute vertical fires for direct or horizontal fires. He forms the enceinte of the place of a simple wall not very thick, with an escarpe and counterscarpe; and behind the wall he places mortars of different calibres directed at an angle of 45° behind the parapet, and covered by

blindages. They are charged to carry the shot to such a height as to kill the person upon whom they fall. These fires are supposed to commence when the enemy opens his third parallel, and to continue for ten days; assuming that the field occupied by the besieging army is 60,000 square yards, that the garrison is 4000, and that 3000 are spread over this area, forming the avenues of the place, one man occupying twenty square yards. But a man's body in a horizontal projection covers about a square foot, consequently the space covered by the troops and workmen of the besiegers is the 180th part of the whole area, and out of 180 shots falling on that space one will strike the enemy. M. Carnot is of opinion that one ball in fifty would take effect, owing to the shot not falling vertically, but at such an angle that the inclined projection of a man's body is nearly double its horizontal projection; but to remove every objection, he supposes only one ball in 180 to take effect. He now supposes that six 12-inch mortars mounted on the attacked front, the shells of which weigh 150 pounds will each discharge 600 balls, 1-4th of a pound weight, at a single shot, or 3600 from the six. But one ball out of 180 will take effect; therefore at each discharge of the six mortars twenty of the besiegers will be killed or disabled. Giving a quarter of an hour to each round, he finds that 100 rounds may be fired in twenty-four hours, and hence 2000 men will be destroyed or disabled. During the ten days, therefore, that the attack continues, the besieging army will sustain a loss of 20,000 men: But if the garrison consists of 4000 men, the whole of the besieging army will probably not exceed 20,000, that is, the besieging army will be completely destroyed before effecting a breach. From these views and calculations Carnot concludes that no fortified place thus defended can be taken by any known method of attack. Economy both in men and money he considers as a powerful recommendation of it; a few companies of artillerymen being alone required, while the great body of the garrison are employed in watching the proper time for making a sortie, and compelling the besiegers to keep a strong guard upon their works.

During Carnot's retirement from active military duties, between 1807 and 1814, he devoted himself to the discharge of the important functions of a Member of the Institute, a title which was restored to him at the death of M. Le Roy. Almost all the Memoirs on Mechanics, submitted to the judgment of the First Class of the Institute, were sent to him for examination; and M. Arago informs us that his singular sagacity enabled him to point out the new and important parts of them with remarkable clearness and precision; and from his habit of doubting and distrusting theoreti-

^{*} His speech at the Tribunate on this subject was delivered on the 1st of May, 1804. It went through several editions, and was hawked through the streets of Paris for four days.

† *Géométrie de Position, à l'usage de ceux qui se destinent à mesurer des terrains.* 4to. Paris, 1803.

cal results, to give most important advice and assistance to the authors themselves.

From these peaceful pursuits, for which he was so well qualified, and which he had every reason to hope would occupy the evening of his life, Carnot was again called into the arena of political and military strife. He could not now afford to subscribe to the public journals. Every day at the same hour he went to the library of the Institute, and read with the deepest interest the exciting news of the advance of the allied troops. On the 24th January he appeared more than usually engrossed with them. He asked for paper, and wrote the following remarkable letter addressed to Napoleon.

"SIRE,—While success crowned your enterprises, I abstained from offering to your Majesty services which might not be agreeable to you. Now that a reverse of fortune puts your firmness to a severe test, I do not scruple to offer you the feeble means which I still possess. It is little, doubtless, that a sexagenarian arm can offer; but I conceived that the example of a soldier whose patriotic sentiments are known, might rally round your Eagles many of those who are hesitating what side to take, and who might allow themselves to be persuaded that they would serve their country by abandoning them. It is still time for you, Sire, to conquer a glorious peace, and to obtain the love of a great people."

Napoleon did not hesitate to accept so noble an offer, and he immediately appointed Carnot Governor of Antwerp, a place to which he attached great importance, and which was at this time surrounded with his enemies. Without having seen the Emperor, Carnot set out from Paris about the end of January, and reached Antwerp on the morning of the 2d February, only through the bivouacs of the enemy. The bombardment of the French squadron by the English began the next morning. It lasted during the 3d and 4th, and part of the 6th of February, when, after throwing 1500 bombs, 800 ordinary shot, and many red-hot shot and fuses, the English retreated.

When some additional troops were required for the campaign in Belgium, Napoleon thought of drawing them from the garrison of Antwerp. Carnot immediately wrote the following despatch to the General-in-Chief, Maison, dated the 27th March:—

"In obeying the orders of the Emperor, I am obliged to declare to you, General, that these orders are equivalent to surrendering Antwerp. The enceinte of this place is immense; and it would require at least 15,000 good troops to defend it. Then how could his Majesty believe that with 3000 sailors, most of whom never saw fire, I could hold the place of Antwerp, and the eight forts which depend upon it? . . .

"Nothing then remains for me to do but to

disgrace myself or to die. I beg you will believe that we have all decided upon the last alternative. . . .

"I believe, general, that if you could take it upon you to leave me at least a troop of the line and of artillery, (there was at Antwerp a detachment of the Imperial Guard,) you would do a great service to his Majesty; but the whole will be ready to set out to-morrow, if I do not receive from you counter-orders, which I look for with the greatest impatience and the greatest anxiety."

He at the same time wrote as follows to the Duke de Feltre, who was then Minister of War.

"When I offered my services to his Majesty, I was ready to sacrifice my life, but not my honour. You know that I am not in the habit of concealing the truth, because I do not seek for favours. The truth is, that the state to which your orders reduce me is an hundred times worse than death, because it is only through the cowardice of the enemy that I have any chance of maintaining the post which is confided to me."

When Bernadotte wished to turn Carnot from the line of conduct which he had marked out for himself, he received the following answer:—"Prince, It is in the name of the French Government that I command in the place of Antwerp. It alone has the right to fix the term of my functions. The moment that the Government is definitively and uncontestedly established on a new basis, I will instantly execute its orders. This resolution cannot fail to meet with the approbation of a French born Prince, of one who knows so well what the laws of honour prescribe."

After the entrance of the allies into Paris, and the constitution of a Provisional Government, M. Dupont, the Minister of War, sent one of his Aides-de-Camp to Antwerp. The following is the answer which Carnot returned on this occasion, dated 15th April, 1814:—

"I must say, M. le Comte, that the mission of an Aide-de-Camp with a white cockade is a calamity. Some are desirous of declaring themselves immediately, while others have sworn to defend Bonaparte. A sanguinary struggle in the very fort of Antwerp would have been the immediate consequence, if I had not resolved, with the advice of my council, to delay my adhesion and that of the whole armed force. You desire, then, a civil war. You insist that the enemy should be master of all our strongholds; and because the city of Paris has been forced to receive the law of a conqueror, it is necessary that all France should receive it? It is obvious that the Provisional Government can transmit only the orders of the Emperor of Russia. Who will absolve us if we obey such orders? What! will you not permit us to save our honour? You become yourself the promoter of desertion, the provoker of the most monstrous anarchy. The lessons of

1792 and 1793 are lost upon the new rulers of the State. They try to surprise us into adhesion, by affirming that Napoleon is about to abdicate—and to-day they tell us the very reverse. After having given us a tyrant in place of anarchy, they give us anarchy in place of a tyrant. When shall we see the end of these cruel oscillations? Paris enjoys but a temporary calm—a perfidious calm, which forebodes the most dreadful tempest. O what days of affliction and grief! happy are they who have not seen them.”—*Biographie, &c.*, pp. 99, 100.

After Carnot had received orders from the Bourbon Government, and was about to set out for Paris, the authorities and inhabitants of one of the fauxbourgs of Antwerp, the destruction of which had been resolved upon, but which he thought it possible to preserve, without interfering with the defence of the place, addressed to him the following letter:—

“You are about to leave us, which is a source of great distress: we would fain keep you a few minutes longer. The inhabitants of St. Willebrord and of Borgerhout request that the person who shall be charged with the administration of their affairs shall be permitted to inquire once a year for the health of General Carnot. We shall probably never see you again. If General Carnot should at any time have his portrait taken, and would condescend to have a copy of it taken for us, this precious gift would be deposited in the Church of Willebrord.”

With these striking illustrations of the fidelity of Carnot to the cause of his imperial master, it is not difficult to anticipate the part which he must have taken during the Hundred Days. Having given in his adhesion to the Government of the Bourbons, he was received at court by the King and the princes, but with a degree of coldness inconsistent with the royal declaration, that the past was to be forgotten, and that men of all opinions were in future to be united in the service of the country. Carnot was deeply mortified at this ungenerous reception, and was induced to write a very strong article against the Restoration under the title of *Mémoire au Roi*. This memoir got into the possession of some of his friends, who appear to have published it without his authority; and such was the extent of its circulation, and the avidity with which it was read, that it paved the way for the Revolution of the 20th of March 1815.

No sooner had Napoleon returned to the Tuileries than he recalled Carnot to his councils, and persuaded him that he would change his system of government, renounce his former views of conquest and absolute monarchy, and govern the country upon liberal and even republican principles. He therefore willingly accepted the portfolio of Minister of the Inte-

rior, with the title of Count and Peer of France, and devoted himself with a liberal spirit to the onerous duties of his office. He strove to give great latitude to the liberty of the press, and to arm and multiply the national guards; and such was his enthusiasm that he wrote to Napoleon that “the 20th of March ought to make us remount without a pause to the 14th of July.”

After the proclamation of the famous Additional act, Carnot proposed in a letter to Napoleon two projects of decrees, which, as M. Villeneuve remarks, prove more than anything else how little he understood the character of the man to whom he thus wrote:

“SIRE,—Have the kindness to believe a man who has never deceived you, and who is sincerely attached to you. The country is in danger; discontent is general; commotion is increasing hourly in the departments, as well as in Paris; civil war is ready to break out in several parts of France. I propose to your Majesty two projects which I consider necessary to restore tranquillity, and to bring back to you the mass of the citizens. They must issue *proprio motu*, and not on the report of any Minister, or in consequence of the deliberation of any Council of State. It would be desirable to have them published in the course of the day.—I am, &c.,
CARNOT.”

The following is the minute of the two projects of decrees referred to in the preceding letter:—

1. “NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French. It being our intention to allow no trace of feudality to exist, we have decreed and decree as follows: From the date of the publication of the present decree, the denomination of *subject* and *lord* shall cease to be used among the French.”

2. “NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French. Having learned through the liberty of the press, that it is the wish of the people of France to have improvements made in the Constitutional Act prepared for its acceptance, we have decreed and decree as follows:—

“Art. 1. The Chamber of Representatives shall, in the course of next session, decide on the modifications of which the Constitutional Act is susceptible for its improvement.

“Art. 2. The new Act shall be submitted to the people for their acceptance in the Primary Assemblies.”

These projects did not obtain the approbation of the Emperor, who chose to prefer absolute power to the constitutional government of a free people. Carnot, however, continued in the faithful discharge of his duties; and after Bonaparte had left Paris, on the 12th of June 1815, for the head-quarters of his army at Beaumont, the Home Minister gave the most energetic support to his master, more it is supposed from a dread of the return of the

Bourbons, than from any attachment to his person and character. In the extraordinary position in which Carnot was now placed, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that, as a member of the Provisional Government, and under the influence of such a man as Fouché, Duke of Otranto, he should have given his adhesion to measures characterized by great weakness, and which every patriot would wish to throw into obscurity. When Napoleon retained in his councils such a man as Fouché, in spite of the most palpable evidences of his treason, we need not be surprised, as M. Arago has observed, that Carnot was fascinated by his intrigues.

Among the charges against Carnot which have been urged by his enemies, is that of having accepted the title of Count of the Empire. M. Arago has given us the following interesting and satisfactory explanation, if any were wanted, of this part of his conduct. The following statement was communicated to M. Arago on the very day on which the event which it records took place :—

"When I was at dinner with the Minister of the Interior (Carnot), a letter arrived. The Minister broke the seal, and immediately exclaimed—'Well, gentlemen, here I am, a *Count of the Empire*! I have a strong suspicion of the quarter from which the blow comes. It is my resignation that is wanted—that is required. I will not give *him* this satisfaction. I will remain, as I believe it is in my power to be useful to the country. The day, I hope, will come when I shall be permitted to explain myself distinctly respecting this act of perfidy. At present I will content myself with disdaining this vain title, and with never adding it to my name; and especially, that I will never take the diploma of it, however urgently it may be pressed upon me. From this moment, gentlemen, you may reckon it certain that Carnot will not long continue minister, after the enemy has been repulsed.'"—*Biographie, &c.*, pp. 101, 102.

The battle of Waterloo and its results prevented the fulfilment of this prediction. It fell to the lot of Carnot to communicate the disastrous intelligence to the Chamber of Piers, and on this occasion he had a sharp altercation with Marshal Ney, in which was remarked the singular contrast between the despair of a warrior who had been called the *bravest of the brave*, and the calm firmness and true courage of the stern member of the Convention. Amid the general consternation which the advance of the allies produced, Carnot never despaired. He exerted himself in providing for the public safety, and persuaded that even in such a crisis the valour of Napoleon would save the country, he, who as a tribune had dared to vote against the elevation of Bonaparte to the imperial throne, now

vigorously opposed himself to his abdication. When this event took place in 1815, Carnot, hiding his face in his hands, shed tears over his last hope of liberty. He consented, however, to be one of the five members of the provisional Commission of Government, which exercised almost no other function than to sign the capitulation of Paris, and send the wreck of the army behind the Loire.

After having made several ineffectual attempts to obtain for Napoleon the command of the troops, Carnot did everything that he could to hasten his departure, and to induce him to retire to the United States; and immediately after the return of the king he himself retired once more to that home of virtue and of science which he had so often quitted for the defence of his country. Here, however, he was not permitted to remain. His devotion to one sovereign excited the enmity of another, and that branded dynasty which neither prosperity nor adversity could teach, paved the way for their own proscription, by proscribing the noblest of their subjects. Carnot was ordered to repair under surveillance to Blois, as inscribed in the list of proscriptions prepared, on the 24th July 1815, by his colleague the Duke of Otranto; and his was the only name of all the ministers of the hundred days with which that list was honoured. "If this exceptional severity," as M. Arago remarks, "was the consequence of that ardent patriotism under which our colleague disputed with foreigners the last inch of the territory of France, or of his persisting, unhappily without success, in pointing out to the Emperor the traitor who had under an old reputation for talent been introduced into the ministry, the glory of Carnot will not have been sullied." But though a prince of the house of Bourbon had no feeling for the representative of genius, of patriotism, and of virtue, who saw it to be his duty to defend his country whoever was its king,—there was another prince, and one of a higher degree, and a nobler nature, whose heart could be softened by the misfortunes of a hero and a statesman, whom the casualties of war had overtaken. The Emperor Alexander, commiserating the lot of his noble enemy, had made several representations in his favour to the royal government, and when he found them fruitless, he had provided for him even before his arrestment on the night of the 24th July, a passport for the Russian states! Carnot went first to Germany, and though travelling under a false name, he did not renounce the title of a Frenchman till he crossed, anew and with much grief, that noble river to which he had the signal honour to extend the frontier of his country. From Germany he repaired to Warsaw, where he was received with much kindness by the Arch

duke Constantine. The brave Polish patriots, so often crushed under the tread of the despot, and themselves so frequently the objects of hospitality, were, as might have been expected, the readiest to dispense it. Carnot's arrival among them was hailed with demonstrations of sympathy, which the depths of the heart only can dictate. General Krasinski gave him the title of a Majorat in lands with a rent of 8000 francs, which he held of Napoleon. The Count de Paç wished him to accept the use of several domains; and though Carnot was not a freemason, all the masonic lodges of the kingdom raised a subscription which produced a very considerable sum; but of all these offers, which he refused, the one which sunk deepest in the heart of Carnot, was that of a Frenchman, who himself poor, and established for several years at Warsaw, went one morning and offered him in a purse the fruit of the savings of his whole life!

A dislike of the climate of Poland, combined with a desire to be nearer his native country, induced Carnot to accept the kind offers of the Prussian Government, and to establish himself at Magdeburg, where he spent the last years of his life in study, in meditation, and in the company of one of his sons, whose education he superintended. "It was," says M. Arago, "a fine sight to see the whole of Europe,—to see especially its most absolute sovereigns compelled, to a certain degree, to render homage to that which was great and noble and striking in the French Revolution,—even in the person of one of the judges of Louis XVI.—even in the person of one of the Committee of Public Safety." Even Napoleon was obliged to confess the greatness of his services, and the grandeur of his character, when in these memorable words he addressed him after the battle of Waterloo—"Carnot, I have been too late in knowing you."* Dumouriez remarked of Carnot that he was an austere philosopher, a perfect citizen, and a great man; and he added that Carnot was the creator of the new military art in France, which he (Dumouriez) had only had time to sketch, but which Bonaparte had brought to perfection. Carnot died at Magdeburg the 2d of August 1823, at the age of seventy, and was buried in the Church of St. John.

Carnot was in his person considerably above

the middle size, with regular and masculine features, a large and serene forehead, and sharp and penetrating blue eyes. His manner was polished but circumspect and cold, and at the age of sixty, even in the costume of a civilian, one could perceive somewhat of the military air to which in his youth he had been accustomed.

After having viewed Carnot in all his positions as a member of the Convention, of the Committee of Public Safety, and of the Directory, and as a Minister of War, a military engineer, an academician, and an exile, M. Arago proceeds to give some interesting anecdotes of him as a private individual, which, while they present him to our admiration as a noble example of disinterestedness and patriotism, so rare among public men, may afford to the rulers of nations lessons of deep importance to society as well as to themselves.

In reply to the charge of being ambitious, which was made against Carnot, M. Arago reminds us that the man who in 1793 organized *fourteen* armies, arranged all their movements, nominated and replaced generals, and even cashiered them, as at Wattignies, on the field of battle and under the cannon of the enemy—was but a simple Captain of Engineers; and even when, as one of the Directory, he was the supreme arbiter of the operations of the armies, sending Hoche to La Vendée, Jourdan to the Meuse, Moreau to the Rhine in place of Pichegru; and, by a happier inspiration still, confiding to Bonaparte the command of the army of Italy, he had become Major of Brigade by seniority, a step which he kept till the 18th Fructidor drove him from France. Even when, in 1801, his successor in the War Office placed his name in the list of officers who were to be named Generals of Division of the French Army, the *Consuls* refused to listen to the most earnest appeal to them from their new Minister of War, and Carnot remained in his former humble position.

But justice often comes at last, even when personal danger wrests it from the unjust. In 1814, when Carnot had to be appointed Governor of Antwerp, to sustain the desperate cause of an ungrateful master, the clerk was astonished to find that the man who was to be placed at the head of a crowd of old Generals was only a Major of Brigade; and having represented the case in the proper quarter, Carnot, "in imitation of a certain ecclesiastical personage, who in the same day received the lesser orders, the greater orders, the office of Priest and the rank of Bishop,—passed in a few minutes through the steps of Lieut.-Colonel, Colonel, General of Brigade, and General of Division."—"Yes," adds M. Arago, "Carnot had ambition," but as he himself said, "it was the

* In the *Memoirs of Montholon*, Napoleon is made to say, what he probably never said, and what, if he did say, is not true, "that Carnot had no experience in war; that his ideas were false on every branch of the military art, even in the attack and defence of places, and on the principles of fortification which he had studied all his life; and that he has published works on these subjects which could be avowed only by a man who had no practice in war."—Tom. iii. p. 124.

ambition of the Spartans to defend the pass of Thermopylæ." It was not likely that a character such as this would be stained by a love of money, or by habits of ostentatious and luxurious living. When Carnot returned into private life, his small patrimony was untouched; and hence, as M. Arago remarks, it might have been expected from his simple habits and his antipathy to show, that if he did accumulate wealth, he might have obtained that independence which was enjoyed by those who, like himself, had held lucrative appointments.

When Carnot became Minister of War, after the 18th Brumaire, the pay of the troops, and even that of the clerks in the War-office, was *fifteen* months in arrear. Before a few weeks had elapsed, everything was paid but the salary and allowance of the Minister himself. The *Epingles* (pin-money,) the name given to those douceurs which were levied under old contracts, both public and private, were not likely to pass into the treasury of Carnot. A horse-dealer with whom he had large transactions, brought him 50,000 francs as the sum due to him under this name. Having served his official apprenticeship in the Committee of Public Safety, where contractors durst not speak of douceurs, Carnot did not at first comprehend the nature of the liberality which was offered him; but when he did understand it, he received the money with a smile, but immediately paid it back again to account of the horses which the dealer had contracted to furnish for the army.

Our author mentions another instance of the honesty of his colleague, less with the view of doing honour to his memory, than with the hope, feeble as that was, of its having some effect in checking the prodigality of certain ministers of the day. It had become necessary, after the 18th Brumaire, that Moreau should send one of his divisions to the army of Italy, and that the Minister of War should carry into execution this order of the Consuls, dated 15th Floréal 1800. Carnot, with six officers of his staff, two couriers and a domestic, repaired to Germany, inspecting on their way the troops stationed between Dijon and Geneva. After passing through the cantonments on the Rhine, they visited the forts, and having fixed with the General-in-Chief the plan of the future campaign, they returned to Paris. The treasury had allowed 24,000 francs for this service. On his return Carnot paid back 10,680, having in the expenditure of 13,320 francs, acted liberally to his companions, and obeyed the orders he received to give splendour and importance to his mission at the principal places which he visited. The Clerks of the Treasury did not know how to enter the sum of 10,680 francs in their books; but upon turning back to the period when,

as a representative of the people, Carnot had inspected the Republican armies, the Clerks of Finance found in their Registry the very entry which they sought, and this as often as Carnot had fulfilled his mission.

That the cold and reserved manners of Carnot were united with a warm and affectionate heart, M. Arago has given the most ample evidence. "He was certainly not," as D'Alembert said of one of the Secretaries of the Academy, "*a volcano covered with snow*," but there was about him "something which went straight to the heart, which touched, and moved, and electrified it." His noble conduct to Latour d'Auvergne, and to Colonel Bisson, under very different circumstances, has been described with such beauty and power by M. Arago, that we regret the necessity of abridging such interesting details. General Latour d'Auvergne, distinguished by his learning as well as his bravery, was descended from the family of Turenne. When the Revolution broke out and deprived him of all the advantages of his position, he hastened to the field when the frontiers of his country were assailed. He refused all promotion beyond the rank of a captain; but in order that his eminent services might be made available to the State, Carnot collected into one corps all the companies of grenadiers in the army of the Western Pyrenees, and having removed every officer above the rank of a captain, older than Latour d'Auvergne, the modest soldier found himself charged with an important command; and so brilliant were the services of this remarkable body of men, that it received from the Spaniards the name of the *Infernal Column*. When Carnot became Minister of War, Latour d'Auvergne quitted for a third time the literary pursuits which were so dear to him, and offered to serve under Moreau. Carnot could not bear to see the commander of the *Infernal Column*, the author of the *Origines Gauloises*, and a correspondent of the Institute, arrive on the Rhine as the most obscure combatant. The title of "*First Grenadier of France*" struck his imagination. Latour d'Auvergne was officially invested with it; and without removing the epaulettes of the grenadier, he became equal in the soldiers' eyes, if not superior, to the first dignitaries of the army.

"The first grenadier of the Republic," says M. Arago, "was killed by the stroke of a lance on the 27th June 1800, at the battle of Neuburg. The whole French army bitterly lamented his loss. As for Carnot, his profound grief inspired him with an idea which antiquity, otherwise so idolatrous of military glory, might have envied. According to an order which he issued when the 46th demi-brigade was reformed, the muster always commenced with the name of *Latour*

d'Auvergne. The grenadier who stood at the head of the first rank then advanced two steps, and replied so as to be heard over the whole line, 'Died on the field of honour!' (*Mort au champ d'honneur!*) The brief, expressive, and solemn homage which a regiment thus paid every day to him who had distinguished himself in its ranks by courage, wisdom, and patriotism, ought, I think, to maintain that spirit by which heroes are nursed. I affirm, besides, that the noble words repeated in the barracks, in the guard-room, beneath the tent, and at the bivouac, had deeply engraven the recollection of Latour d'Auvergne on the memory of the soldiers. Whence came these long lines of grenadiers, cried the staff of Marshal Oudinot, when in the first days of October 1805, the advanced guard of the Grand Army passed through Neuburg? Why do they deviate from the route pointed out to them? Their silent and solemn march excites curiosity—they are followed and observed? The grenadiers went, gentlemen, near to Oberhausen, to whet their sabres on the rough stone which covered the body of the first grenadier of France!"—*Biographie*, &c., pp. 111, 112.

The anecdote of Colonel Bisson is no less touching and instructive. "At the battle of Messenheim, near Inspruck, in 1800, General Championnet had noticed the bold intrepidity of Colonel Bisson, and asked for him the epaulettes of a general of brigade. Weeks passed without any news of his promotion. Bisson becomes impatient, waits upon the minister, and addresses him in an angry and brutal manner. 'Young man,' replies Carnot, calmly, 'it is possible that I may have made a mistake, but your uncivil manners may prevent me from correcting it. Go—I will inquire carefully into your services.' 'My services!' replied the Colonel; 'ah! I know too well that you despise them,—you, who from the floor of this office send us coldly an order to die. Away from danger and the severity of the seasons, you have forgotten, and will still forget, that our blood flows, and that we lie upon the ground.'—'Colonel,' replied the Minister, 'this is too much; it is for your own interest that our conversation is not continued in such a tone. Withdraw! your address if you please? Go—and in a short time you will hear news from me.' These last words, delivered in a solemn tone, opened the eyes of Colonel Bisson. He hastened to seek for consolation from a devoted friend, General Besières. Here, however he was made to understand that a council of war would be the necessary consequence of his folly. Expecting this, Bisson hides himself, and a faithful servant goes hourly to the hotel to find the dreaded summons. The ministerial packet at last arrives. Bisson in great excitement tears open the cover. The packet, gentlemen, contained the brevet of General of Brigade, and the letters of service." The repentant

soldier rushed to the war-office to express his gratitude and admiration; but, though he was denied admission, he published in the evening the particulars of the results of his interview with Carnot.

The following is the eloquent conclusion of the Life of Carnot:—

"Of all the qualities," says M. Arago, "of which great men may boast, Modesty seems to be the least obligatory, and those who deem it of the greatest value, are those for whom it will procure the most durable fame. Who, for example, does not know by heart the letter which Turenne wrote to his wife 170 years ago, on the day of the celebrated battle of Dunes. 'The enemy have come to us, they have been beaten. God be praised. I have been a little fatigued during the day. I wish you good night, and I go to bed.'

"Carnot did not forget himself less than the illustrious general of Louis XIV., not only among his intimate connexions, but even when he wrote to the Convention. I have already mentioned to you the part which he took at the battle of Wattignies. Read the bulletin which this memorable and decisive event inspired, and you will in vain seek in it any words which remind you of the representative of the people. 'The Republicans charged with the bayonet in advance, and remained victorious.'

"All of you, too, who have known Carnot, tell me if he ever without a direct and pressing invitation, willingly conversed with you about those European events which he had so often directed. Justly jealous of the esteem of France, the former Director, while in exile, replied in writing to the calumnies of his accusers. His argument was on such occasions spirited, poignant, and severe. It was visible in each line that it proceeded from a wounded heart. Nor did the most legitimate invitation ever lead our colleague beyond the circle which his enemies had marked out. His defence might in some respects resemble an attack, but in reality when more narrowly examined, it was still a defence. Carnot disclaimed the thought of erecting a pedestal with the immortal trophies which he had achieved during his Conventional and directorial career. Modesty, gentlemen, is of a noble character when it thus triumphs over passion.

"In matters of science, the illustrious academician exhibited the same reserve. It might be truly said that he regulated his conduct by the reflection of one of the oldest and most ingenious of your interpreters. 'When a philosopher speaks for the instruction of others, and in the exact measure of the instruction which they wish to acquire, he confers a favour. If he speaks only to shew his own knowledge, the favour is conferred by those who listen to him.'

"Modesty, too, is a quality worthy of esteem and respect only when it exists in individuals. Public bodies, and academies in particular, would be guilty of an error, and would fail in their highest duty, if they neglected to display before the public the legitimate titles which they have to the esteem, to the gratitude, and to the admiration of the world. The more they are justly

celebrated, the greater is the desire to belong to them, and the more will the laborious efforts which they make to attain this end turn to the advantage of science and the glory of the human mind. This sentiment, gentlemen, has encouraged me to unfold before you in all its details and in its true light, a life so full, so varied, and so stormy as that of Carnot. For nearly two centuries the Academy of Sciences has with religious care preserved the memories of the geometers, the natural philosophers, the astronomers, and the naturalists who have adorned it. The name of the great citizen who by his genius preserved France from foreign subjugation, ought, I think, to be inscribed with some solemnity in this glorious Pantheon."—*Biographie, &c.*, pp. 115–117.

Such was the man whose career terminated in exile—a man above all Greek—above all Roman fame. France can forget Carnot only when she is herself forgotten. The tablet of Parian marble, on which his friend has sculptured his virtues and engraven his wrongs, will convey to every clime, and preserve for every age, the lesson which it so emphatically records. But another monument—one which appeals to the eye, and rises to the heavens, is still due to the warrior who defended his country, and to the sage who adorned it. The ashes of such a man cannot rest in the land of the stranger. The blow which struck the Bourbons reversed the sentence which drove Carnot into exile; and France must yet claim from Prussia the mortal remains of the noblest of her sons. Paris with one heart will welcome them within its walls, and the hands of the wise and the brave will place them near the heart of Turenne, which Carnot had deposited beneath the dome of the Invalids, and near the ashes of Napoleon, whom he first ushered into the field of glory, and whom he last defended when that glory was dimmed.

In thus pleading the cause and emblazoning the deeds of departed genius, let us not overlook the lessons of warning and of wisdom which they breathe. The biography of him who was at once a statesman and a sage—a patriot and a warrior—an idol and an exile—an affectionate father and an unchanging friend—a man whom no immorality had stained, and no avarice dishonoured—the biography of such a man is the most instructive of all homilies—the brightest of all examples. By the dimensions of the moral and the intellectual giant, we are enabled to scan the stature, and mark the symmetry of other minds, and during this humbling process we cannot but measure the littleness, and mourn over the weakness of our own. Nor is this the only legacy which a Great Man bequeathes to his race. The contemplative mind strives to discover the principles by which so godlike a form has been moulded, and the training by

which such mental powers have been developed and applied. The truths which we thus seek are not, like many others, which lie at the bottom of a well; they are seen in their counterparts, lying on the surface and leavening the mass of social life. They appear in the absence of those lofty principles which can alone secure the happiness and promote the moral and intellectual advancement of nations. They are proclaimed "on the house top"—in the ignorance and crimes of the people—in the degeneracy of the priest—the selfishness of the legislator—and the pusillanimity of the statesman. They are displayed in genius neglected—in knowledge taxed—in talent and worth excluded from office by the tests of a fanatical and a sectarian intolerance.

In such an atmosphere there is no vital air in which patriotism and public virtue can breathe. Their very seeds may die—and the memory of illustrious men, the salt of the earth, may perish for ever. A Washington illustrated the century that has passed. A Carnot has adorned that which is passing. Can our annals produce a name like these—of one who lived for the future—who identified himself with his country, and who in the hurricanes of revolution and of war, would have lashed himself to the mast, to live or to die with the vessel of the State?

ART. IX.—1. *The Principles of Political Economy.* By J. S. MILL. Second Edition. London, 1850.

2. *Memorial to Lord John Russell and Sir George Grey from the Metropolitan Sanitary Association.* London, 1851.

3. *General Report of the Sanitary State of the Labourers of Great Britain.* London, 1842.

4. *Report of the General Board of Health on the supply of Water to the Metropolis.* App. I. *Returns to the Queries Addressed to the Water Companies.* II. *Engineering Reports and Evidence.* III. *Medical, Chemical, and Geological Evidence.* London, 1850.

5. *Report of Do. on the Epidemic Cholera of 1848-9. Appendix (B) to Do. Report by Mr. GRAINGER.* London, 1850.

6. *A Microscopic Examination of the Water Supplied to the Inhabitants of London.* With Coloured Plates. By Dr. ARTHUR HASSALL. London, 1850.

THE law of Laissez-faire, held by some of the earlier political economists to be absolute and inviolable, is gradually receiving its due limi-

tations, without losing its ground as a law founded on the right, or rather on the duty, of every man, to be self-energizing and self-developed. "*Laissez-faire*," in its extreme meaning of "no human government whatsoever," is in fact the ideal state of mankind, the realization in Society of Augustin's "*Ama, et fac quicquid vis*;" and in proportion as men are men, and their humanity on all points whatever is developed and perfected, they may be safely left to the suggestions of their own hearts and reason.

But "*Ama, et fac quicquid vis*," is by no means identical with "*Ama teipsum, et fac quicquid vis*;" and a state of society in which self-interest is the ruling motive of action, is not to be treated as one in which a one Divine inspiration, a one reason, a one purpose, rule all alike. And how far we are from this latter ideal state, how near to that former bestial one, we all know but too well. We are in an abnormal, in what Scripture—in words which will after all prove to be the most terse, deep, and scientific—calls a "fallen" state; we have deflected from our ideal; we have been untrue in every age and clime to the laws and constitution of our species. Overlooking this fact, the earlier political economists were too apt to look at the present accidents of human society as if they were its constitutional and ideal phenomena. They often mistook the tendencies of fallen man for eternal laws, and commanded that he should be left to live an ideal life of free self-government, while he was, *de facto*, a slave to his own lusts and passions, and a tyrant to those weaker than himself; and among the vulgar, there have been always selfish, lazy, or lawless hearts, ready to raise in response a cuckoo-cry of "Leave us to ourselves—it is the law of the universe;" ignoring the fact, that to leave them to themselves, means to leave those weaker than them to be their prey.

The truth is, that, in proportion as any man, or nation, or class, are fallen—in proportion as they are beasts, savages, or children—thus unconditionally to apply *laissez-faire* to them is as gross cruelty, in the form of justice, as it would be to leave a kennel of mad dogs to bite each other; a tribe of savages to be decimated by small pox, because there was no demand for vaccination among them; a child to run naked in the woods to shift for itself, and, if not poisoned by wild berries or eaten by wolves, develop its individuality freely into a "Peter the wild boy."

At "the other pole of the antinomy," as the Germans would say, stand the advocates of paternal government. These, too, have a truth upon their side; but these, like those advocates of *laissez-faire*, already referred to, have turned their truth into a falsehood and a

tyranny, simply by urging it unreservedly. It is true that all government should be paternal; but then the word paternal must be defined—and defined in accordance with the duties of a father. It should, doubtless, help and guide all those who are unable to help and guide themselves. It should coerce those who are blind to the interests of their neighbours and the common-weal. In short, if any class be beasts, they must have tamers; if savages, they must have tutors; if children, they must have parents. But for what purpose? To keep them what they are? Surely not; but to raise them to that which they are not—to make the beasts men; the savages civilized; the children adult and self-dependent sons—in short, to restore them to that very ideal from whence they have fallen. "Paternal governments," so called, have ignored this; they have ignored the fact of there being a possible ideal of man—a redemption ready for fallen man, a kingdom of God on earth—and therefore it happens, significantly enough, that those governments which have been the most doggedly quasi-paternal, have been either utterly godless, or else Romish—that is, belonging to the religion which denies individual responsibility, the right to individual development, and a really human, not a merely ascetic and saintly, ideal of man. The most complete paternal government of our own times, that of Austria, has an explicit combination of both these elements—of a mixture of sheer Atheism and sheer superstition, both in governors and governed.

The office of all government, paternal or other, is, as the Bible sets forth, self-sacrifice, and not selfish advantage; and the perfect method of fulfilling that self-sacrifice, is gradually to render its own office unnecessary; to teach its subjects, not merely to obey it, but to do without it; to be, in short, truly paternal, by educating its children into sons, who may go forth and labour freely for themselves, and on their own responsibility, according to the laws which have been taught them, and with that sense of a common brotherhood, a common family interest, which they have acquired under their father's teaching.

The advocates of either method, then, properly limited and explained, seem to have a truth on their side. There is surely some one mesothetic truth, deeper and wider than either, which underlies and explains both, and to act on which is to act on both at once without violating either. The discovery—or resuscitation—of such a truth seems to be the chief problem of social government; and to be especially needed, and therefore perhaps especially easy to discover, in this present age.

But, in the meantime, there are practical canons enough already laid down to guide us

safely in our mode of dealing with particular cases. One such is given in the following passage from the second volume of Mr. John Stuart Mill's Political Economy (page 521):—

"§ 7. We have observed, that, as a general rule, the business of life is better performed when those who have an immediate interest in it are left to take their own course, uncontrolled either by the mandate of the law or the meddling of any public functionary. The persons, or some of the persons, who do the work, are likely to be better judges than the Government of the means of attaining the particular end at which they aim. Were we to suppose what is not very probable, that the Government has possessed itself of the best knowledge which had been acquired up to a given time by the persons most skilled in the occupation, even then the individual agent has so much stronger and more direct an interest in the result, that the means are far more likely to be improved and perfected if left to his uncontrolled choice. But if the workman is generally the best selector of means, can it be affirmed, with the same universality, that the consumer, or person served, is the most competent judge of the end? Is the buyer always qualified to judge of the commodity? If not, the presumption in favour of the competition of the market does not apply to the case; and if the commodity be one in the quality of which society has much at stake, the balance of advantages may be in favour of some mode or degree of intervention, by the authorized representatives of the collective interests of the state.

"§ 8. Now, the proposition that the consumer is a competent judge of the commodity, can be admitted only with numerous abatements and exceptions. He is generally the best judge (though even this is not true universally) of the material objects produced for his use. These are destined to supply some physical want, or gratify some taste or inclination, respecting which wants or inclinations there is no appeal from the person who feels them; or they are the means and appliances of some occupation for the use of the persons engaged in it, who may be presumed to be judges of the things required in their own habitual employment. But there are other things of the worth of which the demand of the market is by no means a test; things of which the utility does not consist in ministering to inclinations, nor in serving the daily uses of life, and the want of which is least felt where the need is greatest. This is peculiarly true of those things which are chiefly used as tending to raise the character of human beings. The uncultivated cannot be competent judges of cultivation. Those who most need to be made wiser and better usually desire it least, and if they desired it, would be incapable of finding the way to it by their own lights. It will continually happen, on the voluntary system, that the end not being desired, the means will not be provided at all, or that the persons requiring improvement having an imperfect or altogether erroneous conception of what they want, the supply called forth by the demand of the market will be anything but what is really required."

Now these observations, like those which precede them, apply directly to the Water Supply of large towns. Here the end proposed is pure and wholesome water. That the consumer is not the best judge of this, is sufficiently proved by the facts—that people are often content for years to drink, under the name of water, fluids which physicians know well, and indeed often warn them in vain, to be mere diluted poison,—that the substances which make water unwholesome are generally impalpable except to microscopic examination or chemical tests,—that diseases produced or aggravated by them, such as calculous disorders, dyspepsia, cholera, &c., are not suspected by the mass of water consumers to have the slightest connexion with the liquid which they drink,—and that, therefore, to use Mr. Mill's words, the presumption in favour of the competition of the market does not apply without limitation to water supplies.

Moreover, to continue our comment on the paragraph which we have just quoted, cleanliness may surely be classed among those things "the want of which is least felt where the need is greatest." If the uncultivated are no competent judges of cultivation, surely the dirty are equally incompetent judges of cleanliness. If Mr. Mill's remarks refer, as he well says, to those things which have a peculiar tendency to "raise the character of human beings," surely cleanliness, which stands in first rank among such things, is within its scope. It is surely, as the old proverb says, next to godliness; without it education is half powerless, for self respect is all but impossible. We do not speak of the stains contracted by honest labour, which the butcher or the nightman washes off after his daily work, and returns at once to decency and comfort, but of the habitual ingrained personal dirt, where washing is either impossible or not cared for; the dirt which extends itself from the body to the clothes, the house, the language, the thoughts; the dirt of thousands and ten thousands in our great cities, who literally never dream of washing, simply because it has been to them from childhood a luxury as impossible as turtle or champagne. Among these the demand for water, like that for education, is exactly in inverse proportion to the need. Are these creatures, at once animals, savages, and children, to be left for pure water to the laws of market demand? They do not even require it for drinking. Gin and beer are their beverages. We shall see hereafter what strong excuses they have for resorting to these even when water is at hand, much more than when for washing their rags it has to be begged or stolen, and that only three times a-week. But there is surely another case in which the law of *laissez-faire* admits of modification, namely,

when the commodity is one which is necessary to the consumer, but of very small profit to the producer. There are things which would be incalculable blessings, we may boldly say, which are absolute necessities to the poor, with which private speculators have but a very small interest in providing them, on account of the small price which they are able to give in return; and water is one of these. Too many town landlords are well aware what very little direct interest they have in seeing that the wretched houses from which they draw their rents are properly watered and sewered. Their tenants are careless about cleanliness. They do not refuse to take a house because it is unprovided with the commonest decencies of life. Or again, they must live near their work, and take any hovel which they can find. Or again, the increasing demand for houses treads so close upon the heels of the increasing supply, that the landlord can obtain an exorbitant rent, let the state of the house be what it will, and let it again the very day the houses is unoccupied. All these influences are more or less at work in the crowded districts of our great cities, and are especially strong in vast tracts of the metropolis; and wheresoever this is the case, any attention to water or sewage on the part of the landlord is a mere alms, a waste of capital in a commercial point of view. It is true, his tenants are decimated by rickets and consumption, fever and cholera; but *he* lives in a very different quarter. His own house is comparatively well watered and sewered.

"Let the galled jade wince,
His withers are unwrung,"

And, in the meantime, his tenants are too ignorant, too careless, above all too poor, to make the necessary improvements for themselves; and being, at most, tenants by the quarter or the half-year, they cannot be expected to invest their earnings and create a demand for permanent improvements in houses which they may leave in a few months. This is, we assert, the normal state of all the poorer districts of London, of too many provincial towns, and of the greater part of the agricultural districts. Is it one which is to be left to right itself? It has been given up hitherto to *laissez-faire* and individual self-interest; and as for the fruits of it, if our own eyes and noses will not demonstrate them to us in a walk through any of the poorer streets in London, one single statistical fact should be enough to carry conviction to the most obstinate supporter of no-government. When the cholera of 1832-3 ravaged London, one person out of every 255 died. That this epidemic was, if not entirely caused, yet infinitely aggra-

vated, by the defective quality and quantity of the London water and sewage, which latter item very much depends upon the quantity of the water supply, was notoriously and indisputably proved by medical and scientific evidence of every kind. We need only instance the invaluable Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population, by Mr. Chadwick. That Report was published in 1842. The cholera returned in 1849. Had the sanitary condition of London improved one whit in the interval? So far from it, the deaths from the same cause in the second attack amounted to ONE in every ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE, or four-sevenths more than in the first one. This fact we think needs no comment.

While such a patent practical refutation stares us in the face, we cannot help wondering at the assertions of a certain portion of the press, that Government had much better leave the Londoners alone; that they know their own interests, and can manage their own water supplies perfectly for themselves.

No doubt they can; but can they manage the water supply of the poor? If they can, why have they not managed it? They may understand their own interests; but do they understand the interests of the poor? And will they prefer their own interest, or that of the poor, when the two happen to clash, as they do in this case? If they do, why are things as they are? Surely, if the existing water companies, the parochial and district boards of the metropolis, and the general demand of the London public, be so competent to induce a proper water supply for the future, that competence ought to be shewn by the proper state of the water supply at present. Similar causes should produce similar effects. We can judge of what the metropolis will do for itself, only by what it has done. Let us see what it has done, on the method of private speculation by quasi-competing, but really monopolist, companies.

Nine years ago, Mr. J. Liddle, one of the medical officers of the Whitechapel Union, stated that, in his district,—

"There was not, in the poorer districts, such a thing as a house with the water laid on, or furnished with a sink for getting rid of the waste; that they had only a very scanty supply from stand pipes, kept in tubs in the rooms in which they lived, (and therefore saturated with the gaseous and organic matters given off in the breath, . . . perhaps with worse;) . . . that their washing consisted of merely passing very dirty linen through very dirty water (the hardness of the water preventing the soap from lathering properly), causing a smell most offensive and injurious to their health; that the filth of their dwellings was excessive, and that of their persons likewise."

We omit the sickening accounts of the utter want of sewage, as foreign to our present subject; though it must never be forgotten, that, without a plentiful and constant supply of water, the most scientific and complete sewage system is a nullity. Now, every clergyman and medical man is aware, that this is no exceptional case; that there were, nine years ago, thousands of houses all over London in the same state as these Whitechapel ones, and worse; and that all public authorities, water companies, and landlords, must have been aware of their existence; for Mr. Liddle's evidence, with much more to the same purpose, appeared in the Report of 1842, to which we have just alluded,—a work which, attacking, as it did, vested interests innumerable, was sure not to have escaped the notice of the parties interested,—to have opened their eyes, if not their hearts, to the deadly consequences of their neglect,—and to have aroused them, if anything would, to examine into the state of the poorer districts which they professed to supply, and remedy evils patent to every sense—of those not interested in insensibility. They cannot, therefore, for the last nine years at least, plead ignorance of their own laches. Let us see, now, what improvement they have effected during that period.

LETTER FROM JOHN LIDDLE, Esq.

"4, Alic Place, Jan. 5, 1850.

"DEAR SIR,—There are several courts in the Whitechapel Union which are without a supply of water. In all, there is a deficient supply. The poor inhabitants are for the most part supplied with water from a stand-tap, the water from which flows daily for a short time (from one hour to three hours). Some of the houses where the poor reside are three stories high; and as the water only flows for a limited time in the court, the lodgers in the attics of these high houses must either go without water entirely, or obtain a limited supply with a great deal of labour and loss of time.

"In Johnson's charge, where more cases of illness have occurred than in any other locality in Whitechapel, the only supply of water for the inhabitants is a pump, the water from which is said to be unfit to drink, and the poor people are obliged to obtain their supply from a neighbouring court, and they have great difficulty in procuring it, the inhabitants objecting to let them have any.

"In Cartwright Street, the inhabitants are supplied from a well, the water from which is pumped into a tank, and pipes are connected with it, from which the butts in the houses in the neighbourhood are supplied. But the machinery is sometimes out of repair, and the inhabitants have then to obtain water elsewhere. In some instances, the water-butt is adjacent to the privy.

"In Hebrew Place and Love Court, Middlesex Street, the tenants of one of the landlords are without any supply of water except that which

they may obtain from a pump. Here these poor people say that the water from the pump is so bad that they cannot use it, and they are obliged to beg it from their neighbours. In this case the landlord had a dispute with the Water Company, in consequence of their giving him notice to raise the water-rate during the rebuilding of some of the houses; alleging, as the reason, that the quantity of water which was required for the mortar of the houses was much more than was needful for the occupants. The landlord resisted their demand, and the water was cut off.

"In the month of August last, a complaint was made by a party residing in the eastern extremity of Whitechapel, to the trustees, of the bad state of the water which was delivered into their premises. A sample of the water was shewn to the trustees; it was most foul and fetid. A committee of the trustees was appointed to make inquiries into the case, and found it as described. The Water Company was written to, and new pipes were laid down. Whether the Company made any deduction from their annual charge, I do not know.

"The water which is delivered into my own house is unfit to drink, unless previously filtered. It is usually turbid. All complaints are of course useless. The only reply would be to a complaint, 'If you don't like it we will cut it off.'—

"Very truly yours,

"JOHN LIDDLE.

"P.S.—The trustees recently passed a resolution complaining of the bad quality, deficient quantity, and extravagant charge for watering the parish.

"ALEX. BAIN, Esq.,

"Assistant Secretary, General Board of Health."

Poor Mr. Liddle! And this is his latest news! Surely "wisdom crieth in the streets, and no man regardeth her."

And let no one suppose this to be an exceptional case. We distinctly deny it to be such. We assert that there is hardly a group of houses of the poorer class in London, in which the supply of water is not scanty in quantity, deficient in quality, and supplied by a method which defiles and wastes it as much as possible, while the sewage, till the late Government improvements were commenced, was bestially inefficient.

"In the city of London," says that energetic apostle of baths and washhouses, Mr. Bowie, "the water is in general very scanty, and sometimes altogether wanting; often thick, muddy, putrid, unfit for use." He enumerates, "among a host of others," thirteen courts and alleys, where the inhabitants state that "there was no water laid on." "They got it where they could, by begging, borrowing, and from the neighbouring pumps." "They have been without water for eight years, and often more in need of it than victuals." "Water dipped with pails, and very dirty;" "... often looks quite yellow;" "... only fit to rinse a pail or cleanse the privy;" "... tastes as if

putrified, and often contains worms an inch long." "A gully hole in connection with the pump." "There is also," say Mr. Bowie and many other witnesses, "an evil of considerable magnitude likely to arise from the practice of having public pumps or stand-cocks. It is, that as women and children have to go and wait their turn, they may come in contact with persons of the very worst character, hear very bad language, and at last become regardless of decency." And this, be it never forgotten, is the state of things in the only part of London which has a local government.

The same disgusting evidence is given by Dr. Hector Gavin, as to a considerable part of Shoreditch, one-half of Hackney, and nearly the whole of Bethnal-Green, in themselves rather great towns than districts. Perhaps, too, some of our readers may have read in the pages of the *Morning Chronicle* of Jacob's Island, Bermondsey, where—until private persons totally unconnected with the locality interfered—a respectable population of dock-workers had, literally, no other water to drink than that of the same stagnant open sewer into which the whole filth of their houses was thrown.

All these instances, with the exception of Jacob's Island, are north of the Thames; but when we add to these the still worse state of the poorer dwellings on the south bank, throughout the vast and crowded tracts of Lambeth, Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, Southwark, and Newington (the chief seats of cholera), the whole presents a picture more like some foul and fantastic nightmare, than an account of the metropolis of the greatest nation in Europe.

The blame of all this must be divided between the house-owners, the Water Companies, and the Local Boards. Of the inefficiency of these latter in the whole matter, the state of things gives full practical proof. Not that they are composed of worse men than other local boards, but that the constitution of London is different from that of any other large city in these islands. In almost every other city or town, there is one central and corporate authority, composed of men of all ranks, and containing a good proportion of bankers, manufacturers, merchants, and other men of a class above ignorance, hasty and reckless greed, and private jobbery. In any water-scheme, these men will have the most important, if not the sole voice. If the corporation are the suppliers of water, the central authority has full play, and Government interference, except in the form of inspection, as in the case of railroads, is unnecessary. Even if the town be supplied by one or more water companies, the corporation will be able, as in the case of Nottingham, to make their own terms with

them, with a due regard to the public benefit, not only as a matter of benevolence, but also of poor-rates. In most cases the most wealthy, best educated, and public-spirited members of the corporation, will be among the capitalists of the water-scheme; and thus, as in the case of most Scotch and north-country towns, the general consolidation of different interests will work well and wholesomely, especially if the area of the town be small enough for a single scheme to be projected and carried out by one or two public-spirited men, who command the respect and attention of their fellow-townsmen. Yet even in these cases, we find complaints of competition between different companies, and longings for more complete union and centralization. Mr. Hawksley, the celebrated engineer, in his evidence on the New Nottingham Water Supply, which has become famous from its extraordinary success in all but annihilating the causes of cholera between 1833 and 1849, speaks strongly against the disadvantages, even there, of want of united management. It is needless to quote further evidence on this point; a summary of the whole question seems to us to be contained in the following opinion of Professor Clark of Aberdeen, the justice of which, we think, will be at once evident to all our readers.

"Living in a town (Aberdeen) with a population of nearly 70,000 inhabitants, where the water is supplied, not by a joint-stock company, but by the Commissioners of Police, who are elected by the rate-payers, it has often occurred to me to question the policy of allowing water to be supplied to a town by a joint-stock company, in any case whatsoever. The extensive pipes laid throughout all the streets, and branching to all the houses, cannot conveniently, nor without a great sacrifice of expense, be laid in a second set, much less a third; therefore competition, such as occurs in the supply of bread and meat, or of like articles of demand, is out of the question in regard to the supply of water on a large scale. The establishing of a joint-stock company for the supply of a town by water, is the establishing a monopoly of trading persons, having the power, without responsibility, of taxing the inhabitants for their own benefit. The practical check on any crying excess in their charge, and on their heedlessness about supplying water of a proper quality, lies mainly in the apprehension of a second company being established; but since no new works can be undertaken without an Act of Parliament, and without risk of competition with the old company, such as almost always proves ruinous to both; and since, in order to establish the new company, an agitation in the community has to take place, the check is not of a desirable kind; neither is it effectual in the generality of cases."

Now, Dr. Clark, it will be seen, goes even further than we do; for we have pointed out cases in which a joint-stock company might

exist harmlessly, by being all but identified with the corporation itself. But it must be remembered, that in the metropolis this possibility does not exist. There is there absolutely no central or corporate authority. With the exception of the City itself, with "its very badly constituted, and very badly administered local government," (to quote Mr. J. S. Mill's words,) it is in reality a mere congeries of huge overgrown parishes, each a large town in itself, but in general with no authorities but parochial ones, and the innumerable confused and complicated boards of surveyors, trustees, &c. &c., which have grown up, they hardly know how themselves, according to special exigencies. Hence no unity in road-making, no unity in sewage, no unity in water-supply. All London drives through a great street in one parish, yet that parish alone, often has to pay for the whole wear and tear. Or perhaps parish A will not go the expense of improving the upper end of Blank Street, because parish B persist in leaving the lower end of it a slough. Parish A cannot, or rather, till the happy revolution of sewage governments, two years ago, could not drain itself, because parish B lying lower, refused to lower its sewers. Or parish A and B, having each their own private interests, and, alas for poor human nature! their own private pets, and relations, and jobs, ran each of them their own huge useless sewer to the river, along a high and therefore comparatively useless level; when, if they had combined, they might have run one along a lower level, saving half the expense, and doing the work effectually. And as for water-supply, parish A, B, and all the rest of the letters feel it most honestly a matter beyond them—so vast and important, that like all vast and important things, the only power capable of coping with it is—blind chance.

Moreover, the local governments of London are especially in the hands of the shopkeepers, and the owners of small tenements. The proportion of manufacturers and large capitalists, except in the city, is by no means great. The noblemen who own London land have generally let it pass out of their own control on long building leases, and confine their real care to their country estates. Few or no gentlemen have a strong interest in London parochial government; and thus the vast majority of London parishes, perhaps the whole of those which require water and sewerage, are in the hands of shopkeepers, middlemen, and persons bound up with them by various ties, often more potent than disinterested. Thus in any sanitary case, the same body of men are too often both criminal and judge, and the well known abomination of a bench of game-preserving squires sitting in judgment on a poacher is enacted 'en grand,' at every vestry,

by some hundreds of shopkeepers, with this slight difference, that the lives of human beings, and not of hares, are in question. Doubtless, the London middle-classes have many good qualities—all classes have, for that matter—but that they are not the people among whom one would look especially for either chivalrous self-sacrifice or scientific enlightenment, let their conduct in the matter of the Smithfield nuisance witness. That something or other steels them to evils patent to every medical man, the present state of London proves; and even the best of them, in the hurry of business, and the unceasing struggle of competition, now becoming daily more and more demoralized by puffery and adulteration, are too apt to thrust out of their sight and mind any investments of capital but those which promise the most immediate returns. The whole modern habits of the middle-classes in great cities tend to make them live from hand to mouth; to forget foresight for present gain; to be yearly more and more swayed by individual or trade-interests, less and less alive to corporate ones, least of all to the interests of those classes below them, whose welfare, however surely, yet still only indirectly and invisibly affects their own. And these evils are daily increasing. While we write, puffery spreads, adulteration, as in the case of substituting chicory for coffee, openly triumphs, and insults men like Mr. Baring, who attempt to prevent it; slop-selling thrives, and master sweaters become public officials and lawgivers to the metropolis. . . . Conceive entrusting the water and sewerage of their workmen's dwellings to the tender mercies of Nebuchadnezzar & Co.!

There appear to us to be only two methods of making anything like organized or harmonious sanitary reform in the metropolis possible. One is, to incorporate all parishes either north or south of the Thames, within the bills of mortality, into that to which they really belong, the City of London; and to make their constitution as democratic as possible, giving, if it can be done, a vote in vestry not merely to householders, but to every lodger, male or female, above the age of twenty-one, in order that the poor creatures who now suffer most from public neglect, may have some voice at least in its removal.

But this, if not altogether Utopian, is certainly a difficult and far distant change; and, in the meantime, there appears to be but one alternative, the interference of government authority. Whatever just and time-honoured jealousy of such interference there may be in the minds of many, ought to be outbalanced by the recollection, that the British dislike of government interference arose from exactly the opposite cause from that which is now

pleaded against it. Government interference was repulsed in old times, in order that the free efforts of the many might not be over-ridden by the few, by a clique or by a despot; to repulse it in this case, is to leave the many—the whole, in fact—of the working-classes of the metropolis, at the mercy of the few, for the supply of a vital necessary. The many and the few have changed places. Her Majesty's Government, if it brought forward a bill for supplying London with water, and compelling its extension to every dwelling, would surely be representing the feelings and interests of the great mass of Londoners, far better than either the local boards or the water companies as yet have done.

With some such views as these, we conceive a society, calling themselves "The Metropolitan Sanitary Association," have memorialized the Government in a temperate and weighty address, to which they append a letter from Mr. John Stuart Mill, in answer to queries of theirs on the subject. In Mr. Mill's eyes, the question of Government interference with the Water Supply "is a question of general policy, rather than of political economy;" a whole-some rebuke, whether intentional or not, to that party which make a few economic canons, discovered by wiser men than themselves, the absolute measure of all things in earth, and in heaven also, when they trouble themselves with that distant and unimportant locality.

The whole letter is, as was to be expected, full of broad and weighty truths. Mr. Mill acknowledges the impossibility of any real competition in water supply; the necessity of monopoly, and therefore, when that monopoly is exercised by private individuals, of slavery; the defective administration of joint-stock company directors (on which point he has already spoken in his *Political Economy*); the preference to be given to municipal authority; the non-existence of any such authority in London; the probability of the Government being best able to originate, if not to carry out a scheme of this kind; and, after giving due weight to the proper jealousy of Government coercion and meddling, which he justly praises as a sentiment to which this country owes the chief points of superiority which its Government possesses over those of the Continent, he concludes by proposing that, when a properly constituted local body shall exist in London, the water supply shall, under proper securities, be delivered up to its charge; and that, in the meantime, the work will be most fittingly entrusted to a Commissioner appointed by the Government, and responsible to Parliament, like the Commissioners of Poor-Laws.

It is in vain to quote the late great improvement in the North British water supplies, and thence to argue for the non-necessity of Go-

vernment interference. That such an improvement has taken place without compulsion, is an honour to Scotland and the rest of the North, but it is no test of the power of *laissez-faire* in other parts of Great Britain. London is not Glasgow, nor Reading Paisley, nor Oxford Aberdeen—nor any twelve towns in the South of England at all analogous to the twelve in the North, which Mr. Stirratt, bleacher of Paisley, honourably mentions; nor (it is a Southron who pens these words) is the slow and short-sighted Southron the canny, shifty, far-seeing Scot, with that mingled daring and caution of his which enables him to take the newest hint of science, without involving himself in the building of card-castles, and the riding of hobbies. In looking through these Government Reports, a Scot may well feel proud of the testimony they bear to the civilisation, and public spirit, and scientific excellence of his countrymen. But all Scotch savans must not expect to get the same hearing for their wisdom on the south side of the Humber which they do on the north. In their case the saying, that "a prophet has no honour in his own country" is strangely reversed. Playfair and Smith of Deanston are listened to in the Lothians; Clark and Angus Smith in Aberdeen and Glasgow. But South-Saxon soil still remains half-tilled, and South-Saxon towns unsewered and unwatered. The same fault to which old chroniclers attribute the ruinous weakness of England before the Norman Conquest, still besets all her doings; the isolating, individualizing selfishness, which makes every man "run to his own house," and leaves the commonweal to shift for itself; the stubborn slowness, which is as dogged in the support of prescriptive wrongs as it is in that of prescriptive rights—these make the Londoner shut his ears to facts, and submit to evils which make his whole existence one of the strangest jumbles of artificial civilisation and primeval barbarism which the world has ever beheld.

What, for instance, is the quality of water which the London Water Companies, in the face of scientific warnings and public remonstrances, now find it consistent with their interest and the full market demand to supply?

In the first place, without exception, their supplies swarm with living animalcules, the presence of which, putting aside its disgust-fulness, as a mere matter of feeling, must be considered as indicative of unwholesomeness. These creatures are nature's scavengers—their food is decomposing organic matter, animal and vegetable; they attend on putrefaction, as surely as the vultures on the fallen carcass. In this light they may be considered as warnings against disease, rather than causes of it; but many of them are capable of living and

multiplying within the human body—many more of producing irritation in the intestinal canal, by the siliceous shells and spines, finer than the points of the finest needle, which envelop them; many minute fungi can propagate disease in a healthy organic tissue which has been inoculated with them. If any reader wish to instil into his imagination a wholesome terror and disgust of these wondrous atomies, we must refer him to the works and the evidence of Dr. Arthur Hassall, who has devoted many years to the investigation of this branch of microscopic science. Now with these creatures the whole of the water companies' supply teems; and not only with living animal and vegetable productions, but, worse still, with dead and decaying organic matter. The worst in this respect are those which supply the Surrey side of the metropolis, where, accordingly, the ravages of cholera have been principally felt. Several of these actually distribute to their wretched customers unfiltered Thames water—in a word, their own diluted sewage, swarming with the same animalcules which haunt the sewer mouths; and, in addition to these, Dr. Hassall has actually detected on various occasions, matters connected with sewage, such as black carbonaceous matter, portions of the husk and down-hairs of wheat, cells of potato, granules of starch, fragments of muscular fibre, tinged with bile.—We presume that the water supply of ancient Jerusalem must have been somewhat different to that of modern London. We do not require the horrors of a blockade to bring on us the threat of Rabshakeh to “the men who sit on the wall.”

The water of the companies north of the Thames gives a less disgusting ‘fauna,’ the water being by several companies filtered more or less—though we should say, less, rather than more, to judge by the list of ‘Actinophrydes, Desmidiæ, Diatomaceæ, Entomostracæ, Annelida,’ and other filth-bred monsters, which, with occasional Thames Paramecia from the sewer mouths, make up the list of their fertility. In one case, the water which professed to be brought from pure country regions is adulterated, if not with Thames water, still with water from the Lea, and furnishing, Dr. Hassall says, ‘a mixture of ditch, spring, river, and well water’ swarming with organic life. Another, while it professes to derive all its water from a canal above the influence of the tide, has a communication with the sea within the influence of the tide and Blackwall Creek; and the other supplies are drawn, either from the Thames or from ponds and rivers which are exposed to all the evil influences of stagnation, farm-yard ditches, abundant vegetation, and a public which disregards old Hesiod’s warning about the sacred-

ness of springs; and their supplies exhibit accordingly the animals and vegetables bred under such circumstances.

Such—for the whole evidence is too disgusting for us to enter into details—is the result of several hundred examinations of water, obtained from the service pipes of the different companies, and therefore in the state in which it is consumed by the public. And when it is remembered, that on the present cistern system, every house-cistern in the great majority of houses, is an alembic for further putrefaction, further multiplication of these wriggling monsters, for the absorption of lead from the cistern itself, of sulphuretted hydrogen from the neighbouring closets, even if none is already present (as is often the case in the south London water) from the Thames itself; that wherever this water is procured from stand-pipes, it has to remain in the dwelling rooms of the consumers, to give out its air, and absorb the vapours of their breath—we will neither finish our sentence, nor make any comment thereon.

It appears, moreover, that this water, even when filtered, is of a high degree of hardness, ranging by Dr. Clarke’s soap-test, from 12 to 16½ degrees, and thereby entailing on the inhabitants a heavy tax, by the increased consumption of soap and tea, &c. &c., required by hard water, probably of more than double on the whole soap, and one-half on the whole tea, consumed. When we add to this, that in order to abridge this undue use of soap, soda is largely used by all London washerwomen, to the speedy destruction, as all housewives know, of the fabric washed; that from the experiments of M. Soyer, the hardness of the water interferes with all culinary processes; that, as is well known to every groom, it is highly injurious to horses, and, indeed, is naturally refused by all cattle which can obtain soft. . . without mentioning the chapped skin, and fruitless scrubbing, which attend every attempt to wash in unboiled water in most parts of London. . . when we sum up all this, we have such a count against the present system, as certainly justifies Dr. Sutherland’s dry and cautious remark, that it is “something like a positive injustice to give the poor no alternative between want and cleanliness, and the labour and expense involved in washing with water of from 12 to 16 degrees of hardness, when a softer supply might be attainable.”

There seems to be great reason to suspect also, that the use of hard water increases dyspeptic complaints, and makes epidemics more severe and more fatal. Such certainly seems to be the conclusion from the following fact.

“Since the epidemic in 1832, the population of Glasgow south of the Clyde, may be considered to have remained in the same state, with the ex-

ception of the introduction of the soft water supply. In one district, the parish of Gorbals, the attack of 1832 was fearful, while, in the attack of 1849, it furnished comparatively a small number of cases, the epidemic in the other parts of Glasgow being, as in the former cholera attack, very severe. The unanimous opinion of the medical society was, that this comparative immunity was owing to the soft water supply."

Similar evidence is given from Paisley; but whether we attribute this particular improvement to the quantity, or, with the local medical men, to the quality, of the new supply, there cannot be a doubt that the substitution of soft for hard water, has a tendency to exterminate another class of diseases, one of the most frightful and agonizing which can beset humanity. In Paisley, it appears, calculous disorders, formerly very numerous, have during the last ten years all but utterly disappeared, except in parts not accessible to the soft water supply, or in cases from the chalk counties of England—*i. e.*, from the strata which now supply hard water to London, and from which almost all the proposed plans wish still to supply it.

One more count remains of our general indictment against the present private monopolies of London water, and that a most important one. It is the extraordinary fact, that "under existing management the first and chief necessity to be provided for by water companies is *waste* of the supply, while the domestic consumption has occupied in reality only a secondary position."

The actual proportion of waste to domestic consumption, even under a system of constant supply by stand-pipes, seems, from the general carelessness with which matters are managed, to be very difficult to ascertain; in many parts of London it is at least as *three to one*. No fact can speak more strongly to the utter wrongness of the whole system, its inefficiency and its expensiveness; its inefficiency, in that the greater part of the supply is lost in the process of distribution, and the consumers have, of course, to pay for what they do not use; and its expensiveness, in that a far larger amount of capital is invested in the business, than is actually required, not merely to supply the present quantity to the consumers, but to supply a quantity equal to their real needs. It seems at first sight most puzzling to understand, how such enormous waste can be consistent with any remunerative profits. But so it is; for the companies exist, and stoutly desire and struggle to continue in existence, leaving us to suppose that their profits must be, if not exorbitant, still far larger than, under a proper economic system, they need be, and these companies are now crying out for

"full compensation" for their waste as well as their supply.

But, on the whole, we do not complain of these companies. They have but followed the maxims which all English society follows in these days—to get as much for their money as the public will allow them. The Grand Junction Company, the state of whose water supply is far superior to the rest, hardly forms an exception; for there being, as they themselves state, few or no groups of poor houses in their district, their customers, being of the better class, have, of course, kept up a demand for a better article; while those which supply the masses have been able freely to distribute an inferior article, at a price as high as they dared; and if men do not dare somewhat, when in possession of a monopoly, they must be more than men.

After all, these companies have but gone the way of the world. Beginning with a selfish competition, they have ended in monopoly. Even as two large trouts rush out, each from his separate nook, first to clear the pool of small fry, and then to settle competitively the exact extent of their respective beats, till after many battles, consuming strength and time in fighting instead of feeding, the stronger establishes himself at the head, and the weaker at the tail of the pool, and there is peace, and monopoly for each over all wretched smaller creatures—even so have they. Nine long years was one London company engaged in competition against three others, and secured its ground at last; at, of course, a waste of capital and labour—a "disastrous struggle," as they themselves call it—so painful to their memory that "they feel it unnecessary to enter on it." . . . Poor things! But they, and fairly enough too, intimate that they were not the only offenders. "The blame of what was wrong must at least be shared by the Legislature, which had sanctioned and encouraged the competition." "The public, too, must also share the blame; the instances were numerous during the competition, where the company was requested by memorial to drive mains in some particular locality, the memorialists agreeing to take a supply on certain terms. This agreement was commonly forgotten when the mains were laid, and the rival companies were left to bid against each other for tenants to the point of ruin."

Of course they were. The selfishness of the memorialists led them to play on the rival selfishnesses of the water companies; and then the same selfishness led them to desert the poor exhausted combatants, when they became by fighting too exhausted to do their work well and cheaply. Oh purblind John Bull!

who will go on doing evil, and making others do it, that good may come, who cannot see that an unrestrained selfish competition, when completely triumphant, may appear in the shape of his old bugbear, monopoly! In your selfish, short-sighted cunning, you thought you could get your water a little cheaper by trusting it to the self-interest of a few capitalists, and letting them beat each other down; and, behold, you are literally filled with the fruit of your own devices, with rats and mice and such small deer, paramacia, and entomostraceæ, and kicking things with horri! names, which you see in microscopes at the Polytechnic, and rush home and call for brandy—without the water—with stone, and gravel, and dyspepsia, and fragments of your own muscular tissue tinged with your own bile. . . . Oh John! John! The love of money is the root of all evil! And even as it is now with your water-supply, so may it be soon with your clothes-supply, when you have petted and egged on a few large slop-sellers to eat up all the small ones, and then to combine in triumphant monopoly, to clothe you with devil's dust instead of cloth, and starch instead of linen. . . . Oh John! John!

Leaving now this water-company question, as one worth no more argumentation, we go on to notice the various schemes for a better supply of water to London which are now on foot.

One source which has been proposed is from Artesian wells, sunk through the London and Plastic Clays to the sand strata beneath, which furnish a soft water, considered by one or two gentlemen, on account of the quantity of carbonate of soda which it contains, to possess the quality of economizing soap (not, we fear, of economizing the fabrics washed in the said soap), and enabling us to obtain in all cases (Soyer's experiments only assert in some few) a better extract from all matters exposed to its action, either hot or cold, and to be "the beau idéal of what a water ought to be for the supply of a city or town."

Now, granting that thirteen grains of sulphate of potash per gallon will not make the water nasty; that eight grains of glauber's salts will not make it purgative; that twenty grains of common salt will quench and not increase thirst; and that the eighteen grains of carbonate of soda is nothing but beneficent to the shirts and towels which will have to endure it; letting pass the small quantities of carbonate of magnesia, and phosphates, and crenic, and apocrenic, and silicic acids; granting that a North Briton fresh from the "amber torrents" of Scotland, would not pronounce the Trafalgar Square water, the analysis of which we have just sketched, to be "an unco fine liquid for purposes o' agricultural irriga-

tion;" but in point of drinking excellence, as like the beau idéal of water as the dumb-waiters and soda-water bottles from which it issues, are like the beau idéal of sculpture—granting all this, and as much more as is required, there is one fatal objection against these Artesian wells—that the supply from them, even with the small demand as yet made on them, has been steadily decreasing for the last twenty years and more; that every fresh well draws away the water from the surrounding ones, and necessitates the deepening of them; and that this fact is not merely owing to the opening the springs at a lower level, for, to quote Mr. Braithwaite's evidence, "there has been one universal depression in all the wells to the sand spring, varying only in degree according to the depth." This fact, we apprehend, needs no comment.

The same phenomenon gives rise to a fatal objection against all propositions for supplying London from deep wells sunk into the vast water-loaded fissures which undoubtedly exist in the chalk. Even now, the great Brewers who are supplied by chalk wells are compelled to pump on separate days to avoid exhausting the supply; and the springs at Watford, twenty miles from London, are higher every Monday than during the rest of the week, owing to the pumping being discontinued on Sunday. Besides, these waters are of a degree of hardness, varying on an average up to nineteen degrees, which renders them utterly unfit either for washing or drinking.

The most obvious sources of supply are of course the Thames and its tributaries, and many projects have been started for diverting to London a stream which would certainly be inexhaustible, from some higher and therefore purer point on the Thames. Of these the most simple, feasible and economic, seems certainly to be that of Mr. Hawksley's scheme for establishing reservoirs and filters on the Thames bank, a little below Maidenhead, and thence conveying the water to Hampstead, from which point it would be distributed at high pressure over the whole of London; and that of Mr. Quick, an eminent engineer, who proposes that the supply should be taken from Twickenham, about ten miles nearer the heart of London in a direct line, considering that there would be no advantage corresponding to the increased outlay obtained by taking it from a point higher up the river. The estimated cost of Mr. Hawksley's project is £746,790, of Mr. Quick's £300,000. But the objection against both these, and all other similar ones, is the same as against the last mentioned. The water is too hard, varying from twelve to sixteen degrees, according to Dr. Clark's soap-test, and even granting that a perfect method of filtration could eliminate all

the organic, as well as the mechanical impurities, neither of which are considerable, and that the water could, by aeration during filtration, be redeemed from its present flat and nauseous taste, still there would be on an average twelve grains of carbonate, and two of sulphate of lime to be got rid of.

It has been recently proposed to do this by applying the admirable process invented by Professor Clark of Aberdeen, which is destined, doubtless, hereafter to come into extensive use. Professor Clark, in 1841, took out a patent for this invention, which consists in a very simple application of lime-water to water already containing bi-carbonate of lime, compelling it thereby to deposit the lime which it holds in solution. The whole of this learned gentleman's evidence as to the evil effects of hard water, and the complete and instantaneous improvement effected by his process, is exceedingly valuable, but all that we have space to notice is the treatment of his discovery by the various London water companies. In the delusive hope that they were as enlightened as himself, he sends round to them copies of his pamphlet, inviting them to inspect his process. Two of them returned no answer; another cannot try it themselves, but recommend him to go to their large customers, and see if they would make the trial—and of course take the expense. Another promises polite attention—and so vanishes back into its native dirt. Another company informs him that, having reached perfection, the sending his pamphlet to them was quite needless. Another inspects the process, two years ago, and is not heard of again. Another expresses their opinion that the process could be worked much more economically—(to them?)—by consumers. And the West Middlesex, with its Thames paramacia and infusoria, and nineteen degrees of hardness, informed the astonished philosopher that their water had been "bright, pure, and salubrious for the last two years!"

But, in the mean time, a method of water-supply has been gradually extending itself throughout Scotland and the north of England, which bids fair to out-vie all others, from the peculiar simplicity of the process, which is, in fact, a mere organized copy of nature's own process of producing springs and rivulets, and from the great purity of the water which is obtained by it. It consists in collecting, over certain elevated gathering-grounds, the whole rain-fall of the district, whether from natural springs or from the artificial drainage of the soil, and conducting them down to reservoirs of a sufficient height to supply water at constant high-pressure. The water thus obtained, off the granite, greenstone, trap, and millstone-grit rocks of the north, varies from one and a

half to five degrees of hardness, and, as many of our North British readers must be well aware, is as perfect in quality as can be desired. By this method the majority of cities and large towns of Scotland, and many in Lancashire, are enjoying those advantages of soft and well aerated water to which we have had already occasion to allude; for the pure rain of heaven, from which ultimately the greater part of all supplies must be derived, is thus intercepted in its passage downwards, and turned to use, before it has had time to become adulterated with any of the numberless elements, organic and inorganic, which it must meet with in its passage downwards to the sea, or into the bowels of the earth.

The superiority of this method of supply has been, as it seems to us, so clearly demonstrated by the evidence laid before the Health of Towns' Commission, that it is not to be wondered at if those interested in the fate of the London supply cast about for some plan of applying it to the case before them.

The first point was to ascertain whether the neighbourhood of London offered a gathering-ground for pure water of a sufficient size; and such a one prescribed itself at once in the range of sterile moors known to geologists by the name of the Bagshot Sands. The upper portions of this district spread out in vast flats, clothed with a scanty brown heather, and fast increasing forests of Scotch fir, utterly uncultivable from their barrenness. These hills were within the last fifty years the haunts of red-deer; and the black cock still lingers on the sunny brows, the snipe and wild duck around the desolate pools; while the valleys which intersect the waste form a striking contrast to the dreary solitude above, by their noble timber trees, the crops of scanty, but peculiarly excellent wheat which clothe the slopes, and their boggy meadows, which furnish a coarse herbage for summer cattle. Travellers by the Southampton Railway must often have been surprised at finding themselves, within an hour's run of the greatest metropolis in the world, whirling through miles of desert; and even though they may have acquiesced in the popular notion that it is impossible to cultivate these wastes, they may yet have been inclined to suspect that so peculiar a district, in so peculiar a situation, may have still its use, and its part to play in the forward movements of civilization, perhaps in relation to the very city on which it borders so nearly. We profess our honest belief that the Bagshot sands, like everything else in the world, were not created in vain; that rabbits and plovers' eggs, unsaleable fir-poles, and the worst of turf, were not intended to be their final produce; and that even those upper gravel layers, which are absolutely beyond the

hope of cultivation, at least till science has progressed for centuries more, possess by virtue of their very barrenness and utter flintiness, a wealth of their own, in the form of a pure, well aerated, and naturally filtered water, which no science can imitate or improve.

It appears, on the whole, that the existing springs of this district are sufficient to afford a daily supply of 40,000,000 of gallons, sufficient to give to 520,000 houses (double the number now in London) 75 gallons per house. The estimated expense of intercepting these waters at their sources, storing them in a reservoir on Wimbledon Common, and connecting them with the present street pipeage, together with compensation to mill-owners, &c., is £646,000, which, if paid off in 21 years, at 6 per cent., would amount, at the average of 280,000 houses, to little more than three shillings a house; while the present rate to the water companies on the same number of houses is about £1, 12s.

We may be perhaps allowed to enter somewhat into detail in our description of these proposed gathering grounds, likely now to become a subject of public interest and notoriety.

No district, perhaps, of South Britain, shews more distinctly the connexion between the outer clothing and the inner substance of mother earth, the strict coincidence between geologic fact, and the features of landscape. The upper flats are composed principally of a pure brown sand, with a cap of diluvial gravel, the relics of primeval chalk, green sand, and wealden hills, from which, by some mysterious agency, every atom of carbonate of lime has disappeared, leaving nothing behind but their skeleton of sharp flint and sand. The imagination reels at the thought of the stupendous masses of chalk which must have been destroyed, to furnish from their scantiest ingredient, miles on miles of gravel hills.—However, the destruction has taken place, and there the gravel beds lie, a natural filter, along the steep base of which innumerable crystal springs well out in a clearly defined horizontal line, and flow down over the more retentive loams and foliated clays of the middle Bagshot beds, which form the cultivated slopes of the valleys. Much of the rain which falls on the table lands, unable to escape at this level, descends to a greater depth, to reappear in the lower meadows in the form of chalybeate springs, the presence of which, colouring all the rivers of the district, has engendered fears in various quarters of the general purity of the water. But as a fact, the springs of the upper level, from whence alone the supply need be drawn, are as free from iron as they are from every other contaminating element, organic or inorganic. In the course of ages, whatever hydrated oxide of iron has been dis-

fused in a soluble state through the upper strata, has been washed down by the rains to the retentive beds below, and carried out by them into the valleys, to form an alluvium abounding with every conceivable salt of iron. To a similar process of filtration, Mr. Prestwick, the geologist most intimately acquainted with the district, refers the entire absence of all carbonate of lime in the form of fossil shells throughout the upper sands; the hydrated protoxide of iron, in its progress downwards, having rendered whatever carbonate of lime it met soluble in water. Should this theory be correct, as we have no reason to doubt, it would seem that nature has not only provided the Londoners with a ready made filter, but has been kindly busy for ages preparing it for them. Moreover, these Bagshot sands have advantages which few even of the Scotch gathering grounds possess. There is no real peat on their surface, but only a few inches of black peaty soil, nine-tenths of it sharp sand; they require no drainage, the present volume of the springs being enough to supply a city far more populous than London is now—the mere act of clearing them out would considerably increase their volume, and the soil above them being uncultivated, there is no risk of contamination from the filtering downwards of manures.

The alternative lies evidently between this scheme and that of Mr. Hawksley or Mr. Quick. The Government will, we hope, be shortly called on to decide whether of the two can be carried out at least cost. The Bagshot plan promises at present to be dearer than the Twickenham and cheaper than the Maidenhead one; but it must be remembered, that to the estimated expense of these latter must be added the yet uncertain cost of Dr. Clark's softening process; and we must consider the labour of the manufacture, the risk of mistakes in applying it to so vast an amount of water daily, and the fact that it will not bring the Thames water down to within one and a half or two degrees of the natural average of Bagshot and Farnham water. No conclusion to which the Government can come can affect the engineering reputations of Mr. Hawksley and Mr. Quick, or throw discredit on Dr. Clark's invaluable discovery. There are towns and villages by the hundred to which his process of purification will be an invaluable boon. The time may come when landlords and corporations shall be compelled, in default of a natural supply of soft water, to produce an artificial one by this or analogous means. The time may come, too, when the ædile, with powers to inspect and compel the improvement of the houses, water, and sewage—and perhaps the agricultural drainage—of every district, shall be as integral a

member of English as he was of Roman civilization. But, in the meantime, it is evident that a bold step must be taken in the direction which we have been pointing out; and it is to be hoped that Her Majesty's Government will not be deterred by any cuckoo-cry of the press, still less by any jealousy of the energy and talents of its servants, from taking into its own hands the work which a selfish, divided, and careless public disdains to perform for itself—or rather, for its poorer members. These are days in which everything, even freedom and “our glorious constitution” themselves, must submit to be tried by the one test of practice. “Will it work?” asks the world of every man and matter: “If not—it must go:” And surely that free government incurs a heavy responsibility, which brings a slur by any tardiness of its own on those principles of liberty which are committed to its charge. We know that despotisms have been able to supply the masses fully and freely with necessities, like water, unattainable by their own efforts. If freedom is to hold its place in the respect of the masses, it must shew an equal, if not a superior power for the common good. The inhabitants of ancient Jerusalem were plentifully supplied with water both from reservoirs and pipes. Those of Rome had a gratuitous supply several times as great, in proportion to the population, as that which is considered necessary for London. The Peruvian Incas constructed aqueducts of 120 and 150 leagues in height. In Spain, both the Moors and Romans have left traces of their power in the form of enormous aqueducts and reservoirs to supply cities insignificant in comparison of London. The canals of Semiramis, and those of Egypt, are world-famous. Assyria and Mesopotamia are intersected by the ruins of vast water-courses; and through great part of the East, even at this day, the inhabitants are supplied with fresh and pure water by the beneficent will of their despots. Surely a free country ought to be able to do more, not less. It remains for England to shew that her boasted civilization and liberty has a practical power of self-development, which can meet and satisfy the wants of an increasing population, and cleanse from her fair face such plague-spots as we have been—not describing, for too many of them are past description, but—hinting at, as delicately as the nature of the subject will allow. Unless some practical proof is given to the suffering masses who inhabit our courts and alleys—one single savage and heathen tribe of them, the costermongers, numbering, according to Mr. Mayhew, thirty thousand souls—that a constitutional government can secure more palpable benefits to the many than a tyranny; unless anarchy ceases to be considered identical with freedom, and

human beings to be sacrificed to a proposition in a yet infant and tentative science,—we must expect to see, in the course of events, a revolution in favour of despotism, such as seized France when she raised Napoleon to the Empire; a revolution which is more possible even in Britain, to judge by certain ugly signs on both extremes of the political horizon, than the pedants of “constitutionalism” are inclined to suppose.

And though these permitted evils would not avenge themselves by any political retribution, yet avenge themselves, if unredressed, they surely will. They affect masses too large, interests too serious, not to make themselves bitterly felt some day or other. “This is no question,” as Mr. Mill well says, “of political economy, but of general policy:” we should go farther and say—of common right and justice. Therefore it is that we make no apology for any foul details through which we have led our readers. We only wish that we could shew them the realities, amid which thousands of their fellow-subjects are born and die. It is right that “one half of the world should know how the other half live.” Neither do we apologize for having made use of severe expressions of condemnation. Such questions as these, involving not merely profits, but health, sobriety, decency, life, are to be judged of not by the code or in the language of the market, but of the Bible. Acts concerning them are not merely expedient or inexpedient, fortunate or unfortunate, but right or wrong; the wrong may be excused by ignorance, but a wrong, and therefore a self-avenging act, it remains till amended. Even the hard and soft water controversy is not a mere matter of soap and tea expenditure, but of humanity and morality. As Hood said of the slop-sellers, so we say of the hard-water-and-animalcule-sellers,—

“It’s not trowsers and shirts you’re wearing out;
It’s human creatures’ lives.”

We may choose to look at the masses in the gross, as subjects for statistics—and of course, where possible, for profits. There is One above who knows every thirst, and ache, and sorrow, and temptation of each slattern, and gin-drinker, and street-boy. The day will come when He will require an account of these neglects of ours—not in the gross.

- ART. X.—1. *The Royal Supremacy not an Arbitrary Authority, but limited by the Laws of the Church of which Kings are Members.* By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D. D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christchurch. Part I. *Ancient Precedents.* Oxford, 1850.
2. *The Papal and Royal Supremacies contrasted. A Lecture delivered on Sunday the 12th of May 1850.* By the Right Rev. N. WISEMAN, D.D., Bishop of Melipotamus, V.A.L.
3. *The Queen or the Pope? the Question considered in its Political, Legal, and Religious Aspects.* By SAMUEL WARREN, Esq., of the Inner Temple. 1851.

THE true Popish doctrine upon the subject of the relation that ought to subsist between the Church and the State, or between the ecclesiastical and the civil authorities, is, that the ecclesiastical power is superior, in point of jurisdiction, to the civil. This is the view which has been held by the generality of Romanists except the defenders of the Gallican Liberties, and it accords most fully with the general principles and spirit of the Church of Rome. The opposite extreme to this is, of course, the doctrine of the superiority of the civil power to the ecclesiastical. This doctrine is often called by continental writers Byzantinism, a name suggested by the unwarrantable control generally exercised by the Emperors of the East over the patriarchs of Constantinople and the Greek Church during the middle ages, while in this country it is usually known by the name of Erastianism. The golden mean between these two extremes, is the doctrine that the Church and the State are two distinct societies, independent of each other, each having its own separate functions and objects and its separate means of executing and accomplishing them, each supreme in its own province, and neither having jurisdiction, nor a right of authoritative control, over the other. This we believe to be the doctrine of the Sacred Scriptures upon the subject. The defenders of the Gallican Liberties in the Romish Church of France, and the old Scottish Presbyterians, were led most fully to develop this doctrine, and it is now held by all the non-established churches in this country.

The chief difference among the non-established churches, in regard to this matter, turns upon these two questions—1st, Does the denial to the state of any jurisdiction or authoritative control over the Church, involve or imply a denial, that the State is entitled and bound to exercise *its proper authority in its own province*, with a view to promote the welfare and extension of the Church? and, 2d, Does the independence of the Church as a

distinct society, with the Church's obligation to maintain this, necessarily preclude it from entering into a friendly union or alliance with the State? The advocates of what is commonly called the Voluntary principle, answer these two questions, which are virtually and substantially one, in the affirmative, while the advocates of what is usually called the Establishment principle answer them in the negative. Both parties, however, concur in holding the entire independence of the Church and State as two distinct societies, and in denying to either any superiority, in point of authority or jurisdiction, over the other; while, on the points on which they differ, the advocates of the Establishment principle undertake to prove, that an obligation lies upon the State to aim, in the exercise of its proper authority in civil matters, at the welfare of true religion, and that there is no consideration which necessarily and universally precludes the Church from entering into friendly union with the State, and of course treating and arranging with it about the terms on which mutual co-operation may take place.

No sooner had the civil authorities made a profession of Christianity, than we find indications of their assuming to themselves jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters, and encroaching upon the Church's province. Before the end of the fourth century, the Church was obliged to pass canons prohibiting the clergy from applying to the civil power in order, by its interference, to secure or to retain their ecclesiastical status and privileges, canons identical in their substance and objects with the law passed by the Church of Scotland, in 1582, against Mr. Robert Montgomery, when, in defiance of the Church, he attempted to intrude, on the nomination of the king, and by the aid of the secular power, into the archbishopric of Glasgow. The encroachments of the civil power led to a setting forth of the fundamental principle of the independence of the Church upon the State, and of the supremacy of each in its own province, and we find this principle very fully and accurately stated by some of the popes, and other leading ecclesiastical authorities, in the fifth and sixth centuries. This important doctrine, however, did not obtain permanent practical ascendancy; for, during the middle ages, the Eastern Church lost all its rights and liberties, and sunk into a condition of abject slavery to the civil rulers, while the Western Church, by the marvellous skill and unscrupulous dexterity of the popes, succeeded, to a large extent, not only in obtaining exemption from civil control in civil matters, but in securing supremacy over the civil power. The principle of the superiority of the civil over the ecclesiastical was established in the East, while that of the superiority of the ecclesiasti-

cal over the civil, was established in the West. Both these principles are opposed to the Sacred Scriptures, and both, in their practical results, operated injuriously to the interests of religion, and to the general welfare of the community.

At the Reformation, the civil authorities who espoused the Protestant cause, were called upon to repel the encroachments which the Church of Rome had made in many ways upon the secular province, and to assert to the full their own legitimate power. This tended again to lead them to assume too much to themselves in regard to ecclesiastical matters, and to make encroachments upon the Church's province, a tendency which some of the Reformers did not a little to countenance. In most of the Reformed Churches, accordingly, the rightful independence of the Church was more or less encroached upon, and the civil powers practised an extent of interference with ecclesiastical matters, which Scriptural views of the duties and functions of the Church and of the State do certainly not sanction. There is good ground to believe that Luther and Melancthon became at last sensible that they had erred in conceding too much power to the civil authorities in the regulation of ecclesiastical matters, but they could not repair the evil they had done, as their rulers were not disposed to abandon any portion of the power they had acquired. Calvin, whose comprehensive and penetrating intellect raised him far above all even of his great contemporaries in the discovery and establishment of truth, promulgated from the first sound views in regard to the right mutual relation of the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, but he did not succeed in getting these views practically adopted in all the Churches which embraced, in the main, his system both of theology and church government. Of all Protestant countries, that in which the Scriptural independence of the Church was most strenuously maintained in argument, and most fully realized in practice, was Scotland, and that in which the civil power secured the largest share of unwarranted authority in the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs, was England. The ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown in England, the transference at the Reformation to the sovereign of the authority which had formerly been enjoyed by the Pope, a result which the old Scottish Presbyterians used to denounce as implying a change in the Pope but not in the popedom, has always been regarded as a peculiarity of the Anglican Church, and has given rise to a good deal of discussion. It is exciting much interest in the present day in consequence of the peculiar views held upon the subject by the Tractarians, especially as these have been developed in connection with the Gorham case;

and it has also been brought largely to bear upon the exciting topic of the recent Papal Aggression. In these circumstances, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to have their attention directed to this subject of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown in England, the relation in which it stands to the place which the civil power ought to hold in the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs, and some of the practical applications which have recently been made of it.

The origin in fact of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown in England, was the determination of Henry VIII. to be Pope as well as Sovereign in his own dominions, to possess and exercise the power in ecclesiastical matters which the Pope had formerly enjoyed; and he certainly succeeded in getting the Parliament to sanction the whole extent of ecclesiastical jurisdiction which he was pleased to claim. Henry was very vain of his ecclesiastical supremacy, and in the year 1545, near the end of his life, he had a medal struck, bearing his likeness, in which he is described, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, as "Under Christ the Supreme Head of the Church of England and Ireland."* Attempts have been made, (the most full and elaborate is to be found, we believe, in the Fifth Part of Sir Edward Coke's Reports,) to prove that the laws of Henry and Elizabeth in regard to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, were fully warranted by the legal enactments which were in force before the Reformation, directed to the object of checking the assumptions of the Papal See. But it is by no means clear that this position has been established. The ante-Reformation enactments referred to, seem to have been intended rather to guard the liberties and independence of the nation and of the subjects in general against papal encroachments, than to vest anything like ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the Crown. Certainly, no king had ever before claimed the title of Head of the Church, or maintained the principle, that "all manner of jurisdiction, ecclesiastical as well as secular, flows from the Crown." It is common for those who wish to put the best face upon the proceedings of Henry in these matters, and upon the conduct of the Church of England in submitting to them, to allege, that, in connexion with the famous Act of Submission, the clergy only consented to acknowledge the King's title as Head of the Church, and the supremacy which it implied, thus far, *quantum*

* Dr. Hickes, in his Treatises on the Christian Priesthood, gives a fac-simile of this medal from Evelyn's Numismata, and then adds:—"I never yet heard any man talk of this medal, but who made this observation, namely that King Henry crucified the Church, as Pilate did the Saviour, with the solemnity of three superscriptions."—Vol. ii. p. 81.

per Christi legem licet. But it is certain, that we have the express testimony of Archbishop Parker, that, though the clergy struggled hard to have this qualifying clause introduced, as a relief to their consciences, the King would not agree to this, and that they at last consented to its omission.* In the reign of Queen Mary, the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown was abolished, as inconsistent with Popish principles, just as it was abolished by the Scottish Parliament, in 1690, as inconsistent with Presbyterian principles. It was restored, however, in its whole substance, and with the mere omission of the title of Headship, on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and as so restored it continues to this day to be the recognised law of the land.

It is somewhat difficult to form a definite and precise idea of what is really implied in the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, as established by law in England. Lawyers and divines usually represent it in somewhat different aspects. The divines, of course, have usually been anxious to explain it away, that it might seem to be not palpably inconsistent with the rights and liberties of the Church of Christ,—although there have not been wanting eminent writers among the clergy, so utterly destitute of all right idea of what a church of Christ is, as to be willing to defend the supremacy in the widest sense which the most Erastian lawyers have assigned to it. The generality of the divines of the Church of England, have objected to our judging of what the Church is responsible for in this matter, by the phraseology of Acts of Parliament, or by the dicta of lawyers, and have insisted that we must try her only by what she herself has said upon the subject. We are not sure that justice demands this concession in all its extent, as it seems quite fair to hold the Church responsible for the substance at least of all those enactments and regulations, by which the civil power has virtually determined the conditions on which the Church holds the temporal privileges which have been conferred upon her, and to which she practically consents, by accommodating to them her own procedure in the ordinary administration of ecclesiastical affairs. But, as we do not mean to enter into legal investigations, we shall advert chiefly to the Church's own declarations upon the subject, viewed in connexion, however, with the actual practice which invariably obtains.

The chief of these are to be found in the Thirty-nine Articles, and in the Canons of 1603,—the only canons which are in force in the Church of England. The Thirty-seventh

Article is this :—"The Queen's Majesty hath the chief power in this realm of England, and other of her dominions, unto whom the government of all Estates of this realm, whether they be ecclesiastical or civil, in all causes, doth appertain, and is not, nor ought to be, subject to any foreign jurisdiction. When we attribute to the Queen's Majesty the chief government, by which titles we understand the minds of some slanderous folks to be offended, we give not our princes the ministering either of God's Word, or of the Sacraments, the which thing the Injunctions also lately set forth by Elizabeth our Queen, do most plainly testify, but that only prerogative which we see to have been given to all godly princes in Holy Scriptures by God himself, that they should rule all estates and degrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal, and restrain with the civil sword the stubborn and evil-doers." The second of the Canons of 1603 is :—"Whosoever shall affirm that the King's Majesty hath not the same authority in causes ecclesiastical that the godly kings had among the Jews, and the Christian emperors of the primitive Church, or impeach any part of his regal supremacy in the said causes, restored to the Crown, and by the laws of this realm therein established, let him be excommunicated *ipso facto*." The thirty-sixth Canon provides that no person shall be admitted into any ecclesiastical function, unless he shall subscribe the following article :—"That the King's Majesty under God is the only supreme governor of this realm, and of all other his Highness's dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal, and that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within his Majesty's said realms, dominions, and countries."

It is plain that these statements are exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory, viewed as expositions of what this *chief government* or *supremacy* means, with the exception of the reference in the second Canon to the *laws of the realm as determining it*; and, accordingly, there has been a considerable diversity of opinion among the divines of the Church of England, as to what is involved in the supremacy, and a great deal of confusion and inconsistency in the grounds on which it has been defended. Some High-churchmen have explained it very much away, so as, while still professing to adhere to the Articles and the Canons, to approach very near to Scriptural views of the liberty and independence which the Church of Christ ought to enjoy, while some Low-churchmen have received and defended it in such a sense, as practically to re-

* Parker *De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ*, p. 326. Hanoviz, 1605.

duce the Church to the level of a mere department of the ordinary functions and business of the State.

It cannot be disputed that these declarations recognise, as rightly vested in the Crown, or the civil magistrate, the highest or ultimate jurisdiction, or right of authoritative control, in all ecclesiastical causes, *without any limitation* of the extent or the effect to which he may decide them, as distinguished from the extent or the effect to which he may decide civil causes. The only limitation or appearance of limitation, imposed upon the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, is that the sovereign is excluded from the administration of God's Word and the sacraments; and this in itself is insufficient to save the claim from the imputation of what is usually regarded and spoken of as Erastianism. Erastus himself, indeed, held that civil magistrates might lawfully preach and administer the sacraments, if their other duties allowed them leisure for this. But few of those who have been called after his name have gone so far. They have usually admitted that there is a distinction of functions between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, *i.e.*, that there are some ecclesiastical processes which the civil magistrate cannot himself perform, while they have usually denied, more or less explicitly, that there is a distinction of governments or jurisdictions, *i.e.*, they have held that in all ecclesiastical causes which require to be judicially or forensically decided, the civil power has supreme and ultimate jurisdiction. The Church of England asserts a distinction of functions between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities; but she does not assert, and by plain enough implication she denies, as Erastians have usually done, a distinction of governments or jurisdictions. This becomes the more evident when the thirty-seventh Article of the Church of England is compared with the corresponding portion of the Westminster Confession, which is sanctioned by law as the confession of the Church of Scotland, and is generally received by Scottish Presbyterians. The Westminster Confession says (Ch. xxiii.) that "the civil magistrate may not assume to himself the administration of the Word and the sacraments, or the power of the keys of the kingdom of heaven." According to the general usage of divines, the power of the keys might have comprehended the administration of the Word and sacraments, but when distinguished from this, as it evidently is in the extract we have quoted, it describes the judicial decision of all questions or causes that arise in the ordinary administration of ecclesiastical affairs, especially such as concern the admission of particular individuals to office or to ordinances in the Church, and this the

Church of England has not, either in theory or in practice, denied to the civil magistrate.

Presbyterians, while fully admitting the supremacy of the Crown over all persons ecclesiastical as well as civil, in opposition to the Popish principle of the exemption of ecclesiastics, have usually refused to admit that this supremacy extends to all ecclesiastical causes, as this in all fair construction implies, unless expressly limited, an ascription of proper jurisdiction to the civil magistrate in the decision of religious questions, an admission of the superiority of the civil over the ecclesiastical power, inconsistent with the rightful liberty and independence of the Church as established by Scripture. High-churchmen, who see and admit that the Church of Christ, as a distinct and independent society, has rights and liberties which ought not to be sacrificed or compromised, usually maintain that they do not ascribe to the Crown, or to any parties acting in its name, and by its authority, jurisdiction to the same extent or to the same effect in ecclesiastical as in civil causes; and when called upon to explain what kind or degree of jurisdiction they do ascribe to the Crown, they usually say that the civil power is entitled to exercise jurisdiction in ecclesiastical causes only in a civil way, or with reference to the civil matters that may be involved in or mixed up with them. *This is the only view by which the ascription of any authority to the Crown in ecclesiastical causes can be vindicated from the charge of Erastianism, or of a sacrifice of the Scriptural independence of the Church.* The distinction on which it is based we admit to be true and real in itself, though we must contend that, to say the least, it has no countenance from the Articles or Canons. Civil things, questions of property, even though involved in or mixed up with ecclesiastical causes, belong in their own nature to the province of the civil magistrate, and should of course be determined by the ordinary civil tribunals, except in so far as it has been legally provided, by mutual agreement between the Church and the State, that they are to follow the sentences of the ecclesiastical tribunals, pronounced upon the ecclesiastical departments of the causes in which they are involved. There is no necessary violation of the essential independence of the Church, in the civil power reserving to its own tribunals the decision of all questions which directly concern the persons and the property of men, *provided* the Church is left at full liberty to give effect to her own judgment and decision with respect to what may be properly ecclesiastical in the cause, that is, to take an illustration from the class of cases that ordinarily occur, provided she is left at full liberty to refuse to admit to offices or

ordinances in the Church, all whom she regards as unfit or unworthy, in whatever way this refusal may affect questions of property. In this sense, and with these limitations, there is a civil supremacy in ecclesiastical causes, which may be lawfully ascribed to the civil magistrate, without necessarily interfering with the Church's liberty and independence. But so far as the Church of England is concerned, it is only Tractarians and High-churchmen who seem to have knowledge enough of these subjects to understand and employ the distinction, and though they thus indicate an approximation to some sound notions of what a Church of Christ is, they are unable to shew that the distinction has been sanctioned either by Church or State, and, of course, they are unable to defend by means of it their own position as ministers of the Church of England.

This distinction, to which the Tractarians are now so fond of having recourse, is in substance the same as that which was employed by the old Presbyterian writers in Scotland and Holland, who defended the independence of the Church against the Erastian encroachments of the civil power, when they ascribed to the civil magistrate authority *circa sacra*, but denied to him all jurisdiction *in sacris*. It was on the same ground that the Puritans in Queen Elizabeth's days were generally willing to subscribe the terms of the 37th Article, though they openly and strenuously objected to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown *as established by law*, and to the constitution of the Church of England generally, as implying an approbation of the legal provisions connected with this subject.* Even the old Scottish Presbyterians, who were at once more intelligent and more rigid than any other body of men in their time, on all the points involved in the question as to the right relation between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, admitted that there was a sense in which a

supremacy in ecclesiastical causes might be ascribed to the Crown, although they refused to make a profession in these terms, unless it were accompanied with a formal and recognised explanation of the sense in which they understood them. Some very interesting notices upon this subject are to be found in Wodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, b. i. c. iii. sect. 4 and 5. Upon the restoration of Charles II., some of the Presbyterian ministers were willing to take the oath of supremacy, provided they were allowed to accompany it with this explanation, "that the King's sovereignty reacheth all persons and all causes as well ecclesiastic as civil, having them both for its object, *albeit it be in its own nature only civil and extrinsic in regard to causes ecclesiastical.*" This explanation was reckoned by the Privy Council a refusal of the oath, and as the ministers refused to take the oath, unless this explanation were accepted, they were deprived and banished. Their conduct on this occasion affords conclusive evidence at once of their intelligent acquaintance with the subject, and of their moderation and conscientiousness, and on these grounds it presents a favourable contrast with that of all the different sections or parties in the Church of England.

We believe it to be impossible to collect from the writings of the divines of the Church of England any precise or definite ideas of the nature and extent of the supremacy in ecclesiastical causes, which they ascribe to the Crown. They often write about it, like men who neither know what they say nor whereof they affirm. Many of them present the unpleasant aspect of men who are obliged to defend a point to which they are committed, and which they cannot abandon, but which they are half conscious is really untenable. The vacillation and confusion exhibited by the defenders of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, have given a great advantage to their opponents in the controversy, whether Presbyterians or Papists. The work of the Jesuit Becanus, mentioned in a preceding note, was directed to the object of exposing this, and he certainly does shew that a great deal of confusion and inconsistency was exhibited upon this subject, by the divines who discussed it in the controversy occasioned by the imposition of the oath of supremacy by King James on Romanists after the Gunpowder Plot. No one acquainted with the writings of English divines in defence of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, will have any hesitation, unless he be one of themselves, in assenting to the accuracy of the description given of them by Calderwood, in his able and learned work entitled, *Altare Damascenum*, in which he makes a full and elaborate exposure of the

* This appears clearly from the ground taken on both sides in the celebrated controversy between Archbishop Whitgift and Cartwright. That this held true also at a later period, see Hickman's Apologia pro Ministris Nonconformistis, published in 1664, pp. 141-44. This state of matters gave some little appearance of truth to a statement of a celebrated Jesuit, Becanus, made in the time of James VI. He alleged that there were three parties in England on the subject of the King's ecclesiastical supremacy; 1st, the Episcopalians who believed it and swore to it; 2d, the Puritans who did not believe it, but who swore to it; and, 3d, the Catholics, who neither believed it nor swore to it. *Dissidium Anglicanum de Primatu Regis*, 1612, p. 55. There are some very interesting materials, bringing out fully what were the views of the Puritans upon this subject in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and proving that they were then openly avowed and well known, collected in Bishop Madox's Vindication of the Church of England, in reply to Neal's History of the Puritans.—C. IV. pp. 180-295.

system of Church Government obtruded by King James upon Scotland after his accession to the throne of England. Calderwood's statement upon the point is this:—"Qui primatus regii jura discere voluerit ex hierarchicorum contra pontificios scriptis polemicis, nihil certi reperiet. Nam vel andabatarum more inter se dimicant, vel de facto potius exempla quorundam Imperatorum a recta norma sæpius deflectentium congerunt, quam de jure argumenta proferunt."—(C. I. p. 27.)

The reference in the Canons to the godly kings of Judah and to the first Christian emperors seems to have been intended both as a proof, generally, of the lawfulness of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, and as an indication of the extent of authority implied in it. But the materials referred to are quite insufficient for either of these purposes. The interferences in religious matters of the kings of Judah cannot of themselves afford a satisfactory argument in favour of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, because, in so far as they seem to involve any thing beyond what all but the advocates of Voluntaryism concede to the civil magistrate, they are manifestly occasional, isolated, and peculiar in their character and circumstances; and, because, for anything that can be proved to the contrary, they may be explained by the principle, that they took place under special divine guidance and direction, and not in the exercise of the ordinary right of sovereignty—that they are to be referred rather to the prophetic, than to the kingly office. And even if it were conceded for the sake of argument, that they give some countenance to the general idea of an extent of interference on the part of the civil power in religious matters, such as has been regarded by many as Erastian, they would still be of no avail to defend the specific provisions implied in the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, as it is settled by law in England. It is mere folly to refer to the proceedings of the early Christian emperors as affording either a warrant or a model for the exercise of the supremacy. Their actings carry with them neither legal nor moral weight; they were evidently based upon no principle but that of assuming as much power in Church matters as they found it practicable or convenient to exercise; and taken complexly and in the mass, they do not constitute a definite and well-digested system of interference in ecclesiastical affairs. In short, those who object to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, attach no more weight to the proceedings of the early Christian emperors, than to those which form directly and immediately the subject of controversy, viz., the actings and enactments of Henry and his daughter Elizabeth.

There is no possibility, then, of forming

any definite conception of the nature and extent of the jurisdiction implied in the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, from a reference to the first standard indicated in the second Canon, viz., the godly kings among the Jews and the Christian emperors of the primitive Church, and it is absolutely necessary to have recourse to another standard which is there also indicated and recognized, where it denounces excommunication against all who "impeach any part of the royal supremacy in ecclesiastical causes, restored to the Crown, and by the laws of this realm therein established." We are thus warranted and obliged to have recourse to laws, lawyers, and ordinary established practice, though it is fair, at the same time, to have regard to any thing which High-church divines may have adduced to explain or modify the conclusions which lawyers may have adopted. We do not remember to have met in any author, whether lawyer or divine, a fuller, a more precise, or a more accurate description of what is implied in the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, than is contained in the following extract from the famous sermon preached by Archbishop Bancroft, at Paul's Cross in 1588:—"In this supremacy, (as established at the Reformation), these principal points were contained, that the king hath ordinary authority in causes ecclesiastical, that he is the chiefest in the decision and determination of Church causes, that he hath ordinary authority for making all laws, ceremonies, and constitutions of the Church, that without his authority no such laws, ceremonies, or constitutions, are, or ought to be of force; and, lastly that all appellations, which before were made to Rome, should ever be made hereafter to His Majesty's Chancery, to be ended and determined, as the manner now is, by Delegates."* There can be no reasonable doubt that this remarkable statement of Bancroft's is a correct representation of what was generally admitted to be involved in the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, by those divines who defended it during the reign of Queen Elizabeth against its popish and puritan assailants. It seems very plain, we think, that all this is fully warranted by the laws of the land applicable to the subject, and by the ordinary practice which has obtained under their authority. And it is pretty certain that the canons of 1603, which were prepared under Bancroft's superintendence, were intended to direct the sentence of excommunication against all who should impeach any part of this.

* Bibliotheca Scriptorum Ecclesie Anglicanæ, 1709, p. 291. This is a reprint in a collected form of "Tracts relating to the government and authority of the Church." It was evidently published under High Church auspices.

The main points involved in the ecclesiastical supremacy are these—1st, That no synod or convocation professing to represent the Church, or to possess ecclesiastical authority, can assemble or transact any business without the sovereign's express permission previously accorded, and that no rules they may adopt, and no decisions they may pronounce, are valid or binding to any effect or upon any party, without his subsequent consent or approbation; and, 2d, that the ultimate appeal in ecclesiastical causes, including all questions that may arise about the admission of particular individuals to benefices and to ordinances, though they may involve points of faith, charges of heresy, is to the king in Chancery. Both these positions are established by the Act of Submission, the 25th of Henry VIII., c. 19, and by a uniform and consistent course of practice following thereon, and we know of no grounds on which it can be denied with any plausibility, that they form an essential part of the constitution of the Church of England, that that Church has given her consent to these arrangements as a part of the terms or conditions on which she enjoys her emoluments and privileges as an establishment, and that she is bound to take the responsibility of defending them, and of proving, if she can, that they involve nothing inconsistent with the scriptural rights and liberties of a Church of Christ. An attempt was made by Bishop Atterbury, and some other High-churchmen, in the reign of Queen Anne, to prove that the sovereign was as much bound to call a convocation from time to time, as to call a parliament, and to allow them to proceed to transact business. But they were defeated in argument, that is, upon the ground of the constitution and law of England, by Archbishop Wake and the Low-churchmen, and the matter was settled practically by the authority of the Crown, which has never since allowed the convocation to transact any business whatever. The Act of Submission provides that "for lack of justice in the Archbishop's courts, the party may appeal to the king in Chancery," who is further authorized to appoint under the great seal commissioners or delegates to decide finally on the appeal. This was the origin and foundation of the court of Delegates referred to in the quotation from Archbishop Bancroft, which continued to exercise its functions, as occasion required, till a few years ago, when by Act of Parliament, they were transferred to a committee of the Privy Council. This involved no change of principle whatever, as the Sovereign was entitled to constitute the Court of Delegates, for trying appeals from the Archbishop's Courts, of any persons whom he chose to select. So that upon the footing of the constitution, the Church of England has no

ground to complain of the existing tribunal for deciding finally in all ecclesiastical causes, and no right to refuse obedience to its judgments, unless indeed she choose to face the responsibility of abandoning her emoluments and privileges as an establishment. The case of Mr. Gorham came, in the first instance, before the Bishop of Exeter, as judge ordinary of the diocese, who judicially refused to grant him Institution and Induction, on the ground that he was a heretic. It then came, by appeal, before Sir H. J. Fust, as *Official Principal of the Archbishop, the Metropolitan of the Province*, who confirmed the Bishop's sentence. It was then carried by appeal, according to the undoubted provision of the constitution, to the Queen in Chancery, and as a committee of the Privy Council had been legally substituted in room of the Court of Delegates, which had been accustomed to exercise this department of the jurisdiction of the Crown, the case was finally disposed of by that body, who reversed the judgment of the ecclesiastical authorities, and decided, in opposition to the Bishop and to the Archbishop's Official, that Mr. Gorham was not a heretic, and that he must have Institution and Induction, which he has accordingly obtained.

This, then, being the authority which the civil power possesses and exercises over the Church of England, this being what the Church has accepted and consented to, the great question is—Has the State, in this matter, usurped a power or authority which does not rightfully belong to it? Has the Church of England become a consenting party to an arrangement which involves an unwarrantable compromise of her independence—of her rights and liberties as a Church of Christ? In accordance with the principles which have been always held by Scottish Presbyterians, we can have no hesitation in answering these questions in the affirmative. We are persuaded, on these principles, that the authority thus conferred by the Legislature upon the Crown, is an encroachment of the State upon the Church's province, and that the Church, in consenting to it, is guilty of a dereliction of duty, and abandons rights and liberties which, upon scriptural principles, she was bound to have maintained. The opposite view can be defended only upon the principle of the superiority, in point of jurisdiction, of the civil power over the ecclesiastical; a principle which has been generally regarded by the Churches of Christ as an Erastian extreme, opposite to that which is held by the Church of Rome. The truth or falsehood of both these extremes depends essentially upon the settlement of this question—Whether the Church and the State be two distinct independent societies, having distinct ends and objects, and distinct constitutions and

laws for the regulation of their affairs. If this question be answered in the affirmative, as it plainly should be, then any superiority in point of jurisdiction of the one over the other, is excluded, unless direct and specific proof of a peculiarly clear and conclusive kind can be adduced from Scripture, in support of the alleged superiority. Now no proof can be adduced from Scripture, or from any other quarter, in support of the alleged right of the Church to exercise proper authority, direct or indirect, in temporal matters, or of the alleged right of the State to exercise proper authority, direct or indirect, in ecclesiastical matters. The Church and the State are two distinct independent societies; and each has its own province. If they enter into a friendly union or alliance for mutual assistance and co-operation, they may arrange the terms and conditions of this alliance according to their own convictions of what is right. But they should do this as two co-equal independent powers, having no authority over each other. And after they have done this, their original and essential independence should be still asserted and maintained, to be acted upon if any unwarrantable encroachments should be attempted by either of them. It is true, indeed, that there is no unwarrantable usurpation on the part of the civil power, when it gives the sanction of law, with a view to civil and legal effects, to what may have been agreed on between the parties, respecting the faith, government, and worship of the Church, and that there is no sacrifice of the Church's independence in her pledging herself to adhere to the faith, government, and worship which have been agreed upon, and which she believes to be scriptural, so as to be tied up from making any change without the consent of the State, except, of course, in the way of falling back upon her original and essential independence, and renouncing any advantages she may have derived from her State connexion. But still the Church and the State have their distinct provinces, and each is supreme and independent in its own province. And there is no great difficulty—no such difficulty as is often alleged by those who are afraid to think and speak with clearness and discrimination upon this subject, in settling the boundaries of these provinces. The province of the State, the sphere in which the civil power is entitled to exercise proper authority, so as to impose a *valid obligation to obedience*, comprehends only the persons and the property of men, and does not comprehend the Church of Christ. Civil rulers may be, we believe they are, bound to employ their legitimate authority in civil things—their lawful authority over the persons and the property of men—their right to make national laws and to regulate national mea-

asures, in such a way as to promote, so far as they can, the welfare of religion, and the prosperity of the Church of Christ. But this does not imply or confer any proper authority, any right of jurisdiction, in religious matters, or within the Church's province, and does not warrant them to interfere authoritatively in the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs. The province of the Church comprehends all those processes which may be said to constitute the ordinary necessary business of a Church of Christ, and which ought to be going on wherever a Church of Christ exists and is in full operation. Over these processes the civil power has no jurisdiction, or right of authoritative control. The Church is bound to conduct them all according to the revealed will of her master, and her own conscientious convictions, and cannot lawfully be a consenting party to any arrangements which prevent her from doing this.

A fair application of these plain principles, will enable us to judge, without much difficulty, in each case of a union or alliance subsisting between Church and State, whether the respective rights and functions of the two parties have been rightly adjusted—whether the line has been accurately drawn and maintained between the civil and the ecclesiastical provinces. The union between Church and State in Scotland, as settled at the Revolution, and guaranteed by the Treaty of Union, was in substantial accordance with these sound principles, and continued to be so until the recent interferences of the civic power, which produced the Disruption, and led to the formation of the Free Church. But the matter was not accurately adjusted in England. There, we think, the civil power has plainly encroached upon the proper province of the Church, and interfered with her rightful independence. Henry VIII. was determined to be Head of the Church as well as Sovereign of the State, and to this hour his wishes, and his success in gratifying them, determine the relation subsisting between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. It seems plainly necessary to the liberty and independence of a Church, that it shall have power to meet and deliberate about the execution of its own appropriate functions, the performance of its own necessary business. And this general principle applies universally to a Church, whether it be regarded as consisting of a single congregation or of many congregations associated together, and, if of many, whether they are associated under a Presbyterian or under a Prelatic government. A Church may have to submit to the want of this right of meeting and deliberating, when subjected to persecution, and oppressed by open violence, but cannot lawfully become a consenting party to

this deprivation, as she thereby renounces a right which her Master has conferred upon her, and incapacitates herself for the discharge of duties which he has imposed upon her. Any power which may attempt to deprive a Church of this right, she should regard as a tyrant and oppressor, and if emoluments and advantages are offered in compensation, she should look upon them as the price of her liberty. This right of meeting to deliberate and decide upon ecclesiastical questions, formed one of the chief subjects of contention between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities in Scotland, when King James was labouring to reduce the Church to a state of subjection to civil control, and the Church never ceased to strive until she obtained the full sanction of the Legislature to the right of the General Assembly to meet every year for disposing freely of all ecclesiastical affairs. The Protestant Church of England has never possessed, and indeed can scarcely be said to have ever claimed, a right to meet and decide on ecclesiastical subjects. No body acting in her name and entitled to represent her, has been allowed to assemble for more than a century, and this is a state of matters altogether unworthy of a Church of Christ, and implying that her independence as such, or the rights and liberties properly attaching to that character, have been taken away from her.

It is of course to be presumed, and is no doubt true in fact, that the Church of England conscientiously approved of the arrangements in regard to doctrine, government, and worship, which have been sanctioned by the Legislature, and that she would never have submitted to have had *these* forced upon her against her will, or unless she had really believed them to be in accordance with the Sacred Scriptures. But the preaching of the word, the public worship of God, and the administration of sacraments, do not constitute the whole of the functions of a Church of Christ, do not exhaust the processes which must be going on wherever a Church is in full operation. In addition to all these, there still remains the administration of the ordinary government of the Church as a distinct society, including especially the decision of controversies that may arise on religious subjects, and the determination of any questions that may be raised about the admission of particular individuals to the exercise of ecclesiastical functions, or to the enjoyment of ecclesiastical privileges, to the cure of souls, or to the sacraments. The process of admitting men individually to the cure of souls and to the sacraments, or excluding them as occasion may require, must be ever going on where a Church of Christ is in operation. And the question that is raised upon this point is,—should these processes be

finally determined by the Church herself, or by the ecclesiastical authorities, according to their own conscientious judgment of what is right and scriptural? or has the civil power a right of interfering authoritatively in the determination of them, and may the ecclesiastical authorities sanction the exercise of this right, and submit to decisions upon such questions pronounced by civil functionaries, acting in the name of the Sovereign, even when these decisions are in their judgment erroneous? If the civil magistrate has no proper jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters, then decisions upon such questions pronounced by civil functionaries, acting in the Queen's name, proceed *a non habente potestatem*, and of course have no power to bind the conscience, and are not, upon general principles, entitled to obedience. The Church by acknowledging this right in the civil power, sanctions an unlawful intrusion into her own province, and consents to abandon the liberty or independence which her Master has conferred upon her. So the matter stands upon the footing of the Scriptural principles by which this subject ought to be regulated, but so it does not stand upon the footing of the constitution of the Church of England. By the civil or legal constitution of the Church of Scotland, before the occurrence of the recent proceedings which led to the Disruption, the State expressly recognised the General Assembly, the supreme ecclesiastical tribunal, as entitled to adjudicate *finally* on all such questions, while the constitution of the Church of England deprives the ecclesiastical authorities of a right of final judgment, and authorizes an appeal for ultimate decisions to the Queen in Chancery. In the Gorham case, the last decision pronounced by an ecclesiastical tribunal was that of Sir H. J. Fust, the official principal of the Archbishop, and even this was the decision of an ecclesiastical tribunal, that of the Archbishop of the province, only by a sort of fiction of law; but after *all* the authorities who could be called in any sense *ecclesiastical*, had pronounced upon it, it was taken for *final* judgment to a tribunal purely and palpably civil, constituted by the Queen, acting in her name, and exercising a jurisdiction which by Statute belongs to the Sovereign. And the effect of this final decision by a purely civil tribunal, was to invest Mr. Gorham not only with the benefice, but with the spiritual office, with the cure of souls, though *all* the ecclesiastical authorities who had adjudicated upon his case, had pronounced him a heretic.

On these grounds, we hold that the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, as established by law in England, is an unwarrantable usurpation of the civil over the ecclesiastical power, and is inconsistent with the independent right

of self-government which the Church of Christ, and every branch or section of it, ought to enjoy, and is bound, so far as it can, to maintain. And when we attend to the grounds on which it has been defended, we can discover little else but obscurity and confusion. It has been the great misfortune of the Church of England, that its constitution and arrangements, except in so far as concerns the fundamentals of its public profession as a Christian Church, on which, of course, no honest man could submit to a compromise, have to some extent owed their origin to adventitious circumstances and extraneous influences, rather than to a deliberate and impartial examination of the intrinsic merits of the case, and of the principles by which it ought to be regulated. The Liturgy, it is understood, was to some extent regulated, as to its character and contents, by a desire to please Romanists, and to retain them in communion, and this object is said to have been effected, during a few years, in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. But this temporary and unworthy advantage has been far more than compensated by the mischief of a Romanizing faction arising at different periods within her pale, and finding in this same Liturgy some plausible countenance for their fundamental principles. There are not a few provisions which enter into the constitution of the Church of England, that were originally rather submitted to than approved of by the Church herself, or by those who represented her in her ecclesiastical character. It is well known that the most eminent and influential churchmen of the early part of Elizabeth's reign, desired a more thorough reformation, especially in the matter of ceremonies, than they were able to effect, and that if they had been allowed to regulate the Church's constitution in the way they thought most accordant with Scripture and reason, some of those things would have been omitted, which afterwards contributed largely to produce the Puritan controversy, and which, when attacked, subsequent generations of ecclesiastics have defended, as if they were most excellent and important in themselves,—as if they were the Church's palladium. The case is somewhat similar in regard to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown. Henry and Elizabeth claimed and assumed it. It was very congenial to the minds of politicians and lawyers, though not likely to be quite so palatable to ecclesiastics. But the Church submitted and consented to it, and her divines have therefore been obliged, though in many cases with evident signs of discomfort and reluctance, to defend it as well as they could.

The course that has been pursued in explaining and defending this topic, has been determined chiefly by the comparative soundness and accuracy of the conceptions entertained by

different individuals and parties, as to the constitution and character of the Church, as a distinct society, a divine institution, subject to the authority of Christ, and bound to be regulated in all things by the standard of His Word. Those of them who identify the Church with its benefices, who regard the Church merely as a moral police, or as a department of the ordinary business of the State directed to the promotion of the peace and general welfare of the community, find, of course, in mere acts of Parliament sufficient warrant for all that they need to maintain, and never think of looking higher. The nearer their views have approximated to scriptural conceptions of what a Church of Christ is and should be, the more anxious have they been to explain away the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, and the greater difficulty have they felt in defending it as it is by law established. The High-churchmen usually contend that the "chief government" of the Crown in ecclesiastical causes is a mere civil supremacy, bearing only on what is civil in these causes, on their temporal elements and consequences; and vindicate this on the principle, that the civil power is entitled to assume a general inspection, superintendence, and control of all things that take place within its dominions, with the view of protecting men's civil rights, and preventing the frustration of the great ends of civil society. This general principle is undoubtedly a sound one, and in this sense, and to this extent, it cannot be disputed, that not only the Church of Christ as a society, but even the conscience of individuals, is subject to the superintendence and control of the supreme civil power. But this principle, though true and sound in itself, has evidently no real application to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, as exhibited both by law and practice in England. That supremacy manifestly involves the assumption and exercise of proper jurisdiction, or authoritative control, not merely *circa sacra* but *in sacris*, the imposition of a restraint upon the essential liberty and independence of the Church as a distinct society, having the power of self-government, which includes the right of finally and fully disposing of all questions, the determination of which forms an integral part of the Church's ordinary necessary business. Accordingly, very few Church-of-England men have ventured explicitly and unequivocally to take this ground of defence; for though it is right in itself, and if tenable by them, would leave room for professing scriptural views with respect to the Church's independence, it is plainly precluded by an impartial investigation of the actual constitution of the Church of England. The Low-churchmen, who usually admit that the eccle-

siaistical supremacy of the Crown does involve the exercise of proper ecclesiastical jurisdiction, are equally perplexed and confused in their attempts to defend it, because, though their position is plainly right when tried by the standard of the constitution of the Church of England, it is manifestly wrong when tried by the standard of Scriptural views of what a Church of Christ is, and of what are the principles by which the administration of its affairs ought to be regulated.

In consequence of these difficulties and cross-currents of thought and influence, the writings of most Anglican divines upon this subject are miserably defective in laying down consistent and definite principles, and commonly exhibit a mass of vagueness and evasion, of obscurity and confusion. We scarcely know of any eminent divine of the Church of England who has fairly and manfully faced the task of giving a formal and detailed exposition of the relation that ought to subsist between the Church and the State, with a defence of its different provisions, except Warburton, in his *Alliance*; and here, certainly, the exception confirms the rule. Warburton fully admits the original and natural independence of the two societies, the Church and the State; but he contends that, when they enter into an alliance with each other, the independence of the Church must be sacrificed. He has not proved that the formation of an alliance between them necessarily requires this, and he has scarcely attempted to prove, that it is lawful for the State to reduce the Church to subjection, or for the Church to consent to this. The second of these points ought to have been proved as well as the first, because, though it were established that an alliance between Church and State necessarily involved the sacrifice of the Church's original and natural independence, yet unless it were further shewn that this sacrifice was lawful, the only conclusion resulting would be, that no alliance could be legitimately formed. But having got over this great step of the sacrifice of the Church's independence, to his own satisfaction, Warburton proceeds to deduce in detail, professedly upon theoretical and abstract grounds, the terms or conditions on which the alliance ought to be formed; and he brings out, as the result of his abstract speculations about what is right and good, just the very terms on which the alliance is actually formed between Church and State in England, such as the appointment of bishops and other dignitaries by the Crown, the prevention or restraint of ecclesiastical synods, and the ultimate decision, upon appeal, of ecclesiastical causes by a civil tribunal. And then he holds it up as a most striking proof of the excellence of the constitution of the Church of England, that it should so *wonderfully*

coincide with what he had demonstrated by *pure abstract reasoning* to be the right adjustment, while it is pretty plain that, during the whole course of his professedly abstract argumentation, he had the Church of England in his eye, and was predetermined to bring out a vindication of its constitution.

Most of the other Anglican divines, in discussing this subject, just take things as they find them, and endeavour to put the best face they can upon them, varying in the accuracy and fairness with which they bring out what the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown really involves, and in the boldness and manliness with which they defend it, according as they have or have not something like scriptural views of what a Church of Christ is, and of what are the principles, the standard, and the rules, by which its affairs ought to be regulated.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the Episcopalian divines had to defend the ecclesiastical supremacy against the assaults both of Papists and Puritans, Horne and Bilson, bishops of Winchester, and Nowell, dean of St. Paul's, being the chief opponents of the former class, and Whitgift and Hooker of the latter. The Puritan cause was ably defended at this period by Cartwright and Travers. The next era in this controversy in England was the discussion occasioned by the imposition of the oath of supremacy on Papists after the Gunpowder Plot. This discussion turned chiefly upon the Supremacy of the Pope, especially in its bearing upon temporal things, but it took in also the supremacy of the Crown, and the writings of Bellarmine and Becanus on the one side, and of King James and Bishop Andrews on the other, contain a good deal of interesting matter. When High-church views of the relation between Church and State began to prevail under Laud's influence, they were zealously attacked by Prynne, the celebrated anti-Episcopalian lawyer, who conducted the opposition upon the lowest Erastian grounds, and thus became involved in controversy also with his Presbyterian friends. It was at this time, and in consequence of the peculiar form which the controversy assumed, as conducted between Prynne and the faction of Laud, that Bishop Sanderson wrote his work entitled "*Episcopacy as established by law in England not prejudicial to royal power.*" He has certainly established his position, but it was scarcely worth while to spend so much labour in demonstrating a truism. There was not much discussion upon this subject, between the Restoration and the Revolution. One work of considerable value, however, was published during this period, in 1685—"Of the subject of Church power," by the Rev. Simon Lowth. This work is written in a very uncouth style, but it

contains a good deal of important matter in opposition to the Erastianism of Grotius, Hobbes, and Selden, and in defence of the opinions and position of Anglican High-churchmen. It was followed by a valuable supplement, published in 1716, entitled "The independent power of the Church not Romish, but primitive and Catholic." But perhaps the most important and interesting department of this controversy in England, was that which was connected with the discussion of the views and position of the Nonjurors after the Revolution. We cannot enter into any details upon this subject; we can merely state that the leading Nonjurors, in maintaining the unlawfulness of the deprivation by Act of Parliament of the bishops who refused to take the oaths to William and Mary, put forth sounder views of the independence of the Church than had ever before been held by Church of England divines—views in substance the same as those which have been maintained by the Tractarians in our own day. The principal works of the Nonjurors in which these opinions were advocated, are "Leslie's case of the Regale and the Pontificate," published in 1700; "Dodwell's Paranesis de Nupero Schismate Anglicano," in 1704; and "Hickes's Treatises on the Christian Priesthood, and the Dignity of the Episcopal order," in 1707, and his "Collection of Papers on the Constitution of the Catholic Church," in 1716.

It was a very common thing for the defenders of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, especially in the reign of Elizabeth, to endeavour to supply their lack of satisfactory argument upon the proper merits of the case, by a liberal use of the *argumentum ad invdiam*, in the way of enlarging upon the fact of the concurrence of the Papists and the Puritans or Presbyterians upon this subject, and holding up this fact as affording a strong presumption that the opposition made to the supremacy was unfounded. As it has continued down to the present day to be a favourite expedient of the opponents of the independent authority of the Church within its own province, or its power of self-government, to represent this doctrine as Popish, and as the history of Tractarianism may seem to give some countenance to the allegation, it may be proper to make a few observations upon it.

It is quite true, that in so far as concerns mere opposition to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown as established by law in England, or a mere negation of the general principle on which it is based, viz., that the civil magistrate is entitled to exercise jurisdiction or authoritative control in ecclesiastical matters, Papists and Presbyterians are of one mind. The grounds, too, on which they rest their opposition, are, of course, in substance the same,

viz. these—1st, that the Sacred Scriptures afford no sanction to the assumption of such jurisdiction by the civil power; and, 2d, that the Scriptural views of the functions, privileges, and duties of the Christian Church, of its relation to Christ and to His Word, preclude it. Thus far Presbyterians agree with Papists, but no further, and in agreeing with them thus far, they are supported by the concurrence of the primitive Church, the leading Reformers, and all the existing Churches of Christ throughout the world, except those which, having tamely yielded to civil control, are called upon to try to defend the lawfulness of their actual position. The Church of Rome has retained a great Scriptural truth in asserting the independence of the Church of Christ of all authoritative civil control, and her retention of this truth affords no reason why other Churches should abandon it. It is true that the Church of Rome has grossly corrupted this doctrine, as she has corrupted every other portion of Scriptural truth the profession of which she has retained. While Romish writers often talk, in conformity with primitive usage, of the independence of the Church upon the civil power, as if they meant merely to assert the truth of the Church's right of self-government, the real doctrine of the Church of Rome upon the subject is, as we have explained, the superiority of the Church over the State. From this doctrine she has deduced these important practical conclusions—1st, that the Church has jurisdiction, at least indirectly, and in *ordine ad spiritualia*, in civil affairs; and, 2d, that ecclesiastical persons should be exempted from the jurisdiction of the ordinary State tribunals even in civil and criminal matters; just as the Erastian defenders of the royal supremacy have deduced from *their* principle of the superiority of the civil over the ecclesiastical, the conclusions, 1st, that the Crown is the final judge in the decision of ecclesiastical causes; and, 2d, that the sovereign, being the head of the Church, cannot be lawfully excommunicated. The true Scriptural Presbyterian doctrine of the mutual independence of the Church and the State as two distinct societies, and the principle involved in this doctrine, viz., that of a co-ordination of powers with a mutual subordination of persons, not only afford no countenance to the distinctive tenets and practices of the Church of Rome, but positively exclude both Popish and Erastian extremes. It is then an entire misrepresentation to hold up the Presbyterian doctrine, as to the relation that ought to subsist between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, as identical with that of the Church of Rome. The Presbyterian doctrine not only does not involve, but it does not admit of, the assumption of any control by the Church over the State; and it not only

does not countenance, but it precludes, the exemption of any ecclesiastical persons or of any civil questions from the jurisdiction of the civil power. Nations and States have no ground to be jealous or afraid of Presbyterian, but much of Popish, principles on this subject. Indeed, we do not know that a more ample and emphatic testimony has ever been rendered to the principle of the supremacy of the civil power in all civil matters, than was given by those who now form the Free Church of Scotland, at the Disruption of the Scottish Establishment in 1843. Their conduct upon that occasion proved, that they held that principle thoroughly and honestly, in all its extent and with conscientious conviction, and that they were anxious to pay to it the utmost deference. The peculiarity in their position which imparted this character to their testimony was this, that they believed and maintained, undertook to prove, and did prove, that the interferences of the civil courts in ecclesiastical matters, to which they could not render obedience, were violations of the constitution and law of Scotland, infractions of the Revolution settlement and of the Treaty of Union, that not the Church but the State had violated the established conditions of the union between them, and that of course the Church still had a moral right, upon constitutional and legal grounds, to her civil privileges and emoluments, notwithstanding all she had done. And yet, in these circumstances, with this opinion honestly held, openly maintained, and conclusively proved, they, when refused redress by the Legislature, deferred to the supremacy of the existing civil power in civil matters, by voluntarily resigning all the civil privileges and emoluments which had been conferred upon them.

Not only, however, is there a clear and broad line of demarcation between the Presbyterian and Popish systems as to the relation that ought to subsist between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, but the independence of the Church, as it has been usually asserted by English High-churchmen, is a very different thing from what Presbyterians have ever contended for. High-churchmen are, of course, deeply tainted with the Popish element, with the sacramental and hierarchical principles, while they are hampered on the other side by their acknowledgment of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown. These opposing influences have usually communicated a good deal of confusion and inconsistency to their expositions of this subject. Still it must be admitted, that some of the leading Nonjurors did bring out with considerable fulness and clearness the doctrine of the independence of the Church, as involving a denial of all civil jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters. They had,

like their modern representatives, the Tractarians, a bitter hatred of everything Calvinistic and Presbyterian, but they admitted that on this subject they adopted the Presbyterian principle. Dr. Hicke says—"What I have written here on the principle of independency for the Church's rights, is agreeable to what all parties in religion profess and practise, particularly in our neighbouring kingdom (Scotland), where, though they are right in the principle, they have no right to apply it against the secular power for want of *Succession and Mission, without which they have neither priesthood nor Church. But, God be praised, we have both*, and it is their sacred and independent rights we defend against the invasions of the lay power."* This statement, while asserting a general identity of principle between High-church and Presbyterian views of the independence of the Church, indicates also, plainly enough, that there is a difference, and what it is. According to High-church views, the independence of the Church is a right that belongs only to the *clergy*, and belongs to them in virtue of their proper priesthood, derived from apostolic succession, whereas every notion and claim of this sort Presbyterians utterly repudiate. The High-church principle is the exclusive and lordly domination of a privileged caste, claiming control over the conscience, in virtue of a Divine authority communicated to them to give or withhold the necessary means of eternal life. These are the views of Church power, and of the priesthood of the clergy on which it is based, that are held by High-churchmen, and they are plainly popish in their whole substance and foundation, in their whole spirit and tendency. They are explicitly asserted, and fully developed in the writings of the leading Nonjurors—Leslie, Dodwell, and Hicke, and they have been distinctly taught by the Tractarians of our own day. The Presbyterian principle, on the contrary, is merely a reasonable power of self-government vested in the Church, and in every section or branch of the Church, as a distinct society, limited or conditioned by the necessity of scriptural warrant for all that is done or imposed, and by the right of private judgment, which is freely conceded to all, to be exercised upon their own responsibility. Presbyterians assign important rights, with reference to the exercise of the power of self-government, to all the members of the society, especially the right of electing all their own office-bearers; and though they think that the ordinary administration of the affairs of the Church is vested in the office-bearers, they do not restrict this right of ruling to the clergy, but extend it equally to the elders, who,

* Constitution of the Catholic Church, p. 128.

though not technically laymen, because ordained to their office, are engaged in all the ordinary duties and occupations of secular life, and fairly represent the society at large. They do not ascribe to ecclesiastical office-bearers, whether clergymen or elders, any priestly function or authority whatever. High-church views as to the nature of the priestly office, and the functions and authority which belong to it, amount to a virtual claim on behalf of the clergy to infallibility, and to a power to save or to condemn. They thus effectually provide for trampling down the right of private judgment, under the crushing weight of Church authority. On all these points, the independence of the Church, as advocated by High-churchmen, differs essentially from the same principle as held by Presbyterians, though in both cases it excludes the jurisdiction of the civil power. It should also, in addition, be remembered, that as the doctrine of High-churchmen about the independence of the Church, as based upon and deduced from the priestly functions and authority of the clergy, is evidently derived from the Church of Rome, so they have sometimes shewn a considerable leaning towards the Popish principles of the jurisdiction of the Church in temporal matters, and the exemption of ecclesiastics from ordinary civil control, though they have scarcely ventured to bring out these notions openly and formally.

The Tractarians of our day have embraced and promulgated the substance of the views held by the old Nonjurors upon this subject, and it is probable that the decision in the Gorham case will now lead to a fuller discussion and development of them. Soon after the decision of that case by a Committee of the Privy Council, above 1800 clergymen of the Church of England subscribed a solemn protest condemning the judgment, not only as erroneous, but as incompetent, because involving the exercise of civil authority in determining an ecclesiastical question. Dr. Pusey's work, the title of which we have prefixed to this Article, is intended to defend this important step, though, so far as yet published, it contains scarcely any general argument, and is filled with "ancient precedents," that is, the actual interferences in ecclesiastical matters of "the Christian Emperors of the primitive Church" referred to in the second Canon. These High-churchmen have not yet given any indication of any practical steps by which they mean to follow up their protest, and we certainly do not expect much from them, or, indeed, from any party in the Church of England, in the way of energetic and combined action upon grounds of public principle. We do not meddle at present with the soundness of the decision in the Gorham case with

reference to its own proper merits, that is, with the question, whether or not Mr. Gorham had taught any such error as ought to have shut him out from a benefice and a cure of souls in the Church of England. But there can, we think, be no doubt that the decision was pronounced by a competent authority, that is, by the tribunal, which, according to the recognised constitution of the Church of England, was entitled to pronounce it. We agree with Dr. Pusey and his friends in thinking it to be wrong in itself, and degrading to the Church, that a civil tribunal should possess the supreme or ultimate jurisdiction in a case of this sort. But while this state of matters is wrong scripturally, it is certainly right according to the constitution of the Church of England. We have referred to the proof of this already, and need not now repeat it. We cannot see that there is any room for a difference of opinion upon this point. The Church must have known that this provision as to the ultimate disposal of ecclesiastical causes, was a part of her legal constitution, a term or condition on which she enjoyed the privileges and emoluments, which, as an Establishment, she derived from the State. She must be held to have consented to this arrangement, and so must every clergyman who is in the enjoyment of a benefice. If the Church of England should ever come to entertain Scriptural views upon the subject of the constitution of a Church of Christ, and the relation that ought to subsist between the Church and the State, she would see at once the unwarrantableness of the legal arrangements to which she has hitherto consented, she would forthwith go to the civil power and ask that these arrangements should be altered, and brought into conformity with sound principles, and, if she failed in this, she would have no alternative but to renounce her privileges and emoluments as an Establishment. As to the individual clergymen who have protested against the decision of the Privy Council as incompetent, it is quite plain that, by the 2d Canon, they have incurred the penalty of excommunication *ipso facto*. We do not know how these sentences of excommunication *ipso facto*, which the Canons deal about so liberally, are to be enforced, but as there can be no doubt that in this case the penalty has been incurred, by "impeaching a part of the royal supremacy as established by the laws of the realm," surely the two Archbishops could and should do something for carrying the sentence into effect; and they might in this way, perhaps, if they had courage enough, get quit of these men, who on other and higher grounds are manifestly unworthy to hold office in any Protestant Church.

There is an important difference between the

position of the clergy of the Church of England, in reference to the Gorham case, and that of those who formed the majority of the Church of Scotland, and who now form the Free Church, in reference to their collision with the civil courts. It is this: that every clergyman of the Church of England knew, or ought to have known, when he entered it, that the established constitutional provision for deciding finally in ecclesiastical causes, after they had been tried by the Bishop and the Archbishop, was by an appeal to the Queen in Chancery; whereas the interferences of the civil courts, which led to the Disruption of the Scottish Establishment, were unauthorized, unprecedented, unexpected,—such as the Church had no ground to anticipate from anything contained in any statute, from any dictum of any institutional writer, or from anything implied in any decision which had ever before been pronounced by the civil courts in similar questions. When the Bishop of Exeter pronounced a sentence refusing to institute Mr. Gorham on the ground of alleged heresy, he knew quite well that the established provision for ultimately deciding this question, contained in the constitution to which he must be held in all fair construction to have consented, and under which he enjoyed his status and emoluments as a Prelate of the Establishment, was an appeal to the Privy Council. Upon this ground he, and all other clergymen of the Established Church, are precluded, in common honesty, from complaining of the sentence as incompetent, however erroneous and dangerous they may reckon it, and have no fair alternative but submission, unless, indeed, they choose to renounce the civil privileges and emoluments of a constitution to which they have consented, but to which they can no longer render obedience. It is of some importance to notice this difference between the position of the Church of England and that of the Church of Scotland previous to the Disruption, for it affords materials which warrant a condemnation of those ministers of the Church of England who protest against the decision of the Privy Council as incompetent, and a vindication of the Church of Scotland in refusing, even in her character as an Establishment, to submit to the decisions of the Court of Session in ecclesiastical causes.

From the views we have taken of this subject, it will be inferred that, in reference to the recent Papal Aggression, which has awakened so much interest in our land, we do not attach much weight to the objection against the Pope's proceedings, that they interfere with the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown. It is so; but, at the same time, we are firmly persuaded, that there are perfectly sufficient grounds to justify the strong and almost universal feeling

which the Papal Aggression has called forth, and to make it the imperative duty of the British nation to resent and to repel it. The ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown is not sanctioned by law in Scotland, and never has been so, since the laws of Charles II. establishing it, were annulled by the first Act of the Scottish Parliament in 1690. And, even in regard to England, the royal supremacy cannot be held to be, in the full and proper sense of the expression, the law of the land; because, in whatever terms the old statutes upon the subject may be expressed, the introduction of the principle of toleration must be held to have virtually restricted their force and application to the Established Church. English Nonconformists, we presume, are no more called upon, in virtue of any obligation attaching to them as British subjects, to acknowledge and submit to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown than Scotchmen are. We rejoice in the strong and general feeling of indignation which the Papal Aggression has called forth, and have a sanguine hope that this feeling, if rightly guided and directed, will issue in most beneficial results to the welfare of the empire, and the interests of truth and righteousness. Of course, we have no objection to any of our fellow Protestants vindicating their feelings and conduct in this matter, upon any ground which approves itself to their own minds. But we claim the same liberty for ourselves; and, besides, we think it very desirable that any national measures which may be adopted should be based upon national grounds—upon grounds in which the whole of the true and honest Protestantism of the empire may be reasonably expected to concur. We have not space to discuss this subject of the Papal Aggression, but we would like to state our views upon it in a few sentences.

The recent Papal Aggression consists of two parts—1st, The appointment of a Cardinal to reside in this country, and to discharge at the same time ordinary archiepiscopal functions; and 2d, The introduction of a fully organized hierarchy, including Bishops with territorial titles, instead of Vicars Apostolic, or Bishops *in partibus infidelium* as they are called, and of the whole system of the canon law. The motives in which this aggression originated, were a conviction on the part of his Holiness that Popery had of late made such progress in Great Britain, that he was warranted in his treating this country as one of the territories of the Roman obedience, and a determination to adopt the means best fitted to bring the whole population of Great Britain under his sway. And the question is—How should such an aggression, coming from such a quarter, originating in such motives, and directed to such ends, be regarded and treated by the British

nation? We assume, in considering this question, that Protestants, the great majority of the British nation, regard Popery as a bad thing, and as a formidable thing. If they are honest in their Protestant profession, they must regard Popery as injurious both to the temporal and the spiritual welfare of mankind—to the best interests of individuals, families, and communities; and if they are intelligent in their Protestant profession, they must regard Popery as a formidable foe, and as now growing, and not unlikely to continue to grow, in strength and influence, in its bearing both upon the mind of individuals and upon the regulation of political affairs. A profession of contempt for Popery, as if nothing was to be apprehended from it, may be fairly regarded, in existing circumstances, as traceable either to ignorance and stupidity, or to affectation and treachery; and, however excusable such a profession may have been in former times, it is now wholly out of the question in the case of any honest and intelligent Protestant. Popery is not to be despised, either in its theological or in its political bearings; and perhaps the most palpable and compendious proof that could be given of this, is the undoubted fact, that at this moment, in France and Austria, countries so widely different in many important respects which might be supposed to affect such a result, Popery and the Papacy have much more influence both on individual conviction and on political action, than they have had for more than a century. Upon these grounds, we think it could be easily shewn that it was right and reasonable, that the recent Papal Aggression should excite the attention of the British nation, should call forth strong feeling, and should lead to decided action—a conclusion powerfully confirmed by every view which history suggests, of the peculiar character and tendencies of Popery, of the objects it aims at, and of the means it employs to accomplish its ends. Assuming, upon these grounds, that action is imperatively called for, the next question is—What should that action be? In answer to this question, we submit the following observations, which we can merely state, without enlarging upon them:—

First, That since this Papal Aggression is symptomatic of the increase of Popery amongst us, an increase already in some measure effected, and likely to go on, it should stir up all Protestants and Protestant Churches to more united, systematic, and vigorous efforts, in the use of all lawful and appropriate means, to check the progress of Popery, by preserving Protestants from embracing it, and by rescuing Papists from its errors and delusions. This is at once the most unquestionable and the most important duty which the Papal Aggression imposes upon British Protestants. It is

to be discharged by combined, energetic, and persevering exertions, on the part of all Protestants and all Protestant Churches, in the way of pressing upon the attention of the whole community scriptural views of Protestantism and of Popery. As to the imperative obligation of this mode of action, in existing circumstances, there is scarcely room for a difference of opinion among honest Protestants; and its paramount importance, we trust, will not be overlooked amid more exciting but temporary subjects of interest.

Second, That the proximate causes which have tended more immediately to produce this increase of Popery, and to encourage the Pope to attempt this aggression, should be ascertained and dealt with. There is no difficulty in ascertaining some of these causes; and perhaps the most obvious and influential are the positive encouragement that has been given by successive Governments to Popery, both at home and in the Colonies, and the prevalence of Tractarianism, issuing in Popery, in the Universities and Church of England. Let these two things, then, be dealt with, and let a remedy be applied. With respect to the first of them, there is no difficulty, at least theoretically and in argument. It is the clear and imperative duty of the British nation to withdraw at once all the positive encouragement that has been given of late to Popery, both at home and abroad, in the way of endowments, titles of honour, and special privileges, and to reduce the Church of Rome amongst us to the condition of other tolerated sects. We have no wish to infringe upon the principles of toleration even in the case of Popery, or to deprive our Popish countrymen of the ordinary rights and privileges of British subjects; but the Protestant nation of Britain is bound to see to it, that she gives to Popery nothing more than toleration, and that she does not incur the guilt of positively aiding and encouraging it, of affording it means and facilities for advancing its objects. As to the way in which the Universities and Church of England should be dealt with, this is a more difficult practical question; but there can, we think, be no doubt that the British nation is entitled and bound to insist, that some effectual measures shall be taken to secure that these important national institutions shall not continue to be nurseries for the Church of Rome.

Third, That the aggression itself should, if possible, be directly resented and repelled. Under the two former heads we have considered the Papal Aggression rather indirectly, as a symptom or consequence of other things, and as suggesting measures wider and more comprehensive than its own immediate sphere of operation. But in addition to all this, we think it can be easily shewn, that everything

in the character and history of our adversary, and everything in the circumstances of the attack which he has made upon us, concur in proving, that the aggression in itself should, if possible, be directly met and resisted. We have said, *if possible*, because it might have been, that the aggression had been managed with so much caution and cunning, that it could not be directly grappled with and repelled by any national act, without trenching upon sound principles and incurring greater evils, and that we must on this account have been contented with the more indirect, though intrinsically much more important, measures, suggested under the two former heads. Having a strong conviction, founded upon every consideration which the character and history of Popery suggest, of the expediency of directly dealing with and repelling this Papal Aggression, if it be at all warrantable and practicable to do so, we are heartily glad that we can see our way to this being done by the nation, without trenching upon any principles which we are called upon to respect. The aggression itself consists, as we have said, of two parts. 1st, The appointment of a Cardinal to reside amongst us, and 2nd, the appointment of Popish Bishops with territorial titles; and, of course, the process by which this aggression is to be directly resented and repelled, is, that the British nation should expel the Cardinal from the country, and should prohibit the assumption of these titles. There are many very powerful reasons why we should do these two things. Are there any sufficient grounds to prevent us from doing them? This is the true *status questionis*, and when considered in this light it is easily solved.

The residence of a Cardinal amongst us is wholly unnecessary for any of the spiritual functions, any of the ecclesiastical arrangements, of the Church of Rome, and therefore the fullest religious toleration does not require that he should be tolerated. This appointment was a gratuitous and wanton insult to the British sovereign and nation, and as such it ought to be resented. A Cardinal is a prince of the Romish Church, the highest functionary in the Court of Rome, a sworn privy-councillor of the Pope, not only as the head of the Church, but as a temporal sovereign. Cardinal Bellarmine informs us (*De Clericis*, lib. i., c. xvi.) that one main cause which led to the establishment and elevation of the Cardinalate was the increase of business at the Court of Rome, especially after the Popes acquired temporal sovereignty, under Pepin and Charlemagne, and the general description which he gives of their "Eminences" is that they are "the electors, the councillors, and the coadjutors of the Supreme Pontiff." When King James in his controversy with

Bellarmino, complained that he had not been treated with the respect due to his royal dignity, the Cardinal replied, that the Pope was superior in rank and dignity to all monarchs, that Cardinals being next to him, were on a level with crowned heads, and that he therefore was James's equal, (*Apologia pro Responsione ad librum Jacobi Magnæ Britannię Regis*, c. iv.) In the authorized *Caeremoniale* of the Church of Rome, (lib. i., sect. 3,) it is laid down that in all public processions and entertainments, kings are to take rank along with the Cardinal Bishops, that these two classes are to be intermingled with each other, one of each following regularly in succession, and that the sons and brothers of kings are to take rank in like manner with the Cardinal deacons. There is then a special provision, that if the eldest son and heir-apparent of a king be present, he is not to be admitted among the Cardinal Bishops, but to take rank among the Cardinal priests. This intermediate position is that held by Dr. Wiseman, who is thus placed upon a level in point of rank with the Prince of Wales, and above all the other members of the royal family. It is quite plain that a man holding the office of privy-councillor to the Pope, and bound by the obligations attaching to that office, can have no right to the privileges of a British subject, and can have no claim to be allowed to live in this country unless he comes as the accredited ambassador of his own Sovereign; and that too is impracticable in this case, for by the Diplomatic Relations Bill as it passed the House of Lords, it was provided that the Pope should not be allowed to send an ecclesiastic as his representative. There is no valid objection, then, to giving Cardinal Wiseman the alternative of renouncing his office, or of quitting the country; and, on the contrary, such a procedure would be fully warranted by the recognized principles applicable to the ordinary regulation of such matters.*

That a prohibition of the assumption by

* A curious combination of circumstances once produced a formal and elaborate probation, that a Cardinal in virtue of his office was disqualified for being Sovereign of Great Britain. When Cardinal York, the grandson of James VII., became by the death of his brother the legitimate heir to the British Crown, the Scotch Episcopalians thought this a good opportunity of escaping from the penal restrictions to which they had been hitherto subjected, because of their refusal of the oath of allegiance; and while they professed that they would have acknowledged him as king of Great Britain, if he had renounced his official subjection to the Pope, they maintained that his retention of his official position disqualified him for the Crown, and freed them from all obligation to acknowledge him as their Sovereign. See Reasons for the Scotch Episcopal Clergy submitting to the Royal Family of Hanover, by Bishop Abernethy Drummond, Edinburgh, 1792.

bishops of territorial titles, involves nothing inconsistent with full religious toleration, is quite evident from the nature of the case, and from the fact that the assumption was an innovation, never formerly thought necessary for Romanists in England. From some statistics which we met with lately in a Popish periodical, it appears that of about 1350 bishops throughout the world subject to the Pope, all in the full execution of the functions of the Episcopate, *one-third* were Vicars Apostolic, without territorial titles derived from the places where they labour. This assumption of territorial titles was introduced amongst us for two reasons—*1st*, to be a public proclamation to the world, that England was now again subjected to the Roman obedience, like Italy and Spain, and that the Pope was entitled to parcel out its counties to be “governed” by his creatures; and, *2d*, to pave the way for the full application of the canon law to Great Britain. It is the undeniable right, and the imperative duty of the Sovereign and the nation of Great Britain, to throw back this insult, to contradict this falsehood, to trample upon this claim, by prohibiting and annihilating the act by which the insult is conveyed, the falsehood is asserted, and the claim is advanced. The *substance* of the canon law is thus given by Luther in his defence of his conduct in publicly burning it, *Papa est Deus in terris, superior omnibus, celestibus et terrenis, spiritualibus et secularibus. Et omnia papae sunt propria, cui nemo audeat dicere, quid facis?*—(Tom. ii. p. 334.) It is certainly nothing more than a necessary act of self-defence—a just protection to Romanists as well as Protestants—to resist a measure *avowedly* directed to the introduction of such a system as this.

There is no difficulty, then, in point of principle, in the British nation directly repelling the Papal Aggression, by expelling the Cardinal and prohibiting the assumption of territorial titles. The only consideration that can be plausibly advanced against this mode of action, is that it would elevate into importance a man and an act, which might be, with equal safety and more dignity, disregarded. But the man, insignificant as he may be individually, is the representative and the agent of the Papacy in this country, and is himself the main author and cause of the insulting aggression; and the act, however paltry in itself, is one by which the Pope assumes and exercises jurisdiction over Great Britain, as if it were a country wholly subject to his control. Upon these grounds, it becomes not only warrantable but imperative, to bring to bear upon *this man and his act*, all those powerful considerations which demonstrate, that it is the present duty of the Sovereign and the Parlia-

ment of Great Britain, to watch the movements of the Papacy with a jealous eye, to treat Popery in all its manifestations as a formidable and implacable foe, and to take care, as they shall answer to God and the nation, that nothing, lawful in itself and competent to them, shall be left undone, which may be fitted to check the progress of Popery, and to prevent its prevalence in the British Empire. Some of these considerations are very vigorously and eloquently brought out in Mr. Warren's pamphlet, “The Queen or the Pope,” the title of which we have prefixed to this Article, and which we commend to the perusal of our readers.

We have thus sketched a very brief and imperfect outline of a train of thought, which, if followed out and filled up, would, we are persuaded, afford a satisfactory vindication of the strong feeling which the recent Papal Aggression has called forth in the minds of Protestants, and of the measures which have been taken to repel it, while it would also shew that much more remains to be done than has yet been attempted. We regret that Lord John Russell's Bill against the Papal Aggression, did not contain a provision for the expulsion of the Cardinal, and that it has been emasculated of much of its original strength; but we would regard the rejection of it as a “heavy blow and a great discouragement to Protestantism,” and we would rejoice to see it become the law of the land. There is, however, some additional legislation, bearing upon topics which this Papal Aggression suggests, especially nunneries and deathbed bequests, which is perfectly consistent with the principles of toleration, and can be fully vindicated, upon the ground of the obligation of Government to secure complete protection to all its subjects in their persons and their property. As legislation upon these points, and with this view, is thoroughly justifiable in itself, and is imperiously demanded by existing circumstances, by events which have most seasonably come to the knowledge of the community, we trust that the composition of the next House of Commons, will be such as to render the Prime Minister independent of the minions of Popish Continental despots like Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham, of the sordid “shopkeepers” of the Manchester school, and of the ferocious mouthpieces of the Irish priesthood, and enable him to prosecute with firmness the noble Protestant course, on which we would fain hope that he has entered.

We would return for a moment, in conclusion, to the Church of England. Whenever we think of the mass of confusion and inconsistency, not to speak of what we reckon error, to be found in the constitution of that Church, we feel grateful that we have no con-

nexion with it—that we have no responsibility for the defence of its position or the management of its affairs, and that we are not called upon, unless we choose, to give advice to those who have. The course which should be adopted in existing circumstances by an out-and-out Church of England man, would be a very odd one, a course which it would be very difficult to trace in theory, and still more difficult to realize in practice. Upon Scriptural and Christian grounds, our general sympathies are all with the Evangelical party in that Church, and we are very willing to make ample allowance for the practical difficulties of their position. But we must say, that having the two primates at their head, they might surely now do something vigorous and decided, if they are not totally unfit for the emergency into which they have been thrown. We have been grieved by the indications which the Evangelical clergy have been giving of late, that they place much reliance upon the exercise of the patronage and of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown. They seem to be thus converting what is only a lucky accident, or rather a temporary providence, bringing good out of evil, into a principle of general and permanent application. The appointment of bishops by the Crown, and the final determination of Ecclesiastical causes by a civil tribunal, are utterly indefensible in principle, and never can commend themselves to the understandings and consciences of thoughtful and earnest men who know what a Church of Christ is; and the patronage of the Crown, and the decisions of its tribunals, may very soon be turned against them. The two main causes that fostered and strengthened Tractarianism, and led ultimately to Popery, in the Church of England, were the very equivocal

Protestantism of the Liturgy and the Canons, and the dissatisfaction legitimately called forth by the patronage and the supremacy exercised by the Crown. It was the latter of these influences that was the immediate cause of the original Tractarian movement, and this has been the turning point of many of the recent secessions to the Church of Rome. In so far as these men merely deny the lawfulness of the controlling influence and jurisdiction of the Crown and the civil power, the Evangelical clergy are utterly unable to meet them on the ground of Scripture, whatever they may have to allege from the constitution of the Church of England. And if these really were the two main causes that led first to Tractarianism and then to Popery, surely the Church is bound to endeavor to apply corresponding remedies and preventives: *1st*, by taking advantage of the present strong Protestant feeling for thoroughly clearing her Liturgy and Canons of the Popish element that corrupts them; and then, *2d*, by trying at least to cast off the bondage of civil control, and to stand forth in the liberty and independence of a Church of Christ.*

* In speaking of the office of Cardinal, p. 147, we omitted to mention that during vacancies in the Papal chair, and these have sometimes lasted for a considerable period, the execution of the ordinary functions of the Pope, not only as the head of the Church, but also as the Sovereign of the Roman States, is constitutionally vested in the Sacred College, as it is called, so that if the Pope were to die to-morrow, Cardinal Wiseman would at once, and *ipso facto*, be involved in the responsibilities and obligations of the actual possession, in conjunction with others, of the sovereignty of an independent foreign kingdom, a consideration which brings out very strikingly the incompatibility of the office he holds, with the discharge of the duties, or the enjoyment of the privileges of a British subject.

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- ART. I.—1. *Principes de la Philosophie de l'Histoire, traduits de la Scienza Nuova de J. B. Vico.* Par JULES MICHELET. 2 tom. Paris, 1835.
2. *Système de Philosophie Positive.* Par AUGUSTE COMTE. 6 tom. Paris, 1830–42.
3. *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive.* By JOHN STUART MILL. Book VI. "On the Logic of the Moral Sciences." 3d Edition. London, 1851.
4. *The Characteristics of the Present Age.* By JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE. Translated by WILLIAM SMITH. London, 1849.
5. *Social Statics; or, The Conditions essential to Human Happiness specified, and the first of them developed.* By HERBERT SPENCER. London, 1851.
6. *Lectures on Political Economy.* By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London, 1851.

AMONG the many lucid and valuable conceptions that have been given to the world by the French thinker Auguste Comte, whose name, we believe, is now tolerably familiar to most British readers, one of the most serviceable is his classification of the Sciences. Taking for his principle of arrangement that of proceeding from the more general and simple onward to the more special and complex, M. Comte classifies the sciences or possible departments of human knowledge in the following order:—Mathematics; Astronomy; General Physics; Chemistry; Biology, or the science of individual organized beings, (subdivided into the two branches of Vegetable and Animal Physiology, of the latter of which the whole science of the human mind constitutes, in M. Comte's scheme, only a prolonga-

tion or appendage, under the form of a special investigation into the cerebral functions of the animal Man;) and Sociology, or the science of human society. This arrangement of the sciences according to their natural relations coincides, M. Comte affirms, with the order of their historical discovery and development; and it ought also, he thinks, to be adopted as the proper order of study in a course of general education. At the present day, he thinks, only the first four sciences of the series—Mathematics, Astronomy, General Physics, and Chemistry—have been overtaken by the scientific spirit, and subjected to scientific methods,—the two last, indeed, being but recent acquisitions of the human intellect; Biology is still an unorganized medley, in which, though the scientific spirit has entered upon it, and is daily effecting the most powerful reductions amid its phenomena, all sorts of superstitious and unscientific notions still prevail; and lastly, Sociology, the mere conception of which as a possible science is but an event of yesterday, exists yet only as a hope, a prediction, a blank space chalked out by anticipation for the speculative labours of the future.

This is not the place for a thorough criticism of the foregoing classification of the sciences. Such a criticism would involve a rigorous representation of the whole battle between that system of so-called positive philosophy of which M. Comte is the advocate, and which resolves all human knowledge back into the one element of sensuous or external experience, and that other, and we believe truer system, which, assuming as its first axiom the radical distinction between man and the conditions in which he finds himself, seeks in the original and independent structure of the human mind itself the warrants of

a higher certainty, and the necessary measure and predetermined form of all possible experience. Such an argument we would willingly attempt on a fitting occasion, but it is beyond our present purpose; and we forego it the more readily, because we know that in the city where these pages shall first see the light a hundred swords will have already leapt from their scabbards at the mere prospect of a skirmish in the hereditary metaphysic cause. Accepted, however, with due limitations, the classification of the sciences proposed by M. Comte will be found of admirable use; we perceive that it is already gaining ground in quarters where its origin is either unknown or concealed; and without the slightest fear that good money will turn into slate-stones in our possession because it may have been obtained from a suspicious source, we feel convinced that we cannot better usher in the conception of Sociology as a possible science, than by calling attention to the place it holds relatively to other sciences in the scheme of the thinker who has announced its advent most formally, and written on it most largely.

The word *Sociology* is a convenient barbarism coined by M. Comte, and objectionable only as being a hybrid between the Latin and the Greek. Among the synonymous names are these—the Social Science, the Science of Society, Social Physics, Political Science, Historical Science, the Science of History. The general idea involved in all these phrases is essentially this:—All the phenomena of society, all the events and movements that occur in communities of human beings, take place in accordance with fixed natural laws; every community, however large it may be, however heterogeneous its composition, and however discordant the aims of its members, is yet borne along in a regular inwardly determined path or career; nay, the life of the human race as a whole, all calamities, wars, and national vicissitudes included, is but one grand and divinely pre-arranged evolution, pervaded by a huge intention, and leading to a definite result. From this description of the Social science it will be seen that it is properly placed by M. Comte as the last in the series of the sciences. Should any one, admitting the title of Mathematics, Astronomy, General Physics, and Chemistry to rank as sciences, deny the possibility of a Biological Science, at least in its higher departments, on the ground that the fact of life or free-will interposes a gulf, impassable to any scientific method, between the domain of matter and that of mind, such a person must *a fortiori* deny the possibility of a Social science; and, on the other hand, whosoever admits a psychological science, or science of the mental pheno-

mena of individual human beings, to be possible, must see that its relation to its theoretical successor, the Social science, is that of the less to the more complex, and that as Psychology proper presupposes the conclusions of Physiology, Physiology those of Chemistry, Chemistry those of General Physics, General Physics those of Astronomy, and Astronomy those of Mathematics, so the conclusions of Psychology, together with those of the whole preceding series, must be carried forward as a contribution to the Social science, there to be combined with new elements, and treated to a higher elaboration.

The idea of the resistless progress of human affairs in a certain determined path is one which, in some form or other, has existed in every age. To the religious mind, especially, it has at all times been familiar. The ancient Pagan nations, when they fancied the interests of special communities to be under the care of special tutelary deities, entertained a notion the effect of which was in some degree scientific, inasmuch as it taught them to believe that a hidden unity and meaning underlay all the perplexing phenomena of visible history. Indeed, from the very nature of the object-matter of the Social science, the scientific aspiration must have manifested itself there long before it can have entered on the domain of the later sciences of the inorganic series. From the beginning of the world social phenomena, such as wars, laws, and revolutions, have been among the most obvious and interesting objects of human attention; whereas the materials of the mechanical and chemical sciences have been dug slowly into light one by one, and have never stood forth in attractive accumulation before the common gaze. Hence, curiously enough, the aspiration after a science of history is at least as old as the beginnings of astronomical science. While as yet Physics, Chemistry, and Physiology slumbered in the bosom of the earth, the heavenly luminaries wheeled their silent courses in the conspicuous vault above; and no sooner had men ascertained something regarding their times and revolutions, than, hastening to connect these brilliant motions of the upper concave with the only others that rivalled them in extent and visibility, namely, the motions of men on the subjacent plane of earth, they sought to involve both in a single system, so that the little knowledge they had gained of the one might serve also in lieu of a science of the other. Although, therefore, in the order of strict development, Sociology may be the last of the sciences, it existed in conception, and as an attempt, almost before any of the others.

Familiar to the religious mind in all ages, the idea of a resistless and determinate pro-

gress in human affairs has, of course, been specially familiar, and in a far higher form, to the Christian intellect. Two forms, we think, may be distinguished, in which the fundamental religious doctrine of a Divine Providence as pervading history has been developed in Christian Philosophy. The first is the theory of general optimism, according to which the notion that all is for the best is superadded to the radical notion that all is predetermined. But however irresistibly this theory may recommend itself to the religious mind in the sense in which it was propounded by Leibnitz, namely, as applicable to the whole finished rhythm of the Divine procedure, to the universal series of ages and worlds, to assume it as true in that more restricted sense in which alone it could furnish the organizing principle of the Social science, namely, as predicable of this world by itself, would be quite unwarrantable. The idea, indeed, of a purely terrestrial optimism—the idea that this world has been necessarily arranged so as to contain within itself all the elements of a full and pacific solution, is at present, especially in the hands of a certain school of sentimentalists, one of the most notable impediments in the way of a sound and healthy philosophy. Far more fit to perform the function of a leading conception in the Social science, and at the same time far more peculiarly Christian in its character, is that other form of the great idea of Providence which sees in all history but one continuous evolution of the Divine scheme for the redemption of a fallen race. Although this view has been necessarily present in the really Christian mind of all ages, and although so celebrated a writer as Jonathan Edwards devoted one of his treatises to a special elaboration of it, the full apprehension of it by Christian thinkers, and even by Church-historians, seems to be an event hardly yet completed. Hence the continued prevalence of the distinction between sacred and profane history—a distinction proceeding, it is true, on certain important considerations, but the inordinate recognition of which has been very injurious. Even the similar distinction between ancient and modern history, though conventionally far more necessary, carries with it a mischievous effect.

But, though religious faith in general, and the Christian theology in particular, had thus from the beginning prescribed a mode of looking at history which was tantamount, had the fact been perceived, to the instauration of history as a possible science, the effective and detailed conception of such a science as a department of real knowledge was only practicable at an advanced point in the natural career of progressive human culture.

"The condition of politics," says Mr. Mill, "was until very lately, and has scarcely even yet ceased to be, that which Bacon animadverted on, as the natural state of the sciences while their cultivation is abandoned to practitioners; not being carried on as a branch of speculative inquiry, but only with a view to the exigencies of daily practice, and the *fructifera experimenta* therefore being aimed at, almost to the exclusion of the *lucifera*. Such was medical investigation before physiology and natural history began to be cultivated as branches of general knowledge. The only questions examined were, what diet is wholesome? or what medicine will cure some given disease? without any previous systematic inquiry into the laws of nutrition, and of the healthy and morbid action of the different organs, on which laws the effect of any diet or medicine must evidently depend. And in politics the questions which engaged general attention were similar:—Is such an enactment, or such a form of government, beneficial or the reverse, either universally or to some particular community? without inquiry into the general conditions by which the operation of legislative measures, or the effects produced by forms of government, are determined. . . . No wonder that when the phenomena of society have so rarely been contemplated in the point of view characteristic of science, the philosophy of society should have made little progress—should contain few general propositions sufficiently precise and certain for common inquirers to recognise in them a scientific character. The vulgar notion accordingly is, that all pretension to lay down general truths on politics and society is quackery; that no universality and no certainty are attainable in such matters. What partly excuses this common notion is, that it is really not without foundation in one particular sense. A large proportion of those who have laid claim to the character of philosophic politicians, have attempted not to ascertain universal sequences, but to frame universal precepts. They have had some one form of government, or system of laws, to fit all cases; a pretension well meriting the ridicule with which it is treated by practitioners, and wholly unsupported by the analogy of the art to which, from the nature of its subject, that of politics must be most nearly allied. No one now supposes it possible that one remedy can cure all diseases, or even the same disease in all constitutions and habits of body."—*Mill's Logic*, vol. ii. pp. 449-451.

It is not difficult to account for the circumstance that this practical denial in detail of the possibility of a science of history has co-existed all along with that speculative assent to the possibility of such a science which is involved in the belief in a Divine Providence. The notion that all history is regulated by, and representative of, a divine purpose, might very well exist, and yet the notion that this purpose is immanent in history in the form of general laws, indissolubly inwrought through its very matter, might very well be wanting. But precisely in this latter notion lies the essence of the conception, so far as any devout Theist can

entertain it, that history may be prosecuted as one of the inductive sciences. The conception of a Social science cannot be entertained at all by any one who has a true faith in God's existence, unless the grand primary notion of "the hand of God in history" is strictly reconcilable with the notion that the historic evolution, complex as it is, is carried on through the medium of what are called laws. Instead of a reconciliation, indeed, between the two notions, M. Comte and his school contend for the absolute transmutation of the one into the other: the idea of general laws being, according to them, only the matured expression of what was formerly conceived under the notion of supernatural activity, which notion, therefore, is already being gradually disintegrated, and is doomed, they say, to ultimate evanescence, according as the expression into which it has been translated is efficiently extended out of the simpler into the more complex departments of human experience. But no one will fear this omen whose philosophy is faithful enough and profound enough to see how the idea of Deity may be retained, and intellectually required and exulted in, even in that field from which it is declared by the thinkers in question to have been irrevocably banished—the field of astronomical science. He in whose mind the study of the *mécanique céleste* has produced such all-sufficing comfort as to make the idea of Divine energy rationally unnecessary in the contemplation of the stars and planets, has assuredly very little religion left to be lost in speculations on men and peoples.

Among the conditions that were necessary to the full conception of history as a possible science, and the want of which postponed that conception till a date comparatively so recent, M. Comte specifies two—a sufficient base of social phenomena from which to generalize: and a sufficient prior cultivation of the scientific spirit, and accumulation of scientific conclusions, by research in the field of the simpler sciences. Neither of these conditions, he thinks, was adequately fulfilled prior to the commencement of the eighteenth century. Thinkers who lived before that time neither had a sufficiently large or competently recorded range of past time wherein to prosecute their explorations, nor were they sufficiently trained in the inorganic and physiological sciences to know how to conduct their explorations in a hopeful manner. Acquiescing in this characteristic and just remark, we would call attention more expressly to one particular condition virtually involved in the second of those mentioned by M. Comte, the realization of which has, in our opinion, contributed enormously to the development of the conception of a Social science. We have often fancied that a most interesting essay might be written on the effects produced

on human thought, both in the general and in individual minds, by the first thorough apprehension of the notion that the earth is not a plane, but a measurable globe. The effects of the gradual growth of this notion in the mind of the race as a whole have been immense; and much of the entire intellectual difference between the ancients and the more recent moderns may be summed up as consisting in the fact that this notion, unknown or very slightly apprehended by the former, has been familiar to the latter. Moreover, we would almost assert that the degree and constancy with which this notion is present in individual minds, may be taken as a test and measure of their comparative intellectual generality. All great modern poets, such as Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe, have had this astronomical notion present in their minds in such a degree and so continually, that it may be said to have constituted one of the habitual forms of their thought. Thus, Shakespeare—

"Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world."

Nor is it difficult to see, in particular, how this notion stands related to the development of Social science. The cardinal conception of such a science is the conception of humanity as a whole; and although minds of metaphysic reach, or minds that Christian doctrine had taught to rise above the idea of nationality, might be able to compass this conception, even while continuing to imagine the human race as the dispersed tenants of an undefined earth, yet the conception could be grasped firmly and familiarly only after the imagination had learned to picture the race as the living freight of a ponderable and moving ball, eight thousand miles or thereby in diameter. Nay, as by the increase of our mechanical means for locomotion, and for the rapid intercommunication between different parts of the earth, mankind at large are becoming more familiar with this conception of the physical form and limitation of our planet, it may be observed that the cardinal notion of the Social science is even now continually gaining force.

Pascal seems very distinctly to have apprehended this cardinal conception, as we have called it, of the science of history. "The entire succession of men," he said, "during the long series of ages, ought to be considered as a single individual, subsisting for ever, and continually learning." It is now admitted, however, that the merit of having first expounded the possibility of a social science, and of having first attempted to lay the speculative foundations of such a science, belongs to the illustrious Italian philosopher, Giovanni Battista Vico, who was born at Naples in the year 1668, and died, after an active, though not

very happy life, in the year 1744. After having distinguished himself by various ingenious writings, Vico, in the year 1725, or when he was fifty-seven years of age, published his greatest work, the *Scienza Nuova*, under the following title—"Principles of a New Science, relative to the Common Nature of Nations, whereby may be discovered New Principles of Natural Law." To this work, the confused and fragmentary form of which caused it to be neglected for many years, the attention of scholars has recently been directed with considerable interest, chiefly, we believe, from the fact that two of the most important trains of speculation that have occupied the learned world during the last century—namely, the speculation as to the origin of the Homeric poems, and the personality or non-personality of Homer; and the speculation as to the authenticity or non-authenticity of early Roman history—are to be found there distinctly propounded. In the one speculation Vico seems to have anticipated Wolf; in the other Niebuhr. These brilliant anticipations, however, constituting together, as they do, almost a complete prevision of the modern theory of the Mythos, are but episodes in the development of the main doctrine of Vico's work, which is this: That, as the idea of the material world existed in the Divine mind before the creation of that world, and is now carried out by means of material laws; so there pre-existed in the Divine mind an eternal idea of human history, which idea is similarly carried out in the actual course of events. It is to the investigation of this great subject that he invites attention, with the bold but perfectly just assertion, that in doing so he is installing "a new science." The manner in which he proceeds, proves that he meant to place the new science strictly under the guardianship of ordinary scientific methods, as these were then understood, not excepting the recently promulgated Baconian rule. He opens the work by laying down a base of material in the form of a chronological table of the events of ancient history as far as the second Punic war, and by enumerating, in connection with it, certain axioms or general truths, by the application of which conclusions may be arrived at; after which he launches into an exposition of his own historical generalizations. An extract or two, quoted from Michelet's French translation of the work, will give a notion of its style and tenor.

"In default of knowing the *true*, men strive to arrive at the *certain*, to the end that, if the *intelligence* may not be satisfied by *science*, the *will* may at least repose on *conscience*.

"*Philosophy* contemplates the *reason*, whence comes the *science of the true*; *philology* studies the acts of human liberty, whence follows *authority*; and it is from this that there arises the *con-*

science of the certain. We comprehend, therefore, under the name of philologists, all the grammarians, the historians, and the critics, who occupy themselves with the knowledge of *languages* and of *facts*, (as much the *internal* facts of the history of peoples, such as laws and usages, as the *external* facts, such as wars, treaties of peace and alliance, commerce, and travels.) The same axiom shows us that the philosophers have stopped half-way, in neglecting to give to their *reasonings* a *certitude* drawn from the *authority* of the philologists, and that the philologists have fallen into the same fault in neglecting to give to facts the character of *truth* which they would have received from *philosophic reasonings*. Had philosophers and philologists avoided this double error, they would have been more useful to society, and they would have anticipated us in the search after this new science.

"The study of the acts of human liberty, so uncertain by nature, derives its certitude and determination from the *common sense* applied by men to human *needs* or *uses*—a double source of the natural law of nations.

"The *common sense* is a judgment without reflection, participated by a whole order, a whole people, a whole nation, or the whole human race. This axiom will open up to us a new critic relative to the *authors of peoples*, who must have preceded by more than a thousand years the *authors of books*, with whom criticism hitherto has exclusively occupied itself.

"Uniform ideas born among peoples unknown to each other, must have a common ground of truth. A great principle this, according to which the common understanding of the human race is the criterion indicated by Providence for determining what is certain in the natural law of nations! This certitude is arrived at by knowing the unity, the essence of this law, to which all nations conform with diverse modifications. The same axiom forecloses all the ideas that have been formed hitherto regarding the natural law of nations; a law which, according to the common opinion, must have come forth out of some one nation, in order to be transmitted to all others. This error has been made predominant by the vanity of the Egyptians and the Greeks, who, if we are to believe themselves, have diffused civilisation over the world. It was a natural consequence of this opinion, that the law of the Twelve Tables was represented as having come to Rome from Greece. Thus civil law must have been communicated to other peoples by a purely human arrangement; and there would have been no law planted by Divine Providence in the nature, in the manners, of humanity at large, and ordained by it as binding among all nations! We shall not cease in this work to strive to demonstrate that the natural law of nations has its birth in each people in particular, without any one of them having any knowledge of the others; and that, consequently, on the occasion of wars, embassies, alliances, treaties of commerce, this law has been recognised as common to the whole human race.

"The nature of things consists in this, that the things happen in certain circumstances, and in certain manners. Let circumstances present themselves the same, things will happen the same

and not different.”—*Scienza Nuova*, Book i. ch. 2, secs. 9-14.

“The human mind naturally loves uniformity. This axiom applied to legends depends on an observation. Let a man be famous for good or evil, the popular mind will not fail to place him in such or such a circumstance, and to invent in his behalf fables in harmony with his character—*lies in fact*, doubtless, but *truths in idea*, since the public only imagines what is analogous to reality. Let one reflect, and one will find that the *poetically true* is the *metaphysically true*, and that whatever of the *physically true* is not conformable thereto ought to pass for false. The true captain, for example, is the Godfrey of Tasso; all those who do not wholly conform to this model merit not the name of captain. A consideration important in the science of poetry!”—*Ibid.*, sec. 47.

“The *vanity of nations*, each of which wishes to be considered the most ancient of all, deprives us of the hope of finding the principles of the new science in the writings of philologists; and the *vanity of savans*, who will have it that their favourite sciences had reached perfection from the commencement of the world, prevents us from seeking them in the works of philosophers; we will follow our researches, therefore, as if books did not exist. But in this dark night, in which the most remote antiquity is shrouded from our eyes, there appears a light which cannot lead us wrong. I speak of this incontestable truth: *The social world is certainly the work of men*, whence it results that its principles can and ought to be found in the modifications of human intelligence themselves. This admitted, will not every reflecting man be astonished that philosophers have seriously attempted to understand the *world of nature*, which God has made, and whereof He has reserved the science to Himself, and have neglected to meditate on that *social world* which men can understand, inasmuch as it is their own work? . . . Since the *social world is the work of men*, let us examine in what they are agreed, and will always agree. It is thence that we shall derive the *principles which explain how all societies form, and how they maintain themselves*—principles universal and eternal, as those of every science ought to be.”—*Scienza Nuova*, Book i. ch. 3.

“The new science will, in one of its principal aspects, be a *civil theology of the Divine Providence*, a thing which seems till now to have been wanting. Philosophers have either entirely misconceived Providence, as the Stoics and the Epicureans did, or have considered it solely in the physical order of things. They bestow the name of *natural theology* on the metaphysics in which they study this attribute of God, and they rest their reasonings on observations drawn from the *material world*; but it was, above all, in the *economy of the civil world* that they ought to have sought their proofs of Providence. The new science will be, so to speak, a *demonstration in fact, a historical demonstration of Providence*; inasmuch as it ought to be a history of the decrees by which this Providence has governed, without the knowledge of men, and often in spite of them, the grand corporation of the human race. Although this world has been created particularly,

and in time, the laws that have been given to it are not the less *universal and eternal*. . . . In the whole series of possible things, can our spirit imagine causes more numerous, less numerous, or other than those of which the social world is the product? . . . In order to find the so-called nature of things, as regards human affairs, the new science proceeds by a *severe analysis of the thoughts of men relative to the needs or uses of the social life, which are the two sources of the natural law of nations*. Thus considered under the second of its principal aspects, the new science is a *history of human ideas*, in accordance with which it appears that the *metaphysic of the human mind* should proceed. If it is true that the *sciences ought to commence at the same point where their subject (object-matter) has commenced*, metaphysics, this queen of the sciences, commences at the epoch when men set themselves to think *humanly*, and not at that when philosophers set themselves to reflect on human ideas. In order to determine the epoch and the place in which these ideas had their birth, in order to give to their history the certitude which it ought to derive from the *metaphysical chronology and geography* proper to them, the new science applies a similarly *metaphysical criticism* to the founders, the *authors of nations*; who preceded, by more than a thousand years, the *authors of books*, with whom philosophical criticism has hitherto occupied itself. The criterion of which it makes use, is that which the Divine Providence has taught equally to all nations, namely, the *common understanding of the human race*, determined by the necessary convenience of human affairs themselves. It is for this reason that the sort of proof on which we principally lean is, that, such laws having been established by Providence, the destiny of nations *must have followed, still does, and always will*, follow the course indicated by the new science, even were an infinite number of worlds to arise during eternity—a hypothesis indubitably false. In this manner the new science traces the eternal circle of an *ideal history*, in which the *histories of all nations in time* revolve, with their birth, their progress, their decline, and their termination. . . . What history more certain than that in which the same person is at once the actor and the historian? Thus the new science proceeds precisely after the manner of geometry, which at once creates and contemplates the ideal world of magnitudes; but the new science has as much more of reality, as the laws which regulate human affairs have, than mere points, lines, surfaces, and figures. This shows that the proofs, whereof we have spoken, are of a *divine species*, and that they ought, O reader, to give thee a *divine pleasure*, for with God to know and to do are the same things.”—*Scienza Nuova*, Book i. ch. 4.

From these extracts, in which we have purposely preserved the original italics, it will be seen how powerfully Vico had grasped the conception of the new science. The expressions he uses are, it will be observed, somewhat hazy and obsolete, and his book is, on the whole, rather a medley of thoughts and fancies, pervaded by a central idea, than a coherent treatise; but we doubt if there are no

things in Vico with which the intellect, even of our own times, has not fully come up. We doubt, for example, if even yet our thinkers could furnish a deeper summary of the truths on which the Social science proceeds, than that which may be condensed from the foregoing passages of the *Scienza Nuova*; to wit, that human nature is a substance, so to speak, possessing certain essential properties and attributes, like any other substance to which men give a name; that wherever it is, therefore, human nature will, if the conditions are similar, yield similar manifestations; that, consequently, separate nations commencing the career of civilisation at the same time, or from the same point, would necessarily, and without any communication with each other, go through stages similar in the main; that the true power whereby this social life, this development of human nature in the mass, is advanced, is to be sought for primarily, not in the books of writers, but in the popular and universal sense of mankind, the *sapienza volgare*, the general social heart; that what the generality of the human race feels to be just is *de facto* the rule of the social life; that the manner in which this rule acts for the evolution of history, is by the concentration, conscious or unconscious, of the common understanding or sense of mankind on general human needs and uses as they arise; and that the career which humanity thus actually works out for itself, is the fulfilment of the ideal scheme of history which pre-existed in the Divine mind.

It is only necessary to describe farther what was Vico's own conclusion as to the nature of the path in which humanity advances; in other words, what was his theory of history. Confining himself at first to the ancient world, the scheme of which he had laid down at the outset in his chronological table as a base of speculation, he defines the course of ancient history among all the nations usually considered under that head, as having consisted of three ages or states of being—first, a divine or theocratic age; next, a heroic or poetical age; and lastly, a human or consciously rational age. In the first age, all the manifestations of human activity were characterized by the prevalence of the religious mode of thought alone and by itself—laws and governments were theocratic, manners and customs were acts of worship, judicial trials were appeals to the divinity, even language was hieroglyphic; in the second age, the heroic mode of thought dominated—hence aristocratic governments, feudal customs, metaphorical or poetical language, &c.; and lastly, in the human age, the procedure of which is consciously rational, come monarchical or democratic governments, civilized social usages, and language either scientific or scientifically directed. Such, Vico says,

is the true generalization of the course of history, as exhibited in the ancient nations. Now, his theory is, that modern history is essentially a repetition of this process; that is to say, that the destruction of the Roman civilisation by the northern races was, as it were, a reduction of human society back to its beginnings in primary chaos, and that the progress of the modern nations since, has been essentially an advance in the career of the three stages—the divine, the heroic, and the human. In other words, Vico's theory or representation of history is that of a recurring cycle or curve, repeating itself indefinitely, in each case presenting distinctly the same succession of stages. Society according to him is a phoenix, periodically destroyed, and periodically arising out of its own ashes.

Though not deficient in a certain superficial plausibility, and though possibly containing a fund of real truth, which may be effectively absorbed into a higher view, this conclusion of Vico as to the nature of the path in which the human race necessarily advances, is certainly a failure in the supreme sense in which it is promulgated, and far less worthy of commemoration than the fine prior speculations on which it is founded. Accordingly, in the progress of the conception of a Social science since Vico's time, his special theory of the law of the historic movement has almost disappeared, perhaps without having received a sufficient appreciation of what is really substantial in it. His general views, however, have gradually gained ground in the speculative world, though at a rate so slow as to prove his wonderful forwardness as a thinker. To trace the development of his main conception systematically, from the publication of the *Scienza Nuova* to the present time, is impossible here; we can but indicate the points that seem most worthy of notice.

Vico's own principle of the necessary appearance of similar social manifestations in similar circumstances would be a sufficient answer to those who should insist on tracing the growth of historical science in France during the last and the present century directly to his influence. Were there evidence that those of his French contemporaries, whose influence on historical literature was most marked, had studied or borrowed from his work, the case would, of course, be altered; but this is a question on which we cannot enter. Suffice it to say, that about the middle of last century, there did arise in France a new mode of regarding history, and of writing it, which proved that the notion of a possible Social science had obtained a place in the French mind. This change consisted not so much in an express and conscious effort to realize a result previously conceived under the name of Social science, as in a kind of instinct which led writers

to treat the facts of history in a spirit of scientific generality, and to philosophize on social details. Among the names most worthy of notice in connexion with this determination of French thought, is that of Montesquieu. In his *Essay on the Greatness of the Romans*, (1734,) and more conspicuously, in his *Spirit of Laws*, (1748,) Montesquieu, without having a conception of the Social science as a whole by any means comparable to that of Vico, gave his countrymen a very instructive example of the manner in which the inductive method might be applied in the work of political generalization. His chief use of this method may be said to have consisted in the perception that, by observing the circumstances in which particular human customs and particular modes of government are uniformly found, conclusions may be arrived at as regards the causes of which such social manifestations are the product. Probably the value of this lesson was not diminished by the fact that the value of certain kinds of causes—those of climate, for example—in modifying human institutions, was greatly exaggerated by Montesquieu.

The tendency to generality, to the observation of social coincidences and sequences, thus introduced into French historical literature, and so consistent with the habits of the French mind, received an immense increase about the epoch of the French Revolution. Considered, indeed, with reference to its intellectual consequences, that event may be described as a prodigious experiment worked by Nature for the behoof of the Social science, at a time when nothing more could be made of a mere survey of the quiet past. Among the new conceptions with which it flooded the speculative world, one of the most important was that involved in the now time-honoured phrase, *Progress of the Species*. The authorship of this conception in the sense in which it has since been current, is ascribed more particularly to the unfortunate Condorcet, whose "Sketch of a Historic View of the Progress of the Human Mind" was written in 1793; the germ of the conception, however, may be traced to Turgot. Since it was promulgated it is certain that the theory of progress, of continued motion in one direction, as the law of history, has completely displaced the cyclical theory of Vico.

As promulgated at the time of the French Revolution, however, the theory of progress, as the law of the historic movement, was clogged with certain serious misapprehensions which robbed it of its genuine scientific value, and which have vitiated the whole course of subsequent social speculation. As the word Progress, etymologically, implies nothing more than continuous advancement in a straight line, so, when applied as a description of the

character of the historic movement, it ought properly to imply nothing more than this—that the evolution of the human destinies proceeds regularly through a series of continuous stages; that in the succession of human generations each is to be regarded as the necessary result of that which preceded it, and as the necessary parent of that which follows it. The thinkers of the French Revolution, however, did not master this purely scientific view of the social progress. Exulting in the vast emancipation which had just been wrought out, drunk with their new liberties, they represented themselves as cut off from the whole preceding past by a great gulf which humanity had miraculously overleaped; on all the many centuries that lay on the other side of that gulf they looked back with an eye of scorn, as if nothing had ever been rightly done in them, except perhaps by a Brutus here and there in an anti-despotic fit; while to the centuries that were to come they looked forward with a sanguine enthusiasm, as along a bright vista, wherein, with the aid of reason and representative institutions, mankind were to attain happiness and perfection. Though natural and even necessary as a protest against the opposite mode of thinking which had till then prevailed, and which represented all history as a degeneracy from a golden past, it is obvious that this view of the revolutionary thinkers was deplorably unscientific. In the first place, as regards its general vituperation of the past, it proceeded on a total oblivion of the law of historic continuity, which teaches us to regard the entire succession of generations as connected together in such a manner that not one generation could possibly have been omitted, or have been, in the slightest particular, different from what it was, without a complete change in the final result. And, in the second place, in holding forth the prospect of infinite perfectibility, it was false to the scientific law that the length to which any process can go is limited by the nature of the elements concerned in the process. Yet, both these errors have been perpetuated in association with the word *Progress*. The perpetuation of the one we see in the daily speech and conduct of that ungenial class of sciolists who are ever regaling us with the song, "Our enlightened age—our enlightened age;" the perpetuation of the other in the daily speech and conduct of those more amiable sciolists who spend their time in foretelling the final perfection of the species. Of the two errors, though they are sometimes found in combination, the former is the more noxious and the more ungraceful. That mode of thinking which, boasting of the enlightenment of the present, looks back to the past with scorn and intolerance, denouncing all that was there transacted as wrong and irrational,

representing all its great men as brutes or barbarians, all its institutions as blunders, and all its movements as mere waste of energy, is a mode of thinking to which no mercy should be shewn, but which should be mauled on the head wherever it appears. What! shall men malign the dead over whom they walk, and the fruit of whose labours they thanklessly inherit? Shall we, so proud of what we are, find nothing right, nothing admirable, in that series of past efforts by which Nature has at least arrived at the pitch of producing us? Let us take care! If we of generation M think so scornfully of generations A, B, C, &c., what will generation Q, not to speak of generation Z, have a right to think of us? That view of history, in short, is alone just, which regards each generation as a necessary part of the whole historic evolution, and as deriving its title and its meaning from the relation which it bears to that whole. How this view is to be reconciled with the right of passing moral judgments on the past, and how it is also to be incorporated with a true theory of progressive human improvement, are questions of a higher nature.

The position to which historical philosophy had been brought in France and in other countries, by the dissemination of the progress-notion in the sense which we have described, is represented by the condition of politics both in France and in other countries since that time. On the one hand arose *Toryism* in its various forms, defending the cause of order and clinging to the traditions of the past; on the other hand arose *Radicalism*, or the revolutionary doctrine, to press the cause of progress, and apply a critical analysis to the past; and the business of reconciling between the two, was undertaken by *Whiggism*, or the doctrine of the finality of parliamentary institutions on the English plan. Into this medley of opinions, the direct consequence of the French Revolution, two distinct streams of speculation have since discharged themselves, the effect of which, conjoined with that produced by the continued and zealous prosecution of all kinds of historical studies in France, has been to bring the political philosophy of that country exactly to its present state. These two streams of speculation are—*first*, that contributed by the school of *Political Economy*; and, *secondly*, that contributed by the school of *Socialism*. Political economy, as is well explained by its most distinguished living English teacher, is a departmental science, cut out from the general body of the Social science, because the class of social phenomena of which it treats are easily capable of being viewed apart. These phenomena are “those,” says Mr. Mill, “in which the immediately determining causes are principally those which act through the desire of wealth;

and in which the psychological law mainly concerned, is the familiar one, that a greater gain is preferred to a smaller. By reasoning from that one law of human nature, and from the principal outward circumstances which operate upon the human mind through that law, we may be enabled to explain and predict this portion of the phenomena of society, so far as they depend on that class of circumstances only; overlooking the influence of any other of the circumstances of society; and therefore neither tracing back the circumstances which we do take into account, to their possible origin in some other facts in the social state, nor making allowance for the manner in which any of those other circumstances may interfere with and counteract or modify the effect of the former.” Although, however, by thus isolating the economic portion of the social phenomena, it is possible to construct a special science, the prosecution of which shall be far more easy than that of the general Social science to which it belongs, it is clear that the ultimate destination of all those truths which may be arrived at in the special or economic science, is to be returned into the body of the general or Social science, there to act, so to speak, only as a thickening ingredient, to facilitate, by its interpenetrating power, the reduction of the remaining phenomena. Such a thickening ingredient, such a body of partial doctrine, has actually been contributed to Social science by the labours of political economists; indeed, among the surest generalizations that social or political science can exhibit are those which have been contributed by the economists; and that these generalizations are insufficient to yield a complete rule of social procedure—a fact involved in the departmental nature of the science to which they belong—does not detract from their real value. But besides contributing a body of actual doctrines towards the formation of a Social science, political economy has, by the general spirit and tenor of its teachings, had a reflex effect on the very conception of such a science. The primary notion of political economy, it is well known, is that of freedom, of non-intervention, of the correlation of supply and demand. Now, extend this notion, and it will be seen that the studies of the political economists have been peculiarly fitted to educate men in the conception, so important to a right view of the Social science, of the spontaneous tendency of phenomena towards a natural order, and of the necessary inter-relation of all classes of social phenomena and of all portions of society. Followed out to the utmost, indeed, the spirit of political economy leads to the fatal conclusion—that the conduct of the social life should be left entirely to the spontaneous operation of those laws which

have their seat of action in the minds of individuals, without any attempt on the part of society, as such, to exert a controlling influence; in other words, without allowing to the State or to institutions for general government any higher function than that of protecting the individual freedom. And it is in this respect that political economy has called forth the antagonistic doctrine of Socialism. Viewed historically, Socialism has certainly some of the marks of a genuine step in the progressive development of the human mind; hardly any movement, indeed, could be named, answering more exactly, in some of its characters, at least, to Vico's beautiful criterion of what constitutes a real and authoritative intention of Nature in history—namely, a clear origin in the common understanding and sense of mankind as applied to the consideration of a newly-felt want. The influence of Socialism, however, on Social science, properly so called, has consisted less in the addition of positive doctrines of any substantial value, than in the general impulse it has given to social speculation, and the effect it has had in familiarizing the mind to the contemplation of large social combinations. As opposed to political economy its effect has been to vindicate the right of other laws than those concerned in the acquisition of wealth to a recognition in the social constitution; and also to reassert, in a new and higher form, the necessity of general government, that is, the scientific superiority of the will of society, as such, to that of all its members individually. On this last point we shall have yet to enlarge.*

Out of this unorganized mixture of so many elements—Toryism, Radicalism, Whiggism, economic dogma, and Socialist aspiration—has resulted that state of anarchy in political matters, in which France, and with it almost all the rest of Europe, now find themselves. Names might be mentioned, such as those of Saint-Simon, Michel Chevalier, Guizot, and Proudhon, illustrating, each in a special manner, the various leading directions of French thought that meet and cross each other in this anarchy. It is time, however, to allude more particularly to the views of M. Comte, who,

* In Mr. Newman's recently published Lectures on Political Economy the reader will find a very clear recognition of the fact that Political Economy is but a subordinate or departmental science, accompanied at the same time with a very emphatic assertion of the real claims of this science, departmental as it is. Among the many merits of Mr. Newman's volume, however, we cannot rank his unexpecting depreciation of the political force of the Socialist movement. No movement occupying so large a space in history could possibly be so devoid of positive worth of any kind as he represents Socialism to be. In this respect, Mr. Mill, who anticipates much from Socialism, seems to entertain the more just and philosophical view.

notwithstanding the small acceptance which his speculations at present find in his own country, really is, what he asserts himself to be, the man who has most distinctly perceived the fact of this anarchy, and has made the most systematic attempt to bring it to an end, by introducing into politics the methods of general science. M. Comte's views of the Social science, and of its application to the present state of Europe, are to be gathered from various writings published since 1822, but chiefly from the last three volumes of his principal work, the *Système de Philosophie Positive*. These volumes, published between 1839 and 1842, are entirely devoted to Sociology, viewed as the last member of the whole series of positive sciences. We understand, indeed, that M. Comte has an express and separate work on Sociology now ready, containing a more detailed exposition of his views; but the work cannot find a publisher.

M. Comte's services to Social science may be classed under three heads:—*First*, His distinct exposition of the possibility of such a science, of its nature and methods, and of the benefits that will arise from its cultivation; *second*, His attempt to initiate such a science by supplying what he conceives to be a correct formula of the cardinal law of all social development; and *third*, His contribution, while illustrating this law, of a mass of independent propositions or generalizations, applicable either to the interpretation of history or to the conduct of politics, and intended to form the nucleus of a body of positive social doctrine. Our admiration of his remarkable merits under the first of these heads is qualified by that fundamental and profound objection which we have to his whole philosophy. According to M. Comte's definition of science, phenomena are then only viewed scientifically when they are contemplated as arising from the operation of natural laws, and when the notion of divine or supernatural activity, in connexion with them, is entirely got rid of as irrational and absurd. Hence, when he proposes to invest history with the dignity and name of a science, what he really means, is to perform for social what he thinks has been already performed for astronomical and physical phenomena, namely, chase the idea of deity or providence from the midst of them, so as thus finally to extinguish that idea from the human mind altogether, and complete the triumph of atheism. Now this, as we have already hinted, is quite consistent with that principle of universal empiricism on which the philosophy of Comte and his school is irrevocably founded. If the conception of deity is empiric, a mere generalization from European, Asiatic, African, and American experience, then the idea which generalization has created, generalization may

dissipate. But if, as a nobler philosophy tells us, our faith in God rests on another, even an eternal foundation, then all this is false; and, as the religious sentiment which teaches the presence and power of deity, may coexist in astronomical science with a conception of invariable astronomical laws, as strong and accurate as that which Comte himself holds, so, also, in Social science the religious sentiment may and will survive all the inroads of the most remorseless *positivité*. In this respect, even Vico's old conception of the Social science was nobler and profounder than that of Comte; and we shall soon see, in other instances, that, whatever Comte may think, the conception of history as a thing of laws and sequences, by no means belongs to the avatar of atheism.

The formula laid down by Comte, as expressive of the main law of all social development, is this—that the human mind, both in the general career of history, and in the process of elaborating the special sciences, has passed through three successive stages, which he calls respectively, the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive. In the first stage, man explains phenomena by the hypothesis of supernatural activity; in the second he substitutes abstract or metaphysical notions, such as those implied in the words nature, power, goodness, for real divine entities; and in the third he arrives at accurate science, in the absolute resolution of all that he sees into natural laws. Corresponding, in the material, with the first or theological stage in the spiritual order, is, according to Comte, the age of military activity, through which humanity has already almost passed; corresponding to the third or positive stage, is the age of industrial activity, already begun; and that we are still in a state of transition between the two, arises from our being still, in a great measure, in the second or metaphysical stage. Of this alleged law of history, which M. Comte claims as his greatest discovery, we have only to say, that, though liable in the sense in which it is advanced, to the fundamental objection already specified, and though by no means so enormous an intellectual feat in our eyes as it seems in those of M. Comte himself, it will yet be found a very serviceable expression in representing certain aspects of the social progress. Indeed, it does not greatly differ, even verbally, from the law of the historic movement already mentioned as having been long ago propounded by Vico. This is not the only instance, however, in which M. Comte's exclusive acquaintance with the writers of his own country, or at least scanty acquaintance with foreign thought, has led him to exaggerate the novelty of his views.

To our mind, the most valuable of the ser-

vices rendered by M. Comte to the science of society, next to his advocacy of the claims of the science itself, consists in a number of miscellaneous generalities which he has contributed towards the formation of the science. We hardly know a book so rich in luminous propositions, applicable to politics, as the last three volumes of the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*. Notwithstanding the inherent defects of the author's philosophy, which frequently vitiate his speculations, these three volumes may be recommended as a magazine of truths, which it would be for the advantage of every speculative or practical politician to have thoroughly mastered. M. Comte's criticisms of the existing state of politics deserve special attention. Without entering, however, into a detailed consideration of any of the multitudinous propositions offered in the treatise as a nucleus of future political doctrine, let us mention one admirable distinction transplanted by M. Comte with the happiest effects from the anterior sciences of his series into the science of social physics. In material physics, it is well known, a distinction is made between what are called *statical laws*, that is the laws or conditions of equilibrium, and what are called *dynamical laws*, that is the laws or conditions of movement. A similar distinction is made in biological studies, where the phenomena of *organization*, properly so called, are distinguished from those of *life*, properly so called; the one being made the subject of a statical science, under the name of anatomy, and the other the subject of a dynamical science, under the name of physiology. Extending this distinction to Sociology, M. Comte divides that science ideally into two branches of inquiry, the one of which he calls *social statics*, the other *social dynamics*. Under the title of social statics he includes all investigations into the laws of social equilibrium or organization, all the anatomy of society; under the title of social dynamics, he includes all investigations into the laws of social movement or life, all the physiology of society. In other words, social statics aims at a *theory of possible social simultaneities*,—that is, at the knowledge of what social fact or phenomenon can spontaneously co-exist with what other social fact or phenomenon; social dynamics aims at a *theory of possible social successions*,—that is, at the knowledge of what social phenomenon or arrangement of phenomena will result from, or will produce, what other social phenomenon or arrangement of phenomena. Now, inasmuch as disorder consists in an attempt to force impossible social simultaneities, and as the failure of progress arises from ignorance of possible social successions, it follows that it belongs to social statics to furnish politicians with the true theory of *order*, and to social

dynamics to furnish them with the true theory of *progress*; and that only by the conjoint study of both, as branches of one science, can the great problem of politics, the reconciliation of the interests of order with those of progress, be adequately solved.

Having thus traced, in a cursory manner, the progress of the conception of a Social science, as that has been developed more especially in the French mind during the last century, let us turn our attention to the fate of the same conception in Germany. As, in many respects, however, our sketch of the progress of historical philosophy in France may be accepted as a sketch of its progress over all Europe, we have only to note in particular, as regards Germany, those points wherein the special peculiarities of German thought have modified the general conception of a Social science in that country, and in all, wherever situated, whom its thinkers have affected.

One of the first Germans that caught or reproduced the idea of Vico, was the celebrated Herder, whose well-known work, entitled, "Ideas towards a Philosophy of History," was published in 1774. In the preface to the second edition of that work, there occurs the following sentence, explanatory of its title and its general tenor:—"At an early age, when the dawn of science appeared to my sight in all its beauty, the thought frequently occurred to me, whether, as everything in the world has its philosophy and science, there must not also be a philosophy or science of what concerns us most nearly, of the history of mankind at large." In accordance with the view thus briefly propounded, there is found throughout Herder's work, both in its dissertations on the physical relation of man to the rest of the universe, and in its general survey of human history, a constant recognition of the idea of scientific connexion, and of the presence of a meaning, determining each part and characterizing the whole. Nor is this rendered less appreciable by the glowing tone of religious eloquence which pervades the work, and the natural manner in which, in his language, the cold algebraic things, called general laws, are always represented as the external symptoms of a divine and ever-working purpose.

Herder's idea of a science of history, however, hardly equalled in precision that of Vico, and certainly fell short of the idea of such a science, which lay clear and definite, amidst such a mass of other mighty things, in the mind of the great Kant. That we were not wrong in saying that M. Comte's exclusive acquaintance with French thought, leads him to exaggerate the novelty of many of the views which he expounds, and the claims of the French intellect to original property in them, will appear, we believe, from the following most notable

extract from a short essay of Kant's published in 1784, and entitled, "An Idea of a Universal History, in a Cosmopolitical Point of View."—(*Idee zu einer allgemeinen Geschichte in weltbürgerlicher Absicht.*)

"Whatever be the conception of the liberty of the will which one may form in a metaphysical point of view, its phenomena, human actions, are determined, just as well as every other kind of natural events, according to universal laws of nature. It is to be hoped that the history which is occupied about the narrative of these phenomena, however deeply concealed their causes may be, will, when it contemplates the play of the liberty of the human will in the main, discover a regular course of it, and in such a manner that that which is obviously implicated and irregular in single subjects, will be cognised in the whole species as a continually progressive, though slow, unfolding of its original predispositions. Thus, marriages, and the births and deaths arising from them, seem, as the free-will of men has so great an influence on them, to be subjected to no rule according to which their number can be previously determined by reckoning; and yet the yearly tables of them in great nations, evince that they happen just as much according to constant laws of nature as the so inconstant rains, whose happening cannot be previously determined singly, but which, on the whole, do not fail to maintain the growth of plants, the flow of rivers, and other dispositions of nature, in a uniform uninterrupted course. Individuals, and even whole nations, little think that, while they, every one according to his own mind, and the one often contrary to the other, pursue their own individual purposes, they go on unobserved, as if guided by a clue, in a design of nature which is unknown to them, and labour at the furtherance of that design; which design, were it known, would signify very little to them. As men, on the whole, do not proceed in their pursuits conformably to an instinct merely, like brutes, and yet not according to a concerted plan, as rational citizens of the world, it seems that no history of them, agreeable to a plan, as of the bees and the beavers, is possible. One cannot forbear a certain indignation at seeing their actions represented on the great theatre of the world, and, notwithstanding the wisdom of individuals appearing here and there, at finding, at last, everything in the gross composed of madness, of childish vanity, and frequently of childish wickedness and the rage of destruction; so that one is finally at a loss what sort of conception one ought to form of our species, so conceited of its superiority. There is here no expedient for the philosopher, but (as he cannot at all presuppose, in men and in their actions in gross, any rational proper design) that of endeavouring to discover a *design of nature* in this nonsensical course of human affairs, so that a history of creatures who proceed without a plan, may nevertheless be possible, according to such a determinate plan of nature. Let us see whether we can succeed in finding a clue to such a history, and we shall then leave it to nature to produce the man who is to compose the history itself afterwards. She thus produced a Kepler, who subjected, in an unexpected manner,

to precise laws the eccentric orbits of the planets, and a Newton, who explained these laws from a universal natural cause."

The special "clue" to the course of history, which Kant thus announces it to be the purpose of his essay to furnish, in other words, the special philosophic conception in the light of which he proposes that history, as a whole, should be regarded, is that indicated by the phrase of the title, *In weltbürgerlicher Absicht*, "In a cosmopolitical point of view." The manner in which he evolves this conception is as follows:—All the natural predispositions of a creature are destined, one time or another, to be developed completely and conformably to an end; in man, however, as a rational being, and capable of advancing, therefore, only by slow and continued effort, those natural predispositions, which lead to the use of reason, can be completely developed only in the species not in the individual; it is the will of nature that man shall unfold entirely out of himself everything that surpasses the order of his mere animal existence; the means which nature uses to bring about the development of all her predispositions, is their antagonism in society; the greatest problem for the human species, to the solution of which all nature compels it, is the establishment of a universal civil society administering law to itself; this problem is at once the most difficult, and that which will be solved the latest by the human species; it is dependent on the other problem, of the establishment of a legal external inter-relation of states, and cannot be solved except through that problem; therefore, "*The history of the human species in the gross may be considered as the execution of a hidden plan of nature, in order to bring about an internal perfect constitution of state, and, to this end, an external one too, as the only condition of things in which she can fully unfold all the predispositions in humanity.*" This clue Kant does not offer as the only one that could be given, but simply as one which appears to him to have peculiar advantages. By viewing all history as a secret striving forward of nature towards the goal of cosmopolitanism, *i.e.*, towards the establishment of a universal civil constitution of human society through the medium of a prior legal union of states, we shall be able, Kant believes, not only to diffuse explanatory light through the distracted play of human affairs, not only to arrive at a kind of art of political prediction, but also to open up to the human race a consolatory prospect of its future on the earth, and so to offer to reason "a justification (*Rechtfertigung*) of Nature, or rather of Providence." Moreover, as he sagaciously remarks, such a view will correspond with that which people will be soon obliged to take at any rate; for,

considering what a load of history will be transmitted to posterity, a load which will be all the larger for the laudable circumstantiality with which history is now written, it is clear that posterity will take account of the earlier portions of the past only from the point of view of what interests themselves, in other words, in the light of the question, What have nations and governments perfected, what spoiled, in a cosmopolitical point of view?

Kant protests that, though the clue proposed in his essay is in some degree derived *a priori*, it is not his intention to supplant the merely empiric generalization of history; he has but given "a notion," he says, of what a philosophic head (who must have a great knowledge of history) might try from another point of view." Still as the philosophic heads of Germany, subsequent to Kant, have generally shunned that "elaboration of history empirically compiled merely," which he left open to them, it may be said that in the tinge of a *a priori* thought which pervades the foregoing extract, we have the characteristic difference between the philosophy of history as it has been prosecuted in Germany, and the philosophy of history as it has been generally understood in France. Comte's notion of the way to proceed in theorizing upon history corresponds with the nature of his system. Acquiring as large a knowledge as possible of the empiric facts of history, he would construct, with no other aid than that of his previous empiric conclusions in other sciences, the most general possible expression that would accurately describe these facts; and then, avoiding, as metaphysical or theological, all talk of what nature or any other entity *must have* designed, or not designed, with regard to the human race, he would come forth with this general expression, and affirm it to be the law of history. Kant, on the other hand, coming, like a strong man in the morning, from a prior field of teleology and metaphysic, wherein he has been expatiating, brings with him into history a clue derived from his more abstract speculations, and eking this out by sagacious empiric observation, (the perception of the tendency of mankind towards an external cosmopolitical organization was less easy in Kant's time than it is in ours,) he announces his law in terms which correspond with the mode in which it was conceived, and religiously links, as it were, this ephemeral world with the realms of the everlasting, and invisible. And thus, even in history, there enacts itself a portion of the eternal antagonism between the two polar philosophies.

A far less mitigated attempt than that of Kant to introduce *a priori* reasonings into history, was made by his successor Fichte, whose convictions on this point were so strong

that he would not acknowledge any history to be philosophical unless the author were prepared to exhibit the actual phenomena with which he had to deal, under the form of necessary deductions from some *a priori* principle. His views on this matter are thus expressed in the first of his lectures on "the Characteristics of the present Age."

"The mere empiricist, who should undertake a description of the age, would seize upon some of its most striking phenomena, just as they presented themselves to casual observation, and recount these, without having any assured conviction that he had understood them all, and without being able to point out any other connection between them than their co-existence in one and the same time. The philosopher who should propose to himself the task of such a description, would, independently of all experience, seek out an idea of the age, (which, indeed, in its own form, as *idea*, cannot be apparent in experience,) and exhibit the mode in which this idea would reveal itself under the forms of the necessary phenomena of the age; and in so doing, he would distinctly exhaust the circle of these phenomena, and bring them forth in necessary connexion with each other, through the common idea which lies at the bottom of them all. The first would be the *chronicler* of the age; the second would have made a *history* of it a possible thing. . . . Thus, then, every particular epoch of time is the fundamental idea of a particular age. These epochs and fundamental ideas of particular ages, however, can only be thoroughly understood by and through each other, and by means of their relation to universal time. Hence it is clear that the philosopher, in order to be able rightly to characterize any individual age, and, if he will, his own, must first have understood *a priori*, and thoroughly penetrated into the signification of universal time, and all its possible epochs. The comprehension of universal time, like all philosophical comprehension, again presupposes a fundamental idea of time, an idea of a fore-ordered, although only gradually unfolding, accomplishment of time, in which each successive period is determined by the preceding; or to express this more shortly, and in more common phraseology, it presupposes a *world-plan*, which, in its primitive unity, may be clearly comprehended, and from which may be correctly deduced all the great epochs of human life on earth, so that they may be distinctly understood both in their origin and in their connection with each other."—*Fichte's Characteristics of the present Age*; *Smith's Translation*, pp. 2-4.

This "world-plan" of Fichte, which, according to him, is to be *excoagitated a priori*, and from which all the actual facts of history are to be deducible, corresponds, it will be seen, to the "clue" of Kant. Referring the proof of the proposition to the higher metaphysics, Fichte affirms his own idea of this world-plan in the following terms:—"The end of the life of mankind on earth is this, that in this life they may order all their relations with freedom ac-

cording to reason." This being the end of the life of mankind, it follows, he says, that that life divides itself into two parts—the one in which the end has not been yet attained, the other in which it approaches its attainment; and, proceeding farther, he divides the whole process of its gradual achievement, in other words, the whole life of the human species into five demonstrably necessary epochs, to wit: 1. "The epoch of the unlimited dominion of reason as mere unconscious instinct,"—*i.e.*, the age when the species, organized according to reason, and carrying reason, as it were, physically inherent in its very blood and veins, shall yet act blindly, and not by a free-will choosing the reasonable; 2. "The epoch in which reason, as instinct, is changed into an external ruling authority,"—*i.e.*, the age in which positive systems of life and doctrine, which cannot prove themselves, shall usurp and compel the blind obedience of mankind; 3. "The epoch of liberation, *directly* from the external ruling authority, *indirectly* from reason as instinct, and *generally* from reason in any form,"—*i.e.*, the age of absolute lawlessness and indifference to truth; 4. "The epoch of reason as science,"—*i.e.*, the age when mankind shall make the rules of reason their study; and, 5. "The epoch of reason as art,"—*i.e.*, the age in which humanity shall completely and freely shape itself into a type of reason. According to this scheme of history, as necessitated *a priori*, it will be observed that reason is the eternal or stationary element, and freedom the element to be evolved in time. In other words, history is, according to Fichte, the problem of the identification of reason with freedom, or rather of the gradual transmutation of reason as a mere physical property inherent in the human race, into reason as a conscious virtue. It may be added, that Fichte, calling to his aid an empiric verification, declares the present time to belong to the third of the foregoing ages, that is, to the middle and worst stage of the historic evolution.

What our Baconian readers will say to this bold attempt to prescribe on absolute or metaphysic grounds the course along which history must necessarily march, we can very well surmise; nor are we disposed to withhold our sympathy when they protest against the incurable character of arbitrariness which must always attend such reasonings. Of the treatise, however, of which the foregoing scheme of history forms, as it were, the vertebral theory, we have to say, that it is worthy of any reader's best attention, not less from the really just and solid thoughts which it contains, and which, though made dependent by their author on the theory they illustrate, are yet independently impressive, than from the exemplary moral earnestness with which it is

written, and which cannot fail to communicate itself to the reader. Besides, our impression is, that the main theory itself contains much that may very well stand good even when translated into the form of an induction from actual history; if, indeed, there was not a larger exercise of empiric reference in the act of constructing the theory than the author was himself aware of. And, after all, at a time when there is such a disposition to allow man only such thoughts as accompany the process of generalizing empirically outwards from the human centre, there is health in every attempt, though it be but of the arbitrary philosophic imagination, to reverse this mental process, and to bring down out of the region of infinite contemplations, if not a spark of transcendental light, at least new store of that primal sense of mystery wherein it is, as we believe, a condition even of scientific truth that the sciences themselves shall be shrouded.

Without tracing the farther development which the philosophy of history has received in Germany at the hands of Schlegel and Hegel, let us attend to one remarkable interpolation in the course of that development made by the greatest of the German church-historians. The question must have already occurred to many of our readers, how this conception of history as a scientific evolution according to regular laws inherent in the very constitution of the species as such—a conception which, as we have seen, seems now to be an accepted fact among all general thinkers—is reconcilable with the belief in the altogether superhuman origin of Christianity. The transcendentalists, Kant and Fichte, of course, as well as the empiricist Comte, get quit of this difficulty by denying this superhuman origin, and including Christianity itself as a necessary portion of the general mundane evolution, divine only in the sense in which all is divine. The orthodox Christian, however, whose faith revolts from such a view, must seek another solution. To him also, if a man of philosophic culture, the fact that there is a science of history, that society *has* advanced and *does* advance according to regular laws inherent in its original constitution, is undeniable; he no more denies it than he denies that there is a science of the individual human mind, on account of the difficulty of reconciling this fact with the belief, which he independently holds, that the communication of grace to the heart of man is altogether a supernatural act. The difficulty, it will be observed, is precisely the same in both cases; and, as in the one case, it has not prevented Christians from accepting as possible a science of the human mind, and even being distinguished labourers in that science, so, in the other, it does not

prevent them from accepting as possible and from cultivating a science of history. The solution they confide in is the same in both cases. As they believe the power of grace to be supernaturally communicated, and yet its essence to be in profound adaptation to the human constitution, and its operation in the heart to be in accordance with the ordinary mental laws; so, believing the origin of Christianity in the world to be altogether divine, they yet believe its adaptation to the needs of humanity to have been pre-established, and its incorporation with history to have proceeded according to the ordinary social laws. Such, at least, is the view promulgated, in opposition to the rationalism of his country, by the noble Neander. The following are almost the opening words in his *General History of the Church*:—

“The history (of the Church) will show how a little leaven, cast into the mass of humanity, has been gradually penetrating it. Looking back on the period of eighteen centuries, we would survey a process of development in which we ourselves are included—a process moving steadily onward, though not in a direct line, but through various windings, yet in the end furthered by whatever has attempted to arrest its course; a process having its issue in eternity, but constantly following the same laws, so that, in the past, as it unfolds itself to our view, we may see the germ of the future which is coming to meet us. But, although the contemplation of history enables us to perceive the powers as they are prepared in their secret laboratories, and as they are exhibited in actual operation, yet, in order to a right understanding of all this, it is presupposed that we have formed some just conception of that, in its inward essence, which we would study in its manifestation and process of development. . . . Now, Christianity we regard not as a power that has sprung up out of the hidden depths of man’s nature, but as one which descended from above, because heaven opened itself for the rescue of revolted humanity; a power which, as it is exalted above all that human nature can create out of its own resources, must impart to that nature a new life, and change it from its inmost centre. . . . But, although Christianity can be understood only as something which is above nature and reason, something communicated to them from a higher source, yet it stands in necessary connexion with the essence of those powers and with their mode of development—otherwise, indeed, it could not be fitted to elevate them to any higher stage; otherwise, it could not operate on them at all. And such a connexion, considered by itself, we must presume to exist in the works of God, in the mutual and harmonious agreement of which is manifested the divine order of the universe. The connexion of which we now speak consists in this,—that what has by their Creator been implanted in the essence of human nature and reason, what has its ground in their idea and their destination, can attain its full realization only by means of that higher principle, as we see it actually realized in

Him who is its source, and in whom is expressed the original type and model after which humanity has to strive. And, accordingly, we see the evidence of this connexion whenever we observe how human nature and reason do, by virtue of this their original capacity, actually strive, in their historical development, towards this higher principle, which needs to be communicated to them in order to their own completion, and how, by the same capacity, they are made receptive of this principle, and conducted onward till they yield to it, and become moulded by its influence."

—*Neander's General Church History, Translated in Clarke's Foreign Theological Library, pp. 1-3.*

According to this view, the relationship of Christianity to the world is, to be regarded as consisting in what Dr. Chalmers would have called a special *collocation* of the superhuman and the human—a pre-arranged contact, so to speak, between two systems, the law of whose higher unity lies in the infinite purpose of the Divine Mind. And here, if anywhere, one must be aware of the miserable leanness and pedantry of all our conceptions of things got out of this vain analytic by which science necessarily proceeds, as compared with the awful sense of mystery that oppresses us when we give ourselves naturally up to the contemplation of the whole. If, considering the complexity of human nature, its wonderful and inexplicable activity in the living and glowing man, we are sometimes tempted to proscribe as useless all talk about laws, sequences, and the like, and are ever constrained at the last to take refuge in the fact, that all emanates immediately from vital energy and volition; how much more, in regarding the wonders of history, shall we find it necessary either to dismiss our petty Social science, with its mechanical jargon about natural laws, as a pretence and impertinence, or to take it strictly to heart that this science, with its jargon, is but a way of viewing the matter for occasional convenience, and that after all the old faith is still also the true one, that there is an indwelling Spirit of the ages and the worlds, whose will governs all things!

In England the notion of a Social science in any very determinate sense of the phrase, is extremely recent. Among our political writers, indeed, there have been men of real scientific generality, among whom no one deserves more particular mention than Edmund Burke. England, also, has partaken in the main in the development of political doctrine, which has gone on in France since the epoch of the French Revolution, and her contributions to the departmental science of political economy have been larger than those of any other nation. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the mere poetic instinct of many of our historical writers—the essence of the narrative art con-

sisting in a perception of the fact of plot or evolution—has enabled them to produce works such as even the scientific critic must pronounce admirable. But in the appreciation of the fact that there is, and must be, a science of social as well as of any other kind of phenomena, England has certainly been later than either France or Germany. Dr. Arnold, for example, seems to have caught a glimmer of such a conception only towards the close of his life, when he was composing his course of General Lectures on Modern History. So far as we are aware, the first promulgation of the conception in England, in all its length and breadth, was made by Mr. John Stuart Mill, some years ago, in that part of his general work on Logic which is devoted to a disquisition on what the author calls the Logic of the Moral Sciences. Chapters VI.—X. of that disquisition may be still referred to as a repository of thoughts on the subject.

Among the English works of more recent date in which the idea of a Social science is assumed and argued on, one of the most noteworthy is the "Social Statics" of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The title of this work, however, is a complete misnomer. According to all analogy, the phrase "Social Statics" should be used only in some such sense as that in which, as we have already explained, it is used by Comte, namely, as designating a branch of inquiry whose end it is to ascertain the laws of social equilibrium or order, as distinct ideally from those of social movement or progress. Of this Mr. Spencer does not seem to have had the slightest notion, but to have chosen the name of his work only as a means of indicating vaguely that it proposed to treat of social concerns in a scientific manner. This is to be regretted the more, because it would have been easy to convey the same intimation in a more appropriate title; as, for example, that of "Social Ethics." For, in reality, the work is a contribution to the philosophy of political right, an investigation into the nature and limits of the notion of duty, as it applies to the conduct of men in their purely social relations. So viewed, it deserves very high praise for the ability, clearness, and force with which it is written, and which entitle it to the character, now so rare, of a really substantial book. Were we here treating of the work as a whole we should have some exceptions to take to its doctrine as a work on social ethics; our criticisms, however, must be confined to a notice of what the work implies with respect to the author's views in social physics, that is, with respect to the theory he holds of the nature of the social development.

In this aspect, the point of view of the author may be summarily described as being that natural to a person whose intellectual habits

have been formed chiefly by prior studies in the department of the more common English metaphysics, and in the department of political economy. It is in accordance with this, we think, that the work bears a certain perceptible resemblance to some of the writings of Proudhon; though Proudhon, whose metaphysical notions have been derived from the more profound school of Germany, and whose moral vehemence leads him far beyond the economists, writes in a style compared with which Mr. Spencer's is mild, and propounds conclusions compared with which Mr. Spencer's are timid and conservative. Mr. Spencer begins his work by an acute and satisfactory refutation of the doctrine of expediency as the ground of moral obligation. Adopting, as the only possible foundation of morals, the doctrine of a special moral sense, he proceeds, in a very ingenious manner, to inquire whether there is any one maxim or principle which may be regarded as the primary or fundamental revelation of this moral sense, and from which, as the specific propositions of geometry from the geometric axioms, all the various forms of social duty may be evolved. Such a first principle he finds in the following definition of justice:—"Every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man." This, he says, is the sole law of the social relationship: whatever action or institution respects it, is socially right; and whatever action or institution infringes it, is socially wrong. There may, he admits, be other maxims of morality imposing limitations on the right of individuals to use the full personal liberty which the foregoing maxim would allow them—as, for example, it may be wrong for a man to get drunk, notwithstanding that he has, according to the foregoing maxim, full liberty to do so, if he pleases; these laws, however, if they exist, are only supplementary to the main one; they hold only as between individuals and the Supreme Being, and have no claim whatever to social recognition. The great primary principle, as it were, first chalks out a certain circle of liberties for each man, the measure of this circle being the demands of the personality of each as conditioned by the equal liberty of all others; whether the individual shall occupy the whole of this circle, or whether he shall restrain himself by certain additional rules of action, is a matter for his own consideration, with which society, as such, has nothing whatever to do.

This principle of Social Ethics, which is identical with one of the pervading doctrines of Proudhon, Mr. Spencer applies, at least by inference, to the criticism of history. So far as we can gather his views of history from the course of his remarks, it seems to be this—

that the whole life of the species has been a gradual development, having for its end the final and triumphant recognition of the principle of equal rights. Hitherto, the principle has not been recognized; in the early portion of the history of our species, it was unknown or trampled on; physical force, tyranny, the sword ruled; individuals accumulated in their own hands the liberties of millions, and perpetuated the same abuse by unjust laws and institutions; and thus society has reached our time bearing in its bosom a mass of indurate wrong, legalized injustice, and organized oppression. This, like other forms of evil, has arisen from the fact, that the human race was not originally adapted to the *ensemble* of the conditions in which it was placed, but was left to work out such an adaptation in time. The process of adaptation, however, is going on; already for several generations there have been loud though vague assertions of the grand social principle of equal liberty; and the whole tendency of events is towards the rational promulgation and social victory of this principle. One form of this victory will be the ultimate abrogation of government both as a fact and as a notion. For, as all civil government, all institutions for repressing crime, have originated in the disposition of men to infringe each other's liberties, when this disposition disappears, government will be unnecessary, and each individual will move as a self-regulated unit. In all this, Mr. Spencer but repeats the well-known cardinal speculation of Proudhon, whose notion also it is that history is an evolution of the doctrine of equal rights, and that the goal to which the human race tends is that of *anarchy*, or the absence of all forms of government. In the application of his principle, however, to the special institution or law of property, Proudhon goes a thousand miles beyond Mr. Spencer—denying the right of property altogether, while Mr. Spencer only denies the right of property in land.

Among the objections we have to the argument of Mr. Spencer's book, one of the strongest is this, that, at least in the special manner in which it is put forth, it seems to cast a cold and irreverent look over the whole past. Oppression, tyranny, extortion, wrong, the wholesale butcheries of ancient conquerors, the despotic exactions of feudal lords—such are the phrases in which Mr. Spencer's impressions regarding the past seem most naturally to take shape in his mind. Now, our convictions on this point have been already stated, and it only remains for us to say that these are so strong that, if any doctrine could be shewn necessarily to involve such a systematic depreciation of the past, we should instantly, and without farther inquiry, reject that doctrine as false and

unscientific. We hate your men who are for ever telling you that Alexander the Great was a monster, and Caesar a tyrant, and everybody else that used a baton or a battle-axe, a villain and a ruffian. We dislike even that milder degree of the same sentiment which Mr. Spencer shows when he repeats the commonplace complaint, that people erect monuments to the Napoleons and Wellingtons rather than to the Watts and Arkwrights of the human species. This is but trumpery talk, unworthy of a man of profound science. But we do not see, after all, that it is necessary to Mr. Spencer's theory of the human progress, according to every mode in which that theory could be understood. Although the law of equal social liberty may be the rule of the human species in the sense that it is the end towards which the human species tends and has been tending from the beginning, we do not see that our criticisms of special portions of the past should be soured by the sense that then the rule was neither attained nor hinted at. In any process having for its end a definite result, our rule of criticism, as the process goes on, should certainly consist at most in this question. How far is this or that part of the process a step towards the intended result? We do not despise a machine while it is being made, nor object to a child because he is not yet a man. Even according to Mr. Spencer's own view, therefore, of the nature of the social development, we think his manner of speaking of the past needlessly irreverent. If an end is glorious, the evolution of that end, even had it no other merit than that of *being* the evolution of the end, is surely respectable. But Mr. Spencer's error is, that, attending exclusively to that element in the social progress the existence of which is a thing of evolution, namely, the element of freedom, he takes no account of the other element, the eternal reason, to use Fichte's phrase, which must be assumed as having been primarily inherent even in the unconscious and instinctive being, so to speak, of the human race. Fichte, in whose theory of history the development of conscious freedom figures as largely as in that of Mr. Spencer, is enabled, by this accompanying idea, to maintain and recognize for the past a higher title to reverence than that of having been a mere struggle towards the present and the future; and hence his allusions to the actual course of the world in bygone times are warm with all a poet's feeling for the ancestral and the heroic. Comte, also, though occupying so different a point of view, has this singular merit of a large and unreserved appreciation of the dignity of the whole past.

There is another respect in which we think Mr. Spencer's views err against the most advanced conception of a Social science. His

main principle, as we have already stated, is that society, as such, has nothing to do with the actions of individuals so long as these actions lie strictly within the circle marked out for each man by the requirement of non-interference with the freedom of his neighbours. Every man, so far as society is concerned, may do as he pleases, so long as he keeps within that circle; and the only proper function of government, therefore, so long as the imperfection of men shall render government necessary, is to prevent men from selfishly going beyond their legitimate circles, and extending their own liberties at the expense of the liberties of others. That this principle, so peremptorily expressed, leaves a considerable difficulty behind it, Mr. Spencer seems to be himself aware—acknowledging, for example, that it is not easy to assent to the notion that society ought to let a man be a drunkard or any other kind of sinner he pleases, provided he maintains that character peaceably, and does harm, as the phrase is, to nobody but himself. But Mr. Spencer's hesitation in such cases does not arise from any doubt of the universality of his principle, but from the practical consideration that it is difficult to say in such cases that it does *not* apply; difficult, for example, to be sure that the drunkard or other private sinner *is* doing harm to nobody but himself. Let the principle be clearly applicable, and he will carry it out to the utmost. Thus, in discussing the rights of children, he pushes his idea of the equal freedom of all not only to the length of abolishing the supposed right of parental compulsion, but even, as the impression of most of his readers must be, to a length that would abolish all parental authority whatever, and entirely revolutionize the filial relationship. We suppose, too, that he would think it a legitimate consequence of his principle that suicide, and a number of other acts now punishable by law, should be removed altogether from the list of civil offences, and treated only as sins of the private conscience. Indeed, we do not see how he can stop short of authorizing the exposure of infants; for, unless there be a special enactment exempting children under a certain age from the operation of the principle of equal rights and entitling them to be treated under another principle, (a thing which Mr. Spencer himself ridicules,) we do not see what right a baby has to sustenance provided its mother wishes to break the mammary relation. The exposure of infants, therefore, though not their violent murder, would be socially legitimate. And lastly, Mr. Spencer distinctly asserts and contends for the right of every individual to ignore the State when he chooses—that is, to refuse obedience to the laws of the community in which he is enrolled, on

condition, of course, of renouncing its privileges. There are, doubtless, many other curious consequences to which Mr. Spencer's principle would lead, for he intimates his knowledge that it involves very startling results; and though the mere contemplation of these results is, of itself, no refutation of the principle, it is right that in playing with such a dagger we should know the sharpness of its edges.

It is not in its aspect as an ethical proposition that we are to consider Mr. Spencer's principle. We will admit even that we see various directions in which a certain modified version of the principle might be advantageously put in practice. Possibly enough the doctrine of non-interference with individual action, except on definite grounds of social necessity or protection, has not yet been exhausted of all its useful applications even in free countries. But when we translate Mr. Spencer's principle into its necessary correlative form as a proposition in social physics, then, we believe, the inevitable dislike, if not horror, which the principle must produce in the quick common mind, when given as an ethical prescription, will be amply justified by its demonstrably unscientific character when stated indicatively. For what is the principle when so translated? Nothing less, so far as we can see, than a definition of society in the following terms:—Society is simply an aggregation of individuals, moving and acting each within a special circle, the circumference of which is determined positively by the strength of the included personality, that is, by the absolute capacity of the faculties to exercise themselves, and negatively by the pressure of all the competing circles; the sole problem of the social state is, therefore, the establishment of equal freedom by the rule of *Laissez-faire* for all the aggravated individuals; and the laws of the social life are simply those of the mechanical co-existence of a certain number of human units. "The characteristics exhibited by beings in an associated state," says Mr. Spencer, "cannot arise from the accident of their combination, but must be the consequences of certain inherent properties of the beings themselves. True, the gathering together may call out these characteristics; it may make manifest what was before dormant; it may afford the opportunity for undeveloped peculiarities to appear; but it evidently does not create them. No phenomenon can be presented by a corporate body but what there is a pre-existing capacity in its individual members for producing." Again he says, "Every social phenomenon must have its origin in some property of the individual." And again in combating Socialism, he observes that it could only be true if we existed in society "after the same fashion as those compound

polyps, in which a number of individuals are based upon a living trunk common to them all;" a theory which he believes no one would be absurd enough to hold. In this resolute representation of all social phenomena as taking their rise in the constitution of the individual man, Mr. Spencer is supported by Mr. Mill. "The laws of the phenomena of society," says Mr. Mill, "are and can be nothing but the laws of the actions and passions of human beings united together in the social state. . . . Men are not, when brought together, converted into another kind of substance, with different properties, as hydrogen and oxygen are different from water, or as hydrogen, carbon, and azote, are different from nerves, muscles, and tendons. Human beings in society have no properties but those which are derived from, and may be resolved into, the laws of the nature of individual man." It may be added that this view is natural to students of political economy,—the contests of this science for absolute commercial freedom having bestowed on its students a special clearness of vision with respect to the motions of the human unit or molecule, often, though not in Mr. Mill's case, prejudicial to their conceptions of society in the aggregate.

Now there is a great deal in this with which we cannot agree, though it is not perhaps easy to find language in which to express our difference. There is, it appears to us, something confusing in the terms in which Mr. Spencer and Mr. Mill state their belief that the phenomena of society are only the manifestations of the human nature of individuals in a state of union. For, though the individual human being, as such, is conceivable to us, and though there are certain sciences which are concerned with the laws of purely individual human nature, yet, in point of fact, the individual human being is always thought of by us as a member of society. The individual man who is the object of our studies is always imagined as already existing in social relationship with other men; so that many of the phenomena which we set down as those of individual human nature, are in reality dependent for their existence on what Mr. Spencer calls the accident of social combination. In short, instead of representing society as built up of individuals, we may reverse the mode of thought, and represent individuals as the decomposed particles of society. In this sense, of course, it is true that the properties of the mass are the combined result of the properties of the particles, seeing that we have already implied in the particles the properties which they derive from belonging to the mass. But if we conceive the particles *per se*, if we first take for granted about human beings only as much as it is possible for us to concei-

known about them as individual objects, then it is not true that the farther knowledge of what would result from the accident of their combination would be a mere work of logical inference. Were our knowledge of individual human nature in this sense as profound and accurate as it could possibly be, we could no more deduce thence the phenomena of associated human nature without the help of empiric observation of society than we could tell beforehand, from our knowledge of oxygen and hydrogen separately, that, when combined, they would form water. Instead of saying, therefore, with Mr. Spencer, that "the characteristics of beings in an associated state cannot arise from the accident of combination," and then patching up this proposition by admitting that "the gathering together may call out these characteristics," thus landing ourselves in a metaphysical controversy between *arising* and *calling out*, between the *cause* of a phenomenon which inductive science has nothing to do with, and the *conditions of the appearance* of a phenomenon which is what inductive science professes to ascertain; the true scientific mode of expression certainly would be, to say that the accident of combination generates new phenomena, and that therefore our knowledge of society as such has to be attained by distinct induction with respect to the social state, and not merely from our knowledge of human beings individually. In other words, the laws of the action of human beings in the mass are *not* logically resolvable into the laws of the action of human beings as individuals; and nothing can be possibly affirmed as completely true in the Social science from any theory, however correct, of individual human nature. A committee, or a public meeting even, is something more than merely the sum total of the individuals that compose it. Wherever a few persons are gathered together for a common purpose, much more in political communities and nations, there is, we believe, the virtual creation of a new organization subject to new laws of life. The researches of Reichenbach and the animal magnetists, may yet throw some light on this subject, by investigating the phenomena of sociability; meanwhile, let the fact as we have stated it be distinctly comprehended. As far as the application of Mr. Mill's simile is fair, men when brought together are converted into another kind of substance with different properties, as water is different from hydrogen and oxygen, or as nerves, muscles, and tendons are different from hydrogen, carbon, and azote. The contrary can be maintained only by a confusion of conception equivalent to that which, first implying in hydrogen and oxygen that we know of them in their combined state as water, should then assert that water is

the same as hydrogen and oxygen, taking no account of the cardinal fact of the case, that of the chemical union; or which, first implying in hydrogen, carbon, and azote, all that is known of them in their organized form as nerves, muscles, and tendons, should then assert these nerves, muscles, and tendons to be merely the chemical substances aforesaid, omitting all consideration of the accident of organization. Or, not to avoid Mr. Spencer's challenge, we *do* believe that we "exist in society after the same fashion, to some extent, as those compound polyps in which a number of individuals are based upon a living trunk common to them all." Not only do men in society perform functions peculiar to them in that state, as for example, that of passing laws, condemning criminals and the like, but some of the phenomena presented by human beings in the mass are almost contradictory in appearance to those exhibited by human beings individually. We believe that there are cases in which communities and nations spontaneously do what is repugnant to the wishes of all their members, taken one by one—cases in which men maintain sternly in the gross, as by the compulsion of a social reason or conscience, principles of action which individually they deny or abandon. Vico seems to have had some such notion very clearly in his mind; and we believe it is absolutely essential to a correct conception of the Social science. Thus only, indeed, does Sociology take its place as the last independent member of the series of the inductive sciences, distant from pure biology by an equal scientific remove, as that by which biology is distant from chemistry, chemistry from physics, physics from astronomy, and astronomy from mathematics.

Fully to develop the importance of the notion we have thus attempted to expound, would require more space than we have left. Among its consequences, as appears to us, would be a considerable diminution of value in that method of prosecuting the Social science, which Mr. Mill describes by the name of the Direct Deductive Method, that is, the method of directly inferring *probable* laws of society from the previously ascertained laws of individual human nature; and an enhanced regard for that other method, chiefly favoured by Comte, which Mr. Mill describes as the Historical or Inverse Deductive Method, that is, the method of first generalizing from actual observation of social phenomena, and then *verifying* the generalizations backward, as it were, by shewing their harmony with the known laws of the human mind. But our concern is chiefly with the effects of the notion on Mr. Spencer's speculations. The radical fallacy of these, it appears to us, consists in

this, that they proceed on the supposition that society has no life, no purpose, no destiny as such, but is a mere numerical succession of individual existences. Hence, fixing his regard on the increase of the happiness of individuals, as the highest conceivable object for which the world can have been created, and having formulized the conditions of this happiness in the principle of equal rights for all, he constructs an ideal of society, whose highest principle is the rule of universal *Laissez-faire*. The whole problem of the Social state is, according to his view, to secure liberty to every individual to do as he pleases, so long as he does not infringe on the liberty of others to do as they please; and the sole purpose of government is therefore the negative one of repressing crime. Now our view is, in a great degree, the reverse of this. Society, as we believe, is not merely a device for the wellbeing of individuals; it has, we believe, an organic life, an ulterior destination, of its own; and it may sometimes even happen, we think, as in the case of a general war, that what is good and splendid in the social development, may not coincide with what is immediately beneficial for the individuals concerned in effecting it. Instead, therefore, of subordinating the laws of society to the ascertained personal interests of the individual, we would subordinate the laws of individual action to the ascertained conditions of noble social existence. Instead of regarding the polypidom as a mere invention to secure the rights of the polyps, we would regard the polyps as indentured servants to the higher being of the polypidom. How far Mr. Spencer's theory of equal rights for all, might even then hold good, and whether a theory of inequality of rights, of proportionality of rights to faculties, of a hierarchy of parts, might not be more tenable, we shall not now attempt to decide. Regarding his doctrine, however, of the right of the individual to ignore the State, we will say that we cannot assent to it; and that we hold that, in case of an attempted secession of the kind, the State has a right, capable of a just definition, to pursue the discontented individual, to clutch him back to his place, and to make him, if not hold his tongue, (for toleration of speech may be an ascertained condition of advanced sociability,) at least pay his taxes. Again, with regard to the doctrine of the purely negative function of government, and its consequent evanescence in time, here also we take the other side. As society has a general will, reason, and purpose of its own, so, we believe, has it positive duties, and so ought it to have special organs of thought, expression, and activity. Institutions for social government are therefore, we believe, necessary facts in the being of the species; and the cosmo-

politanism of Kant, rather than the anarchy of Proudhon, (perhaps, in part, *through it*,) is the historic goal.

It is a consequence of the high degree of complexity which we thus attribute to the Social science, that we are not so sanguine as some in our expectations of the speedy perfection of a corresponding art of politics. But, as Mr. Mill remarks, a degree of knowledge which is very inadequate to the purposes of historic prediction, may be very useful for the purposes of political guidance. Already, we believe, Social science is in possession of a body of doctrines capable of beneficially directing the conduct of politicians. Nay, if it were but generally understood what the political art is; if it were but generally understood that politics is not a hap-hazard wrestling with a heap of loose matter, but an art, the essence of which consists in so modifying existing social phenomena by the social free-will, that desired social ends may be accomplished through the spontaneous operation of the invariable social laws already established, we believe that the benefit would be immense. Were this understood now, many of our most admired political watch-words would cease to be pronounced, and many of our most conspicuous statesmen would have a place on the shelf among other lumber.

ART. II.—DÉMONSTRATIONS ÉVANGÉLIQUES; —de Tertullien Origène, Eusèbe, S. Augustin, Montaigne, Bacon, Grotius, Descartes, Richelieu, Arnaud, De Choiseul-du-Plessis-Fraslin, Pascal, Pelisson, Nicole, Boyle, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Locke, Lami, Burnet, Malebranche, Lesley, Leibnitz, La Bruyère, Fénelon, Huet, Clarke, Duguet, Stanhope, Bayle, Le Clerc, Dupin, Jaquelot, Tillotson, De Haller, Sherlock, Le Moine, Pope, Leland, Racine, Massillon, Ditton, Derham, D'Aguesseau, De Polignac, Saurin, Buffier, Warburton, Tournemine, Bentley, Littleton, Fabricius, Addison, De Bernis, J. J. Rousseau, Para du Phanhas, Stanislas I., Turgot, Statler, West, Beauzée, Bergier, Carraccioli, Jennings, Duhamel, Liguori, Butler, Bullet, Vauvenargues, Guénard, Blair, De Pompidan, Deluc, Porteous, Gerard, Diessbach, Jacques, Lamourette, La Harpe, Le Coz, Duvoisin, De la Luzerne, Schmitt, Poynter, Moore, Silvio Pellico, Lingard, Brunati, Manzoni, Paley, Perrone, D'Orleans, Campien, Perennes, Wiseman, Buckland, Marcel-de-Serres, Keith, Chalmers, Dupin Aîné, S.S. Gregoire XVI. Traduites, pour la

plupart, des diverses langues dans lesquelles elles avient été écrites ; reproduites INTÉGRALEMENT, non par extraits ; annotées et publiées par M. L'ABBÉ M (IGNE,) éditeur des Cours Complets. Petit Montrouge. Paris, 1843.

SUCH is the title-page of this elaborate work, and we give it in full as a brief but comprehensive table of its contents. It is recommended in the "advertisement" as the best work on the truth of Christianity in general, and of Catholicism in particular, in the whole world ; and it is said to be specially distinguished by this, that the authors of the treatises included in it are not mere commentators or theologians, but writers of European reputation ; (*des célébrités Européennes*.) who are esteemed alike by the men of the world and of the cloister, by the Protestant and the Catholic, by the Infidel and the Believer, as those who have been foremost in point of intelligence in their several ages and countries. But while it is designed for the general defence of Christianity, it is designed also for the special vindication of Catholicism ; and is directed not only against Infidels, who deny or doubt the truth of the one, but also against Heretics and Schismatics, who question the authority of the other. Every objection which has been urged against Christianity, as it is professed by the Church of Rome, is here refuted ; the objections of Pagan philosophy, by Origen, Eusebius, and Augustine ; those of the middle age and of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, by Bacon, Montaigne, and Descartes ; those of the seventeenth century, by Bossuet, Pascal, and Nicole ; those of the eighteenth, by Gerdil, La Harpe, and Milner ; and those of the nineteenth, by Poynter, Keith, and Chalmers. And the value of the whole collection is said to consist in this, that each work is given ENTIRE, and that the series contains more than 150 volumes, translated from various languages into French, and constituting a complete body of Apologetic Theology. Its value is supposed to be greatly enhanced by the fact that the whole works of CARDINAL WISEMAN are incorporated in it, who is characterized as one of the most illustrious members of the Episcopate, and who is said to have furnished to the editor a copy of *all* his productions, revised and annotated by his own hand. The work is arranged in *chronological order*, and exhibits the various defences which have appeared from age to age in reply to the successive phases of unbelief, as the best method of exhibiting the progress of human thought, and the filiation and revolution of the various systems of opinion. The title-page of the first volume, however, was adopted provisionally, and every competent reader of the original

Avis was invited to send in such suggestions as might occur to him, with the view of completing, by means of additional treatises, the outline of the plan which the editor had sketched. Accordingly, in the course of publication, a considerable change was made in the contents, as originally announced ; *five* names which appeared in the title-page have been entirely omitted,—viz., Newton, Necker, Milner, Moehler, and Riambourg ; partly because the translations of Milner and Moehler had not been completed in time, partly, also, because Riambourg's writings had not yet become public property, and those of Newton and Necker were found to contain, the one too much of the fanaticism of the Protestant, the other of the spirit of philosophy. But for these several other treatises have been substituted ; and we are led to expect that in another work, of an analogous character, under the title of "*Nouvelles Demonstrations*," we shall be presented with a *hundred* additional apologetists, both ancient and modern, Frenchmen and foreigners. From Italy we are to have Rosmini, Peralt, Tassoni, Trombelli, and Valsecchi ; from England—Lardner, Milman, Anderton, Beattie, Erskine, and Sumner ; from Germany—Kühn, Goerres, Doellinger, Tholuck, Müller, Hengstenberg, Klee, Günther, Schlegel, and Drey ; from France—Gauchat, Houteville, Lefebvre, François, Papin, Barruel, Regnier, Pontbriant, Beurrier, and Bonhours. From the earlier ages of the Church we are to have Minucius Felix, Arnobius, Lactantius, and Theodoret ; from the middle age—Anselm, Thomas, and Raymond Lulle ; from the more modern era, Marsilius Ficinus, Savonarola, Du Perron, Vivès, De Mornay, Eckius, Cotton, and Morus.

We know few studies more interesting or more instructive than that of the History of Apologetics. As Christianity has come into collision with every successive system of error through the long tract of eighteen hundred years ; with the Pharisaism and Sadducism of the Jews ; with the popular paganism of Greece and Rome ; with the philosophical systems of Epicurus, Plato, and Zeno ; with the mythical theories of Porphyry, Jamblichus, and Julian ; with Mahomedanism in the East, and Infidelity and Rationalism in the West, it is impossible to conceive a more extensive or more inviting field of inquiry than that in which we trace the progress of its trials and triumphs when brought into conflict, at successive epochs, with so many and such formidable antagonists. But in this, as in every other department of theological science, the subject admits of being viewed from different standpoints, and of being treated in different ways. The method that has been most generally followed in this country, is that which is natural—

ly suggested by the different kinds of evidence to which an appeal is made in defence or confirmation of our faith; such as—the *presumptive* evidence, including the argument from Analogy, which is directed to the object partly of neutralizing preliminary objections, so as to relieve the subject of the weight of any adverse prejudice, and partly, also, of imparting to it such a character of verisimilitude, as may serve to awaken a sense of obligation to further inquiry; *direct* evidence, including the *external*, the *internal*, and the *experimental* evidence, and exhibiting the argument from the miracles, prophecies, and types of Scripture, with their historical verifications; the argument from the characters of divinity, which are stamped on its whole contents, and from the confirmatory attestations of Christian experience;—and finally, the *collateral* or subsidiary evidence, arising from tradition, monumental remains, and other similar sources, which show that profane history itself is in accordance with the supposition that the Christian religion is true. Another method might be adopted in the treatment of the evidences of revealed religion—a method less scientific, indeed, in point of arrangement, but not, perhaps, less interesting or less impressive than the former—the method of exhibiting, in their proper historical order, a continuous series, or at least, a sufficient specimen, of the various defences and apologies which have appeared since the Apostolic age down to the present time. This is the method which has been preferred and adopted by the Abbé Migne and his associates. But even when the historical plan is pursued, there is still room, we think, for a *classification of the topics*, and there might be great advantage in availing ourselves of the aid of system which, in every other branch of inquiry, is found to be so useful and indispensable.

Were the subject treated, not chronologically, as in the present work, but in the order of its relation to the various parties with whom Christianity has had to contend, it might conveniently be divided into four parts: the *first* exhibiting an historical view of the JEWISH controversy, or of the arguments for and against Christianity, as stated by the advocates of Judaism on the one hand, and the apologists for Christianity on the other; the *second* exhibiting an historical view of the PAGAN controversy, or of the argument maintained by the primitive Christians against ancient heathenism, both in its popular and philosophical form; the *third* exhibiting an outline of the MAHOMMEDAN controversy, or of the argument maintained by the Church against the adherents of the false prophet; and the *fourth* exhibiting a view of the MODERN INFIDEL controversy, including both the argu-

ment against the DEISTS of the former, and the RATIONALISTS of the present age. In reviewing the history of these several branches of the great controversy, we shall find that, while there are both arguments and objections which belong peculiarly to each of them, and which impart to them their distinctive character, or constitute their more prominent features, there is also in all of them an evidence of a general kind, applicable at all times and in all circumstances, and available for the benefit of the Universal Church. The Christian apologists reasoned differently, in some respects, with Jews and with Pagans, with Mahomedans, with Deists, and with Neologians; for the principles assumed, or the facts admitted by these several parties, were not the same, and it was necessary to adapt their mode of argument, whether in the way of attack or of defence, to the peculiar opinions of those with whom they were immediately engaged; but notwithstanding this specific diversity, there is a body of positive evidence which is common to them all, and which constitutes the solid substratum of the Christian faith,—even that evidence which arises from the miracles and prophecies of Scripture, from its internal character and experimental verifications, and which is still available for the benefit of modern times, and will continue to be valid till the end of the world.

Christianity was *first* addressed to the Jews, and it offered itself to them as a completion of the scheme which had been revealed in their own Scriptures. Some of them believed the Gospel; others rejected it, and were peculiarly zealous and active in opposing the progress of what they conceived to be an unwarranted and impious innovation on the religion of their fathers. Their opposition began during our Lord's ministry, and was continued under that of his apostles; so that we have in the New Testament itself the earliest authentic account of the grounds of their unbelief, which are the same in substance, with some modifications, that are insisted on by their descendants at the present day. It would appear from the sacred narrative that, even during the short period of our Lord's public ministry, the question had assumed two successive shapes: at first it was merely, whether Jesus was a prophet sent from God? and for a time many seem to have been willing, like Nicodemus, to acknowledge him in this character on the strength of his impressive teaching and his amazing miracles; but afterwards, when he proclaimed himself as the Messiah that had been promised to their fathers, they were shut up to the alternative of either admitting this high claim, or of denying that he was a prophet at all; and hence those who expected and wished a temporal deliverer

rather than a spiritual Saviour, treated him as an imposter, and ascribed his very miracles to Satanic agency. This seems to have been the mental process by which many who were willing at first to acknowledge his prophetic character were ultimately led to reject his claims. Had the question been, whether he was a prophet sent from God? they might have regarded his teaching and his miracles as a sufficient evidence in his favour; but when the question came to be, whether he was the Messiah of whom Moses and the prophets did write? another element must be taken into account, viz., the conformity between his character and work, and the descriptions of both which were contained in the Old Testament. And hence all the objections which are mentioned in the New Testament as having been raised against him during the course of his personal ministry are directed to this point, and designed to shew that he wanted some mark or other which was to be characteristic of the Messiah, and by which he should be identified when he came. In like manner, the great object of the Apostles in arguing with the Jews, was just to prove that "Jesus is the Christ" by appealing to their own Scriptures, and shewing that all the predictions and types of the Old Testament had their true and complete accomplishment in him.

These remarks may serve to explain the *state of the question* as it existed in the Apostolic age. The unbelieving Jews did not deny the miracles of Christ, but conceived that if they could convict him by their own Scriptures of pretending falsely to the character of the promised Messiah, they might account for his miracles by ascribing them, as they did successively, to the power of Beelzebub, or the influence of magic, or to the mystic virtue of the Shem-hamphorash, the ineffable name. It is very remarkable that in their own account of the life of Christ—the *Toldoth Jeshu*—they never once deny his miraculous powers, but attempt merely to account for them by one or other of the causes to which we have just referred. Their infidelity, then, rested on an intelligible ground: it may be traced to certain peculiarities in their hereditary opinions and expectations, which originated in an erroneous interpretation of the Old Testament, and it may thus be accounted for in perfect consistency with the admitted reality of those miracles which the Christians ascribed to God, the God of Truth, and the Jews to Beelzebub, the Father of Lies. It is not difficult to discover the original grounds of their objections to Christianity. The grand parent cause of their unbelief was undoubtedly that aversion to spiritual religion, and especially that repugnance to the essential doctrines of the Gospel which is natural to the human mind; but

next to this, the cause which operated with the greatest efficacy was a prejudice induced by their education in the schools of the Scribes and Pharisees, who had put their own interpretation on some important parts of the Old Testament Scriptures, and who taught them to expect a very different Messiah from what they found in Jesus of Nazareth. There were several distinct topics on which the Christian scheme differed widely from their traditional opinions, and against these their objections were mainly directed. They had been taught to expect a temporal deliverer in the person of Messiah, a powerful prince, who should emancipate their nation from the thralldom of Rome, and re-establish the dominion of the house of David; whereas Jesus appeared as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," in a state of poverty and humiliation, attended only by a band of humble fishermen. He proclaimed himself, indeed, as a prince, but only as "the Prince of Peace;" as a king, but as one whose "kingdom was not of this world;" as a Saviour, but as one who came "to save his people from their sins." They had been taught that the law and the institutions of Moses, established as they had been by Divine authority, were immutable and perpetual; and looking rather to the letter than to the spirit of that economy, they regarded every alteration in its form as an impious attempt to supersede or to innovate on a constitution which had received the seal of God's miraculous attestation: whereas Jesus appeared, declaring, indeed, that "he came not to destroy the law but to fulfil," yet proclaiming also, that "the kingdom of God," a new and better dispensation, was at hand, and that "the hour cometh when neither in the mountain of Samaria, nor yet at Jerusalem, should men worship the Father, but all should worship him everywhere in spirit and in truth." They had been taught to regard themselves as standing in a peculiar relation to God, from which the Gentiles had been expressly excluded, and to believe that none could share in the blessings which belonged to the faithful, otherwise than by becoming proselytes to the Jewish faith and worship; but Jesus appeared, proclaiming his reverence for their religious services, yet predicting the abolition of their distinctive privileges, and the destruction of the Temple itself: and he was followed by his apostles, who announced the calling in of the Gentiles, without any of the forms of Jewish proselytism, and without even the preliminary of circumcision. They had been taught that their acceptance with God stood connected with the observance of their sacred rites, and might be secured by the works of their law: hence they gloried in their being the children of Abraham, and heirs according to the promise; but Jesus appeared, declaring that the

righteousness even of the Scribes and Pharisees could not entitle them to admission into the kingdom of God : and that another method of salvation, not by works but by grace, was announced in the gospel of his spiritual kingdom.

There were many other points of inferior moment, which gave rise to occasional controversy between the first Christians and the Jews, in those colloquial discussions which preceded the literary warfare of the subject ; but the topics which have been briefly indicated were the cardinal hinges on which the whole question turned in primitive times. At a later period, the Jews, while they retained and transmitted the old objections of their fathers, along with their comments on the life and miracles of the Saviour, were driven by the progress of events, and especially by the destruction of Jerusalem, the dispersion of their nation, and the continued disappointment of their fondly cherished hopes, to have recourse to other expedients, both for vindicating their own cause and assailing the credit of the Christian Church ; and their more recent grounds of objection may be described as consisting chiefly in the following particulars :—The prophecies which their earlier writers had usually described as Messianic, were otherwise applied, some to Hezekiah, others to the Jewish nation at large, so as to evade or invalidate the proof which Christians had derived from them in favour of the Lord Jesus Christ. The predictions, again, which were still acknowledged to be Messianic, were said to be suspended, or their fulfilment delayed, on account of their sins, and to wait for their accomplishment until the dispersed of Israel should return to God with their whole heart. Some of their writers, too, broached the idea of *two* Messiahs, the one a suffering, the other a conquering and victorious Saviour, endeavouring thereby to evade the argument from the fulfilment of ancient prophecy, both in the humiliation and exaltation of Jesus of Nazareth. They further endeavoured to invalidate the authority of the New Testament in a great variety of instances, and by most minute and captious criticism, by shewing that it is self-contradictory, as well as utterly at variance with the true meaning of the Old Testament, on which it was professedly founded. And finally, after the corruption of Christianity, both in the Eastern and Western Churches, the Jews found a fertile, and, it must be owned, a well-founded ground of objection against Christianity as it was then exhibited, in the superstitions which had become incorporated with it, and especially in the idolatrous worship of saints and images, which they justly conceived to be at direct variance with the whole design and scope of the Old Testa-

ment, and with the express law of the Decalogue ; and thus these flagrant corruptions served not only to weaken the Christian Church, but also to confirm the unbelief of God's ancient people, who did not discriminate aright between the system of Christianity as it is revealed in the New Testament, and the corrupt form of it which was embodied in the visible Church. These are the principal heads of the controversy between the Jews and Christians, first in primitive, and then in more recent times. On both sides, it has been partly *defensive*, and partly *aggressive* : the Jews having defended their own position, and assailed that of the Christians ; while the Christians have vindicated the Gospel from Jewish objections, and assailed the Jews in their turn, by shewing the inconsistency of their tenets with the true meaning of their own Scriptures. In reviewing the whole course of this most interesting discussion, between the representatives of God's ancient people and the followers of Christ, we can hardly fail to be impressed with the feeling that the continued unbelief of the Jews, notwithstanding the disappointment of their long-cherished hopes, and the signal accomplishment of the Scriptures in their mournful experience, is a very awful phenomenon in the moral world ; but it is one which should in nowise shake or stagger our faith : on the contrary, it is a signal proof of the Divine prescience by which it was predicted ; and it should lead us to remove every stumbling-block out of their way, by reforming the abuses of the Church, while we wait in faith and prayer for the time when Israel shall be grafted in again, and when their conversion will add fresh evidence and impart new life to the Christianity of the whole world.

The literature of this *first* branch of the great controversy is peculiarly rich. It commences with the earliest Apologists ; it is continued onwards from age to age, long after Paganism had been overthrown ; it employed many pens amidst the darkness of mediæval times ; and even at the present day, amidst the light and civilization of the nineteenth century, it is neither obsolete nor unimportant. Any one who is disposed to study it as a distinct branch of the general subject, may consult with advantage a few standard works, produced at each of the successive eras of its history : in primitive times, we have the dialogue of Justin Martyr with Trypho a Jew, and Origen's reply to Celsus, who personated a Jewish objector to Christianity : in the middle age, we have the "*Pugio Fidei adversus Mauros et Judæos*," written in the thirteenth century, and afterwards published at Leipsic with valuable prefaces by De Voisin and Carpzovius : at a later period, we have the "*Tela Ignea Satanae*," by Wagenseil, including amongst other curious

pieces, the *Toldoth Jeshu*, or the Jewish account of the life and miracles of Christ; we have also the valuable work of Limborch, "*Amica collatio cum erudito Judæo*," (Dr. Orobrius,) with the treatises of Kidder and Stanhope in the Boyle Lectureship: and in our own age, and for popular use, we have Charles Leslie's "*Short Method with the Jews*;" Dr. Greville Ewing's "*Essays addressed to the Jews, on the authority, the scope, and the consummation of the Law and the Prophets*;" and "*The Old Paths, or a Comparison of the Principles and Doctrines of Modern Judaism, with the Religion of Moses and the Prophets*," by Dr. Alexander McAul of Trinity College, Dublin. These works read in connexion with Allen's "*Modern Judaism*," which gives an interesting account of their present opinions and observances, and with Dr. Owen's "*Preliminary Exercitations*," which contain a vast amount of information on the methods and artifices of Rabbinical exigencies, will be sufficient for the illustration of the first branch of Christian Apologetics.

The controversy with Judaism began during the personal ministry of our Lord; it was speedily followed by the *Pagan* controversy, when, under the ministry of his Apostles, Christianity was openly proclaimed to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews. The history of this second branch of the subject is deeply interesting; it leads us to contemplate the progress and triumph of Divine truth, proclaimed by a few fishermen and tentmakers, in opposition to the learning, and policy, and power, of the greatest empire that ever existed in the world. We must endeavour to conceive of the grandeur and gorgeousness of that system of superstitious worship which then prevailed, if we would estimate either the difficulty or the value of the triumph which Christianity achieved. It was a system of Polytheism, universally diffused and firmly established: tolerant of all forms of religious observance, and of every variety of religious creed, one only excepted,—a system which had been the gradual growth of centuries,—which priests had hallowed, and poets celebrated, and princes patronized: a system defended by the policy and power of the Roman Empire, and associated with the prejudices and habits, the affections and interests, the very pastimes and passions of the people: a system which statesmen upheld as a convenient engine of government; which philosophers might inwardly despise, but would not openly assail; and to which the veriest sceptics offered the homage of outward respect and observance. In the words of Gibbon,—"*The policy of the emperors and the Senate, as far as it concerned religion, was happily*

seconded by the reflections of the enlightened, and by the habits of the superstitious part of their subjects. The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true, by the philosopher, as equally false, and by the magistrate, as equally useful; and thus toleration produced not only mutual indulgence, but even religious concord. The superstition of the people was not embittered by any mixture of theological rancour; nor was it confined by the chains of any speculative system. 'The devout Polytheist, though fondly attached to his national rites, admitted with implicit faith the different religions of the earth.' 'Such was the mild spirit of antiquity, that the nations were less attentive to the difference than to the resemblance of their religious worship.' Notwithstanding the fashionable irreligion which prevailed in the age of the Antonines, both the interests of the priests and the credulity of the people were sufficiently respected. In their writings and conversation, the philosophers of antiquity asserted the independent dignity of reason, but they resigned their actions to the commands of law and of custom. Viewing with a smile of pity and indulgence, the various errors of the vulgar, they diligently practised the ceremonies of their fathers, devoutly frequented the temples of the gods: and sometimes condescending to act a part on the theatre of superstition, they concealed the sentiments of an Atheist under the sacerdotal robes."* Such is the modern sceptic's glowing picture of ancient Paganism: yet, suddenly, a few fishermen appeared in an obscure corner of the Roman Empire—they preached and with no power, excepting that which accompanied their word, their doctrine spread, and spread the wider and faster by reason of persecution and martyrdom, until that old, established, and gorgeous superstition fell, like Dagon before the ark of the living God.

The Pagan controversy was in some respects widely different from the Jewish. With a few inconsiderable exceptions, the Gentiles had no previous knowledge of the character and will of the true God as these had been revealed to the Jews in the Old Testament Scriptures: they held principles, or rather were preoccupied with prejudices, of a directly opposite kind. It was necessary, therefore, to reason differently with them, and to direct their thoughts in the first instance to the fundamental truths of a pure Theism, and the flagrant errors of their favourite superstitions. Accordingly, we find in the New Testament, which contains the earliest information on the subject, that the Apostles reasoned with the

* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vol. i. p. 41.

Gentiles in this way; as when Paul stood on Mars' Hill, and addressing the cultivated inhabitants of Athens, exclaimed, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are exceedingly given to the worship of the Gods, (*ὡς δεισιδαιμονεστέρους ἡμῶς θεῶν*), Acts xvii. 22;) for as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you. God that made the world, and all things therein." "In Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch, then, as *we* are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art or man's device." This is a beautiful specimen of the primitive argument against Paganism. The question, however, assumed several distinct shapes in the subsequent history of the Church. In its earliest stage it was simply a question as to the claims of Christ as the founder of a new religion, or as the object of religious worship; and had the Apostles contented themselves with merely urging these claims, without denouncing the creeds and customs of Polytheism, there seems to be no reason to doubt that multitudes who were ready to welcome any new system which commended itself to their taste, might have consented to give Christ a place in the Pantheon, and Christianity full and ample toleration in the empire. But the very genius of Christianity forbade such an alliance: it was essentially and directly opposed to Paganism in all its forms—it admitted of no compromise, and could not speak to error in the language of conciliation; and as soon as its true character was discerned, the controversy assumed a new and more formidable aspect. At this second stage, the prejudices and passions of the people combined with the policy and power of government to put down Christianity by persecuting its disciples, not because Christianity professed to be a true and good religion, for this many might have been willing to concede, but because it professed to be *the only* religion that was pleasing to the one living and true God. Hence "the mild and tolerant spirit of Paganism," which could endure and even protect and establish every form of superstitious worship, was converted at once into a spirit of persecution. This was the age of martyrdom, and the arguments of the first Christians were sealed with their blood. As persecution waxed hotter, the controversy became, on the side of the Christian, rather an assault on Paganism than a defence of Christianity; the courage of the martyrs rose as their danger increased, and they boldly attacked both the superstitions of

the common people and the philosophical systems of the more refined advocates of the established worship. A *third* stage arrived, when the opposition which had hitherto been made to Christianity by the brute power of the mob or the magistrate, was embodied in writings designed partly for the vindication of the ancient system, and partly for the conviction and exposure of the Christians. Various charges of a most heinous and offensive nature were preferred against them, charges which, if they had been true, might have justified the interference of the Government in crushing an immoral and unsocial abomination; and the Christians replied in self-defence, renewing, at the same time, their solemn protest against Paganism as a false and debasing superstition. This was the era of the Apologists, whose writings, often addressed to the Roman magistrates and emperors, were mainly directed to disprove the accusations which had been brought against them. The *last* stage of the controversy arrived, when the defenders of Paganism, driven from many of their ancient strongholds, and no longer able to defend the old superstitions in their naked grossness, had recourse to an allegorical explanation of them, contending that they were designed to represent the principles and processes of physical nature, and that, when thus interpreted, they contained the maxims of a hidden wisdom. They had recourse, too, to another expedient—that of writing the lives of their great men, such as Apollonius of Tyana, and setting them up as rivals to Jesus Christ. The extant remains or reputed opinions of Porphyry, Jamblichus, and Julian, throw an interesting light on this phase of the great argument.

But Paganism was doomed; the breath of the Lord had smitten it, and neither the power of the empire, nor the prejudices of the people, nor the artifices of the priests, nor the plausible sophistries of a pliant philosophy, could save it; it fell before an humble band of Galilean preachers, and now, throughout the whole extent of Europe, it lives only in the classic page.—"Stat nominis umbra."

For a full view of the controversy, which issued in the downfall of ancient Paganism and the public establishment of Christianity, recourse must be had to the early Apologists—to Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Minucius Felix, Arnobius, Eusebius, and Augustine. In the "Démonstrations Évangéliques," several treatises belonging to this era are given entire in a French version, viz., TERTULLIAN'S—"Apologeticus adversus Gentes pro Christianis," and also (for a special reason which will be noticed afterwards) his "Liber de Prescriptionibus Hæreticorum;" ORIGIN'S treatise against Celsus; the Evan-

gelical Preparation and Evangelical Demonstration of EUSEBIUS; and AUGUSTINE'S treatise on the true Religion. These are the only treatises given in this work that bear on the early history of Christian Apologetics; and from the age of Augustine there is a sudden leap to that of Montaigne and Bacon. The bill of fare is somewhat meagre in this department. We have nothing of Justin Martyr, nothing of Clement, and nothing of "the City of God." We thankfully accept the valuable treatises of the Bishop of Cæsarea, and have long wished to see them translated, so as to be made accessible to the unlearned reader. In our own language we have a good specimen of the earlier Apologies in Mr. REEVES' translation of Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Minucius Felix, and Vincentius Lirinensis, which may be read with the greater advantage after a careful perusal of Archbishop Wake's "Genuine Epistles of the Apostolic Fathers." The Abbé Houteville, in a discourse prefixed to "The Christian Religion proved by Facts," gives an interesting "review of the method of the principal authors who have written for and against Christianity since the Apostolic age." This discourse was translated into English, and published separately. SEMISCH in his "Life and Times of Justin Martyr," has collected a large variety of information illustrative of the same subject. But by far the best source of information, next to the study of the original writers, is the immortal work of LARDNER, a work that can never be superseded nor surpassed, and which will only acquire a higher value in proportion as the principles of historical evidence are more thoroughly understood, and the application of them more carefully studied.

The conflict with ancient Polytheism had scarcely terminated, when there arose in the East a new and formidable antagonist to Christianity, which, unlike Paganism, loudly proclaimed the unity of God, and admitted generally the truth both of the Old and the New Testaments, while it proposed a new and authoritative revelation from Heaven. Christianity had already become corrupt or lethargic, and MAHOMET was sent as a scourge to the Eastern churches. "With the sword in one hand, and the Koran in the other,"* he speedily obtained a complete mastery over extensive and populous regions, and established an almost insurmountable barrier against the progress of gospel truth. Yet Mahomet and his followers were not unbelievers, in the ordinary sense of the term; they recognised both Moses and Christ as true prophets; and the Koran itself

contains innumerable references to the facts and doctrines both of the Old and New Testaments. It is, in fact, founded on these early revelations, and professes to be supplementary to them; but it speaks not only of the corruption of the Christian churches, it speaks also of the corruption of the sacred writings; and Mahomet is described as the Paraclete or comforter whom Christ promised to send, after his ascension, to guide his disciples into *all truth*. It contradicts the received Scriptures, both in regard to some matters of fact, and to several important points of faith and practice; but, speaking generally, it does homage to the great facts on which the Jewish and Christian religion are based. Its brief but comprehensive confession of faith may be summed up in two articles, which are described by Gibbon as "an eternal truth and a necessary fiction; that THERE IS ONLY ONE GOD, AND THAT MAHOMET IS THE APOSTLE OF GOD.

Propounded as it was to rude and ignorant tribes, many of them still practising the rites of Sabeian worship, and offering their homage to the sun, moon, and stars, as well as to departed but deified heroes, and published at a time when the Christian churches in the East had fallen into corruption and decay, it excited opposition, as every innovation in religion must,—but this was speedily quelled, not by spiritual but by carnal weapons. We have fragments of colloquial debate and discussion during the life of Mahomet, which are incorporated in all the authentic histories of his singular career, and which are sufficient to shew that his revelations were not at first received with implicit credence: but we have no record of any literary controversy on the subject until a much later period, when the claims of a system, already firmly established by force, began to be canvassed at the bar of reason. The translation of the Koran by Sale, with his introductory dissertations: and the writings of Pococke, Reland, Prideaux, and Boulanvilliers, may be consulted with advantage on its earlier history; but more recent works must be referred to, if we would understand fully the precise state of the question as between the Christian and Mahomedan faith. This branch of the general controversy is often regarded as one of very subordinate interest, and as having little claim on the attention of students: and it is true, so far, that we are in less danger from the claims of the false prophet, than from the cavils and objections of infidels within our own borders. But there are at least *two* considerations,—the one of a general, the other of a more special kind,—which may serve to vindicate the claims of the Mahomedan controversy to the careful study of the more inquiring members of the Christian ministry:—the *first* is, that it serves, in the way

* Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. ix., pp. 192, 224. (12mo.)

of contrast, to enhance the strength and value of the Christian evidence, by shewing how difficult, or rather how impossible it is for any scheme of imposture to *simulate* an evidence of the same or of a similar kind; and by exposing the shifts and expedients to which, in the absence of that evidence, every impostor, however fanatic, must necessarily be reduced. The *second* is, that if it be not necessary for all, it is indispensable at least for our missionaries in the East, to acquire a thorough knowledge of the arguments *pro* and *con* as between the advocates of the Christian and Mahommedan faith; since they must necessarily come into frequent intercourse with the followers of the false prophet, and they will find, that of all the opponents of Christianity, they are the least ready to be convinced or impressed by the preaching of the Gospel. On this subject, we refer to a very curious collection of papers recently published by Dr. Lee, Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, entitled, "Controversial Tracts on Christianity and Mahommedanism, by the late Rev. HENRY MARTYN, and some of the most eminent writers of Persia." In a very long and learned Preface, Professor Lee gives "some notices and extracts from the controversy, as it existed prior to the times of Mr. Martyn,"—especially from three books, "one composed in the Persian language by Hieronymo Xavier, a Catholic missionary: another, containing a reply to Xavier's work, by a Persian nobleman named Ahmed Ibn Zain Elébidín, written also in the Persian; and the third a rejoinder in Latin, by Philip Guadagnoli, one of the Professors attached to the College de *propaganda fide*, in defence of Xavier's work." In the first of these treatises the elementary principles of Theism are inculcated at the outset, in opposition to the Eastern doctrines of Pantheism and Absorption: then the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, such as the doctrine of the Trinity, and original sin, are expounded; and, finally, the contrast between the Christian and Mahommedan faith is illustrated in a variety of distinct particulars. All this, however, is intermingled, as might have been expected, with doctrines peculiarly Popish; such as the worship of images, and the virtue of sacred relics, the religious observance of saints' days, and the temporal and spiritual power of the Popes. In the reply of the Persian nobleman there is not a little of acute ingenious pleading, founded on the contents of the New Testament itself. He attempts to show that our Lord's warning against false prophets does not apply to Mahomet, whose advent had been predicted, as well as that of Christ, in the earliest Scriptures—the Pentateuch; for the words, "a light came from Mount Sinai," apply to Moses; and the words,

"it shone upon us from Mount Seir," apply to Christ, who spoke from Seir in Galilee; and the words, "it was revealed to us from Mount Paran," apply to Mahomet, who spake from Mount Paran, in the neighbourhood of Mecca. He farther attempts to shew, that Christ's teaching was as much opposed to that of Moses as Mahomet's was to that of Christ, and that we are shut up, either to the impartial rejection of both, or the admission of their respective claims. He argues, too, with all the subtlety of a European critic, quite, indeed, in the vein of Strauss and his compatriots, on the discrepancies of the sacred narrative, and is quite as decided, and as *rational* too, as any Socinian in denying the divinity of Christ, and denouncing the doctrine of the Trinity. The defence of Xavier by Guadagnoli, which is dedicated to Pope Urban VIII., and which bears upon it the approbation and *imprimatur* of the sacred college, is divided into *four parts*, corresponding to the four principal heads of objections by the Mahommedans; the first relating to the sacred mystery of the Trinity; the second, to the ineffable sacrament of the Incarnation; the third, to the authority of the sacred writings; and the fourth, to the Koran and the claims of Mahomet as a legislator. The controversy between the saintly *Henry Martyn* and the Mahommedans commenced in 1811. Mirza Ibrahim, the preceptor of all the Moolas, was the writer of a book in defence of Mahommedanism, which appeared on the 26th of July. "A considerable time," it is said, "had been spent in its preparation, and on its seeing the light it obtained the credit of surpassing all former treatises upon Islam." Henry Martyn's biographer says that his reply to it was divided into two parts—the first devoted principally to an attack upon Mahommedanism; the second intended to display the evidences and establish the authority of the Christian faith. Professor Lee, however, divides it into three parts, and offers first a translation of the Arabic tract of Mirza Ibrahim, in defence of Islamism, with an appendix, containing an extract from the tract of Aga Acher, on the miracles of Mahomet; and then the translation of the first, second, and third tract of Mirza Ibrahim, by Martyn, with the rejoinder of Mohammed Ruza in reply, and a copious criticism by the editor and translator. We have referred to this work as affording the best exemplification, accessible to us, of the state of the Mahommedan controversy in the present age; and we cordially agree with Professor Lee in thinking, "that the general attention that has of late been paid to missionary exertion, both within and without the pale of the Church of England, constitutes a farther motive to the prosecution of these studies; and

that without an extensive cultivation of them, there is not much reason to anticipate the success to which it is their object to attain."

The more modern controversy between Christianity and unbelief falls to be divided into two parts—the Deistical and the Neologian.

The revival of letters, and the reformation of the Church, aided by the invention of printing, and the general progress of civilization, produced an active and restless spirit of inquiry in Europe, while the offensive and intolerable corruptions which had infected the visible Church gave rise in many minds to a deep-seated, heartfelt prejudice against Christianity itself. The right of private judgment, which had been violently wrested from men, and as violently redeemed, was no sooner restored than, by a natural reaction, it sought to revenge itself on those by whom it had been forcibly enchained. And the *fourth* great controversy between Christianity and the spirit of unbelief, was *occasioned*, more or less directly, although it cannot be said to have been *caused*, by that great revolution in the public mind of Europe.

There is a striking difference between the ancient Pagan and the modern Deistical controversy. In the former, the advocates of Christianity were called to expose the absurdities and immoralities of Polytheism, which had become, under the unaided light of nature, the universal religion of mankind: in the latter, they were met with the plea that Revelation was unnecessary, and therefore incredible, by reason of the *perfect sufficiency of the light of nature*, and the purity and perfection of the religious system which it was able of itself to establish in the world. What had occurred, it might be asked, in the ages which intervened between the two to account for, or to justify so great a change in the state of the question? Had human reason excogitated for itself a system of pure and perfect Theism? or had she derived from Christianity a new view of nature, and decked herself out in borrowed plumes! The Bible, as God's own commentary on his works, throws a flood of light on the constitution of Nature, and on the course of Providence: it appeals above all to the conscience, and rouses it into vigorous action; and thus, even where its heavenly origin is doubted, or its peculiar doctrines despised, it may operate powerfully in producing both a purer Ethics and a more perfect Theism, than had ever been attained to through the unaided light of nature; and on the ground of this very benefit,—a secondary and derivative result of revelation, the pride of man's reason may found an argument to show that Natural Religion is all-sufficient, and supernatural teaching superfluous. Now that reason was recognized as a

rightful inquirer, she must forthwith arrogate the functions of an arbiter, and the authority of a judge: she must deliberate on the *reasonableness* of every article of faith, and receive or reject it without reference to *authority*, whether human or Divine; and thus, instead of sitting down meekly as a scholar, she must exalt herself as a superior, and man's folly must give or deny its sanction to the wisdom of God. This fatal principle,—so different from that of the mere right, or rather the moral duty of private judgment,—led as a necessary consequence to the rejection of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel; for these doctrines which constitute the characteristic features and the very essence of real Christianity, are alike offensive to carnal reason, and opposed to the corrupt passions of men; they must, therefore, be discarded as "foolishness," and those lessons of Scripture must only be retained which commend themselves to the unrenewed mind. Hence the Deism of Lord Herbert; hence the meagre heresy of Socinus; and hence also the monstrous Neology of Germany.

But this controversy also has assumed various shapes, and passed through several successive stages. Sometimes it has deified nature and denied God—not only as the revealer of supernatural truth, but also as the creator and governor of the world; and in this form the system of Pantheism, idealistic or material, is substituted for the religion of the Bible, as in the writings of Spinoza and Comte. Sometimes it has decried reason and undermined all the principles of human belief; and in this form a withering and dreary scepticism takes the place of a simple and confiding faith, as in the writings of Montaigne and Hume. Sometimes it has attempted to establish a system of pure Theism on the ground of natural evidence and without the aid of revelation; and in this case, a cold and lifeless form is substituted for the vital spirit of Christianity, as in the writings of Herbert of Cherbury. On this important branch of the great controversy, we possess an invaluable treatise in Dr. JOHN LELAND'S "VIEW of the principal Deistical Writers that have appeared in England in the last and present Century;" a work which states the views, and answers the objections of Herbert, Hobbes, Blount, Toland, Shaftesbury, Collins, Woolston, Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, Hume, Bolingbroke, and some other anonymous writers, and gives an account of the various answers which were published against them at the time when their writings appeared. The "Démonstrations Evangéliques" furnish a useful supplement to this important work, by making us acquainted with a considerable number of Continental writers, whose works are not so generally known in this country, and whose views, although somewhat different from

those of the Protestant defenders of Christianity, are often such as to contribute both strength and ornament to the same august and noble cause.

The Deistical controversy in England had a closer connexion than may at first sight appear, with the rise and progress of Rationalism in Germany. For, whether we accept the testimony of the "Tracts for the Times," "that the Rationalism of Germany was occasioned in good measure by the importation of *deistical books* and opinions from England—books and opinions which England herself had rejected ;"* or the somewhat contradictory testimony of Dr. Pusey, "that the constant appeal to the *rationality* of Christianity, which led Tindal to conceive of it as a mere republication of the religion of nature, was extremely encouraged in Germany by the translation of the works of the earlier English apologists ;"†—in either case a connexion is established between the two great phases of English and German infidelity ; and such a connection as proves the filiation of the one from the other. The supposed "reasonableness of Christianity" led some, in the first instance, to explain away all that was peculiar to the Gospel, or offensive to the natural mind ; and when this attempt was found to be too arduous, it was succeeded by the theory of myths, which essayed to account for every fact or doctrine of Scripture on purely natural principles. The history of this portentous aberration of reason is sketched by Amand Saintes, in his "*Histoire Critique de Rationalisme en Allemagne* ;"‡ and its leading principles are well discussed in the "*Etudes Critiques sur le Rationalisme Contemporain*," par L'ABBÉ H. DE VALROGER.§ In its earlier development it is illustrated by Mr. Rose and Dr. Pusey ; in its latest it is embodied in Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, which has been answered by Neander, Tholuck, and others, a specimen of whose arguments is given in Dr. Beard's "Voice of the Church."

We have thus briefly sketched the outline of a comprehensive course of study in the department of Christian apologetics ; and we think that some such arrangement of the various topics of that complex theme as we have ventured to indicate might be adopted with great practical advantage. Before leaving the subject we may add, that besides the "Discours Historique et Critique," by the Abbé Houteville, to which we have already referred, the history of apologetic literature has been written in German by *Tschirner*, (*Geschichte der Apologetik* ;) that Dr. Gerard of Aberdeen has exhibited a succinct but com-

prehensive "View of the Controversy concerning the Truth of Christianity," in his *Compend of the Evidences* ; and that the student will find an excellent guide in the "*Delectus Argumentorum et Syllabus Scriptorum qui Veritatem Religionis Christianæ adversus Atheos, Epicureos, Deistos, seu Naturalistas, Idolatros, Judæos, et Muhammedanos lueubrationibus suis assuerunt*," by J. A. Fabricius.

The voluminous, and in some respects valuable work, whose title stands at the head of our Article, has not been framed according to the method which we have described. The editor, following no other order of arrangement than that of mere chronological succession, and guided in his selection of the treatises which should be inserted simply by his own views, or by the advice which he received from others, in regard to what might be best suited to the wants or tastes of the present age, has presented to the public a translation of a large number of volumes and tracts, generally well executed, and often accompanied with valuable literary notices, both of the authors by whom they were severally written, and of the various discussions to which they gave rise. The work, however, can only be regarded as a store-house of materials for the construction of a system of apologetics—a store-house which is peculiarly rich and full in the department of the more modern Continental treatises, but comparatively meagre in that of the earlier apologists. The plan of publishing the entire treatise, in every instance, which is generally followed, cannot be too highly commended ; and we are only the more confirmed in this opinion by several instances in which the editor has departed from it, as in the case of Montaigne, Boyle, and Nicole. The editor and his accomplished associates deserve our thanks for the intellectual banquet which they have prepared for us ; the viands are so good, and at the same time, as we are assured, *so very cheap*, that they might have been safely left to commend themselves ; and surely it could scarcely be necessary to introduce such a work to the only class of readers who are at all likely to relish it, by the following astounding *gasconnade*—"Nous ne craignons pas de dire de cette publication qu'elle est, sans contredit, sur la vérité du Christianisme en général, et du Catholicisme en particulier, l'ouvrage le plus fort qui existe dans le monde entier." "Nous ne craignons pas d'annoncer que celui qui posséderait bien nos *Démonstrations*, pourrait à bon droit faire dire de lui à tout adversaire, *Timeo unius libri virum* ; et si, dans nos temps de scepticisme, de doute et d'indifférence, quelqu'un, laïque ou prêtre, se trouvoit condamné à n'avoir qu'un seul ouvrage en sa possession, nous lui conseillerions volontiers de

* Tracts for the Times, No. 57, p. 8.

† Dr. Pusey on the Theology of Germany.

‡ Paris, 1841. § Paris, 1846, pp. 912. 8vo.

donner, après les saints livres, la préférence à nos Démonstrations !"

The work thus highly extolled is liable, in our opinion, to at least one very grave and serious objection. It is avowedly a defence of Christianity in general, and of Catholicism in particular; and hence, while the writings of Bacon, Grotius, Boyle, Locke, Burnet, Leslie, Clarke, Tillotson, Sherlock, Leland, Chalmers, Keith, and many other Protestants, are laid under contribution for the general defence of Christianity, those of Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon, Bergier, Gerdil, and above all, of Wiseman, are added not only in defence of the same cause, but also in support of the peculiar doctrines and claims of the Church of Rome, which the former class of writers would have indignantly denounced as flagrant corruptions of "the faith once delivered to the saints." We do not accuse the editor or his associates of *mala fides* in this, for the plan of the work is boldly announced at the outset, and we are frankly told that the writers have been purposely selected, on the principle of providing for two distinct objects:—That "the one-half of them might demonstrate Christianity, in opposition to doubters and infidels of all sorts, and the other half might compel all heretics to rush into the arms of Catholicism as their only safe resting-place." Nor are we prepared to say that every allusion to the distinctive principles of the Church to which the writer belongs is forbidden by the laws of legitimate controversy. But we do most seriously protest against any attempt to make Christianity responsible for the errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome, or to throw the *onus* of defending the spiritual and temporal supremacy of the Pope, the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and the worship of saints and images, on her apologists. We hold that these doctrines and rites constitute no part of genuine Christianity; and we know of nothing more fraught with danger to the sacred cause, than any attempt to mix them up with the faith which we are concerned to defend. What can be more revolting to reason, or more inconsistent with the testimony of our very senses, than the figment of Transubstantiation? or what better fitted to strengthen the prejudices of worldly men against religion, as if it were the product of mere priestcraft, than the arrogant pretensions of the Pope and his hierarchy? And what more grievous stumbling-block to the surviving representatives of God's ancient people than the apparent idolatry of the Church of Rome? Yet all these obnoxious tenets and observances are blended in this work with the great truths of natural and revealed religion, and placed, in point of evidence and authority, precisely on the same level; as if Christianity could not exist or could not at least be proved

without the recognition of what every Protestant abhors and abjures: and this, too, while the Christianity of Bacon, and Locke, and other Protestants, is largely insisted on, and their writings are laid under contribution in aid of the sacred cause. There is in our mind a manifest and glaring inconsistency in the procedure of the learned Abbé and his assistants in this matter. We have, on the one hand, a formal recognition of the personal Christianity of such Protestant writers as Bacon, Boyle, Grotius, Newton, and Clarke; and yet we have, on the other, an equally explicit denial of their claim to be regarded as members of the one true Catholic Church. They were Christians, and sincere Christians too; nay, they were able and valiant defenders of the common faith of Christendom, inasmuch that even the Papacy itself has not scorned their aid in constructing a body of apologetic theology: but they were Protestants, and as much separated from the pale of that Church which claims a monopoly of salvation. They "were aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenant of promise." Surely the learned Abbé must see that, if real personal Christianity may exist in a state of separation from the Church of Rome, the exclusive claims and arrogant pretensions of that Church are not a little preposterous. And yet, while it is admitted that Bacon was profoundly versed in the knowledge of Scripture, and that it was a delightful task to collect the fragments which serve to shew the profound religion of that great man, (*la religion profonde de ce grand homme*), while the personal piety of Boyle, Newton, Stanhope, and many more, is explicitly declared, we are nevertheless assured that they had no part nor lot in the Church on earth, and could have no hope of being admitted into the Church in heaven! GROTIUS had said towards the close of his great work—that he would now shew in a few words to Christians, of whatever nation or sect, what use they should make of the truths which had been established: and this truly liberal and catholic recognition of true Christianity wherever it exists is immediately followed up by a note breathing the unchangeable spirit of Popery. "*C'est une erreur de croire qu'il y ait d'autres vrais Chrétiens ni d'autres domestiques de la foi, que les fidèles qui sont dans le sein de l'Eglise Catholique; ceux qui s'en sont séparés, ceux qui forment ces sectes, qui toutes divisées entre elles, ne s'accordent que pour s'élever contre l'Eglise Romaine, la seule véritable,—tous ceux-là ne sont point enfans de l'Eglise: comme ils ne reconnaissent point celle-ci pour leur Mère sur la terre, ils ne doivent point espérer d'avoir Dieu pour Père dans le ciel. L'Eglise est l'Arche hors laquelle il n'y a point de salut !"*" We had thought that all

true Christians belong to the true Church here, and might hope for admission into the Church above; but no; the Christianity of Bacon and Boyle is admitted, nevertheless they were Protestants, and as Protestants they must be excluded. And yet occasionally we discover some traces of anatural relenting—some indications of a certain degree of indecision. They are once called "*nos frères séparés*;" and the definition of the Church is sometimes made wide enough to embrace all in every place who profess to believe in Jesus Christ, and who observe the ordinances of his house.

We cannot of course attempt, within our assigned limits, to offer a detailed criticism on the various treatises, extending, as we are told, to somewhere about 150 octavo volumes, which are comprised in sixteen folios, closely printed in double columns; but, on a general survey of their contents, we have collected a few *notabilia* which may serve to illustrate at once the general plan of the work, and the method in which it is executed.

The selections from the writings of TERTULLIAN, which form the first article in the series, are sufficient to indicate the twofold object which the editor has kept steadily in view throughout—his one object being the defence of Christianity in general, he has given Tertullian's APOLOGY against the Gentiles, and his other object being the defence of Catholicism in particular, he has added Tertullian's Treatise "*De Præscriptionibus Hæreticorum*." This "*unique argument des Præscriptions*," is said to be vastly effectual, and it certainly is *very convenient*: it is described as "*a peremptory exception which the defendant is entitled to take against the assailant, and by which the latter is non-suited, owing to the absence of a title to plead, without entering at all into the consideration of his reasons or his method*." And with this formidable weapon Tertullian is said to have vanquished all the sects that were hostile to the Church, *without refuting any of their arguments—without even examining any of their doctrines*.* Why then did Tertullian publish his Apology? why did he enter on a formal refutation of the errors of Marcion? why did he argue and redargue as if everything depended on the strength of his proofs? and why do his Popish Translators reproduce his arguments in defence of Christianity at the present day? Surely if *Præscription* had already taken place while he lived, and were sufficient of itself to bar all pleas whether of infidels or of heretics, it must have been confirmed by the lapse of 1600 years; and yet even the Church of Rome will not leave the cause to rest upon it; she eagerly lays hold of every subsidiary prop which reason may furnish, and does not disdain even to accept the aid of Leland, and Chalmers, and Keith.

We gladly accept the version of Origen's reply to Celsus, and the two great works of Eusebius—the latter being still a desideratum in our own language. The treatise selected from the writings of Augustine is too brief to afford an adequate representation of the apologetics of the author of "*The City of God*." In these cases the rule of translating the entire treatise has been adhered to, but we are now introduced to a class of writings which are presented only in fragments, and these fragments are selected and arranged without any intelligible principle other than the mere taste of the translator. Thus, after a long disquisition, entitled, "*The Christianity of Montaigne*," in which the philosophical sceptic is declared to have been a sound believer and a true Catholic, nay, all but inspired, if we can believe his enthusiastic panegyrist, who does not scruple to say, "*L'Esprit de Dieu semblaît dicter, et Montaigne tenir la plume*," we are presented with a long series of extracts from the Natural Theology of Raymond de Sebonde, accompanied with a corresponding series of extracts from Montaigne's Essays, and these are strung together without any discernible principle of connexion.

Next in order comes the immortal BACON; and we are gratified to find that, although not a Catholic, he is recognised as a Christian, while his great merits as the Father of Inductive Science are frankly acknowledged. In a preliminary discourse, containing some interesting literary notices illustrative of the opinions which have been entertained of the Baconian philosophy on the Continent, and especially in France, the translator confesses, that, in common with many writers of the Romish Church, he entertained a very natural prejudice against Bacon on account of the encomiums which had been pronounced upon him by the Encyclopædists and other enemies of Christianity; but adds, that this prejudice was entirely dissipated by a careful study of his writings, and gave place to a sentiment of profound admiration, not only of his genius, but of his piety. It is not a little strange that, when Romish writers abroad are beginning to appreciate the religious spirit of Bacon, some liberals in our own country have not scrupled to hint at the Atheistic tendency of his system, and have even had the effrontery to affirm, that his professed belief in God was a necessary expedient for retaining his Chancellorship!† The revolting imputations of Atkinson and Martineau are similar to those which were long since broached by the author of the Analysis of Bacon's Philosophy, pub-

* "*Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*," by H. G. Atkinson, Esq., and Harriet Martineau. London, 1851. Pp. 174, 182, 220, 265.

lished in 1755, by which he was for the most part known in France : and they are answered by anticipation in this preliminary discourse.

Thus far we are indebted to our French neighbours for the vindication of our illustrious countryman : but we cannot approve of the manner in which they have exhibited his views by means of *garbled extracts*, nor of the use which they have sometimes made of his remarks on disputed points of doctrine. Thus, we are told that Bacon was a Protestant, but that in his confession of faith there is nothing that might not be assented to by a member of the Romish Church. This *might* have been perfectly true ; for the Romish Church having added the creed of Pope Pius to the articles of the earlier creeds, a Protestant who *ex animo* believes in the latter, might possibly construct a confession from which a Roman Catholic need not dissent : but we greatly doubt whether a staunch Romanist could, consistently with his belief in the decisions of the Council of Trent, subscribe the noble testimony of Bacon, when he says, "that the Church has no power over the Scriptures, to teach or command any thing contrary to the written Word, but is as the ark wherein the tables of the first testament were kept and preserved ; that is to say, the Church hath only the custody and delivery over of the Scriptures committed unto the same ; together with the interpretation of them, but *such only as is conceived from themselves*."

We are told again that Bacon always speaks respectfully of the Pope : that if he opposed the temporal power of the Romish See, he did so only as the defenders of the Gallican liberties have done ; and that he often praised the writings of the scholastic divines. Let Bacon speak for himself.* "It was great blasphemy, when the devil said, '*I will ascend and be like the Highest*;' but it is greater blasphemy to personate God, and bring in him saying, '*I will descend and be like the prince of darkness*.'† And what is it better to make the cause of religion descend to the cruel and miserable actions of murdering princes, butchery of people, and subversion of states and governments. Surely this is to bring down the Holy Ghost, instead of the likeness of a dove, in the shape of a vulture or a raven ; and to set, out of the bark of a Christian Church, a flag of a bark of pirates and assassins. Therefore it is most necessary that the Church by doctrine and decree, princes by their sword, and all learnings, both Christian and moral, as by their mercury rod do damn and send to hell for ever those facts and opinions tending to the support of the same, as hath been already in good part done." In another place,‡ he speaks of the

Reformation in these terms : "The purity of Religion, which is a benefit inestimable, and was in the time of all former princes, until the days of her Majesty's father of famous memory, unheard of. Out of which purity of religion have since ensued, beside the principal effect of the true knowledge and worship of God, three points of great consequence to the civil state. One, the stay of a mighty treasure within the realm, which in foretimes was drawn forth to Rome. Another, the dispersion and distribution of those revenues, amounting to a third part of the land of the realm, and that of the goodliest and the richest sort, which heretofore was unprofitably spent in monasteries, into such hands as by whom the realm receiveth, at this day, service and strength, and many great houses have been set up and augmented. The third, the managing and enfranchising of the regal dignity from the recognition of a *foreign superior*!" And in answer to the favourite argument of Papists founded on the existence of sects and divisions in the Protestant Church, he says, "that the Church of God hath been in all ages subject to contentions and schisms : the tares were not sown but where the wheat was sown before. Our Saviour Christ delivered it for an ill note to have outward peace." "And reason teacheth us, that *in ignorance and implied belief it is easy to agree, as colours agree in the dark* ; or if any country decline into Atheism, the controversies wax dainty, because men do think religion scarce worth the falling out for ; so as it is *weak divinity to account controversies an ill sign in the Church*." Bacon's Protestantism can scarcely be questioned after reading these explicit testimonies ; but by a peculiar sort of management, which has often been resorted to by Popish controversialists, his writings may be garbled, and the reader may be misled by partial quotations. We have some amusing instances of this in the compilation of M. Emery. He translates a large portion of "The Characters of a believing Christian, in paradoxes and seeming contradictions ;"‡ but on comparing the translation with the original, we find that the first *four* paragraphs are entirely omitted ; that the fifth is in one important respect mis-translated ; for Bacon's words, "He believes God accepts him in these services wherein he is able to find many faults," are rendered thus — "*il croit que des actions où Dieu peut lui reprocher bien des fautes, servent à sa justification* ;"† — that the *sixth* is added with some alterations to the fifth ; that the *seventh* is abbreviated ; that the *eleventh* and *thirteenth* are omitted — the latter for this good reason

* Bacon's Works, II. 487. † *Ibid.* II. 260.

‡ *Ibid.* III. 54, 59

* Bacon, II. 494. Démonstrations Evangél., II., 712, 789.

† *Ibid.*, II. 500. Démonstrations Evangél., II., 713, 902.

apparently, that it condemns the worship of angels; and this is only a specimen of the mode in which several works are given which are described on the general title-page as "reproduites INTEGRALEMENT, non par extraits." Bacon's "Advertisement touching the Controversies of the Church of England," is given only in part, and that too in detached fragments: and his noble introduction, in which he expressly contrasts the controversies which Protestants have waged among themselves, with the more vital questions between them and the Church of Rome, is entirely suppressed.

In connexion with the illustrious BACON, we cannot refrain from referring to the treatment which another of our most distinguished countrymen has received at the hand of the editor and his associates—we mean the truly excellent and amiable ROBERT BOYLE. Of all his admirable treatises one only is given in this voluminous collection, viz., his "Dissertation on the profound reverence which is due to God;" and while his enlightened zeal for the cause of revealed religion is explicitly acknowledged, the truly Catholic spirit which prompted him to found the noble Lectureship which bears his name, and which dictated the terms of his bequest, is so ill appreciated by his Romish commentators, that they affect to find in it a proof of the inherent weakness of Protestantism, or at least of his want of confidence in its stability. For several times, in different parts of the work, we have the same miserably low-minded estimate of the motives which induced that truly noble man to found a lectureship on "the truths of the Christian religion in general, which should not enter on the discussion of those controversies by which Christians were divided among themselves." Thus in the fourth volume of the "Démonstrations Evangéliques," after quoting the terms of the bequest, as providing "pour un certain nombre de sermons qu'on doit prêcher toutes les années sur les vérités de la Religion Chrétienne en général, sans entrer dans les disputes particulières qui divisent les Chrétiens," the writer adds, "*il sentait que la secte qu'il professait ne gagnerait rien à cette discussion.*" And again in the sixth volume, "on aperçoit facilement, d'après la disposition qu'on vient de lire, que les testateur, intimement convaincu de la faiblesse des sectes Protestantes, craignit de les détruire toutes, et la sienne en particulier, en les mettant aux prises, et jugea à propos, pour éviter ce danger, de s'attacher à la défense du Christianisme en général." (!) Surely it might have occurred to the mind of any candid Catholic that the defence of Christianity is one thing, and the defence of any particular denomination of Christians another; and that to such a lofty and comprehensive mind as that of Robert Boyle it might seem to be expedient to unite

all the churches of Christendom in defence of their common cause, by excluding from his lectureship everything that might tend to revive unnecessarily the points of comparatively minor moment on which they differed among themselves. And, strange to say this more liberal view of the matter is given by the French translator of Samuel Clarke's Demonstration, which is inserted in the fifth volume of the "Demonstrations;" for, notwithstanding their common connexion with the Romish Church, and the vigilant editorial supervision of Abbé Migne, the translators are not always found to be of the same mind. After narrating the terms of the bequest, it is added, "il fit plus, car il prit soin de marquer en général le sujet sur lequel il entendait que cette lecture roulât. Il interdit à ceux qui entreraient dans la carrière qu'il ouvrait la controverse contre les sectes particulières qui partagent le Christianisme. Il y a tout lieu de croire que les sages réflexions que cet habile homme avait faites sur la manie de prédicateurs qui, dans presque tous les pays, s'acharnent sur des disputes de néant, pendant qu'ils négligent les matières les plus importantes; il y a, dis-je, tout lieu de croire que ces réflexions ont produit la cause de son codicille qui restreint la lecture en question aux vérités générales et aux principes de la foi." . . . "Il ordonna en un mot que cette lecture fût toute employée à mettre en évidence les preuves de la vérité de la Religion Chrétienne, et à les défendre contre les attaques des infidèles, notoirement tels, comme sont les Athées, les Dèistes, les Païens, les Juifs, et les Mahométans, sans toucher aux controverses que les diverses Sociétés de Chrétiens ont les unes avec les autres." The plan of the "Démonstrations Evangéliques" proceeds on a different principle; it attempts to combine the defence of Christianity with the vindication of Popery, and is as much directed against the Protestant as against the Infidel cause. We think that M. Abbé Migne had done well to imitate the example of Robert Boyle, and that, in doing so, he would have shewn more of a truly Catholic spirit, and less of a narrow sectarian bigotry.

On the whole, this collection of "Démonstrations Evangéliques," although far from being either complete or in all respects unexceptionable, is a valuable contribution to sacred literature. It offers, at a cheap rate, and in a commodious form, a French version of some standard works; and did it contain nothing else than the massive treatises of Origen, Eusebius, and Huet, it might be accepted with gratitude by every student of Apologetics. But it contains much more. It places before the English reader many treatises well known on the Continent, but hitherto almost inaccessible to ourselves, which possess a high value,

both in a literary and theological point of view: such as, the comprehensive work of Statler on the "Certainty of the Christian Religion;" the "Historic Proof," by Beauzée; the "Philosophy of Religion," by the Abbé Para du Phanhas; and the Poems of Cardinal de Bernis and of Cardinal Polignac, ("La Religion Vengée" and "Anti-Lucretius,") and some others, which have hitherto been comparatively little known to the English reader. And we cannot help thinking that it may be salutary to our Continental neighbours themselves to be made acquainted with some of the standard works of our great English apologists: and that the translations of such treatises as those of Clarke, Lesley, Stanhope, West, Bentley, Littleton, Warburton, Chalmers, and Keith, may lead some at least of the more candid Churchmen of Rome to concur with the distinguished Abbé Guenée in saying, "Rendons justice à la nation Anglaise, quoique maintenant notre ennemie. Il est glorieux pour elle que la religion Chrétienne y trouve des défenseurs si zélés parmi ceux qui y occupent les premiers rangs dans la littérature, et les plus hautes places dans l'Etat. Nous accusons souvent l'Angleterre comme la source de l'incrédulité parmi nous: et de son côté, elle nous rend bien ce reproche; mais, *il faut l'avouer*, si l'on ne saurait nier que la religion n'ait été souvent et vivement attaquée par quelques écrivains de cette nation, elle *n'a guère été nulle part plus sagement défendue.*"

ART. III.—1. *Royalty and Republicanism in Italy.* By JOSEPH MAZZINI. London, 1850.

2. *Italy in 1848.* By MARIOTTI. London, 1851.

3. *Taschenbuch der Neuesten Geschichte.* Von ROBT. PRUTZ. Dessau, 1851.

4. *Germany in 1850; its Courts, Camps, and People.* By the Baroness BLAZE DE BURY. London, 1850.

PROBABLY since the fall of the Roman Empire the world has never seen a year so eventful and distracting as 1848. It seemed like a century compressed into a lustrum. Never was there a year so distinguished beyond all previous example by the magnitude and the multiplicity of its political changes—by the violence of the shock which it gave to the framework of European society—by the oscillations of opinion and success between the two great parties in the Continental struggle. Never was there a year so pregnant with instruction and with warning—so rich in all the materials

of wisdom both for sovereign and for people—so crowded with wrecks and ruins, with the ruins of ancient grandeur, and the wrecks of glorious anticipations—so filled with splendid promises and paltry realizations, with hopes brilliant and fantastic as fairy-land, with disappointments dismal and bitter as the grave. Thrones, which but yesterday had seemed based upon the everlasting hills, shattered in a day; sovereigns, whose wisdom had become a proverb, and sovereigns whose imbecility had been notorious, alike flying from their capitals, and abdicating without a natural murmur or a gallant struggle; rulers, who had long been the embodiment of obstinate resistance to all popular demands, vying with each other in the promptitude and the extent of their concessions; statesmen of the longest experience, the deepest insight, the acutest talent—statesmen like Metternich and Guizot—baffled, beaten, and chased away, and reaching their foreign banishment only to turn and gaze with a melancholy and bewildered air on the *écroulement* of schemes and systems of policy, the construction of which had been the labour of a lifetime; eminent men sinking into obscurity, and going out like snuff; obscure men rising at one bound into eminence and power; ambitious men finding the objects of their wildest hopes suddenly placed within their grasp; Utopian dreamers staggered and intoxicated by seeing their most gorgeous visions on the point of realization; patriots beholding the sudden and miraculous advent of that liberty which they had prayed for, fought for, suffered for, through years of imprisonment, poverty, and exile; nations, which had long pined in darkness, dazzled and bewildered by the blaze of instantaneous light; the powerful smitten with impotence; the peasant and the bondsman endowed with freedom and unresisted might; the first last and the last first;—such were the strange phenomena of that marvellous era, which took away the breath of the beholder, which the journalist was unable to keep pace with, and "which panting Time toiled after in vain."

The year opened with apparent tranquillity. In two quarters only of Europe had there been any indications of the coming earthquake; and to both of these the eyes of all friends of freedom were turned with hopeful interest and earnest sympathy. The first dawn of a new day had arisen in a country where least of all it could have been looked for—in Rome. There, in a state long renowned for the most corrupt, imbecile, mischievous administration of the western world, a new Pope, in the prime of life, full of respect for his sacred office, and deeply impressed with the solemn responsibilities of his high position, set himself with serious purpose and a single mind, though

with limited views and inadequate capacities, to the task of cleansing those Augean stables from the accumulated filth of centuries. He commenced reform—where reform, though most rare, is always the most safe—from above; he purified the grosser parts of the old administrative system; he shewed an active determination to put down all abuse, and to give his people the benefit of a really honest government; he ventured on the bold innovation, in itself a mighty boon and a strange progress, of appointing laymen to the offices of state; and, finally, he convoked a representative assembly, and gave the Romans a constitution—the first they had seen since the days of Rienzi. His people were, as might have been anticipated, warmly grateful for the gifts, and enthusiastically attached to the person, of their excellent Pontiff; all Europe looked on with delight; Pio Nono was the hero of the day; and everything seemed so safe, so wise, so happy, that we felt justified in hoping that a new day had really dawned upon the ancient capital of the world.

Sicily, too, had about the same time entered upon a struggle to recover some portion of her promised freedom and her stolen rights. Her wrongs had been so flagrant, so manifold, so monstrous; the despotism under which she groaned was at once so incapable, so mean, so low, so brutal; her condition was so wretched, and her capabilities so vast, that the sympathies of the world went with her in her struggle with her false and bad oppressor. All ranks of her citizens were unanimous in their resolution of resistance; even the priests, elsewhere the ready tools of tyranny, here fought on the side of the people, and blessed the arms and banners of the reformers; and what was still more remarkable, and of more hopeful augury, all classes seemed to put mutual jealousies aside, and to be actuated by the same spirit of sincere, self-denying, self-sacrificing patriotism. Their demands were moderate but firm, and so reasonable, that the mere fact of such demands having to be made, was an indelible disgrace to Naples. So far, too, their course had been singularly cautious; they had committed no blunder, they had displayed no sanguinary passion and no violent excitement, and it was impossible not to hope everything from a contest so wisely conducted, and so unimpeachably just. At length, on the 8th of February, the Sicilians having been everywhere victorious, the preliminaries of an arrangement with the king of Naples were agreed to, on the basis of the constitution of 1812. So far all went well.

In the meantime, excited or warned by the example of the Pope, and the enthusiasm of the Romans, other Italian princes began to move in the path of improvement. The King

of Sardinia, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples, promised a constitution to their subjects, and actually took measures for carrying these promises into effect. The excitement soon reached Lombardy; popular movements took place at Milan, but were repressed by the Austrian Government with even more than wonted promptitude and severity. Hungary had for some years been making great efforts towards national improvement, and some relaxation of the old feudal privileges, as well as towards a recovery of their old constitutional liberties; but Austria had steadily repressed all such exertions; and a long course of perfidy and oppression had at length so exasperated the Hungarians, and united all parties among them against the common enemy, that it became evident that the contest was approaching to an open rupture.

Such was the position of affairs when the French Revolution of February came like an earthquake, astounding nations, "and, with fear of change, perplexing monarchs." The events which ensued are still fresh in the memory of all men. The democratic party throughout the whole of central Europe burned to follow the example of a movement the success of which had been so signal and so prompt. The effect was electric; but not everywhere, nor altogether, wholesome. The friends of freedom felt that the time was come to assert their cause, and to claim, without fear of a refusal, the rights so long withheld; while those nations which had already taken some steps towards the attainment of free institutions, and had hitherto deemed their progress rapid and brilliant beyond their most sanguine anticipations, now began to regard it as tardy, *jog-trot*, and inadequate. They looked askance on constitutional monarchy, and began to sigh for a republic. The arrangement between the Sicilians and their sovereign, which had been all but concluded, was broken off, in consequence of an augmentation of the popular demands; while Tuscany, Sardinia, and Rome began to think their liberal rulers scarce liberal enough. At Berlin, where some tardy steps had at length been taken towards the advent of a constitutional government, the people were anxious to get on faster than the fears or the opinions of the monarch could go with them; an insurrection broke out, and a sanguinary contest of two days' duration desolated the city, and terminated in the scarcely veiled defeat of the crown. This was on the 18th of March. On the 6th, an insurrection took place at Munich, which resulted in the exaction of extensive reforms, and was shortly afterwards followed by the abdication of the king. On the 14th, a revolution broke out at Vienna,

which ended in the flight of Prince Metternich, and the proclamation of a representative government. On the 19th the Austrians were driven out of Milan, and a provisional government was established in Lombardy. Thus, in a month from the outbreak of the French Revolution, the whole of central Europe was revolutionized.

Such is a summary of these astounding events, the like of which were assuredly never crowded into so brief a portion of time. The popular party—the friends of free institutions and constitutional rule—everywhere aroused and everywhere triumphant, achieving, with an ease and rapidity which partook of the miraculous, the most decisive victories over the oldest, sternest, rustiest administrative systems of Europe,—were everywhere followed by the sympathy, the admiration, and the prayers of all lovers of humanity, and everywhere strong with the strength which such sympathy must always give.

Where now are all those bright prospects vanished?—which of all those mighty changes have become permanent?—what has been the enduring fruit of all these brilliant victories?—where now are to be found all those fresh, young, sanguine constitutions? With scarcely an exception, everything has fallen back into its old condition. In nearly every state the old demon of despotism has returned, bringing with it worse devils than itself. Hungary and Hesse are crushed; Bavaria has been degraded into the brutal tool of a more brutal tyrant; the Prussian people are sullen, desponding, and disarmed, and the Prussian Government sunk into a terrible abyss of degradation; Austria has a new emperor, more insolently despotic than any of his predecessors for many a long year; and throughout Germany constitutional liberty has been effectually trampled out. In Italy, Venice and Lombardy have been reconquered, and are now experiencing the *vae victis*; Tuscany is worse, because more Austrian than before, and alarmed at the peril she has incurred; the small duchies are as bad as ever—they could not be worse; the Pope, terrified out of his benevolence and his patriotism, has been restored by foreign arms, and the old ecclesiastical abominations are reinstated in their old supremacy; while Naples and Sicily are again prostrate at the feet of the most imbecile and brutal of the incurable race of Bourbons. Two short years have passed away since Europe presented to the lover of liberty and human progress the most smiling aspect she had ever worn:—and in this brief space of time, an inexorable destiny has gathered together all the far reaching anticipations, all the noble prospects, all the rapid conquests, all the rich achievements

of that memorable era, and covered them over with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet*.

Even patriots like ourselves, who stood aloof from actual participation in the strife, viewing its vicissitudes with the simple interest of spectators, and who had no personal concern in the issue, might well be disheartened at such tremendous reverses and such extreme reaction. The cup of hope was probably never filled so full, or approached so near to the lips that were *not* to drink it. A victory so nearly gained, and so entirely lost—success so brilliant and complete, followed by failure so disastrous and so crushing—has scarcely ever been recorded in history. But we are too firm believers in human progress to imagine that even in this case the defeat has been as total and thorough as it appears; nay, we are convinced that in the midst of apparent retrogression there has been actual advance; that in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the years 1848, 1849, 1850, have not been lost to the onward march of humanity; that the cause of freedom—though often fought so ill, though stained with some excesses, though tarnished by so many follies, though overshadowed for the moment by so dark and thick a cloud—has yet on the whole gained by the struggle, and grown stronger notwithstanding its manifest defeat; and instead, therefore, of lamenting an irrevocable past, or endeavouring to allot to the various parties of the *mêlée* their respective shares in the production of the common failure, we shall do better service by attempting to extract from the confusion of events the *net results*, the residual gain, of these unexampled years.

The progress of humanity is never regular. Freedom and civilisation advance, externally at least, by fitful and spasmodic springs. Their march has been compared to that of the flood-tide, where every wave retires, yet the whole mass of waters moves incessantly and irresistibly onwards. But the similitude is inaccurate, inasmuch as in human progress there is no constant and steady movement, and no inevitable ebb. A more correct likeness may be found in the wave which is slowly but perpetually undermining a vast cliff, covered with buildings and crowded with men, containing monuments which have endured for ages, and results of energetic industry which looked forward to ages more. Everything bears the impress of stability, every individual has the conviction of immutable security, save the few who have descended to the base of the cliff and perceived the fearful havoc wrought by the ceaseless and silent toil of their unseen destroyer. No warning sound, no partial sinking of the earth gives timely intimation of the catastrophe which is prepar-

ing;—till at length, when the work is complete, and the foundations wholly washed away, an accident, a nothing, a trivial shake, a rolling of distant thunder, give the needed jar, and the whole structure, with its mighty edifices, its ancient bulwarks, its modern creations, its vivid, teeming, multitudinous life, is engulfed in the destroying sea.

A more exact one still is to be found in the old arithmetical puzzle of our childhood—the snail which climbed up three feet every day, and slipped down two feet every night. The year 1848 was the climbing day: 1849 and 1850 were the backsliding night. Now, in 1851, we can estimate the two together, and calculate roughly how much has on the whole been gained, how much further forward we are than we were in 1847. In our last Number we spoke of France: her drama is not yet played out, and its issue and residual phenomenon no man can foresee. At present we shall confine our attention to Germany and Italy—a sad spectacle, but, closely and rightly viewed, by no means a despairing one.

The condition of these two countries when the Revolutions broke out, presented some interesting points of similarity with each other, and of contrast with France and England, which it is important to notice. In all four countries there was much suffering and much discontent; but the malcontents and the sufferers belonged to different classes in society. In England and in France the lower orders were the chief malcontents; and, unquestionably, especially in the latter country, they had much to complain of, and much to endure. Difficulty of obtaining subsistence, actual and severe privation in the present, and no more hopeful prospects for the future, darkened the lot and soured the temper of hundreds of thousands of the people. The more fortunate saw little before them beyond strenuous and ceaseless toil, from early morning till late evening, from precocious childhood to premature decrepitude. The less fortunate often sought toil in vain, dug for it as for hidden treasure, and found it when obtained, uncertain and unremunerative. A class—often a very numerous class—had grown up among them, whom defective social arrangements had left without any means of subsistence, beyond habitual crime and the God-send of occasional insurrections.

Nearly all these were more or less uneducated, with passions unsoftened by culture, and appetites sharpened by privation—excitable, undisciplined, and brutal. Such were always ready for any social or political convulsion—prompt to aid and aggravate it, certain to complicate and disgrace it. It is a fearful addition to the perplexities and horrors of a revolution when the mass of the nation are destitute and

wretched. Germany and Italy were in a similar measure free from this element of confusion; and in so far their path was wonderfully clear and easy. In Germany the orderly, industrious, and simple habits of the peasantry; the general possession of land by the rural portion of them, especially in the Prussian provinces; the relics of the old distribution of artisans into guilds; the watchful care of the numberless bureaucratic governments to prevent the too rapid increase of this, or indeed of any class; the systematic care of Austria, especially, to keep the lower classes in a state of material comfort; the habit in some states, as Bavaria, of requiring a certificate of property as a preliminary to marriage,—had combined to prevent poverty, except in rare cases, from degenerating into destitution, so that there was, generally speaking, little physical distress or suffering among the mass. The diffusion of elementary education too, (such as it was, for we are no amateurs of the Continental system in such matters,) prevented the existence of such utterly savage and ignorant masses as were to be met with in France, and unhappily in England also. The same exemption from squalid misery which in Germany was due to care, system, and culture, was bestowed upon the Italians by their genial climate, their fertile soil, and their temperate and frugal habits, so that though there was often poverty—though poverty, and, as we in England should regard it, poverty of the extremest kind was frequent, and in Rome and Naples almost universal—still, that actual want of the bread of to-day, and that anxiety for the bread of to-morrow, which make men ready for any violence or commotion, were in the greater part of Italy comparatively rare. In Tuscany and Lombardy, more especially, the utterly destitute and starving were a class quite unknown.

In both countries, therefore, the discontented and aspiring class—the makers of Revolutions—were the educated and the well-to-do; men whose moral, not whose material, wants were starved and denied by the existing system; men of the middle ranks, who found their free action impeded at every step, whose noblest instincts were relentlessly crushed, whose intellectual cravings were famished by the censorship, and whose hungry and avid minds were compelled daily to sit down to a meal of miserable and unrelished pottage; men of the upper classes, whose ambition was cramped into the pettiest sphere, and forced into the narrowest channels, to whom every career worthy of their energies and their patriotism was despotically closed, who were compelled to waste their life and fritter away their powers in the insipid pleasures of a spiritless society, in metaphysical speculation, or antiquarian

research. Hence, with all its faults, the revolution in Germany and in Italy had a far nobler origin, and a loftier character than that of France; it was the revolt not of starved stomachs, but of famished souls; it was the protest of human beings against a tyranny by which the noblest attributes of humanity were affronted and suppressed; it was the recoil from a listless and unsatisfying life by men who felt that they were made for, and competent to, a worthier existence; it was a rebellion of hearts who loved their country, against a system by which that country was dishonoured, and its development impeded; it was not the work of passionate, personal, and party aims, but of men who, however wild their enthusiasm, however deplorable their blunders, still set before them a lofty purpose, and worshipped a high ideal.

The *movement* party (to borrow an expressive phrase from the French) is composed in different countries of characteristically different materials. The busy ex-parliamentary reformers; the radicals, who take one grievance or anomaly after another, and agitate and grumble till they have procured its abolition; who have either originated or been the means of carrying each successive measure of reform, are with us almost exclusively composed of the active and practical men of the middle classes—merchants and manufacturers, educated enough to be able to comprehend the whole bearings of the case, but distrusting theory, eschewing abstractions, and too well trained in the actual business of life to be in much danger from disproportionate enthusiasm; shopkeepers and tradesmen, not perhaps masters of the political importance or full scope of the question at issue, but quick to detect its bearing on their personal interests, bringing to its examination a strong, if a somewhat narrow, common sense, observing a due proportion between their means and their ends, and never, in the heat of contest, losing sight of the main chance;—these constitute the centre and the leaders of the movement party in England, and have imparted to all our innovations that character for distinctness of purpose, sobriety of aim, and practicality of result, which has always marked them.—In France the *movement* party has been composed of the politicians by profession or by taste; of the amateurs and adventurers of public life; of journalists, who had each their pet crotchet and their special watchword, and who attained in that country a degree of personal influence which is without a parallel elsewhere; of men to whom the Republic was a passion; of men to whom it was a dream; of men to whom it opened a vista rich in visions of pillage and of pleasure. It was a vast heterogeneous congeries of all the impatient suffering, of all the

fermenting discontent, of all the unchained and disreputable passions, of all the low and of all the lofty ambition of the community.—In Germany, again, the *movement* party was composed, in overwhelming proportion, of the *Burschenschaft*—of students and professors, of young dreamers and their dreaming guides—men qualified beyond all others to conceive and describe a glorious Utopia, but disqualified beyond all others to embody it in actual life. It is curious to observe how everywhere throughout the German revolutions, the collegians were prominent. The students led the struggle at Berlin; the Academie Legion was for some time the ruling body at Vienna; the Frankfort Assembly was, as *The Times* truly characterized it, “an anarchy of professors.” We do not mean to say, that the revolutionary movement was not joined and sympathized with by numbers in all ranks and classes—though it is important to observe, that from the peculiar system of educational training in Germany, all these had gone through the same discipline, and been subject to the same influences; but the tone of the movement was given, its course directed, and its limit decided, by learned men, whom a life of university seclusion and theoretic studies had precluded from the possession of all practical experience, and by young men fresh from the scenes and the heroes of classic times, and glowing with that wild enthusiasm, that passionate but unchastened patriotism, those visions of an earthly Eden and a golden age, and that unreasoning devotion to everything that bears the name or usurps the semblance of liberty, which at their age it would be grievous *not* to find. Finally, in Italy, the leaders of the new Reformation were men of as pure and lofty an enthusiasm, but of far finer capacities, and of a sterner and firmer make of mind, but equally untrained in political administration, and with a task beyond their means;—men, not indeed finished statesmen or accurate philosophers, because debarred from that *education of action* which alone can complete the training of the statesman and test the principles of the thinker,—but of the materials out of which the noblest statesmen and the profoundest philosophers are made;—many of them

“Of the canvass which men use
To make storm stay-sails;”

many of them exhibiting powers for government and war which need only a fairer field to obtain their full appreciation.

It is natural that political changes emanating from bodies so variously constituted as these should be widely different in their nature and objects, and be crowned with very various degrees of success. In Italy and Germany the

patriots had one almost insuperable difficulty to contend with. In both countries the fatal system of bureaucracy had paralyzed the energies and dwarfed the political capacities of the people. In Germany they had been ruled like children—in Italy like victims or like vanquished slaves. But in both countries the whole province of administration, even in its lowest branches, had been confided to a separate class set apart and trained to that profession, and directed and controlled from headquarters. The people could do nothing except by official permission and under official supervision; long disuse produced inevitable disqualification; long inaction inevitable incapacity;—till when the crisis arrived, it appeared that the old established functionaries were the only men capable of practical action. When the power was suddenly thrown into the hands of the inexperienced classes, none could be found among them—in Germany at least—competent to use it. In the south of Italy the old functionaries had always been so abominably bad, that even the most incompetent and fresh of the new aspirants could not possibly make worse administrators. But in Germany the fact was as unquestionable as humiliating; and one of the most important lessons inculcated by the time was the utter inadequacy of the best contrived system of national or college education for supplying political training. The lower portion of the middle classes in Germany receive a far more complete and careful education in literary and scientific matters than the same portion with us; and in the instruction of the working-classes there is (or was lately) no comparison; yet our municipal councils, our vestry meetings, our boards of guardians, our numberless voluntary associations, form normal schools for statesmen and administrators to which the Continent presents no analogies, and for which unhappily it can furnish no substitutes, and the want of which was most deeply felt in 1848. It may be safely conceded to the advocates of bureaucracy and centralization in this country, that we pay dearly for our love of self-government in daily extravagance and incessant blunders; but it must also be allowed, after recent events, that the costly experience and capacity thus acquired is cheap at any price.

In speaking, however, thus severely of the incapacity displayed by the Germans for the construction and management of constitutional forms of government, we are bound to particularize one remarkable exception—an exception so signal and instructive as to inspire the most sanguine hopes for the success of the Germans in this new career, when the next opportunity shall be afforded them of shewing how far they have profited by the experience of the past. We allude to the small state of Hesse-Cassel,

whose admirable struggle and sad catastrophe well deserve a brief digression. In general, we are too well aware, our countrymen take little interest in the internal concerns of foreign states; but the case of Hesse is so peculiar, so scandalous, and presents so many analogies with the most important and glorious struggles in our own history, that it will need only a short statement of what her constitution was, how it has been crushed, and how it has been defended, to excite in English bosoms the warmest admiration for the unfortunate vanquished, and the sincerest admiration for their firmness, forbearance, noble disinterestedness, and unswerving reverence for law.

The Constitution of Hesse-Cassel was granted on the 5th of January 1831, by the father of the present Elector. Its date shews its origin. The French Revolution of 1830 had awakened in the mind of Frederick-William some fears for the stability of his own throne, and he proffered his subjects a free constitution. The terms were soon agreed upon; and considering the period of excitement in which they originated, they are strangely moderate and fair, and shew, on the part of the Hessians, a far more real conception of the essence and the guarantees of freedom than is common among Continental nations. The following are a few of the most important provisions:

“The representatives are not bound by instructions from their electors, but give their vote in accordance with their duties towards their Sovereign and their fellow-citizens, according to their own judgment, as they hope to answer it before God and their conscience.

“Each representative must take the following oath:—‘I swear to hold sacred the Constitution, and always to have at heart, in my votes and motions in this Assembly, both the welfare of my Sovereign and that of my fatherland, according to my own conviction, and without allowing myself to be influenced by any other consideration. So help me God.’

“The representatives are elected to act as such for three years. After three years, new elections take place, without any decree to that effect requiring to be issued on the part of the Government. The same persons may be re-elected.

“The Elector calls the representatives together as often as he may think it necessary for the settlement of any important or pressing matters referring to the affairs of the State. They must, however, be called together at least every three years.

“The Elector has the right to adjourn or dissolve the Assembly, but the adjournment is not to last above three months, and in case of a dissolution, the order for new elections has to be issued at the same time.

“All orders and regulations referring to the maintenance or carrying out of any of the existing laws shall emanate from the Government

alone. The Government can also, during the time the Assembly is not sitting, on the request of the respective heads of the ministerial departments, and with the co-operation of the permanent committee, pass such exceptional measures as the already existing laws may not provide for, but which they may consider necessary for the security of the State, or for the maintenance of the public peace. After such measures have been passed, the representatives shall, on the requisition of their committee, be called together without delay, in order that their sanction to such measures may be obtained.

"Previous to a dissolution or adjournment of the Assembly taking place, the members have to elect a committee of three or five of their own number, not only to watch the carrying out of the measures or laws passed by the Assembly, and take care of its interest, but also to act in accordance with the instructions they may have received from the Assembly, and the provisions of the Constitution. The majority of this committee shall neither consist of officers of Government nor of those holding appointments at Court.

"The head of each ministerial department has to countersign any decree or regulation referring to his department issued by the Elector, and is held personally responsible for the contents being strictly in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution and the laws of the country. As regards any decrees or regulations which have reference to more than one or the whole of the Government departments, they have to be countersigned jointly, by the respective heads of each department, each being held personally responsible for his own department.

"All Government officers shall be held responsible for their acts, and any one guilty of a violation of the Constitution, *particularly by carrying out any decree not issued in a strictly constitutional form*, shall be proceeded against before the competent legal authorities. The representatives have the right, and are bound to proceed before the High Court of Appeal, against any of the heads of the Government departments who may be guilty of a violation of the Constitution. Should the accused be found guilty he is dismissed, and can no longer hold office.

"Beginning with the year 1831, *no direct or indirect taxes can be levied either in war or peace, without the sanction of the Assembly*. For this purpose an estimate, stating the probable income and cost of the Government, with the greatest possible accuracy and completeness, must be laid before the Assembly. The necessity or desirableness of the different estimates must be shewn; *the different departments of the Government are bound to furnish the Assembly with any information in their possession which may be required*.

"All Government decrees relating to the collection of taxes shall state particularly that such taxes are levied with the consent of the Assembly, without which it shall not be lawful for any collector to collect such taxes, nor are the people bound to pay them."

To this Constitution the Hessian representatives, the civil and military functionaries,

and the Elector himself, solemnly swore allegiance. So sensible, so moderate, so little democratic was it, though framed at a time when most extravagant ideas of freedom were fermenting throughout Europe—so scrupulously did it confine itself to those two essential provisions, without which all political freedom is a mockery, (*viz.*, establishing the supremacy of law, and securing to the representatives of the people the sole power of taxation,) that it caused considerable disappointment to the extreme party. Moderate as it was, however, the ink was scarcely dry with which the Elector had signed his name to it, before he began a series of covert stratagems to undermine the liberties which he had sworn to maintain inviolate; and, with the help of the same Hesenflug, who has since earned such an unenviable notoriety as prime minister in one country, and as prisoner, on a charge of forgery, in another—he had nearly succeeded in reducing the constitution to a mere name, when the Revolution of February broke out in Paris, and frightened him back into decency and law. As cowardly as he was false, he immediately issued a proclamation announcing his intention to govern in future in a really legal and popular spirit, and gave a ready sanction to a number of salutary reforms. The result was that Hesse-Cassel remained perfectly tranquil during the revolutionary furor which deluged and desolated the rest of Germany in 1848 and 1849; and with a forbearance and magnanimity which has met with a black requital, the people refrained from availing themselves of the power which that season of excitement put into their hands, to extort from their perfidious prince any additional securities, or more extended rights.

But the Elector was not a man to whom forbearance could be safely shewn. He belonged to that class of sovereigns who have been described as the "opprobria of the southern thrones of Europe—men false alike to the accomplices who have served them, and the opponents who have spared them—men, who, in the hour of danger, concede everything, promise everything, turn their cheek to every smiter, give up to vengeance every minister of their iniquities, and await, with meek and smiling implacability, the blessed day of perjury and proscription." As soon as the prevalence of the reactionary spirit of 1850 made it safe, Hesenflug (who had been obliged to retire in 1837) re-appeared in the Council-chamber, detested from old recollections, and loaded with recent infamy. He returned with the express mission of trampling down the constitution, and lost no time in setting about his task. In direct violation of clause 144, he demanded a vote of money from the Chamber

but proposed no budget, and insolently refused all explanation of the purposes to which the money was to be applied. The Chamber did its duty, and refused the vote. Hasenflug then dissolved the Chamber, and, in violation of clause 146, issued a decree ordering payment of the unvoted taxes. The Supreme Court of Appeal pronounced the decree illegal. The people, confident in the sense and patriotism of the civil authorities, remained stubbornly and provokingly tranquil, notwithstanding many sinister attempts to goad them into some uproar which might serve as a pretext for more violent proceedings. The Elector, however, issued a proclamation, placing the whole country under martial law, and directing the press to be silenced, and the taxes to be levied by force. The Supreme Court of Appeal immediately issued a counter proclamation, pronouncing all these transactions unconstitutional and illegal, and impeaching the general officer (Bauer) who had accepted the office of carrying them out. General Bauer resigned, and the Elector and his minister fled, baffled, dishonoured, and derided.

From his place of refuge the Elector appointed a new commander-in-chief, General Haynau, with unlimited powers. It now became necessary for the Hessian army to decide upon their course. They had to decide between their country and their oath on the one side, and their habits of military obedience on the other. The officers consulted together, and then waited on the General, and informed them that he might depend upon them only so far as was consistent with the oath they had been required to give to uphold the constitution intact. He gave them the choice between obedience or throwing up their commission: They chose the latter alternative almost to a man. He then took the step, quite without a precedent in Germany, of offering commands to the non-commissioned officers: They unanimously refused to accept them. The army was thus paralyzed, the press was silenced, the journals seized, the courts suspended, but the people remained resolute and passive; they simply did nothing, and by this attitude embarrassed the Elector far more than the most active resistance could have done. The taxes were still uncollected, for the financial *employés*, pointing to clause 146, refused to collect any which had not been legally imposed. The elector was baffled by the pure inability to find among his own subjects a sufficient number of agents, either civil or military, base and unpatriotic enough to carry out his nefarious designs. With the exception of a few among the upper classes, the resistance and the virtue were strictly *national*.

Under these circumstances he applied to

Austria for assistance to reduce his subjects to obedience; and the Emperor, too happy to have an opportunity of interference, marched a body of Austrian and Bavarian troops into Hesse, and took military possession of the Electorate. Prussia, as usual, blustered, threatened, and gave way, leaving the unhappy Hessians to the tender mercies of an ill-disciplined and hostile soldiery.

These troops—the army of execution, as they were called—have entirely eaten up the resources of the Electorate. They were billeted on the refractory *employés*, till they either resigned or gave in their adherence to the illegal decrees of the Elector. Few have been found to do the latter. Judges of the Supreme Court had fifteen to twenty Bavarian brutes quartered on their families, with a threat of an additional number each day, if they would not resign their functions to more compliant successors. The members of the Town-council, in addition to this, were menaced with a court-martial and corporal punishment, if they would not declare (which as men of conscience it is impossible they could) that the decree of martial law was in accordance with the Constitution. Individuals of every class, rich and poor, were oppressed and extortionized in the same brutal manner, and daily subjected to all the indignities which could be offered to them by a coarse and savage soldiery, whose express duty was to make them as miserable as they could, for the sake of more promptly reducing them to submission.

Such is a brief outline of the Hessian tragedy:—such the deliberate abolition by foreign force of a constitution like our own;—such the treatment of a people who have shewn that they knew how both to value and to use their rights, and whose conduct will lose nothing by a comparison with that of the constitutional heroes of our own country—the goodly fellowship of our political Reformers—the noble army of our civil Martyrs. Its consequences will probably be far wider and more serious than might, at first sight, seem likely to ensue from a mere piece of cruel tyranny on the part of a petty sovereign of central Europe. There exists an element of revolutionary disturbance in Germany, which deserves far more attention than it has hitherto received, which is fraught with menace not only to the present order of things, but to monarchy *per se*,—a source of strength to the people, and of weakness and danger to the princes, and which no mere political reaction, no mere military oppression, can put down. The Germans are, on the whole, especially the middle classes, a sincere, loyal, virtuous, and reverential people. They are attached to all the homely and substantial excellencies of character. They love truth and honesty;

they value the decorums and respectabilities of life; and they are naturally disposed to respect, even to enthusiasm, the authority of rank and grandeur. But this disposition and habit of reverence has of late been rudely shaken, and is now entirely rooted out. As they look round upon their princes and rulers, they can find but few who are worthy of respect, either for capacity, truthfulness, or propriety of private character. Many of those who are placed in hereditary authority over them, are persons whom no man of sense could converse with without despising—whom no honest man could trust in the common transactions of life—whom no man of correct morals would willingly admit into his family. The secret—sometimes the notorious—history of many of their courts for the last forty years has been a tissue of oppression, duplicity, and profligacy. Putting aside the King of Hanover—of whom, wishing to say no evil, we shall of necessity say nothing at all—and the Kings of Prussia, the late as well as the present, whose perfidious conduct can find its only excuse in the supposition of impaired capacities—the present virtual rulers of Austria, Prince Schwartzberg and the Archduchess Sophia, are persons whose private character will bear no examination, and whose scandalous chronicle is well known upon the Continent;—the old King of Bavaria made himself the disgrace and ridicule of Europe, by his open and vagabond amours;—while the Elector of Hesse-Cassel is a man whose profligacy has set at nought all the bounds of secrecy and decorum, and whose personal honour is stained, in addition, with proceedings worthy only of a low-lived sharper. Yet this is the very prince for whose pleasure a noble and high-spirited people have been subjected to military outrage, to restore whose despotic authority a free constitution like that of England has been violated and annulled; and Austria and Bavaria, sharers in his impurities, have been the chosen and willing instruments in this high-handed oppression. We cannot wonder that all this has spread an anti-regal spirit in Germany, which will one day—probably an early day—bring bitter fruits; and when we remember that it has needed all the honest benevolence of William IV., and all the spotless purity and domestic virtues of Victoria, to enable the loyalty of Englishmen to recover from the shock it received from the contrasted conduct of their predecessor, we may form some conception of the state of feeling among a people like the Germans, who, wherever they turn their eyes, can see nothing above them to love, reverence, or trust. “Spiritual wickedness in high places” has dissipated the prestige which should “hedge in” greatness, and hallow rank and rule; there is growing up among them

a deep-rooted conviction that the royal races are incurably bad, untrustworthy, and incapable; and in the very next period of disturbance or political enthusiasm like 1848, the consequences of this conviction will be too plainly seen.

Another sad and dangerous opinion which the transactions in Hesse have impressed upon the German mind is this:—that no moderation in a free constitution, and no forbearance or strict adherence to law and written contract on the part of those who enjoy it, will be any guarantee of safety, or any protection against the enmity of those courts to whom any degree or form of liberty is an eye-sore, an abhorrence, and a reproach. The destruction of the Hessian constitution is a declaration of war against freedom *in the abstract*. The reaction in many states against the democratic proceedings in 1848 has some excuse, and met with some sympathy, even from the liberal European States, because the popular party had neither used their victory with wisdom nor confined it within the bounds of moderation; but the violation and forcible suppression of the Hessian constitution, which had no fault except that it *was* free, and which contained no more freedom than was necessary to make its provisions a reality and not a mockery, and the tyrannical treatment of the Hessian people, who had committed no definable offence, and had been guilty of no disturbance which could afford even a pretext for the use of force against them, have proclaimed too clearly the code and creed of the despotic princes of Germany, and the principles on which their course will henceforth be guided,—viz., that no semblance of a free constitution shall raise its head within the limits of their influence—that the object of their dread is not popular excess but popular rights—that it is not radicalism or republicanism against which they wage implacable and interminable war, but liberty *as such*, liberty in the most moderate degree, liberty in the most unobjectionable form. A more perilous, demoralizing, revolutionary lesson could not have been taught to the German people, nor one which, when the day of opportunity arrives, will recoil with more fearful retribution on the heads of its foolish and fanatical propounders.

After this account of the destruction of the only really free constitution which Germany could boast of previously to 1848, it may seem paradoxical to say that we are deliberately of opinion that the cause of liberty and progress has on the whole been a gainer by the events of that year, in spite of the extensive and general subsequent reaction. The superficialities of European society speaks only of retrogression: but a somewhat deeper and more careful glance will discover many indi-

cations which point to a very different conclusion. A few of the more prominent of these we shall endeavour concisely to enumerate.

1. The gain to freedom has been immense—and such as can be cancelled by no subsequent contradictory occurrences—in the discovery of the first fact which the Spring of 1848 proclaimed so emphatically to the world, of the utter hollowness of the apparently solid and imposing structure of European policy, of the internal rottenness of what had looked to the common eye so stable and so sound, of the intrinsic weakness of what had seemed externally so strong. To a few observers, indeed, keener and profounder than the rest, to a few statesmen like Metternich,*—whose long experience, vigilant sagacity, and native instinct, enabled them to pierce below the surface of society, and discern all that was feeble in its seeming strength, all that was unreal in its superficial prosperity, all that was boiling beneath its smooth tranquillity—a suspicion of the truth may have presented itself. But the astounding facility with which revolution after revolution was effected; the feeble pusillanimity with which monarch after

* The profound sagacity of this remarkable man was never more shewn than in the accuracy with which he read the signs of the times in the last few years which preceded his downfall. With the gallant resolution of a man of distinct and unshaken purpose, he had conscientiously adhered through life to the principles and ideas of a past age; and our conviction of the entire erroneousness of his aims cannot blind us either to his admirable consistency, his dignified firmness, or his lofty powers. He was a statesman of the order of Richelieu; he knew exactly what he wanted, what he deemed best for his country, and how best to obtain it. But he was at variance with the spirit of the age, and lived a century too late. Still he struggled on. For a long while he trusted that the deluge of democracy which he foresaw could be stayed during his lifetime. But latterly even this hope had deserted him. In the Autumn of 1848, we have the following account of his feelings from the pen of M. von Usedom, a Prussian diplomatist;—"From my personal knowledge I can testify, that he foresaw with absolute certainty the great shipwreck of last Spring (1848). He spoke to me much at length of the political ruin which threatened to fall on Europe soon, perhaps very soon, and of the even deeper growth and wider range of Radical and Communistic ideas, against which means of repression had proved ineffectual. I could not at that time believe that things had gone so far; but rather thought that the age would take counsel from these events, and learn prudence from the failure of such a policy. 'I am no prophet,' said the Prince, 'and I know not what will happen: but I am an old practitioner, and I know how to discriminate between curable and fatal diseases. This one is fatal: here we hold as long as we can, but I despair of the issue.'" Mazzini gives, in his work, some curious extracts from Metternich's diplomatic correspondence, showing how much more truly he read the course of events than the generality of politicians, of whatever section.

monarch succumbed without a struggle or a stroke; the crash with which throne after throne went down at the first menace of assault, like the walls of Jericho before the mere blast of hostile trumpets; the instantaneousness with which institutions of the oldest date crumbled away at the first touch of the popular arm,—betrayed at once to the rulers the secret of their weakness, and to the people the secret of their strength, and inculcated a pregnant lesson which will not be forgotten by either party. Paris, Berlin, Venice, Lombardy, Munich, Turin, Florence, Naples, and Rome—all revolutionized within a month, and all by independent and internal movements, without concert and without co-operation—showed how ripe for revolt every country must have been, and how ludicrously feeble must have been the power which had been feared so long. The moral influence of such events can never be got over or forgotten; the *prestige* of power is gone; some leaves fall off every time the tree is shaken; and authority once so rudely handled and so easily overthrown, can never resume its former hold upon the mind. Those who have learned how impotent before the fury of an aroused people are all the weapons and array of despotism, will never dread that despotism as they did before; and those who have felt

"The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm,"

will live in perpetual fear lest it should be again awakened. For a while the wrath of terror may excite monarchs to make a savage use of their recovered power, but this will only be for a time: they have learned the resistless force of their subjects, when once put forth, too recently, not to make them timid and cautious in again arousing it. They know now that they hold their power only on the tenure of a people's forbearance, and that that forbearance will give way if strained too far. On the other hand, the people who have once, by one great single effort of volition, brought their rulers to their feet, and seen how human, how feeble, how pusillanimous they were, will, in oppression and defeat, remember the events of 1848 as the proof of their own inherent strength, and the earnest of a future day of more signal and enduring triumph.

2. Again: when it came to actual war, in two cases at least, the people proved stronger than their masters. It became evident either that disciplined armies were not altogether to be relied upon, or that there was something in national determination which even disciplined armies could not make head against. In Hungary and in Rome the cause of freedom shewed itself mightier and more stubborn in arms than the cause of despotism. In

Hungary, notwithstanding all the difficulties arising from divided nationalities, and the crippling errors of the only just abolished feudalism, the people made head against the whole force of Austria, gained ground month by month, and were morally certain of a complete and final victory, when the aid of Russia was called in, and, in an evil hour for Europe, granted and permitted. Even then the result was doubtful, till aided by internal treachery. That is, it required the combined efforts of the two great Empires of Russia and Austria to conquer the Hungarian people. Hungary, single-handed, was more than a match for the whole Austrian Empire single-handed. If the prompt and vigorous interference of England, France, and Prussia had forbidden, as it easily might have done, the intervention of Russia, how different now would the whole aspect of Europe have been! The whole subsequent oppressions and insolences of the Viennese Court would have been prevented. With Hungary triumphant and independent, Austria could not have bullied Prussia, could not have trampled on the constitution of Hesse, could not have conquered Venice, could not have retained even though she had recovered Lombardy, could not have given France even the paltry and miserable pretext for that attack on Rome which has covered both her arms and her diplomacy with indelible infamy. The permission of the interference of Russia was the one great glaring mistake of the time, —the *terribila causa* of the subsequent reaction, and the present prostration of Continental liberty. Why it was permitted by the three great powers, is a question which we fear admits, in the case of two of them, at least, of no reputable answer. It is alleged that England's repeated interventions and favour of the constitutional cause in Spain and Portugal deprived her of any just claim to protest against a corresponding intervention by an absolute monarch in favour of absolutism in the case of an allied power. But France could be withheld by no such consideration, and her sympathy and her interest lay in the same direction, viz., in crippling the power of Austrian despotism. Prussia by herself could do little; and whatever were the sentiments of the Prussian nation, the Prussian Court was never itself desirous of the triumph of liberty in any quarter.

In Lombardy, the cause of independence was lost from causes which had no relation to its intrinsic strength. There can, we think, be little doubt that the people who, by no sudden surprise, but by five days' hard and sustained fighting, had driven the ablest warrior and the picked soldiers of Austria out of Milan and to the borders of the Alps, would, if left to themselves, have completed their victory and

made good their ground. But it is impossible to read Mazzini's and Mariotti's account of the war, without admitting that the cause never had fair play from the beginning. Charles Albert joined the Lombards from pure dread of a republic so near him being followed by a republic in his own territories; he fought therefore gallantly and well, but he fought for his personal ambition, and to prevent the Lombard republicans from fighting, and his great anxiety throughout was to gain the campaign without their aid. The republicans, on the other hand, mistrusted the king, and were little disposed to shed their blood for the aggrandizement of a dynasty which they had little reason to respect or love; and thus the real cause of Italian independence was compromised and paralyzed at the very outset by mutual and well-grounded mistrust.* Still enough remains, and enough was done, to shew what might have been done, and what may be done again, if either the monarchical party would abstain from encumbering the republicans with aid, or if a monarch would arise whom even the republicans would fight for, and could trust. Enough was done to shew how simple the condition, and how practicable the combinations, by which the battle may be won.

In Rome, too, when the people and their sovereign were pitted singly against each other, the victory was not a moment doubtful. The Pope was powerless—the people were omnipotent; and this, though they, a Catholic and superstitious people, had to fight against spiritual terrors as well as temporal arms. The Pope fled, and was not missed. His return was, indeed, formally asked for; but a republic was organised without him, and, for the first time the Romans had a glimpse of what good government might be. It was reserved for a foreign, a friendly, and a republican government again to interfere, and deprive a people of the opportunity of shewing how well they could use and how well they had deserved their freedom. France, which had just chased away her own sovereign, which had just established her own republic, which had just proclaimed the inalienable right of every nation to choose its own rulers, and work out its own emancipation—France was not ashamed to interfere to crush a sister democracy, on the most flimsy, transparent, and inadequate pretext ever urged to palliate a flagrant crime. France, noted throughout the world as the least religious nation in Christen-

* One of the most melancholy features of Mazzini's book is the rooted mistrust, and even hatred, he displays towards the moderate party, whose sincerity and capacity he seems entirely unable to admit. It is an ill-omen for the Italian cause when a man like Mazzini is unable to appreciate a man like Azeglio.

dom, was not ashamed to be made the instrument of replacing on the necks of a free people, the yoke of the most corrupt priesthood and the narrowest creed that Christendom ever saw. France, with her 40,000,000 of people, and her army of 500,000 men, was not ashamed to attack a state only just emerged from slavery, and a city garrisoned only by a few thousand untrained and inexperienced soldiers, and *was kept at bay for weeks*. The nineteenth century has recorded no blacker deed within its annals! The recording angel of the French nation, in all her stained and chequered history, has chronicled nothing worse!

Hungary and Rome, then, had cast off the yoke by their own unaided efforts; and their masters, by their own unaided efforts, were powerless to replace it. If the revolutionary years had brought to light no other fact, this alone would have been worth all their turmoil and their bloodshed. The sovereigns of these people at least reign only by the intervention of foreign mercenaries. The Pope is a French proconsul; and the Emperor of Austria is a vassal who does homage for his territories to the Czar of Russia. The people are no longer slaves to their own rulers, whom they had conquered and expelled. They are simply prisoners of war to a foreign potentate.

3. It is impossible that so many experiments should have been tried, and so many mistakes made, so many failures incurred, so many catastrophes brought about, without leaving much sad but salutary wisdom behind them. Those who were concerned as actors in the events of 1848, and those who regarded them merely as spectators, will, by subsequent reflection, be able to elicit from them much guidance for the future. It was the first time that the popular party, in Germany at least, went fairly and *practically* to school. It was their first attempt in organization and administration, and its lessons cannot have been altogether lost. It may at least be hoped that the *same* mistakes will not be made in future, that in their next voyage they will avoid shipwreck on the same rocks. It would lead us into too protracted a digression were we to attempt a specification of their errors and their faults; two only of the principal ones we can briefly indicate. In the first place, the want of definite purpose and of moderate boundary, which generally distinguishes popular movements, was early and almost universally apparent. The patriots seldom knew exactly what they wanted, and seldom still knew exactly where to stop. Up to the month of May, success and sympathy had everywhere gone with the insurgents. But about that time, it began to be painfully manifest how defective was their wisdom; how imperfect their conception of

their cause and their position; how ignoble and impure were often the motives which actuated their leaders; and how completely the sober, the moderate, and the honest, were everywhere outbid by the selfish, the ignorant, and the violent—by men whose ambition was restrained by no principle, and whose measures were guided by no reflection—the demagogue by nature, the rebel by temperament, the malcontent by misery, the *émeutier* by profession. One blunder was followed by another, still more serious and criminal; one leader was cashiered, to be replaced by another of a deeper colour and a lower stamp; checks and reverses succeeded one another, but seemed to inspire only desperation—not wisdom, nor repentance and retraction; till throughout Europe the constitutional cause seemed not so much defeated as dishonoured, betrayed, and thrown away.

In every country, the friends of movement committed precisely the same series of blunders. They had not yet learned the lesson now taught them, we trust, alike by the successes and the failures of that memorable year—that concessions wrung from sovereigns form the surest basis of a nation's freedom—that it is only by making the most of these, by consolidating and using them, not by pushing them to excess, that constitutional liberty is secured; and that to push victory so far as to drive away the sovereign, is, in nine cases out of ten, to resign themselves, bound hand and foot, to the dictation of the mob. They became excited instead of being contented with the vast concessions they had won:—

“*Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendi,*”

they grasped at more, in place of employing and securing what they had. They shewed by their attitude, their proposals, and their language, that they were neither intellectually nor morally *masters of their position*; they were not educated up to the requirements of their new station; their minds could not rise to a full comprehension of its duties, nor their consciences to a clear comprehension of its responsibilities; they alarmed where they should have soothed, disgusted where they should have conciliated, (and, alas! conciliated and temporized where they should have repressed,) dared where they should have shrunk, and, “like fools, rushed in where angels fear to tread.” They did not understand the business, nature, and limits of constitutional freedom. They committed the fatal error—in their position so difficult to avoid—of tolerating and encouraging even, rather than suppressing, popular turbulence and mob-dictation—of relaxing the arm of the law at the very moment when its strength and its

sternness required to be most plainly felt. By these errors and deficiencies they signed the death-warrant of their own ascendancy, by convincing the wise and patriotic that liberty was not safe with them; the proprietary body that property was not safe with them; the commercial classes that credit was not safe with them.

In the spring of 1848 there were at least five constituted representative assemblies, sitting in their respective countries, as democratic in their composition as could well be desired,—at Paris, Berlin, Frankfort, Vienna, and Naples. Of the last we shall say nothing because it had little real action, and we know little of the elements which composed it: but the others were elected by universal suffrage, or nearly so, and presented as motley and miscellaneous an assemblage as could be imagined. Every rank, every class, every passion, every prejudice, every desire, every degree of knowledge and of ignorance, was there faithfully mirrored. Exclusiveness was the only thing excluded. Two of the German assemblies comprised, we believe, upwards of sixty *bonâ fide* peasants each. Here surely, if ever, was the means presented of trying advantageously the great experiment of a popular yet constitutional rule. Yet in every case the experiment failed, and in every case from the same error. These popular assemblies all lost themselves and discredited their cause by the same grand mistake, of stepping beyond their appropriate and allotted province, and usurping functions that did not belong to them. Nowhere do they seem to have understood with any precision the nature of their duties, or the limits of their powers. Where they were *constituent* assemblies, they encroached on the province of permanent legislation; where they were *legislative* bodies, they endeavoured to assume the functions of the executive. Their whole history was one pertinacious effort to concentrate in their own hands all the powers of the State; and in the course of their attacks on the executive, (though we are far from saying that they were always indefensible or without valid grounds for mistrust,) they contrived, by demands which no rulers with the least comprehension of, or respect for, their own position could dream of conceding, to put themselves so completely in the wrong that public sympathy had deserted them long before their fall.

The second mistake, to which we have referred as committed by the friends of freedom in 1848, was the mixing up of two objects, wholly distinct in themselves, and of which the desirableness was by no means equally clear,—constitutional rights and national unity. Both in Italy and Germany,

instead of concentrating their efforts on the attainment of free institutions for each separate State, they complicated their cause, and distracted and weakened their party, by raising the standard of freedom and that of unity at the same time. Each object was gigantic in itself; the two together were nearly hopeless. Representative assemblies, a free press, an open administration of justice, were boons which every one could appreciate, and which every one was willing to fight for. The creation of one great state out of the various nationalities of Italy and Germany, respectively, was a dream of enthusiastic theorists, and however important or beneficial it might ultimately have proved, it was not universally desired, and it was surrounded with difficulties, which, if not insuperable, demanded at least a peaceful era and a patient incubation for their solution. Many states were by no means willing to merge their distinct individualities for the very questionable equivalent of forming inadequate or inappreciable portions of one unwieldy nationality. How could reasonable men hope that the mutual jealousies, differences, respective claims of Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, Hanover, and Wurtemberg, on the one side, or of Naples, Rome, Florence, Piedmont, and Lombardy, on the other, could be harmonized and reconciled by a constitution struck out at a heat? Moreover, it might well be doubted whether the fusion of so many states into one great and powerful empire, however desirable as an object of European policy, would contribute to the wellbeing of the constituent elements. Here what Goethe says on this point:—

“I am not uneasy about the unity of Germany; our good highroads and future railroads will do their part. But, above all, may Germany be one of love, one against the foreign foe. May it be one so that dollars and groschen may be of equal value through the whole empire; so that my travelling chest may pass unopened through all the six-and-thirty states. May it be one in passports, in weight and measure, in trade and commerce, and a hundred similar things, which might be named. But, if we imagine that the unity of Germany should consist in this, that the very great empire should have a single capital, and that this one great capital would conduce to the development of individual talent, or to the welfare of the mass of the people, we are in error.

“A state has justly been compared to a living body, with many limbs; and the capital of a state may be compared to the heart, from which life and prosperity flow to the individual members near or far. But, if the members be very distant from the heart, the life that flows to them will become weaker and weaker. Whence is Germany great, but by the admirable culture of the people, which equally pervades all parts of the kingdom? But does not this proceed from the various seats of Government? and do not

these foster and support it? Suppose we have had, for centuries past, in Germany, only the two capitals, Berlin and Vienna, or only one of these, how would it have fared with German culture? or even with that generally diffused opulence which goes hand and hand with culture? Germany has about twenty universities, distributed about the whole empire, and about a hundred public libraries, similarly spread. How does France stand with regard to such?

"And now, think of such cities as Dresden, Munich, Stuttgart, Cassel, Weimar, Hanover, and the like; think of the great elements of life comprised within these cities; think of the effect which they have upon the neighbouring provinces, —and ask yourself if all this would have been so if they had not for a long time been the residence of princes. Frankfort, Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck, are great and brilliant, their effect upon the prosperity of Germany is incalculable. But would they remain what they are if they lost their own sovereignty, and became incorporated with a great German kingdom as provincial towns?"*

The great axiom of political wisdom which we trust the friends of liberty and progress will have learned from the events of 1848 is this, that constitutional freedom must be gained by degrees, not by one desperate and sudden snatch. People must be content to conquer their political and civil rights step by step, as not only the easiest and surest, but in the end the speediest way. Their true and safe policy is to accept and make the most of all concessions which either a sense of danger or a sense of justice may dictate to their rulers; to remember that these, small though they may seem to one party, probably seem great to the other, and may have cost harder efforts of self-sacrifice than we can well appreciate,—and that, at all events, they are much as compared with the past; to use them diligently but soberly, as not abusing them; to grow familiar with them; to become masters of them; to acquire, by constant practice, dexterity in the use of them; to consolidate and secure the possession of them; and then to employ them gradually, and as opportunity shall serve, as the stepping-stone to more;—but never, save in the last extremity, to supersede or weaken the executive authority, or to call in the mob. Any attempt on the part of the people to snatch, in the hour of victory, more than they know how to wield, more than they can use well, is a retrograde and fatally false step; it is in fact playing the game of their opponents. If they employ their newly acquired rights and institutions in such a manner as to shew that they do not understand them and cannot manage them, and that, therefore, public tranquillity and social security are likely to be endangered

by the mistakes of their excitement and inexperience, the great body of sober and peaceful citizens are quick to take alarm, and carry back the material and moral weight of their sympathies to the side of the old system. Their *feeling*, when expressed in the articulate language of a principle, is simply this—and it is just and true:—all wise and educated people will prefer a free to a despotic government, *ceteris paribus*, i.e., *order and security being predicated in both cases*; but the worst theoretical government which assures these essential predicates, will be, and ought to be, preferred to the best theoretical government which endangers them. The majority of the sober and influential classes will always be found on the side of that party which best understands the *practical act of administration*, however defective or erroneous may be its fundamental principles, however medieval may be its name. If the year 1848 has taught this truth to the movement party, the cause of rational freedom will have gained incalculably by its first disasters.

4. It is not to be denied that the character of the Italians stands far higher in the eyes of Europe than it did before 1848. The various nations of the Peninsula came out of that fierce ordeal with a reputation for bravery, for sustained enthusiasm, for pure devoted patriotism, for capacity of self-government, such as they never before enjoyed. Their conduct in 1848 was of a nature to redeem all their previous failures and miserable exhibitions. It is true that the Lombards, whatever be the true explanation of their supineness, did nothing to fulfil the promise of their first brilliant exploit. It is true that the Sicilians, by a strange fatality of mismanagement, lost all the liberty for which they had fought so ably and so gallantly, and which they had so nearly won. Still the expulsion of Radetsky, and the entire defeat of Ferdinand, shewed capacities for which neither Milan nor Palermo could have previously gained credit. Both the Piedmontese regulars and the Roman and Tuscan volunteers distinguished themselves by a steady and determined courage, on numerous occasions, which the soldiers of no country could surpass. But it was at Rome and Venice that the Italian nation won her spurs, and made good her claim to join the communion of the noble and the free states of the earth. In the former city, when the Pope had fled, the Republicans organized a government which for five months preserved order throughout the land, such as Romagna had not known for generations, with no blood-shed, and scarcely any imprisonment or exile; indeed, with a marvellous scantiness of punishment of any kind. While, during nearly the whole of this period, Rome, with 14,000 improvised troops, made

* Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann, vol. ii. p. 104.

good her defence against 30,000 French, supplied with the best artillery, and commanded by experienced generals, and Garibaldi drove the invading army of Naples before him like frightened sheep. With such means and against such antagonists it was impossible to have done more; in the face of such hopeless odds few people and few cities would have done as much. For a space of time yet longer, Venice, under the elected dictatorship of one man, put forward energies and displayed virtues which were little expected from the most pleasure-loving and sybaritic city of the world. The wealthy brought their stores, the dissolute shook off their luxury, the effeminate braced themselves to hardship and exertion, and without assistance or allies these heroic citizens kept at bay for many months the whole force of the Austrian Empire, and at last obtained liberal and honorable terms. After two such examples as these, the Italians can never again be despised as incapable and cowardly, or pronounced unfit for the freedom they had seized so gallantly and wielded so well. The comparison of 1848 with 1821 indicates a whole century of progress; and makes us confident, in spite of the cloudy and impenetrable present, that the day of the final emancipation of Italy must be near at hand.

Then Italy and Hungary—how unlike France and Germany—have shewn themselves rich in men not unequal to or unworthy of the crisis. While in the two latter countries, convulsions so deep and startling, exigencies so suggestive and imperative, as seemed especially fitted to call forth whatever genius and greatness might be lying dormant in obscure inaction, waiting for its hour, have brought to light no single man of eminence and commanding character,—while, in those times of trial which test of what metal men are made, many reputations have been ruined, and none have been created,—in the east and in the south men have sprung up as they were wanted, and such as were wanted. Hungary has produced Kossuth, a writer and a statesman, fitted for any station, “equal to either fortune,” revered, loved, and almost worshipped by his countrymen, in despite of that failure generally so fatal to all popular idols. In Italy—not to speak of Balbo, Capponi, and other less known names—three men of tried capacities and characters have appeared, and made good their claim to be the leaders and organizers of Italian independence, Azeglio, Mazzini, and Manin. As patriotic writer, as gallant soldier, as prime minister of a constitutional kingdom, the first of these has shewn his devotion to Italy and his ability to serve her; and, both as virtual ruler of Piedmont, and head of the moderate party, is probably now the most essential man in the Peninsula. Mazzini, who previously had

been regarded as merely an impracticable, fanatical enthusiast, displayed, as chief of the Roman Triumvirate, capacity both for administration and for war, which marks him as the future statesman of Rome, when Rome shall again be in her own hands: while Manin, who, as far as we are aware, was wholly unknown to fame, appeared at the critical moment when the fate of Venice hung in the balance, gifted with the precise qualities demanded by the emergency. When Italy shall be free, we need not fear any lack of men competent to guide her destinies.

5. All these, however, may by some be undervalued or denied as imaginary gains. But one great material fact stands out, an unquestionable reality. The revolutionary and the reactionary deluge have alike swept by, and the Sardinian constitution is left standing. The free institutions established by Charles Albert on the 4th of March, 1848, have survived his death, the utter defeat of the Piedmontese army, and the attempts of internal foes, and are still in active and successful operation under the successor of the monarch who granted them, and under the ministry of the nobleman whose labours were mainly instrumental in procuring them. A short sketch of the chief provisions of the constitution will shew its real value, and the immense importance not only to Piedmont, but to all Italy, of its permanence and successful working.

“The State of Sardinia is a Representative monarchy: the throne is hereditary, and the person of the king inviolable. In him is concentrated the whole executive power of the State. He makes peace and declares war; appoints to all offices, and concludes all treaties—with this proviso that any treaties involving taxation or a variation of territory are invalid without the consent of the Chambers.

“The Legislative power resides in the king and the two Chambers collectively. The Chambers must be convoked every year, but the king has the power of dissolving the Chamber of Deputies. The initiation of laws is common to all three branches of the Legislature. The civil list of the king shall be fixed by the Chambers on his accession to the throne, when he shall take a solemn oath of allegiance to the constitution.

“The Chamber of Deputies is chosen by electors of all classes, who pay a very small amount of direct taxes, all heads of trading or industrial establishments, and parties engaged in arts and professions, (employment in which is assumed to indicate *capacity* and education.) The Deputies are required to be thirty years of age; they are inviolable during Session except for flagrant crime; they are *representatives*, not *delegates* bound by authoritative instructions; they are chosen for five years; and have the right of impeachment over the Ministers.

“The Senate is composed of Members nominated by the King for life, out of a variety of classes; e.g., the Archbishops and Bishops, Pre-

sident and experienced Members of the Chamber of Deputies, the Ambassadors and Ministers of State, the Chief Magistrates and Judges, Generals and Admirals, Members of the Academy of Sciences, and generally all who have rendered eminent services, or done honour to their country. The Senate is, like our House of Lords, the Supreme Court of Judicature of the Realm.

"All citizens, of every class, are equal before the law, and all contribute to the State in proportion to their means. No man can be arrested without legal warrant. The press is free; the right of public meeting is guaranteed; and no taxes can be imposed without the consent of the Chambers.

"The Judges are irremovable after they have served three years. All judicial proceedings are to be conducted in strict conformity to the written law."

This constitution, which secures civil rights and equal freedom to every citizen—and is, in fact, our own, minus an hereditary House of Peers—has now been in active operation for more than three years, to the general satisfaction of all parties. The Marquis Massimo d'Azeglio, who is at the head of the Ministry, is an able, popular, and well-tried man, who appears thoroughly to comprehend the working of free institutions, and can generally command in the Chambers a majority of two to one. As long as he lives and remains at the helm we have little fear of any mismanagement or serious imbroglio; and it is to be hoped that a few years' practice may train up many statesmen fitted to succeed him when he shall retire or die. It is scarcely possible, we think, to estimate too highly the ultimate gain to the cause of liberty and good government throughout Italy, by this establishment of a constitutional limited monarchy in one corner of the Peninsula. It will be impossible for either Austria or the smaller states to govern so despotically as they have done, with such a reproach and such an example at their side. It will be impossible, also, for the radical party any longer to declare that no substantial liberty can be enjoyed by Italy except under a Republic. On the one side it will shame tyrants: on the other, it will instruct freemen. In time of peace it will train up patriotic Statesmen for future emergencies; in time of disturbance it will be a banner to rally round. It will give Italians a definite example to follow—a definite object to demand. It will shew that even in Italy liberty is not incompatible with order and progress, and will, we trust, pave the way to a national prosperity, that may excite at once the admiration and the emulation of surrounding States. Piedmont, though defeated at Novara, may yet on another field, with nobler weapons, and in a higher sense, be the regenerator and emancipator of Italy.

In the other States of Italy, though not a trace remains of their transient liberal institutions, though the press is silenced, and every book of interest or value is prohibited, though the most stupid and cruel oppressions are daily accumulating wrath against the day of wrath, though the Pope has returned to his vomit, and the Neapolitan sow to its wallowing in the mire,—yet no man who is acquainted with the internal feelings of the country has lost heart. The passion for liberty, independence, and nationality, has enormously gained ground; the municipal jealousies which divided the several sections and cities of the Peninsula have been materially weakened; the Papal tyranny is becoming daily more odious;—the Mazzini party, as it is called, is admitted even by its opponents to be rapidly spreading;—and if the impatient man who is at its head can have forbearance to bide his time, and wait his opportunity, it may well prove that the day of deliverance is far nearer than is thought. When that day comes, it is more than probable that the conduct of the people, and the result to princes, will be very different from those last displayed.

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- ART. IV.—1. *A Manual of Botany, being an Introduction to the Study of the Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants.* By JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR, M.D., F.L.S., F.R.S.E., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. 1849.
2. *The Plant: a Biography.* By M. T. SCHLEIDEN, M.D., Professor of Botany in the University of Jena. Translated by ARTHUR HENFREY. 1848.
3. *Principles of Scientific Botany; or Botany as an Inductive Science.* By Dr. J. M. SCHLEIDEN. Translated by EDWIN LANKESTER. 1849.
4. *On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.* By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S. 1848.
5. *On the Nature of Limbs.* A Discourse by RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S. 1849.
6. *The Typology of Scripture. Investigation of Principles and Patriarchal Periods.* By Rev. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, Salton. 1847.
7. *The Typology of Scripture. Mosaic Dispensation.* By Rev. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, Salton. 1847.

Two great principles as it appears to us, run through every part of the works of God. The one is the principle of Order, or a General Plan, to which every given object is conformed

with amazing skill. The other is the principle of Special Adaptation, by which each object, while formed after a general plan, is at the same time and by an equally wonderful skill, accommodated to the situation which it is meant to occupy, and the purpose which it is intended to serve.

These two principles are characteristic of intelligence. They may be discovered, though necessarily to a limited extent, in human workmanship. When circumstances admit, man constructs his works upon a general plan. We see it in the corn-yard of the farmer, who builds up his grain in forms which are after a particular mould. We detect it in the shop or wareroom of the merchant, where the articles are disposed in drawers of a like shape, or bound up in parcels of equal weight. Human intelligence delights to employ itself in forming such models. They seem to have a beauty to the eye, or rather to the mind, which contemplates them. Human convenience requires them. It is only when his possessions are so arranged that man can be said to have command of them. Were his property not so disposed, were his grain gathered into heaps of all sizes and shapes, were his merchandize scattered in every corner of the apartment, the possessor would become bewildered in proportion to the profusion and variety of his wealth.

While we see so obviously in the works of man the general model, we may also discover the principle of special adaptation. The farmer's stacks are all formed after a general mould, but we may observe a departure from it on either side to suit the quantity or quality of the grain. The merchant's shop seems to be regulated by forms and weights, but there is a special form and a model weight for every separate article.

We insist on having these two principles of uniformity and variety in all the higher works of man. We have them in a well-furnished house, where we see the one side of the chair and table of the same shape and size as the other side, but where there is also a variety in one kind of chair or table being after a different model of beauty from another. We see both illustrated in those pieces of furniture, in which there is something on the one side not of the same shape as something on the other side, but the counterpart of it, and intended to balance it. It is in the way of exhibiting these great principles, that we find in all the higher forms of architecture, a general correspondence in the whole, with a graceful diversity of particular parts. It is possibly because we insist on having these two principles in all the higher kinds of art, as we certainly find them in all the nobler departments of nature, that we have a central figure

with other figures grouping around it, in all our finest historical paintings. The mind naturally constructs its workmanship in accommodation to these rules, and finds as it does so that it is ministering at once to the convenience and the delight of all intelligent beings.

Now, if this world proceeds from intelligence, if it is addressed to intelligence, we may expect to find in it the same two grand principles. We do find, we think, abundant illustrations both of the one and of the other.

The Principle of Order assumes a great diversity of forms. It may be an order, for instance, in respect of number, as when we find the threefold and fivefold symmetry prevailing to such an extent in the vegetable kingdom, and find all the laws of nature capable of a quantitative expression. It may exhibit itself in a beautiful conformity of colours, such as we find in the plumage of so many birds, and the spots and stripes on the skins of so many wild beasts, a conformity which does not, as Mr. Ruskin tells us, follow the physiological or anatomical structure of the animal, but follows a beautiful order of its own. Or it may be a uniformity in respect of form, and it is this that we are now specially to investigate. It cannot surely be either an unpleasant or unprofitable inquiry which carries us into the very midst of that order and harmony which are so characteristic of works, which proceed, we must believe, from Infinite Intelligence.

But coincident with this principle, there is another, that of Special Adaptation, also running through the works of God. While there is a general form of limb, for instance, found in all mammals, there is a particular form to suit every given species, and the particular form is admirably suited to the circumstances in which the animal is placed, to the food provided for it, and the purposes which it is meant to serve. It must be no less interesting surely to discover the exceptions as well as the rule, to perceive how the exceptions fall under a different rule, and to find that the diversity is as beneficent as the uniformity.

After tracing this mingled uniformity and diversity throughout the more important kingdoms of nature, the vegetable and the animal, we may further inquire whether we do not meet with something similar in the dispensations of grace also, as revealed in the word of God, especially in the typical symbols, persons, and events described in the Old Testament. We say something similar—for it will at once be seen, that if our views are correct, there will with the uniformity be also a diversity. The typical system of the animal kingdom is of a different order from the typical system of the vegetable kingdom; and when we rise from matter to mind, from nature to revelation, we

may expect to find the typical system, if there be a typical system, of a higher kind than that which pervades the organic world. But we can show that each furnishes like evidences of lofty intelligence, and that all are equally suited to the same or similar principles in the constitution of man's mind. With such diversities as we might anticipate, and these diversities meant to serve a special purpose, we find a *system of types* running through the works of God, and this system adapted with wonderful skill to the objects to which it is applied.

To begin with the inorganic world. According to the creed which has been commonly adopted in modern times, matter is composed of atoms, and these atoms have regular forms. According to Sir Isaac Newton they are spherical, according to Dalton each has a specific magnitude. If these views be correct, we discover forms playing an important part in the original structure and composition of the material universe. On breaking up the rocks of the earth, we find in most of them a regular or crystalline form in the component parts from which it has been argued that they are crystalline throughout. It is distinctly ascertained that minerals crystallize in the most regular manner, and that each mineral has its own crystalline form. Hally, Mohs, and others, have reduced these crystals to certain primitive forms, and minerals have been classified according to the forms which they assume in crystallization. But it is evident that the rocks as ordinarily presented to the eye, do not take any such regular form. On the contrary, nothing can be more disorderly than the common appearance of the rocks and earths, as they are found on the surface of our globe. At first sight we might be apt to complain of this, but on reconsideration we may easily be convinced, that if the surface of the ground had been covered with crystals, even though these had been crystals of gold or diamond, it would have been as inconvenient for man as the power given to Midas of turning all things which he touched into gold, and would not even have gratified his sense of beauty. The system of nature is a system of regularity amidst regular irregularity. The graceful forms of the organic world rise most beautifully from amidst the prevailing irregularity of the soil and rocks on the surface of the ground.

Still the inorganic world is not without its morphological regularities. Each satellite is of the same form as its planet, and the planets are of the same shape as their sun. All the heavenly bodies seem to move in similarly shaped, that is, elliptic orbits. No doubt there are irregularities, as in the ring of Saturn; but occasional irregularities under the same grand law are as much the rule of God's kingdom as fixed and squared regularities. But it is in

the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms that we find *morphology* coming forth most prominently.

As all matter, organic and inorganic, is supposed to be formed of regularly shaped atoms, so organic matter, vegetable and animal, is now believed to originate in cells. The cellular structure of plants was discovered as early as the seventeenth century, by Robert Hooke, who used an instrument brought from the Continent, and was farther developed soon after by Malpighi, a professor at Bologna. It is now acknowledged that cells are the primary elements of all vegetable life, and by means of improved microscopes, physiological botany is trying, though as yet with but partial success, to penetrate the mystery of life, and to discover the way in which cells are formed. These cells are little vesicles, composed of a membrane usually transparent and colourless as water. According to Schleiden, the cell membrane, in its young state, is perfectly closed, but permeable to all fluids. It contains a fluid thicker than water, and this fluid having commonly an affinity for water, there is a constant passing in of water, and a passing out of the concentrated fluid from the cell. These cells vary in size, but may average $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of an inch in diameter. It is calculated that in some fungi they are generated at a rate of sixty-six millions in a minute. When allowed to develop themselves freely, they take a globular form. When supplied with nutrition unequally, they take more flattened or elliptical shapes. When a number of cells press on one another they become many-sided. When perfectly formed cells of the same size are allowed to press against each other, they will be seen as beautiful rhombo-dodecahedrons under the microscope. The individual cells are grouped together in a variety of ways into great masses called tissues, which are of various kinds, and go by various names. The simplest is the parenchyma, formed by an agglomeration of cells. Then there are the vessels, formed by a row of lengthened cells, whose cavities through resorption have been brought into continuous communication; and there are the vascular bundles composed of a mass of lengthened cells formed partly into vessels and penetrating the parenchyma. "The cell," says Professor Balfour, in his admirable elementary work on Botany, "is the basis of all vegetable structure. It is of equal importance as regards function. In the lowest plants cells constitute the whole substance, they absorb and assimilate, thus performing the functions of nutrition and secretion, and they form new cells, thus reproducing individuals like themselves. When a more complete structure exists, as in the higher tribes of plants, certain cells are appropriated for absorption, others are concerned in assimilation."

lation, and others in forming and receiving secretions. When a certain degree of solidity appears to be required to support the stem, leaves, and flowers, ligneous substance is deposited, and woody fibre is formed. When the transmission of fluids and air is carried on rapidly, the elastic fibres of the fibrovascular tissue seem to keep the elongated cells and vessels pervious; and when the elaborated sap is conveyed continuously, without interruption, anastomosing tubes occur in the form of laticiferous vessels." It is out of these cells, chemically and mechanically compound, but vitally simple, each possessing a perfectly independent life, the law of which has not been ascertained, that all the plants of the earth with their infinitely diversified shapes and functions are formed. These cells are the living stones of which this great temple of nature is built. The life of the plant is the result of the life of its individual cells. It is not unworthy of being noticed, though at present little can be founded upon it, that certain numbers occur in the formation of young cells, in by far the majority of cases, two, four, and eight young cells being formed within the parent cell.

The natural shape of the cell is the globular, a form unseen by the naked eye. The first regular form which falls under the notice of the unassisted vision is the spiral, a figure which combines in itself our two principles of unity and variety. The microscope first of all shews us this form, appearing in the inner surface of the cell. When the cell has reached a certain degree of development, the cellulose is deposited upon it as a concrete layer which takes the figure of a spiral band. But the spiral figure also appears in parts of the plant which strike the naked eye. The arrangement of leaves and of other appendicular parts round the stem or axis of a plant is very frequently spiral. Leaves seem to be arranged in a more or less spiral manner. Thus, in the case of the apple, the pear, the willow, the oak, and many other trees, if a line be drawn round the tree, from the base of one leaf to the base of another, it will be found that a perfectly spiral line has been described. Lindley thinks it probable that the normal position of all leaves upon the stem is alternate, and consequently that a line joining these bases will be an elongated spiral. The scales of the pine and fir cone are arranged in spires, and between these spires there are certain arithmetical or mathematical relations of a most singular description, which have given rise to curious speculations. It has been laid down by some botanists as a general fact, that beginning with the cotyledons or seed-lobes, the whole of the appendages of the axis of plants, leaves, calyx, corolla, stamens, and carpels, form in their normal state an uninter-

rupted spire governed by laws which are nearly constant. The spiral tendency is likewise seen in climbing plants and the tendrils of plants, as also in the twining stem of some plants, which look as if they were twisted round their own axis.

With the exception of the spherical forms of individual cells, which are unseen by the naked eye, no regular mathematical figures are to be found in the shape of plants or the parts of plants. All this is in striking accordance with the native principles of beauty implanted in the human mind. Had our trees been triangular, our shrubs quadrilateral, and our grasses spherical, we feel that we should have been constrained to do what Pascal did, to shut up our casement, that we might not see the landscape; but from motives very different from those of Pascal, for while he durst not look on Nature's scenes because they were so beautiful, we would not be able in these circumstances to look upon them because they were so ugly. When the commonwealth of taste is properly constituted, one of its first laws will be passed against the clipping of boxwood and holly, and the common pruning of trees, which has no respect to their natural form. We can excuse the old Scotch earl who planted his trees in groups to represent the troops which gained a victory under him, because while he thereby spoiled the beauties of nature, he gave us some insight into the military art; but those who form spherical yews and conical laurels, should themselves be subjected to a similar pruning process, because of the offence which they commit against nature without, and nature within us. Meanwhile, let us be grateful that no such enormities are committed in the works of God. There is attention at once extensive and minute paid to form in the vegetable kingdom, but this form intentionally admits of variety along with the unity. The unity is sustained by the symmetry, or the two equal or balancing sides, which appear in the plant as a whole, and in all its foliar appendages; and the variety is exhibited in the infinitely diversified waving lines of their outline as seen between us and the sky in the back-ground. It is a circumstance worthy of being noticed, that while the even numbers, 2, 4, 8, prevail in the formation of cells which are unseen without artificial aid, the uneven numbers, or a centre with two sides, appear in the ramification of branches, the venation of leaves, and the whorls of flowers. Naturalists divide the vegetable kingdom into monocotyledonous, which are also endogenous, and dicotyledonous, which are exogenous plants; and it is found that three is the typical number in the former, and five, the typical number, in the latter class.

But it is in the external forms of plants that we see this doctrine of types most strikingly exhibited. The department of botany which treats of these forms is called Morphology. Lindley represents it as the basis of all scientific knowledge of vegetable structure; Schleiden speaks of it as the most important section of botany; and Professor Balfour says, it is now the basis of organography, and he has kept it in view throughout his whole treatment of the organs of plants. This department of botany was unknown before the time of Linnaeus, and even he had but a limited notion of its importance. It was first presented in its true light by the great German poet Goethe, who, though not learned in the artificial systems at that time taught in the schools, had a fine eye for the objective world. As Goethe had no name among the initiated, his views were long neglected by the scientific world. It was about thirty years after they were published that they were brought into notice by De Candolle and others. Under some modifications they have now commanded the assent of the most sagacious and practical of British naturalists, men slow to admit German theories in any case, and who never do admit them till they have accommodated them to their own common-sense type.

The fundamental law of morphology is, that certain plants are constructed upon the same general plan. The perfect plant may be regarded as composed of two essentially distinct parts, the STEM and the LEAF. Looking first at the STEM, we find the whole skeleton of the plant composed of a number of stems developed the one from the other, in lineal succession. The stem going downwards becomes the root, and proceeding upwards becomes the trunk. From the main stem, both in its upward and downward course, there proceed lateral stems or branches, and these lateral stems may again send out other stems or branchlets. It is to be observed, that these stems are all as it were repetitions of each other. The main stem, all the lateral branches, and the branchlets proceeding from these, are of the same structure, and tend to assume the same form. "If a thousand branches from the same tree are compared together," says Lindley, "they will be found to be formed upon the same uniform plan, and to accord in every essential particular. Each branch is also, under favourable circumstances, capable of itself becoming a separate individual, as is found by cuttings, buddings, graftings, and other horticultural processes. This being the case, it follows, that what is proved of one branch is true of all the other branches." Thus the smallest branchlet becomes a type of the branch on which it grows, and the branch a type of the trunk from which it springs. Knight and Du Petit

Thouars delighted to represent every plant as composed of an assemblage of individuals, each, as it were, with a separate life, and capable in certain circumstances of living independently, and it has been customary to designate the individual part or plantlet by the word phyton. It should be remarked at the same time, that though the plant is composed of a number of individuals, yet that these are so arranged as that the whole is one individual.

The other essential part of the plant is the LEAF. First we have the leaves properly so called, which commonly have a simpler form low down on the stem, assume their fully developed figure farther up, and return to greater simplicity at the extremity. Then we have leaves metamorphosed into a number of other organs; indeed, it is now acknowledged that all the other parts of the plant, except the stem, can be reduced to this type. "Linnaeus," says Schleiden, "had a presentiment of something of the kind, and in his *Prolepsis Plantarum* carried it out in such a way that, starting from the consideration of a perennial plant, with regular periodicity of vegetation, as in our forest trees, he explained the collective floral parts, from the bracts onward, as the collective foliar product of a five-year old shoot, which by anticipation and modification was developed in one year. This view is, in the first instance, taken from the most limited point possible, from the examination of a plant of our climate; and, secondly, imagined and carried out with great want of clearness." The first correct statement of the doctrine was made by C. Fr. Wolf, (*Theoria Generationis*, 1764,) but his treatise lay neglected till the truth had become established through the influence of others. Goethe wrote his *Versuch die Metamorphose der Pflanzen zu erklären*, in 1790, a work which has laid the foundation of morphology as a department of botany, and of scientific botany as built upon it. The botanists paid little attention to his ideas, till long after when they were mentioned by Jussieu, and brought into general notice by the *Organographie* of De Candolle, published in 1827. The doctrine of the metamorphosis of plants is now acknowledged by all the great doctors, and has been sanctioned by the great councils of science.

Looking to the flower or inflorescence of a plant, we have first of all the outer cup or calyx, composed evidently of leaves called sepals, which are commonly of a green colour. Within this we have the corolla, or flower in the narrow sense of the term, composed of leaves called petals, alternating with the leaves of the calyx. Within this whorl we have the stamens, which are metamorphosed petals, and which do, in certain circumstances, become petals. In the centre of the inflorescence is

the pistil with the seed vessels. Linnaeus had no idea that this could be a foliar organ. We owe the proper conception of the seed vessels to Goethe, who thus writes, "Keeping in view the observations that have now been made, there will be no difficulty in discovering the leaf in the seed vessel notwithstanding the variable structure of that part, and its peculiar combinations. Thus the pod is a leaf which is folded up and grown together at its edges, and the capsule consists of several leaves grown together, and the compound fruit is composed of several leaves united together round a common centre, so as to form a communication between them and their edges adhering together." Thus we have the organs of the inflorescence, calyx, corolla, stamens, and pistils reduced to foliar organs. Not that we are to regard them as leaves properly speaking, or even as metamorphosed leaves, for they never have been leaves, but they are formed after the same plan as leaves, but modified to suit the special purpose which they have to serve.

According to this idea a plant is composed of two essentially distinct parts, the stem and leaf. The leaf is formed upon the ascending stem, and besides its common form it assumes, while obeying the same fundamental laws, certain other forms, as bracts, sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils. Schleiden in his "Plant, a Biography," gives us a picture of a typical plant constructed on this principle. This makes a plant a dual, or composed of two essentially different parts.

But we have at times thought it possible to reduce a plant by a more enlarged conception of its nature to a unity. According to our idea, it consists essentially of a stem, sending out other stems similar to itself at certain angles, and in such a regular manner that the whole is made to take a predetermined form. The ascending axis, for instance, sends out at particular normal angles for each tree branches similar in structure to itself. These lateral branches again send out branchlets of a like nature with themselves, and at much the same angles. The whole tree with its branches thus comes to be of the same general form as every individual branch with its branchlets, and every branch with its branchlets comes to be a type of the whole plant in its skeleton and outline.

Taking this idea of a plant along with us, let us now inquire whether there may not be a morphological analogy between the stems and the ribs or veins of the leaf. The veins of the leaf are vascular bundles proceeding from the fibrous matter of the stem, and may very possibly tend to follow the same laws. We are quite aware that in respect of physiological development there is a difference be-

tween the two, but this shall just render the morphological resemblance if it exists the more striking. We begin with the examination of those plants which have a fully veined or reticulated leaf. In maintaining that there is a morphological analogy between the ramification of the stems and the venation of the leaves, we always assume, *that both stem and leaf are fully and fairly developed.*

In prosecuting this inquiry let us first inspect in a general way the leaf of a tree, with its central vein or veins, and its side veins. Even on the most careless inspection the central vein will be found to bear a striking analogy to the central stem or axis of the tree, and its side veins to the branches. Having viewed the leaf in the first instance, let us then look at the tree when stripped of its leaves in winter, and we may observe how like it is in its disc and in its skeleton to the disc and skeleton of the leaf. We shall be particularly struck with this if we view it in the dim twilight, or the "pale moonlight" between us and a clear sky. In both leaf and tree we see a central stem or stems, with lateral stems going off in a ramified manner at certain angles, and we may observe that the tree in its outline tends to assume the form of a leaf.

The general impression produced by a first glance will be confirmed on farther inspection. The analogy between the skeleton of the leaf and the skeleton of the whole tree may be seen in a number of special points, as well as in the general fact that the stems and the veins are both ramified. (1.) Some trees, such as the beech, the elm, the oak, and the greater number of our ornamental lawn bushes, as the holly, the Portugal and bay laurels, the privet, the box, will be found to send out side branches along their stem from the very root, or near the root, and the leaves of these trees will be found to have little or no petiole or leaf-stalk. Other trees, again, such as the common sycamore (the Scotch plane), the birch, the chestnut, the lime, the pear, the cherry, the apple, have a pretty long unbranched trunk, and the leaves of all these trees have a pretty long leaf-stalk. (2.) Most of our low, bushy, branching herbaceous plants, such as tussilago, rhubarb, mallow, marsh marigold, lady's mantle, send out simultaneously a number of stems or stalks from the root or near the root; and it will be found in exact correspondence with this, that there run off from the base of the leaf a considerable quantity of main veins or ribs, which make the leaf assume more or less of a circular form. In this respect these plants are different from our forest trees, which send up commonly one main axis with lateral branches, and have in their leaves one leading vein with

side veins. (3.) Some trees, such as the beech, the birch, the elm, the oak, send up one large main stem, from which, throughout its length, there proceed comparatively small branches pretty equally along the axis, and it will be found in such cases that the leaf has a central vein with pretty equally disposed veins on either side. Other trees, again, tend rather to send off at particular heights a number of comparatively thick branches at once. This is the case, for instance, with the common sycamore, the chestnut, and laburnum. The trunk of the plane tree, about eight or ten feet above the surface of the ground, commonly divides itself into four or five large branches, and in precise analogy, we find the leaf, at the top of a pretty long leaf-stalk, sending off five large veins. The chestnut often sends off at the top of its unbranched trunk a still greater number of branches, and we find in correspondence with this that its leaf is commonly divided into seven leaflets. The laburnum (and also the broom and clover) go off in triplets both in respect of veins and branches. In such cases it will commonly be found that the leaf is compound, and *we are to regard all such compound leaves as the proper representatives of the whole tree.* (4.) The leaves of some plants, such as the rhododendron, the azalea, and the lupin, have a tendency to assume a whorled arrangement, and the branches of these plants also tend to become verticillate. (5.) The stems of some trees, such as the thorn and laburnum, are not straight, and the branches have a twisted form, and it will be found in such cases that the venation is not straight, and that the leafage is not in one plane. (6.) In some trees, such as the beech, the branches go off in nearly straight lines, and the leaves are found to have a straight venation. In other trees, again, such as the chestnut, the branches have a graceful curve, and the veins of the leaves are curved much in the same manner. (7.) In most plants the angle at which the side stems go off will be found to widen as we ascend to the middle of the tree, and thence to decrease as we ascend to the apex; and the venation of the leaves will be found to obey a similar law. This structure helps to give to both tree and leaf the graceful curve by which their outline is distinguished. In other trees, such as the birch and poplar, the angle both of ramification and venation is widest at the base, and will be found to decrease as we ascend, giving both to the coma of the tree and the leaf a kind of triangular form. (8.) Generally, after having made a number of measurements, we think we have discovered a general correspondence between the angle of the ramification of the tree and the angle of venation of the leaf. This investigation, however, requires to be conducted

with a considerable amount of caution. For while it is not difficult to discover the angles of the veins of leaves, it is far from being easy to find the normal ramification of a tree, for the angle at which the branch goes off is modified by a vast number and variety of circumstances, natural and artificial. All that we argue for is a *tendency* in the ramification and venation to obey the same laws.*

We are strongly inclined, then, to the opinion that in plants with leaves that strike the eye, the leaf and plant are typically analogous. The leaf is a typical plant or branch, and the tree or branch a typical leaf. We are quite aware of the differences which exist between these two distinct members of the plant. In particular, we find in the case of the full tree that branches go off all round the axis, whereas in the leaf the fibrous veins all lie in one plane. But then we have something to connect these two in the branch, the branchlets of which commonly lie in one plane. The principal difference between the tree and leaf may possibly be found to lie in this, that the cellular tissue or parenchyma, which in the tree and its branches is collected into the pith and bark, (which are connected by the medullary rays,) is in the leaf so spread out as to fill up the interstices, in the fibrous matter which forms the veins.

The general order, as thus stated, can apply only to plants which have pith and bark, and which have fully formed veined leaves intended to strike the eye. In the plants with linear unbranched leaves, such as firs and pines, the order is modified to suit the different physiological structure and different form of the plant. Here the leaf does not correspond to the branch or tree, but merely to the stem. But here, too, we discover the same grand typical principle in every internode being of the same form as every other, in every branch taking the form of the whole tree, in the growing or topmost internode with its leafage being of the same outline as the whole tree or branch on which it grows, and in the very cones being in many instances types of the whole tree and of every branch.

We are not prepared to say how this principle is carried out in the monocotyledonous plants. Some of these, such as our common grasses and lilies, have no branches, and the leaves of these plants have their veins parallel, or nearly parallel, to each other. In order to discover the law of order in the case of the palms, they would require to be examined in their native climes. Some plants of this class,

* We use this language because it will require farther investigation to determine the extent or limits of the general view now advanced. We shall be satisfied if this article leads men of science to pursue this investigation, even though this should occasion the partial modification of some of our special statements.

such as the dictyogens of Lindley, to which belong yams, have branches like our ordinary forest trees, and it is a curious circumstance that the leaves of these plants have a reticulated structure.

So far as fungi, lichens, algæ, and the whole acotyledonous plants are concerned, it is evident that they present a repetition both of homotypal parts and of homotypal arrangement of parts or forms, and thus illustrate our general doctrine, that throughout the vegetable kingdom the parts are similar to one another, and in nice accordance with the whole.

Generally, we are inclined to regard the fibrous veins of the leaf as bearing a morphological analogy to the stems of the tree. The root, the stemmage, and the leaf are, in our view, the three distinct members of the fully developed plant,—these three parts, however, being morphologically allied, so that, to adopt the phraseology of Professor Owen as applied to another subject, (which we are now to examine,) they may be called homotypes. The plant thus becomes a unity with unnumbered diversity of parts.

We turn to the science of Comparative Anatomy, which furnishes illustrations of the same great principles. There was in the last age a famous controversy, which may be summarily represented as a dispute as to which of these two great principles we should discover in the animal structure. This controversy should now be regarded as settled in the discovery of both principles. The most illustrious comparative anatomist of the last, or indeed of any age, proceeded in all his investigations on the principle that every particular member of the animal body had a special use or final cause. Attached to this principle, and having found how prolific it was, in his hands, of brilliant discoveries, Cuvier was not very willing to admit a general correspondence of parts which could have no reference to the well-being or special functions of the animal. On the other hand, his great co-operator and rival, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, was accustomed to speak in a scoffing manner of the doctrine of final causes, and delighted to trace a unity of plan running through the bones of the skeleton. The doctrine of final causes, as illustrated by the former, was made to furnish numerous and, we believe, incontrovertible proofs of the existence of a Supreme Intelligence; while the doctrine of a general plan, irrespective of the animal wants, was turned, as we think, most illogically, against the cause of natural religion. This controversy became still more embittered when Lorenz Oken, attached to the pantheistic school of Schelling, developed his doctrine of the brain being a vertebrate column. Some we suspect supported the doctrine of a physi-

cal uniformity of parts because it seemed to deliver them from the necessity of calling in final causes, while not a few regarded it with suspicion because it seemed to be atheistic or pantheistic in its tendency. There was a still greater repugnance felt to the doctrine of Oken on the part of many British anatomists, because of the transcendental method which he employed in developing it, and the mysticism in which it was embedded. We owe to the greatest of living comparative anatomists, the clear and correct statement of the great truth of a unity of plan running through the whole vertebrate skeleton; and his statement of the doctrine has been followed by its almost universal adoption. Professor Owen's views were first partially given to the public in the Geological Transactions for 1838, and were afterwards more fully developed, and communicated to the Royal College of Surgeons in the Hunterian Lectures for 1844 and subsequent years, and to the British Association at its meeting at Southampton in 1846. The public have now the matured and complete results in the great work on the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton, published in 1848, and in a Lecture on Limbs, published in 1849,—works which will constitute an era in the progress not only of comparative anatomy, but of the theistic argument as founded on the structure of the animal frame. The old controversy should now cease in the adoption of both doctrines, that of a general homology and that of a special adaptation of parts; and the former properly interpreted will be found, we are convinced, to yield as rich a contribution to the cause of natural theology as the latter.

By a "Homologue," Owen means the same organ in different animals under every variety of form and function. Thus, the pectoral fins of the fish, the wings of the bird, the fore-feet of the mammal, and the arms and hands of man, are said to be homologous parts, because they are really the same organs under different modifications. Such homologies as these have long been noticed even by the unscientific observer. But anatomists have now demonstrated, that in comparing one species of animal with another there are similar homologies in every part of the skeleton. Professor Owen furnishes us with a plate forming a perfect study in itself, in which we have a series of about seventy homologous parts traced through all the vertebrate series of animals from fishes up to man. In this plate we have, first, an imaginary figure, an archetypal skeleton; secondly, the skeleton of a fish; thirdly, of a reptile; fourthly, of a bird; fifthly, of a mammal; and, sixthly, of man. In contemplating this plate we are invited to observe how an immense number of bones marked each by its number in the skeleton, and designated by its common scientific name in the margin, are to be found

in the fish, the reptile, the bird, the mammal, and man, thus proving that they are formed after a common model. But while the same parts or organs are found in each of these classes of vertebrate animals, they are made to assume very different positions and sizes, in order to suit the particular species of animal. Thus, the fore-limbs become fins in fishes, claws in reptiles, wings in birds, long bounding legs in mammals, and arms and fingers in man. There is shewn to be a similar transformation of the rest of the seventy homologous parts to suit the convenience of the living creature.

In his great work on the Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton, Professor Owen treats, first of special homology, or the homology of special organs. He next discusses general homology, and shews that there is not only a homology of certain organs, but a general plan or homology for the whole vertebrate skeleton. In the third place he treats of serial homology, and shews that the vertebrate skeleton is made up of a series of segments, which he calls "homotypes," repeating each other. We shall dwell for a little on these serial or repeating homologies, as illustrating our doctrine of similar parts being made to appear ever and anon throughout the kingdoms of nature.

The characteristic of the higher class of animals is the possession of a back-bone or vertebrate column. This column is composed of a series of segments or similar parts succeeding each other in the axis of the body. "These segments are not, indeed, composed of the same number of bones in any class, or throughout any individual animal; but certain parts of each segment do maintain such constancy in their existence, relation, position, and offices, as to enforce the conviction that they are homologous parts, both in the constituent skeleton, and throughout the series of vertebrate animals. For each of these primary segments, I retain the term *vertebra*." Professor Owen then exhibits what he reckons an ideal typical vertebra. It has a solid central part, a centrum which serves to give rigidity to the body, and support to the limbs. Above it, and forming a protection to the great nervous chord which comes down the back, is the neural arch, composed of two neural processes (apophyses), surmounted by the neural spine. Below it, and covering the great descending artery and the other vital organs of the body, is the hæmal arch, composed of two hæmal processes, with the hæmal spine. On each of the sides of the centrum there is also a canal circumscribed by a costal process, and by two transverse processes. Besides these processes, there are also two articular processes connecting the parts of the neural and hæmal arches. The typical vertebra is thus composed of ten

separate parts, a centre, a neural and hæmal spine, and seven processes which also support diverging appendages to be afterwards spoken of. Now, if we examine the several joints of the back-bone we find these essential parts appearing, though under very different modifications, from the top of the neck to the tip of the tail. These parts, indeed, are in some parts of all animals so altered from their typical form, that it is difficult to detect them. Still the skilful anatomist can trace them under all their various modifications, and finds it convenient to describe them by common names. Certain of the processes (apophyses) are in the body of the animal, ribs to protect the great vital organs. In the neck we do not find ribs, because they would injure the free motion of the neck; but we do find the rudiments of ribs. In the tail we have no ribs, but we have the homologous processes employed to embrace certain blood-vessels. Thus, from tail to neck inclusive, the vertebrate skeleton is composed, throughout all animals from fishes to man, of a series of parts essentially of the same order, but wonderfully modified to suit the function which the organ has to perform in the given species of animal.

So far these views will readily be acknowledged even by the anatomists of the school of Cuvier, who did much to establish the doctrine. But comparative anatomy is seeking to go beyond this, and would represent the skull itself as composed of a series of vertebrae. It would appear that Goethe had been dabbling in this subject also before the end of last century; but it was Oken, proceeding on a favourite idea of the school of Schelling that we are to seek the repetition of the whole in every part, who obtained the first clue to the discovery in August 1806. Walking one day in the Hartz Forest, he saw before him the blanched skull of a deer, and picking up and contemplating the bones, the thought flashed across his mind, "This is a vertebrate column." He afterwards tested and matured this idea, by examining the skulls of a cetacean, a chelonian, and a cod-fish in the museum at Bremen, and published his generalization in a Lecture on the Signification of the Bones of the Skull. "As the brain," says he, "is a more voluminously developed spinal chord, so is the brain-case a more voluminous spinal column." This idea has since been subjected to a sifting examination by various German, French, and British anatomists. Professor Owen, while adopting it so far, has considerably modified it. According to him the skull is not a separate column, but a series of vertebrae homologous to the series in the back-bone.

Proceeding onward from the neck we find the spinal chord becoming expanded in the brain into a globular mass, and we are accord-

ing to this doctrine to regard the bony envelope which protects it as just a continuation of the series of vertebrae of the back-bone, these vertebrae being greatly modified to suit the end which they have now to serve. The skull, it is well known, is made up of parts which can be separated from each other, and these parts can be arranged in a series of segments, each of which contains the central cylinder, and the various processes which constitute the typical vertebra. Owen reckons the cranium as made up of parts corresponding to four vertebrae, but he does not seem to be sure whether there may not be other vertebrae in the cranium not fully developed. There are other anatomists who discover seven vertebrae in the skull, and perhaps this may be regarded as a proof that the doctrine, at least in some of its details, is not fully settled.

Proceeding on this method we have discovered the morphological signification of the back-bone, the tail, the ribs, and the skull itself. The question now comes to be started, what are we to understand by the limbs of animals? Professor Owen answers this in a deeply interesting and eminently suggestive Lecture on *Limbs*, delivered before a distinguished audience in February 1849, with all that grace of manner and elegance of language which, together with his learning and the comprehensiveness of his views, render him one of the most accomplished of living lecturers. In this lecture he shews that there are homologous segments appearing in the limbs of fishes, reptiles, birds, mammals, and man, though the limbs have to perform very different functions in each of these kinds of animal. He exhibits to us, first, the pectoral fin of the marine animal, the dugong; secondly, the fore-limbs of the mole; thirdly, the wing of the bat; fourthly, the leg of a horse; and, fifthly, the arm of man; and he shews how certain essential parts run through all these limbs, and maintain a uniform structure even when such different functions have to be performed as that of diving and swimming, burrowing and running, climbing and flying. It is a curious circumstance that every segment, and almost every bone present in the human hand and arm, exist also in the fin of the whale, though they do not seem required for the support and movements of that undivided and unflexible paddle. In many animals, indeed, some of the homologous parts, as for instance certain of the fingers and toes, are not fully developed or are wanting, but in such cases they will often be found in a kind of rudimental state, or when absent we can tell what precise homologous parts are wanting, and what are present. The fore-leg of the horse wants the first and fifth finger, but has the second and fourth in an undeveloped state in the splint-bones, while

the foot corresponds to the mid-finger, and the hoof is just the nail of that finger enlarged beyond the normal size.

Professor Owen next seeks to settle the higher question, what are we to understand by limbs in relation to General Homology? We cannot give his processes; we must content ourselves with giving his results. We have already said that in the vertebra, besides the central part and the apophyses running off from it, there might also, though not essential to the vertebra, be certain appendages. From the hæmal or lower arch of the vertebra in particular, certain appendages are found to proceed. Owen traces them in a rudimental state in various vertebrae of the animal frame, and after an extensive induction, he comes to the conclusion that the scapula is the hæmal arch, and the human hands and arms the diverging appendages of the hæmal arch, belonging to the lowest segment, the occipital segment of the skull. The hind-limbs are shewn by a similar process to be costal appendages of a pelvic vertebra. The whole skeleton, skull, back-bone, and limbs, including the whole vertebrate axis, from the head to the tail, and all lateral parts, such as ribs and feet, are thus reduced to a unity, in a series of segments repeated in their essential characters, though infinitely diversified, to suit the particular purpose of the member.

We may state the conclusion in the words of Professor Owen:—"General anatomical science reveals the unity which pervades the diversity, and demonstrates the whole skeleton of man to be the harmonised sum of series of essentially similar segments, although each segment differs from the other, and all vary from the archetype."

"If," says Professor Sedgwick, in the fifth edition of his *Discourse*, in commenting on these speculations, "there be an archetype in the vertebrate division of animated nature, we may well ask whether there may not be a more general archetype that runs through the whole kingdom of the living world. In a certain sense there is. All animals, if we except the radiata, which come close to a vegetable type, are bilateral and symmetrical, have double organs of sense, and have a nervous and vascular system, with many parts in very near homology, even when we put side by side for comparison the animal forms taken from the opposite extreme of Nature's scale. And even in the radiata, where we at first sight seem to lose all traces of the vertebrate type, on a better examination many of the genera are proved still to be bilateral and symmetrical."

These types appear not only throughout the whole series of animals, from the lowest to the highest, but throughout the whole Geo-

logical Series, from the earliest to the latest. It is now asserted that so long ago as the age when the old red sandstone was deposited in a district of what is now North America, there was a reptile who left the print of his foot in the sand, and this footprint turns up in the present day to shew that the animal had five toes. Coming down to the age of the new red sandstone, we have numerous foot-prints of reptiles, where again the five toes appear. In due time man appears, and is found too with five fingers on each hand, and five toes on each foot. Buckland tells us that in the "forepaddle of the plesiosaurus, we have all the essential parts of the fore-leg of a quadruped, and even of a human arm; first the scapula, next the humerus, then the radius and ulna, succeeded by the bones of the carpus and metacarpus, and these followed by five fingers, each composed of a continuous series of phalanges. The hind-paddle also offers precisely the same analogies to the leg and foot of the mammalia; the pelvis and femur are succeeded by a tibia and fibula, which articulate with the bones of the tarsus and metatarsus, followed by the numerous phalanges of five long toes."

We cannot dwell on this part of the subject, but we must be permitted to say in passing, that the doctrine we are now expounding gives, if we do not mistake, the true meaning of such authenticated facts as the author of the *Vestiges of Creation* has woven into his plausible, yet withal exceedingly superficial work. But it gives no foundation whatever to the theory which he has reared on these facts, after having mingled with them many unauthenticated and mistaken statements. That there has been an order, and upon the whole a progression in the animal creation, should be admitted by all geologists. But it is an order, not in the nature of things, but in the plan of the Creator. It is not that one species has run into a higher by physical laws, but it is that the higher species is constructed after the same type as the lower.

He who maintains, that because there is a progression in the works of God, therefore the inferior has developed itself by natural law into the superior, is about as far-sighted and sagacious as the child who, on seeing a great number of vessels in a pottery, made all after nearly the same mould, but of different sizes, concluded that the large vessels had grown from the little ones. This progression is one of those collocations which John Stuart Mill would call ultimate facts, that is in physical investigation they are ultimate facts; and if we wish to go farther, as we think we ought, we must trace them to the designing mind of the Creator. For there has been no authenticated instance of one species of animal being

transmuted into another; and there has been as perfect an induction, as physical science admits, in favour of the necessary separation of species and genera. We do not know of any law of nature which has been established on a larger or more invariable induction. He who would set it aside, on the pretence of explaining all things by natural law, must in the very act be setting aside natural law. The nameless author of "The Vestiges" should best know his own genealogy, and he may owe his insight into man's origin from the monad through the mollusc and mammal, to the circumstance of his having been himself generated in this manner; but until he manfully discloses himself, and produces such a fact in favour of his transmutation theory, we must claim to ourselves a nobler, if not so "endless" a genealogy, and assert that man is the "son of Adam, which was the son of God." When he has convinced us of his theory, we shall expect, as the next product of natural law, to hear of one who has risen so far above his ancestors, begetting a son belonging to a species as far above the human species as man is above the brutes. But we may safely leave the author of "The Vestiges" in the hands of Mr. Hugh Miller and Professor Sedgwick.

If there be then such a prevalence of typical and archetypal forms, the question arises, what is the final cause of it? Professor Owen does not seem to know what to make of the doctrine in this respect. He protests, indeed, that it cannot be employed to favour Atheism, but he does not seem to have a settled conception of its true religious signification. He is ever asserting that the facts of anatomy do not admit of an explanation on purely teleological principles; and so far we agree with him, if by teleology a reference be meant solely to the wellbeing of the given animal. "I think it will be obvious that the principle of final adaptation fails to satisfy all the conditions of the problem. (That every segment, and almost every bone, which is present in the human hand and arm, should exist in the fin of the whale, solely because it is assumed they were required in such number and collocation for the movement of that undivided and inflexible paddle, squares as little with our idea of the simplest mode of effecting the purpose, as the reason which might be assigned for the greater number of bones in the cranium of the chick, viz., to allow the safe compression of the brain-case during the act of extrusion, squares with the requirements of that act." (Lecture on Limbs, p. 40.) And again, (Homologies, p. 73.) "The attempt to explain by the Cuvierian principles the facts of special homology on the hypothesis of the

subserviency of the parts so determined to similar ends in different animals—to say that the same or answerable bones occur in them because they have to perform similar functions—involves many difficulties, and is opposed by numerous phenomena. We may admit that the multiplied points of ossification in the skull of the human fœtus facilitate, and were designed to facilitate, child-birth; yet something more than such a final purpose lies beneath the fact, that most of those osseous centres represent permanently distinct bones in the cold-blooded vertebrates. The cranium of the bird, which is composed in the adult of a single bone, is ossified from the same number of points as in the human embryo, without the possibility of a similar purpose being subserved thereby in the extrication of the chick from the fractured egg-shell. The composite structure is repeated in the minute and prematurely born embryo of the marsupial quadrupeds. Moreover, in the bird and marsupial, as in the human subject, the different points of ossification have the same relative position and plan of arrangement as in the skull of the young crocodile, in which, as in most other reptiles, and in most fishes, the bones so commencing maintain throughout life their primitive distinctness. These, and a hundred such facts, force upon the contemplative anatomist the inadequacy of the teleological hypothesis."

While we admit all this, we do not think that he is justified in saying, "We feel the truth of Bacon's comparison of final causes to the vestal virgins, and feel that they would be barren and unproductive of the fruits we are labouring to attain, and would yield us no clue to the comprehension of that law of conformity of which we are in quest." His own favourite idea might, we think, have led the learned professor up from the *special* doctrine of final causes to a *general* doctrine. Just as there is an archetype or general plan in the structure of the skeleton, so there may be a general scheme of final causes to accomplish a higher end than the special adaptation. It is not difficult, as we conceive, to perceive the final cause of this grand homology of parts. While the special modifications, or adaptations, investigated so carefully by Cuvier, are intended to promote the well-being of the particular species of animal, the archetypal plan investigated by Owen is intended to make the animal comprehensible by the intelligent creation.

We are not willing, at this far advanced stage of our Article, to enter upon an analysis of the powers of the human mind, otherwise we could demonstrate that this general type is admirably suited to the nature of man's faculties. Man's original, immediate, and fundamental knowledge is obtained, we believe, by

sense-perception, self-consciousness, and other forms of intuition. Upon the materials thus furnished, the faculties of understanding operate in discovering relations between the objects which have become known by means of the faculties of direct intuition. And chief among these faculties, which perceive relations, is that of comparison, or of perceiving resemblances. We hold this to be the most useful of all the faculties of the understanding, whether for practical or scientific purposes. We see it actively operating in early life. The child is taught most effectively by signs and comparisons. In the simpler stages of society, mankind can be instructed in the knowledge of abstract truths only by symbols and parables. Hence we find most heathen religions becoming mythic, or explaining their mysteries by allegories or instructive incidents. Nay, God himself, knowing the nature of the creatures formed by him, has condescended, in the earlier revelations which he made of himself, to teach by symbol; and the greatest of all teachers taught the multitudes by parables. The great exemplar of the ancient philosophy, and the grand archetype of modern philosophy, were alike distinguished by their possessing this faculty in a high degree, and have both told us that man was best instructed by similitudes. "It is difficult," says the Guest in the *Statesman* of Plato, "fully to exhibit greater things without the use of patterns," (*παράδειγματα*.) Lord Bacon, in more than one place, has expressed the sentiment, "As hieroglyphics preceded letters, so parables are older than arguments. And even now, if any one wishes to pour new light into any human intellect, and to do so expediently and pleasantly, he must proceed in the same way, and call in the assistance of parables."

Now, the homologies of nature are suited to this faculty in man, and it may be also to the same, or a similar but higher, faculty in the minds of higher intelligences. Without the repetition and correspondence of parts, man would have felt himself lost in the midst of God's works, and this because of their very profusion. It is by means of points of analogy that man is enabled practically to recognise, and scientifically to classify, the objects by which he is surrounded. The more obvious resemblances furnish us with our practical knowledge. It is by means of the more fixed points of resemblance that science is enabled to form its classifications. It is by the grand archetypes of nature that we are enabled to perceive unity in the midst of diversity, and dispose all the works of God into sublime groups. It is the prevalence of archetypal forms which imparts to nature its unchanging aspect, and gives us the stable in the midst of the unstable.

Plato seems to have pointed to these archetypes, and so to have bodied forth a great truth, without, however, perceiving its precise meaning, in his doctrine of ideas and patterns, (*ἰδέαι καὶ παραδείγματα.*) Not that we are willing to accept the doctrine as it seems to have been understood by Plato and stated by Akenside:

"There deep retired,
In his unfathomed essence viewed the forms—
The forms eternal of created things."

It is quite true that these archetypes existed prior to the particular objects which are accommodated to them. But then they have no existence independent of God—they are the creation of God's intelligence, and are just the plan after which all things are formed. These archetypes proceed from intelligence, and are suited to intelligence. The prevalence of them throughout long geological ages, and possibly also throughout many different worlds, seems to shew that they are to be observed by various orders of intelligent beings. In this we have a sufficient final cause for the existence of these typical forms, and Owen has developed unconsciously a teleology of a higher and more archetypal order than Cuvier. It is just because such archetypes exist in nature that Owen has been enabled to group the whole vertebrate race of animals into one grand system.

The time has now come, we think, when Natural Theology should admit that there is more in nature than a mere adaptation of means to serve an immediate object. It will not lose, but rather gain by this, inasmuch as it will thereby be furnished with a new argument, and that of a different genus from that derived from the mere adaptation of parts, in favour of the existence of a Divine intelligence. The prevalence of model forms shews that all things are after a predetermined pattern. We are farther inclined to think that this new doctrine just rising into sight, while it is fitted to give us a more profound view of the intelligence displayed in creation, also furnishes a new analogy between natural and revealed religion. Revealed religion has long been known to possess a typical system. Many in these later days have, we fear, been entertaining a suspicion of the whole typical system of the Word of God,—it has appeared to them so visionary; and this suspicion has been confirmed by the indiscriminate way in which the types have often been treated. Possibly some may be more reconciled to the Scripture system when they are led to discover an analogous system pervading the works of God. We think, too, that a comparison of the principles involved in both systems

might enable us to construct a philosophical, that is, an enlarged system of Scripture Typology.

By types we are not to understand mere prefigurations of a certain greater form, but certain forms all after one great model. A type in this sense may point to an archetype, but does not imply an antitype. It is in this enlarged sense of type and archetype that the words types and figures are used in the Scriptures. We are, in closing this Article, to trace the appearance and reappearance of like forms throughout the supernatural dispensations of God. This prevalence of typical forms in the supernatural as in the natural economies is addressed to the principles of man's mind. We can conceive no other system furnishing such unity amid diversity, and such means of raising men's minds to the comprehension of grand and sublime truths.

It strikes us that the typical system runs through the whole Divine economy revealed in the Word. First, Adam is the type of man. He and his posterity are all of the same essential nature, possessing similar powers of intuition and understanding, of will and emotion, of conscience and free agency, and God acts towards them in the dispensations of grace as in the dispensations of nature, as being one. Then, from the time of the Fall, we have two different typical forms—the one after the seed of the serpent, the other after the seed of the woman. Henceforth there is a contest between the serpent and Him who is to destroy the power of the serpent, between the flesh and the Spirit, between the Church and the world. Two manner of people are now seen struggling in the womb of time—a Cain and an Abel, an Ishmael and an Isaac, an Esau and a Jacob, an Absalom and a Solomon—the older born after the flesh, and the younger born after the spirit. It is this, fully as much as even the harmony of its doctrines, which gives a unity to our religion in all ages, which enables the Christian to profit to this day by the teaching of the Old Testament, to sing to this day the song of Moses and the psalms of David, and to perceive and feel that there are the same contests now as then, the same contests in the heart, the same contests in the world, between the evil and the good principle, between the first or nature-born, and the second or grace-born. In short, there are now as there have ever been, but two men on our earth, typical, federal, or representative; the first man which is Adam, and the second man which is Christ. "And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spi-

ritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven."

Had our limits permitted, we might have shewn that there appear from age to age certain great leading powers of the first or earthly form, distinguished for their boldness and the oppression which they exercise over the Church, such as Cain and Lamech, Ham and Nimrod, Egypt and Babylon. "They have consulted together with one consent; they are confederate against thee; the tabernacles of Edom and the Ishmaelites, of Moab and the Hagarenes, Gebal and Ammon and Amalek, with the inhabitants of Tyre; Assur also is joined with them; they have holpen the children of Lot." These are represented in Christian times by Gog and Magog and Babylon. But we must confine ourselves to the figures of the better type which appear and re-appear throughout successive ages.

The Old Testament types may be divided into three classes, typical ordinances, personages, and events. *First*, there is a number of ordinances, all more or less of the same general mould, all imparting substantially the same instruction, all pointing to guilt contracted, to God offended, to a propitiation provided, and to acceptance secured through this propitiation,—the four great cardinal truths of revealed religion as addressed to fallen man. There were sacrifices in which the offerer, placing his hand on the head of the animal, and devoting it to destruction in his room and stead, expressed symbolically his belief in these great saving truths. There was the tabernacle, with its people worshipping outside, and the shechinah which had to be sprinkled with blood in its innermost recesses, pointing to an offended God, but a God who was to be propitiated through the shedding of blood. *Secondly*, there were typical persons, such as Abel and Enoch, Noah and Abraham, Moses and Joshua, Samuel and David, Elijah and Elisha, shadowing the prophetic, priestly, and kingly offices of Christ. From the fall downward, there is a succession of personages with their individual differences, but all after a predetermined model, exhibiting certain features of character in as marked a manner as the Jewish race shews certain features of countenance. Then there are, *thirdly*, certain typical events exhibiting the same truths in a still more impressive form. There is the flood in which many perish, but a few—that is, eight—souls are saved in an ark symbolical of Christ. There is the destruction of Sodom, in which the inhabitants of the city perish, while Lot and his family are rescued by heavenly interposition. Most instructive of all, and therefore occupying the most important place, there is the deliverance from Egypt. The state of the Hebrews as bondmen, the deliverer raised up,

the method of the deliverance in the midst of judgments, the deliverance itself and the wonderful journey to Canaan, with the provision made for the sustenance of the people, are as certainly anticipations of a higher redemption as the fish and reptile's limbs are an anticipation of those of man. It is all true history, and yet it looks as if it were a parable written by some man of God for our instruction. We are trained in the training of the children of Israel, and by means of this discipline through which they were put, our representative faculty has supplied us with some of our clearest and liveliest, our most profound and comforting notions of the plan of redemption.

In all these we may observe the same two general truths, the principle of general homology with the principle of specific adaptation. These typical ordinances, persons, and events, are all after the same general plan, and exhibit the truths which the sinner most requires to know, and especially the person and work of the expected ONE, under interesting and instructive aspects. But they were all at the same time adapted with exquisite skill to the age and to the circumstances of which they formed a part. The ordinances, for instance, were appropriate worship on the part of those who were required to observe them, and in some cases subserved certain national and civil purposes. The persons who figure as types, were all the while doing a work for their own day, and were in most cases, we believe, unconscious that they bore a representative character. The events, too, were in most cases important links in the chain of Providence. But, just as the paddle of the whale serves its special purpose, but contains divisions not needful to its special purpose; just as the chick's head contains typical bones not needed in order to its extrusion from the egg—so the Old Testament ordinances, personages, and events, have an additional importance given them by their prefigurative character. Like the different species in the vegetable and animal kingdoms; like the same organs in the different species—they diverge on either side in order to suit a special purpose, but still they all retain a predetermined pattern. In human architecture, the portico, and the passage leading from it, have commonly a homology to the temple itself. It is the same in the temple of God. The gateway, and the pillars and the avenues of approach, are all after the same outline as the temple to which they form an entrance.

But we cannot dwell on these Old Testament types; we must refer for the farther discussion of them to the able and learned work of Mr. Fairbairn, on the Typology of Scripture. In referring to this treatise, it would be entirely out of place to offer any analysis of a work

which has been for some years in the hands of the public, and which has already taken its place among our standard theological literature. It is saying but little of it, to affirm that it is the best book with which we are acquainted on the subject of typology; for we know of no other work in which the topic is treated in a manner at once evangelical and judicious, with learning, and yet with soundness in the faith. In the first volume the author clears the ground, enunciates his definitions, explains his principles, and presents a pretty full discussion of the Patriarchal period. In the second volume he treats of the Mosaic period, and develops his view of the true significance of the Exodus from Egypt, and the Law as delivered from Sinai.

We like, particularly, the opening chapters, in which the learned author lays down his principles, which seem to us in many respects original, and generally judicious. His orbit and ours do not lie exactly in the same plane, and there are one or two points at which we might cross each other, but, upon the whole, we very much coincide both with his principles and the application which he has made of them. Under the Old Testament the shadow becomes

"If we enquire concerning these resemblances, of what kind or nature they behoved to be, and actually were, a very little reflection must convince us, that they must somehow have exhibited the same great elements of truth with the things they represented, and that too in a form more level to the comprehension, more easily and distinctly cognizable by the minds of men. There must have been, first of all, the same great elements of truth,—for the mind of God and the circumstances of the fallen creature are substantially the same at all times. What the spiritual necessities of men now are, they have been from the time that sin entered into the world. Hence the truth revealed by God to meet these necessities, however varying from time to time in the precise amount of its communications, and however as to the hue and form in which it might be presented, must have been, so far as disclosed, essentially one in every age. . . . But then, as the full-grown man, when pursuing the tenor of his way through the perplexing snares and busy avocations reaps every day the benefit of his early culture, so, doubtless, it was the intention of God that the measures adopted with the ancient Church should not only minister to the growing light and comfort of its own members, but also furnish materials of consolation, guidance, and improvement to the Church of the New Testament."

But to return to our own theme, for it will be observed that while Mr. Fairbairn treats of types in the theological sense, or of prefigurations of Christ, we treat of types in the larger, and, we believe, scriptural sense, as model or pattern figures. (Τύποι καὶ ὑποδείγματα; see 1 Cor. x. 6; Phil. iii. 17; 1 Peter v. 3.)

more and more defined as the substance draws nigh, till in the latter prophets we have a complete anticipation. The figure, indeed, as presented in the first prediction, is as large as it ever is afterwards, but its lines come out more and more distinctly as we approach the fullness of time. The doctrine which we are expounding, be it observed, is not the vulgar one of type and antetype, but that of typical forms, serving most important purposes in the age in which they appear; but, at the same time, epitomes of an archetype to appear. When the archetype appears, what had been seen before merely as shadow, now comes forth clearly. The older saints had merely the shadow—but we, with open face, looking into the New Testament as into a glass, see the very image, (Heb. x. 1; 2 Cor. iii. 18.) In the scene on Calvary, in particular, we have the truths which the sinner is most concerned to know, of sin and salvation, of God offended, and God pacified, set forth in the most awfully, and yet most winningly, impressive manner.

Nor does the scheme of types, as now explained, cease on the appearance of Christ. We still live under a system of types. Just as all the figures in the Old Testament look forward to him who is the principal figure, so do the figures in the New Testament look back to him. But there is this difference between the former and the latter types, that the latter, as becometh the dispensation, are not so much outward and ceremonial as inward and spiritual. The miracles wrought by Christ in person, when on the earth, are typical of the supernatural power which he is exercising by his Spirit; the healing of diseases is representative of his power to cure spiritual maladies. There is a close mystical union between him and each of his people—he and they are said to be one. They are one in respect of their human nature. "It behoved him to be made like unto his brethren; and forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also likewise took part of the same," and "took on him not the nature of angels but the seed of Abraham." Then he is their surety and representative, and they are reckoned as righteous in him. He stood in their place guilty, "stricken, smitten of God," and they stand in his room accepted, righteous. He has become, too, "the head of the body, the Church," "the beginning, the first-born from the dead," and has in all things the pre-eminence and is the first-born among many brethren." They are priests under him as chief-priest, kings under him as sovereign. By his appointment they are "predestinated to be conformed to his image." The Godhead once more issues the decree in reference to this man and that man, "let us make man in our image after our likeness;" "so God creates man in his own image,

in the likeness of God creates he him." In the performance of this work they are "crucified together with him," "dead with him," "buried with him," and as they die with him, so they "rise with him," and "reign with him." In this household there are many children, and there are differences between them of gift and taste to suit them for the different employments to be allotted to them; but still, we may discern in them all a family likeness, for they are all begotten of God. In this perfect system of types the whole has a representative in every part, and every part is a symbol of the whole. Each living stone in this temple is carved after the similitude of the whole temple. Each leaf, each branch of this tree of life is an image of the whole tree. The Church is his body, and every member in particular is after the pattern of the whole body.

When objects become far removed from us, we must be on our guard against taking clouds for realities, but we think we see some real truths—lying, we grant, on the very horizon of our vision. All animal bodies, as we have seen, point to man as the top of the earthly hierarchy. Professor Owen tells us that "all the parts and organs of man had been sketched out in anticipation, so to speak, in the inferior animals;" and that "the recognition of an ideal exemplar in the vertebrate animals proves that the knowledge of such a being as man must have existed before man appeared. For the Divine mind which planned the archetype, also foreknew all its modifications. The archetypal idea was manifested in the flesh long prior to the existence of those animal species that actually exemplify it. To what natural laws or secondary causes the orderly succession and progression of such organic phenomena may have been committed, we as yet are ignorant. But if, without derogation of the Divine power, we may conceive the existence of such ministers, and personify them by the term 'Nature,' we learn from the past history of our globe, that she has advanced with slow and stately steps, guided by the archetypal light amidst the wreck of worlds, from the first embodiment of the vertebrate idea under its old ichthyic vestment, until it became arrayed in the glorious garb of the human form."

But may not this highest form on earth point to a still higher form? Man's body on earth may be but a prefiguration of his body in heaven. "But some will say, how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" The Apostle does not give a direct answer to this question, but he points to certain analogies which shew that though the body will preserve its identity, it will be changed to a nobler form, as the seed is changed when it becomes grain. "It is sown

a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body; for there is a natural body and a spiritual body, and we read of bodies terrestrial and of bodies celestial." In heaven then our bodies are to be after a higher model, "spiritual" and "celestial." It doth not, indeed, appear what we shall be, but when He appears we shall be like Him, and our bodies fashioned after his spiritual body, which we may believe to be the most sublimated form of matter—and modern science, while it cannot efface the distinction between mind and matter, is every day enlarging our conceptions of the capacities of matter. Thus the simplest organism points by its structure upwards to man, and man's earthly frame points to his heavenly frame, and his heavenly frame points to Christ's glorious body and we see that all animated things on earth point onward to His glorified humanity as the Grand Archetype of all that has life.

Professor Owen has another idea. He supposes that in other worlds, as there are the same laws of light and gravitation as on our earth, there may be also a similar organic structure. "And the inference as to the possibility of the vertebrate type being the basis of the organization of some of the inhabitants of other planets, will not appear so hazardous, when it is remembered that the orbits or protective cavities of the eyes of the vertebrata of this planet are constructed of modified vertebræ. Our thoughts are free to soar as far as any legitimate analogy may seem to guide them rightly in the boundless ocean of unknown truth. But if censure be merited for here indulging, even for a moment, in pure speculation, it may, perhaps, be disarmed by the reflection that the discovery of the vertebrate archetype could not fail to suggest to the anatomist many possible modifications of it beyond those that we know to have been realized in this little orb of ours."

If there be any truth in this idea, then the animated matter of other worlds may point to the same Archetype as the animated matter of this world. And on this supposition what a significance would be given to the humanity of Christ. When the Word became flesh, the Divinity was in a sense humbled; and when the Incarnate Word ascended into heaven, flesh or matter was exalted and made to serve the highest purposes. We thus obtain a glimpse of a way in which matter throughout all its domains may be exalted by its association with the Son of God taking our likeness; and of a way, too, in which other worlds or all worlds, and other creatures, even principalities and powers in heavenly places, may be instructed by this "manifold wisdom," and by which God may "by him reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven."

But as we stand gazing on our ascending Lord, a cloud wraps him from our view, and we hear as it were a voice, saying, "Why stand ye here gazing?" and bidding us return to the observation of objects on the earth clearly within the range of our vision.

ART. V.—1. *Mary Barton: a Tale of Manchester Life*. 2 vols. London, 1849.

2. *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*. Written by herself. 3 vols. London, 1850.

3. *Merkland*. By the Author of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland." 3 vols. London, 1851.

4. *The Initials: a Story of Modern Life*. 3 vols. London, 1850.

5. *The Ogilvies: a Novel*. 3 vols. London, 1849.

6. *Olive: a Novel*. By the Author of "The Ogilvies." 3 vols. London, 1850.

7. *The Ladder of Gold: an English Story*. By ROBERT BELL. 3 vols. London, 1851.

8. *Caleb Field: a Tale of the Puritans*. By the Author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland." London, 1851.

9. *Rose Douglas; or, Sketches of a Country Parish: being the Autobiography of a Scotch Minister's Daughter*. By G. R. W. 2 vols. London, 1851.

SENTIMENTAL is a word continually on the lips of those—and they are a not very small class in the reading world—who object to works of Fiction altogether, and consider time given to their perusal absolutely wasted. But the word is sufficiently vague and indefinite in popular use. Granted, that there is a something faulty, which we seek to denote by the term, it may be worth while to endeavour to define the accusation, before considering whether the works in question are bound to plead guilty to it, or not. Sentimentality is not simply an excess of passionate feeling, for its chief characteristic is feebleness rather than strength of any kind. It is not hypocrisy; nobody would dream of confounding the two, a vice and a foible. Nor is it that more mitigated form of deceit which we call affectation, for the habit of mind intended is not of necessity one consciously assumed; more generally it exists as a sort of reality, however weak and colourless, in character: a really sentimental person and one that only wishes to be thought so, are not the same. On the whole, difficult as it is to seize the precise meaning of "winged words," it would perhaps be tolerably near the mark to say, that sentimentality is not merely an exaggeration of feeling, unregulated by rea-

son, and ludicrously incommensurate with the triviality of its object; but, further—and this is an essential part of it—that it is an indulgence of feeling for feeling's sake; that it lives in the atmosphere of fancy, and collapses instantaneously, if brought into contact with the actual; in a word, that it is a caricature of really strong deep feeling. For example, the jealousy of Othello, founded though it be on trifles, is not sentimental; for the emotion penetrates his whole nature, it absorbs him—it necessitates action. On the other hand, for an instance of what is really sentimental, no one can be at a loss who has ever read a page of Sterne.

Now, it is scarcely fair, we think, nor reasonable, to connect this fault with novels in general. It is true that there have been many, and still are some, sentimental novels in the literature of Great Britain. Is this cause for tabooing those that are not? It will not be denied by any one conversant with the subject, that there has been a great improvement of late in this respect. Novels, as is natural, have kept pace with the poetry of the day. Sometimes, however, the objection takes a wider aim. Everything, it has been urged—among others by an able living writer*—everything that excites the feelings, without affording them the natural relief of action, tends to chill and harden them into callousness. This objection, in consistency, would exclude all fiction—poetry as well as novels; it would banish all appeals to highly wrought feeling, except such as address themselves to some result in hand; it would involve some such proscription of all non-scientific literature as Plato is accused of having contemplated. But the principle may be accepted in its full force, without disparagement to poetry in any shape, even in that of three volume novels. For it is in the power of every reader to apply the remedy, or rather the preventives for himself. The book has done its part if it has suggested the train of thought and emotion: it remains only to carry this impulse into the living sphere of action; opportunities cannot fail to present themselves for giving it free play. The circumstances in the fiction may have ever been so dissimilar to those that shall occur; but the impulse has been given; and the real identity, which lies at the bottom of human life, and human nature, will reconcile the disparity. It is only an undue quantity of novel reading that will cry "Wolf" so often as to blunt the natural tendency to energize. When it has been conceded that works of fiction are too apt by their fascination to encroach on graver hours, and to leave a distaste for graver studies, we have allowed

* Rev. J. H. Newman.

all that can justly be alleged against clever truthful novels, which help to unriddle the mystery of life.

The novel may be regarded as a species of poem, at least in one aspect. But perhaps it would be more accurate to regard it as what Coleridge would call the synthesis of history and poetry; if we comprehend under the former head not "history proper" only, but the history of individuals, commonly called biography. The novel is an idealized form of history. And, if the eye be indeed that of a philosopher, and the hand gifted with the painter's skill, it is scarcely a paradox to say that the novelist is not without his advantages in the great art of teaching by examples. If truth is at times more strange than fiction, fiction is at times more true than truth. As history, real living history, gives a more faithful representation than the most elaborately minute annals; as the daguerreotype is less true than a portrait by Richmond; as a landscape by Claude or in Tennyson is instinctively felt to be true, though it may be not literally accurate; as correct perspective always implies a violation of details; or, to pass from imitation to realities—as the expression of the human face far rather than its component features makes its identity;* as the spirit of a law is above its letter in importance; so a really first-rate novel is no unworthy rival of the dignity of history. We do not mean merely that historic novels like *Ivanhoe* or *Quentin Durward*, (Scott by the way is proverbially inexact in antiquarian details,) or like a very recent *History of England*—Mr. Macaulay must pardon our classification—are ancillary in no slight degree to the less interesting fac-similes of times gone by, more easily apprehended, less easily forgotten; nay, that they are more true in proportion, grouping, tone; but, beyond and besides all this, that, in the peculiar province of the novel, the study of character, the creations of a truthful imagination will convey a longer, fuller, more complete truth, than any fragmentary specimens of humanity can, however carefully extracted from the world of fact.

Very rare, however, it must be confessed, are those who may safely venture thus to ideal-

ize: novelists of sufficient calibre, we might almost be told, are themselves ideal. Certainly it would not be easy to cite a large number. Consider only how many fitnesses ought to meet in the novelist. History is allowed to be one of the most comprehensive and many-sided studies. Novel-writing is even more emphatically so. Poetry and ethics are its very life blood; (physics, metaphysics, politics, and polemics, we beg to demur against;) manners, scenery, costume, physiognomy, are some of its materials; the beautiful in every art, in every aspect of nature, it must be capable of recognizing; like the greatest poet of Ancient Greece, it is half epic, half dramatic; it has its tragedy and comedy; lastly, and especially, it requires its own wondrous faculty of story-making, of weaving a web of adventures, the most artfully complicated evolutions of which shall never seem to outstep the modesty of nature. A great deal is wanted to become a Scott or a Lytton Bulwer, a Currer Bell, a Thackeray, or a Dickens; not a little to write "*Pride and Prejudice*," or "*Ellen Middleton*."

Without attempting in these limits to classify the novels of this and former times, one broad difference is too obvious to be passed over in silence between those of to-day and those of even thirty years ago. It is a change analogous to what we have witnessed in theology, philosophy, poetry, and politics. The recent novels, with a purer moral atmosphere, search much deeper into human nature; they partake more of autobiography. Few readers now have patience for the long-winded "*Annals*" of Sir Charles Grandison, or even of *Camilla*. The more pointed pages of Fielding and Smollett are interdicted, from a common sense of their indelicacy. The modern appetite scarcely goes back beyond the epoch of Sir Walter Scott. We are not bold enough to attempt to thrust Sir Walter from the throne which he occupies by well-nigh universal consent; although it could scarcely be called hypercritical to protest against the usually stilted movement of his dialogues. He is indeed the Wizard of the North,—great in pictorial passages and eloquent sentiments; unrivalled in the nice balance of character and incident, in exquisite harmony of plot; but, in every respect except the last, Scott has been nearly approached by one, the Scott of the present day, who surpasses him in depth of passion, in grandeur and sublimity of thought. For lofty conception of character, developed in all its heroic unity, there are few creations like Rienzi, Zanon, and Harold; few more brilliant descriptions than the animated scenes of the Last of the Barons, with its almost dazzling variety of personages, passing in busy motion before the eye; few more boldly chiselled groups than those that stand in the con-

* "I mean to say, that the face of any one, to whom we are strongly and tenderly attached—that face which is enshrined in our heart of hearts, and which comes to us in dreams, long after it has mouldered in the grave—that face is not the exact mechanical countenance of the person beloved, nor the countenance that we ever actually beheld, but its abstract, its idealization, or rather its realization; the spirit of the countenance, its essence and its life. And the finer the character, and the more varied the intellectual powers, the more must this true *ειδωλον* differ from the most faithful likeness that a painter or a sculptor can produce."—*Southey*.

tending shade of Night and Morning. That the author of such works should be too artificial in plot; too fond of "startling situations," as the French call them; too antithetical in his arrangements; often mystic; at times even vulgarly bombastic,—must be set down, we suppose, as one of the imperfections which mankind is heir to.

There is a style, the opposite of that of Scott and Bulwer. Independent of incessant excitement from the ups and downs of life, it devotes itself to the workings of the heart. The most notable example of this school is, of course, the "strong minded" *Jane Eyre*. And if no question be raised of the morale, and if an undue reliance on self, unamiable, it appears to us, if not positively irreligious in such a degree, can be excused, if allowance be made for a worse than unfeminine coarseness of diction and even of sentiment, *Jane Eyre* with its more pleasing though less clever sister stands at the head of this category, for their searching revelations of nature and deep vein of poetry. Less unique in its beauties, but far more delicate and refined in tone, Lady Georgiana Fullarton's novels claim a very high place. In both *Ellen Middleton* and *Grantley Manor* the characters introduced are few, but finely traced and exquisitely shaded; the plot very simple, but profoundly interesting; both abound with intense feeling, often passionate, but at the same time elevating and pure; both are thoroughly imbued with a reverential love for all that is noble and beautiful, in the visible as well as in the moral world; in both the language is very fine.

A third species there is, analogous to the Comedy of the Drama; represented of old by Fielding and Smollett, and carried now to something like culmination by Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens. The latter, inasmuch as he gives his readers more story, stands less removed from the common idea of a novelist. But, even in him, the interesting is almost secondary to the amusing; scenes rich in the ridiculous atone for too great intricacy of plot, and other infringements on the laws of nature. It would be hard to say which is the more popular. Perhaps a comparison would turn on the general question, Whether ideal or actual comedy is best? and, perhaps, that is a matter of taste. Some readers will prefer to revel in the pure humour of *Pickwick* or *Dombey*; others will find a more intellectual zest in the humorous wit, if we may combine two notions generally contradistinguished, which flavours the sparkling pages of *Vanity Fair*. For ourselves, we confess a leaning to the side of the great satirist. Grateful, as we cannot but feel, to Mr. Dickens for many a laugh, for many high and generous thoughts, and above all, for the beautiful images of

childhood, which hallow his scenes with their fresh and loveable innocence; for the quaintness of Little Paul, the graceful guilelessness of David Copperfield, the winsomeness of his child-wife; still we relish even more the careless and inimitable graces of his compeer; the even stream of pleasantries, inexhaustible, and, we had almost said spontaneous, so little effort does it betray in the writer, so unfatiguing to the reader is it; the unmistakable fidelity of every, even the lightest touch; the pensive pathos lurking under the merciless castigation of the vices and silliness of the world,—who would ever be tired of these? If there be a tinge of Cynicism, it is as of one who pities, not hates, the undeniable follies around him. Iconoclast of spurious "gentility," resolute to strip pretence of its disguise, he never fails to yield homage to all that is truly noble; he loves even to say a good word for the gentle dulness which the world holds in contempt. He appreciates fully the distinctions of birth and money as necessary to our life in this world, but loves to remind us, that they are nothing more. Let Thackeray and Dickens continue to hold their divided sovereignty. Let their readers correct the optimism and rather indiscriminate benevolence of the latter by the darker view, which regards society as too apt to degenerate into what Carlyle has called it, "an armed neutrality, or, at best, a hollow commercial league." And let us all be thankful, that writers who exercise so great a power use it on the whole so well; that the purulent ribaldry of past days is now a thing gone by; that vice and folly are rightly selected as the proper butts for ridicule. In the same sort of style, Gilbert Gurney and Jack Brag, Peter Simple and Midshipman Easy, claim mention, but, in every respect, in a much lower place. Miss Austin's characters, "to sense and nature true," as they have been described, would please our taste more, if they were in the habit of talking more naturally and easily—more like those of Miss Martineau for example.

Having thus paused to pay a passing tribute to some former productions in this department, we must proceed to our more immediate duty, of introducing some of the most recent notabilities; premising that, as it is confessedly hopeless to attempt to convey an adequate idea of most books, and especially of novels, by extracts, and as a sketch of the story, however summary, is apt to detract from the pleasure of reading afterwards, we shall content ourselves almost entirely with such occasional comments as our space admits.

The authoress, for there is internal evidence of a lady's pen, of "*Mary Barton*," a tale of Manchester Life," has chosen a good subject,

and has not done injustice to it. Not that it is a new topic with novel writers. The great problem of the condition of the poor, with reference too to this very locality, has often of late found a graphic and popular expression in this way; with more formal display of political economy, and possibly with more scenic effect, but seldom with so much appearance of truth and nature. Most readers will think the book all the pleasanter for being dogmatic, not controversial; for its indirect, unconscious mode of teaching through the medium of facts, in preference to long-winded interruptions to the plot, in the shape of didactic dialogues. Indeed, it does not profess to lecture on the vexed questions of the art politic. To describe some of the anxieties with which the artisans of Lancashire have to struggle in their battle of life; and especially to give voice to "the bitter complaints," whether well founded or not, made by them of the neglect which they experience from the prosperous, especially from the masters whose fortunes they have helped to build up; "to give some utterance to the agony, which from time to time convulses this dumb people; the agony of suffering without the sympathy of the happy, or of erroneously believing that such is the case,"—this is the moral purpose announced in the preface. And this principle is consistently observed. There is no inculcation or suggestion of Socialism or Communism in any political significance of the words. Mutual duties are prominently recognised in the relations of master and men; faults on both sides are allowed in the unhappy occurrence of a strike for wages; but there is no oracular dijudication in exact balance of rights and wrongs. On the whole, its readers will gather an impression, we think, and that a tolerably decided one, that there is only too much foundation for the old complaint, that the employed are regarded rather as hands than as brother men, with souls that should not die; or at least, (and this seems a deeply rooted conviction in the mind of our authoress,) that sufficient care is by no means taken to prevent the estrangement arising from apparent indifference. Nor would it be easy to refuse assent to the earnest warnings of one, evidently familiar with the places and persons in question; tenderly alive to the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of the poor, but preserved by calm common-sense and modesty of judgment from sentimentality or fanaticism.

The peculiar charm of "Mary Barton" is its extreme naturalness, not, however, without sufficient elevation of tone and sentiment to raise its lifelike delineations above the level of mere Dutch painting. The poor are not sublimated into models of heroic excellence. There is, on the contrary, a beautiful mixture of vulgarity

and delicacy, of wisdom and short-sightedness, of noble feeling and narrow contracted prejudices.

Even the heroine has not suffered, in this respect, from any unfair partiality. Mary, the daughter of one mechanic, and the wood of another, is indeed a lady, one of those to whom nature has given their patent of nobility, for the authoress knows well that grace and beauty are not found only in gilt frames. Mary is endowed with that inexpressible grace, delicacy, and innate refinement, which accompanies a tender, unselfish, loving disposition, even among those who are jostled day by day against the rugged realities of work and penury. Withal, she is not too faultless morally; in fact, the tragic interest of the story arises partly from a little coquetry on her part, not altogether unpardonable under the circumstances. One beautiful trait in particular, of the poor, not perhaps generally appreciated, is very conspicuous—their charity to one another; the ungrudging bestowal of time and trouble, of scanty resources, and rich sympathy on the part of those who are themselves not very far removed above the danger of starvation, if they discover a depth of misery deeper still. Our readers need not be alarmed at the prospect of penetrating the recesses of Manchester. The king's daughter washing the linen of the Phœacian palace, is scarcely more unsuggestive of anything like vulgarity, than are these descriptions of life in the crowded dirty alleys of the land of smoke. The deep pathos of the "short and simple annals of the poor" has often been acknowledged; but in these pages it is brought home to the reader with an especial force, not so much as if he were examining curious exotic specimens of the ways and habits of a foreign nation, but so that he cannot choose but identify his own life with that of beings similarly constituted to himself. These homely details, in which we conceive the principal merit of the tale to lie, are dispersed of course throughout it, in too intimate a connexion with the tenor of it to be extracted without great disadvantage. We beg to assure our readers, that if they have any liking for the poetry of common life, they will be gratified here. It is not every one that sees it through the disguise of conventionalities, and feels its wide human import without being betrayed into maudlin extravagance.

It is obvious how abundant the materials are for contriving an interesting story in the present aspect of Lancashire. Where in England are there more striking contrasts? The bold and irregular features of the country, not entirely lost amid huge workshops and swarming streets; the acuteness and scientific knowledge of the modern artisan engrafted on the

rugged, hearty character of the northmen; the old Teutonic dialect and primeval customs transplanted from the sequestered vales of Westmoreland, and lingering still in their new ungenial soil; above all, the fond recollections of country life, faithfully cherished, though "pent up in populous town," and lulling the aged to their last sleep in a happy dream of childhood and green fields,—of all these pregnant associations use has been made. The plot is interesting, though rather too deliberate in its movements; the fortunes of Mary and her faithful lover being closely interwoven with the sufferings of the masses in the bad time. The characters are distinct, and the conversations easy and racy, with words of wisdom scattered throughout—*e.g.*, "An anxious heart is never a holy heart,"—not a little quaint dry humour withal. Only one passage occurs to our memory open to the charge of having a bad tendency; it is where Job Legh, a philosophical old weaver, a very worthy old man, makes a remark incidentally, to the effect that it is quite sufficient to thank the Deity at odd times by an inward ejaculation, without any express use of prayer or praise—a passage scarcely consistent with the otherwise religious temper of the book. Regarding it as a whole, we sincerely thank the authoress for a public benefit of no slight value. It is by such temperate yet kindly advocacy, rather than by frothy declamation, that the just claims of the poor are most likely to be enforced to some purpose. We know that some will exclaim, "True, poverty is a hard lot; but then the poor are used to it." And so, generally speaking, they are, and unconsciously acquiesce in the gradations of rank, not without, strange as it sounds, a sort of reflex pride in their superiors. And it is only in extreme cases of apparent hopelessness that they are possessed with a frantic craving for equality. But sympathy and courtesy they do desire; and we feel convinced that "Mary Barton" tends to rouse its readers to a sense of this necessity, and to remind them that even in the smallest matters of daily intercourse, an impression may be left which must tend either to swell the list of grievances in the muttered chorus of revolution, or to cement the "two nations" securely into one. Our comments on the work have occupied space into which we should gladly have introduced some extracts illustrative of a book which, however, is, we hope, already familiar to many of our readers.

When we say, that in reading "Passages from the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland" we have been considerably reminded of a "Diary of Mistress Mary Milton," which appeared in one of the magazines* last summer, and has

* Sharpe's London Magazine.

since been published, we believe, in a separate form, we intend no small praise. Both are remarkable for a singular charm of latent poetry and *naïveté*, to say nothing of the less uncommon beauties of quiet and simple pathos. In both the story glides through troubles and tribulations into a quiet haven of rest at last; in both the substance is too genuine to proceed from anything but experience of the heart, veiled though it be under an assumed style, and embodied in imagined characters; and in both books these fictitious exponents, as we must take the liberty of supposing them, are exactly adapted for the purpose. Mrs. Maitland's autobiography is a very complete work. Greater variety of characters, scenes of more effect, might have been introduced; but they would mar, we suspect, the unity of the whole. A graver deficiency, perhaps, is the absence of warm, rich colouring, to borrow an illustration from a sister-art—the same poverty and tameness in this respect which moderates the admiration of connoisseurs for Overbeck and Scheffer; but even this, perhaps, is better as it is. The thread on which the narrative is strung is the peaceful, uneventful autobiography of an old maiden lady who has known the unhappiness of an ill-starred attachment in her own youth, and has learned to live in the life of others, and in their anxieties to forget her own. Not that these past sorrows are more than distantly alluded to. Time is a great physician, at least with docile patients,

"And gently bows the wind to those
That are cast in a gentle mould."

The same probations, that would leave rebellious and selfish spirits soured for life, appear only to have opened yet more widely the kindly temperament of Mrs. Margaret Maitland. She is naturally fond of young people—the "bit bairns," as she calls them—herself carrying about with her in old age the perpetual spring of youth, its fresh and hopeful elasticity. And where can they find a better confidante than Aunt Margaret? Accordingly, a better view-point than her cottage at Sunnyside for watching the vicissitudes of the little world around it cannot well be conceived.

The outlines of the story are soon given. It is an evidence, like "Olive," of the real dignity and happiness of an old maid's life, if it be viewed aright. Of course the even tenor of the good lady's own existence near a small out-of-the-way town—*anglicé*, village—affords few materials in itself. But she dwells among her own people, and in this group her very pretty niece, Mary, and a ward of the same age, Grace, entrusted to Mrs. Margaret under rather mysterious circumstances, are and de-

serve to be the most conspicuous figures. These young ladies are play-fellows in childhood of Claud, Mary's brother, who, not very inconsequently, falls in love by and by with Grace. The progress of this attachment, and of one between Mary and a young Laird of Lillieshall, is anxiously watched by good Aunt Margaret. Readers will find it difficult not to share in her concern about the "bairns." Not that the circumstances are strikingly unusual—the course of true love never did run smooth,—nor are the characters elaborately chiselled; but there is at least about both sufficient individuality to realize the story. The truthfulness of its minute details and touches of quaint humour, fully redeem it from dulness or insipidity; above all, the cheerful, serene, holy atmosphere of Sunnyside pervades every line. The pure and high morality by which it is marked, tempered by a loving spirit, never degenerates into harshness, rarely becomes prim or precise. The patriarchal domesticities of rural Scotland, if deficient in sublime features, are refreshing as a level landscape of green fields; above all, the serene atmosphere of Sunnyside diffuses itself throughout the book—from that quiet little nook flows comfort and consolation for everybody. Fortune may frown, or far worse, clouds may darken the inner life; but, interpreted by a faithful heart, the dreariest trials grow light; sorrow and anxiety are lulled to rest in the dutiful recognition of a Providence, in the bright prospect of a world that shall know no change.

We must remind our readers that it is the *morale* of the story, its soothing temperament, rather than its materials, that we commend. The merit of the work appears to us to consist, for the most part, in the medium through which everything is regarded, and that is the integrity of a clear and unclouded, yet thoughtful mind. The authoress understands well the inexpressible significance which often lies in word, look, or gesture, unheeded, perhaps, by a careless or indifferent spectator; she knows how incalculable a share what are called "trifles" have in determining the happiness or misery of mankind, often as the indication of feelings which are by no means trivial, often as leading accidentally to large results, sometimes by reason of their own intrinsic value; she knows that nothing is a trifle in the eyes of Love—that an entire life may be embittered by the misunderstanding of a moment. Human life, like perfection, itself no trifle, is yet made up of trifles; and these have found an attentive and sympathetic observer in Mrs. Margaret. It is in delicate touches of this kind, in such insight into the secrets of the heart and its so often incommunicable bitter-nesses, that we see the master hand of the true

artist, or rather, to speak with peculiar reference to the work before us, the unerring instinct of genuine feeling.

"Merkland" is a more ambitious attempt, and proportionately less successful. We do not mean to say that it is devoid of merit. Pleasant recollections of the loveliest, in Scott's judgment, of all the counties of Scotland, it cannot fail to awaken in all who have ever been there; of Scotch landscapes and Scotch hospitality, of the less artificial tone of society among the rich than in South Britain, of the superior intelligence and education of the poor. Especially we must mention the glimpses, not few nor far between, into the interior of the manes, as not the least interesting feature of the book. It is on a feeling essentially characteristic of the Scotch in its intensity that a considerable part of the story is hinged—the sacred obligation, as it would seem to be esteemed, of preserving a patrimony or hereditary rights; while, through some of the subordinate actors, we are familiarized with the ecclesiastical *régime*. Independently of its own importance, this latter topic affords an analogy peculiarly interesting now to members of the Christian Church. A spirit of acquiescent inactivity, as is well known, marked alike the English and Scottish Establishments in the eighteenth century. The same devoted zeal which animated Wesley and Wilberforce in the south is here described as forcing its way upwards to shake off the incubus. This outburst of unfeigned piety was probably accompanied in both divisions of the island with many spurious imitations—*parhelia*, as it were, of the true sun. Our authoress, we need scarcely add, sympathizes cordially with the "Highfliers," as they were called, in distinction from the "Slaves to the Book," the "Preachers of Proprieties," a class not unfitly represented by one Mr. Bairnsfather, a good easy man; although her candour allows, that one of her imaginary heroes in this way, a Mr. Lumsdaine, was not altogether free from a *penchant* for interfering with other parishes. One other trait, not peculiarly, but especially Scottish, a sense of the advantages of noble birth, even without wealth, is very sensibly defended in a short passage in the third volume. There is a very affecting episode of the eviction of a clan by a stranger landlord, too revolting, we trust, to be of frequent occurrence.

The story, we must confess, strikes us as somewhat tedious now and then; it scarcely advances perceptibly towards its conclusion; and, in consequence, occasionally flags, notwithstanding the mysterious horror that hangs about the lonesome house on the sands, and the secret of blood on which it is based. The principal characters, too, are rather too care-

lessly drawn, with the exception of Mrs. Catherine Douglas, an old-fashioned, upright, strong-minded, kind old lady, who lives in the Tower—a personage not altogether unlike the *Ma chère Mère* in Miss Bremer's "Neighbours." She is certainly a tolerably complete character. But one thing we must cavil at. She would not have been less pleasing or natural if she indulged less freely in a species of strong language—"Beasts! Vermin! I say it"—almost corresponding to profane swearing in a man. The other characters scarcely stand out with sufficient relief of outline or distinctness of execution to challenge any remarks. But we must be allowed to protest against Anne for a heroine. Great earnestness of purpose, and signal devotion of self in rescuing her brother's good name, and the most exemplary forbearance towards her peevish step-mother; this is all very proper, but a few personal attractions would not have disfigured all these sterling qualities. On this point our heroine is wrapt in a not exactly romantic mystery, if we except a casual hint that she was very plain, if not ugly. Now we are far from wishing to compress all taste for beauty into the particular type dictated by any one theory. It is a happy thing that there is such variety of tastes. It gives more chance of every one being suited without mutual interference. But, generally speaking, the admirers of what we cannot better designate than as the *Jane Eyre* style of physiognomy, take care to insist on some one feature or other, or at least on the pervading expression, as able to redeem a face not otherwise loveable. And our toleration scarcely extends to a heroine, a nonentity as far as appearance goes, who lives with us during three volumes in daily intercourse, and leaves us at last in wondering uncertainty on the important point, what sort of looking person it is that we have known so well. Not even in what she says is there such striking colour or *contour* as to relieve this insipid insignificance of face and figure. And now that we have ventured on this engrossing question of the beautiful, with reference to the human face divine, we cannot refrain from observing, that both in "Merkland" and "Mrs. Margaret Maitland" we are reminded of the female picture gallery in "Olive" and "The Ogilvies." In all there is a decided preference for a pale spiritual face, "with eyes like a flood," over prettiness of complexion, symmetry of features, and the other elements of a more physical, popular, Hebe-like style of loveliness. Again, on a very different subject, in the condemnation of the cold and formal consolation—"It cannot be helped," sometimes administered to the bereaved by their pastors, instead of a higher and more hopeful tone, we have noticed a coincidence between our two author-

esses, curious from the very close resemblance of the expressions used.

It would not be difficult to select several very powerfully written passages from "Merkland;" we must be content, however, with the following brief extracts:—

"She was now proceeding to the house of her most dear and especial friend: an ancient lady, whose strong will swayed, and whose warm heart embraced all who came within their influence, and whose healthful and vigorous spirit was softened in a manner most rare and beautiful by those delicate perceptions and sympathies which form so important an element in the constitution of genius. Mrs. Catherine Douglas had seen the snows of sixty winters. For more than thirty of these, her strong and kindly hand had held absolute dominion at the Tower, yet of the few admitted to her friendship and confidence, Anne Ross, the neglected stepdaughter of Mrs. Ross of Merkland, an ill-used child, a slighted woman, held the highest place.

"The October sun was gleaming in the brown waters of Oran as Anne approached the Tower. A grey, old, stately place it was, defiant of storm alike and siege, with deep embrasures on its walls, meant for no child's play, and courtyard that had rung to martial music centuries, in the days of the unhappy Stuarts. Deep woods stretched round it, tinted with autumn's fantastic wealth of colouring. The Oran ran so close to the strong, heavy, battlemented wall, that in the old warlike days it had been the castle-moat, but the drawbridge was gone, and there was peaceful access now by a light bridge of oak. A boat lay on the stream, moored to an overhanging rock, by which Mrs. Catherine herself was wont to make the brief passage of the Oran. It was a favorite toy of Anne's also, in her happier moods, but she was too heavy of heart to heed it now."—Vol. i. p. 16.

Here is a graphic description of the stately Mrs. Catherine:—

"'I think you may let Mrs. Catherine have the whole merit of this, Jacky,' said Anne, taking it down; 'and do you have a ramble through the garden and find something more fragrant than those sunflowers. You will get some roses yet,—run, Jacky. Mrs. Catherine—'

"'Is trysted with undutiful bairns,' said the lady herself, entering the room. 'And wherefore did ye not come to me, Gowan, and me in urgent need of counsel? And wherefore did ye not open the door, ye elf, Jacky, unless ye be indeed a changeling as I hae aye thought ye, and were feared for learned words? Come down with me this moment, Gowan! Ye can fiddle about these bonny things when there is no serious matters in hand. I am saying, Come with me!'

"Mrs. Catherine Douglas was tall and stately, with a firm step, and a clear voice, strong constitutioned, and strong spirited. In appearance she embodied those complexional peculiarities which gave to the fabled founder of her house his far-famed name—black hair, streaked with

silver, the characteristic pale complexion, and strongly-marked features, harmonizing perfectly in the hue—she was dark grey. It seemed her purpose, too, to increase the effect by her dress. At all times and seasons, Mrs. Catherine's rich, rustling, silken garments were grey, of that peculiar dark grey which is formed by throwing across the sable warp a slender waft of white. In winter, a shawl of the finest texture, but of the simple black and white shepherd's check, completed her costume. In summer, its soft, fine folds hung over her chair. No rejoicing, and no sorrow, changed Mrs. Catherine's characteristic dress. The lustrous silken garment, the fine woollen shawl, the cap of old and costly lace remained unchanged for years."—Vol. i. p. 22.

In this passage the feelings of a timid young girl at leaving home and entering a strange house are not badly described:—

"It was not a pleasant change; to leave the cheerful voice and vivacious conversation of Lewis for those formal questions as to her journey, and the terrified stillness of little Bessie, as she sat tremulously by Mrs. Elspat's side. Alice had scarcely ever seen before the dense darkness of starless nights in so wide and lonely a country, and as she looked out through the carriage-window, and saw, or fancied she saw, the body of darkness floating round about her, the countless swimming atoms of gloom that filled the air, her bounding heart was chilled. The faint autumnal breeze, too, pouring its sweeping, sighing lengths, through those endless walls of trees; the excited throb of her pulse when in some gaunt congregation of firs she fancied she could trace the quaint gables and high roofs of some olden dwelling-place; the disappointment of hearing, in answer to her timid question, that the Tower was yet miles away! Alice sank back into her corner in silence, and closed her eyes, feeling now many fears and misgivings, and almost wishing herself at home.

"At last, the voice of the Oran roused her; there was something homelike in its tinkling musical footsteps, and Alice looked up. Dimly the massy Tower was rising before her, planting its strong breadth firmly upon its knoll, like some stout sentinel of old. The great door was flung wide open as they approached, and a flood of light, and warmth, and kindness beaming out, dazzled and made denser the intervening gloom. Foremost on the broad threshold stood a young lady, whose graver and elder womanhood brought confidence to the throbbing girlish heart; behind stood the portly Mrs. Euphan Morison, the elfin Jacky, and, farthest back of all, a tall figure enveloped in the wide soft folds of the grey shawl, Mrs. Catherine's characteristic costume. Little Alice alighted, half stumbling in bashful awkwardness; the young lady on the threshold came forward, took her hand, and said some kindly words of welcome; Jacky curtsied; the tall figure advanced.

"'I have brought ye the young lady—Miss Aytoun, Mem,' said Mrs. Elspat Henderson, and Alice lifted her girlish face, shy and blushing, to the scrutiny of her ancient kinswoman. Mrs.

Catherine drew the young stranger forward, took her hand, and looked at her earnestly.

"'A bit bonnie countenance it is,' she said at last, bending to kiss the white forehead of the tremulous Alice. 'Ye are welcome to my house, Alison Aytoun. Gowan, the bairn is doubtless cold and wearied, do you guide her up the stair.'" —Vol. i. p. 35.

We must confess to have been somewhat disappointed in reading the "Ladder of Gold." The subject of it—the upward progress from poverty to enormous wealth of a railway speculator, and his subsequent fortunes in his new sphere—is so promising, almost, in fact, a virgin soil; the mania in question combines so remarkably the historic interest of an era, now, we may hope, gone by, with the vivid, bustling actuality of the present, as to rouse expectations, which we regret to say, are not realized. Richard Rawlings, who climbs this golden ladder that connects gods and men, is almost the only character of any note in the book. Long-sighted and capacious in his schemes, prompt and energetic in execution, unembarrassed by tender feelings, and embittered against society by circumstances, he is no bad type of the spirit that fights its way to pre-eminence by a very law of its being, in the camp or at the ledger, according to the temper of the times. With this exception there is little to remark upon. A few less trite revelations of the esoteric doings of railway boards would have made the book more piquant, and not less instructive. The story "progresses," as the Americans say, slowly and heavily, without sufficient liveliness in the separate scenes to beguile the time. The lovers are insipid as waxwork; and the course of their true love, if it does not run smooth, has at all events found its way into a well-used channel. Finally, the blemishes of the book, and they are neither very few nor unimportant, are aggravated by a stiff and portentous style.

The three most remarkable books in our list we have still to mention—our limited space compels us to add, very cursorily. Of these, "The Initials," in our opinion, quite deserves to come first. As the narrative of a year's sojourn in Bavaria, it has claims of its own on attention, for graphic sketches of domestic German life in town and country; and this compensates for a certain degree of monotony in the incidents. The characters, too, are very good. The bewitchingly naïve Crescenz, and her far more interesting yet equally unsophisticated sister, Hildegard; their strong-minded, good-natured vulgar mother; their fastidious and indolent papa; the baron, a frank and genial sportsman with his delightful wife; Count Zedwitz, honourable, manly, sensible, and ugly; and, not least, our handsome young Englishman, whom circumstances might have

made *blazé* and selfish, but who, notwithstanding his tact and *savoir vivre*, is gay, generous, enterprising, amiable, with a strong dash of boyish vanity, a mischievous appetite for teasing, and an English habit of making himself comfortable: these make a very entertaining group. Besides all this, the masterly command over dialogue displayed, especially in subdued irony and dry repartee, with no small amount of easy, undidactic, practical sagacity; such qualities as those combine to make one of the most racy, chatty, life-like novels, that we ever remember to have seen: one not altogether unworthy to have proceeded from the pen of Mr. Thackeray himself. We have only to add that the tragic element is very small; and that "Flirtation" would be as good a name for the book as "The Initials."

We regret much that our limits forbid us to indulge our readers with more than the following fragment:—

"To this speech no answer was made, and Hamilton followed them at a distance into the supper-room. He had lost so much time in the organ-loft that almost all the guests were already gone. The traveller, whose arrival he had witnessed, was in the act of lighting a cigar, with which he immediately left the room. An elderly, red-faced, stout gentleman, with a tankard of beer beside him, he soon discovered to be Major Stultz; nor did it require much penetration to recognise Mr. Schmearer, the painter, in the emaciated, sentimental-looking young man beside whom he seated himself. Hildegard and her stepmother were nearly opposite; the former, after bestowing on Hamilton a look, which might appropriately have accompanied a box on the ear, fixed her eyes on the table; the latter bowed most graciously, and commenced an interesting conversation about the weather, the barometer, and her dislike to thunderstorms in general. When these topics had been completely exhausted, Hamilton hoped that something might be said of the present inhabitants of Seon, but a long and tiresome discussion on the merits of summer and winter beer followed. Strauss's beer was delicious—Bock had been particularly good this year. 'Bock,' cried Major Stultz, enthusiastically, 'Bock is better than champagne! Bock is —' Here he looked up with an impassioned air to the ceiling, and kissed the two first fingers of his right hand, flourishing them in the air afterwards. Words it seems were inadequate to express the merits of this beverage.

"Did you see the picture at the Kuntsverein in Munich, representing a glass of foaming bock, with the usual accessories of bread and radishes?" asked Mr. Schmearer. "It was exquisitely painted. I believe his majesty purchased it."

"There is some sense in such a picture as that," answered Major Stultz; "I went two or three times to see it, and could scarcely avoid stretching out my hand to feel if it were not some deception."

"A judicious management of reflected lights

produces extraordinary effect in the representation of fluids," observed Mr. Schmearer.

"A pause ensued: Major Stultz did not seem disposed to discuss reflected lights; the picture had evidently had no value for him, excepting as a good representation of a glass of bock, and his attention was now directed towards Hildegard, whose flushed cheeks and pouting lips rather heightened than detracted from her beauty.

"Perhaps you would like to see the newspapers, madam?" he asked, politely offering the latest arrived to her stepmother.

"Thank you, I never read newspapers, though I join some acquaintances in taking the *Eilbote*, on condition that it comes to us last of all, and then we can keep the paper for cleaning the looking-glasses and windows.

"There are, however, sometimes very pretty stories and charades in the *Eilbote*; young ladies like such things," he observed, glancing significantly towards Hildegard.

"My daughters must read nothing but French, and I have subscribed to a library for them. Their French has occupied more than half their lives at school, and now I intend them to teach the boys."

"I should have no sort of objection to learn French from such an instructress," said the Major gallantly.

"Indeed, I don't think any one will ever learn much from her," said Madame Rosenberg, severely; "but her sister Crescenz is a good girl, and the children are very fond of her."

"You have two daughters!" exclaimed the Major.

"Stepdaughters," she replied, drily.

"That I took for granted," he said, bowing as if he intended to be very civil. "The young ladies will be of great use to you in the house-keeping."

"That is exactly what has been neglected in their education; if they could keep a house as well as they can speak French, I should be satisfied. When we return to Munich they must both learn cookery. I intend afterwards to give the children to one, and the housekeeping to the other alternately."

"You will prepare the young ladies so well for their destination that I suspect they will not remain long unmarried!"

"There's not much chance of that! Husbands are not so easily found for portionless girls!" replied Madame Rosenberg, facetiously; "however, I am quite ready to give my consent should anything good offer."

"Hamilton looked at Hildegard to see what impression this conversation had made on her. She had turned away as much as possible from the speakers, and with her head bent down seemed to watch intently the bursting of the bubbles in a glass of beer! Had it been her sister he would have thought she had chosen the occupation to conceal her embarrassment; but embarrassment was not Hildegard's predominant feeling; her compressed lips and quick breathing denoted suppressed anger, which amounted to rage, as her stepmother in direct terms asked Major Stultz if he were married,

and received for answer that he was 'a bachelor, at her service.' With a sudden jerk, the glass was prostrated on the table, and before Hamilton could raise his arm its contents were deposited in the sleeve of his coat.

"*Pardon, mille fois!*" cried Hildegarde, looking really sorry for what had occurred.

"You irritable, awkward girl!" commenced her mother; but for some undoubtedly excellent reason, she suddenly changed her manner, and added, 'You had better go to bed, child; I see you have not yet recovered from the recent alarm in the church.'

"Hildegarde rose quickly from her chair, and with a slight and somewhat haughty obeisance to the company, left the room in silence. Madame Rosenberg continued volubly to excuse her to Hamilton, and, what he thought quite unnecessary, to Major Stultz also!

"The Major listened with complacence, but Hamilton's wet shirt-sleeve induced him to finish his supper as quickly as possible, and wish the company good night."

"The *Ogilvies*" and "*Olive*" are by the same authoress; both considerably above the average of novels; far superior to the insipid, artificial platitudes of works like *Emilia Wyndham*;—not unlike *Lady Georgiana Fullarton's* in their framework, while in morale they are more akin (with a difference be it observed) to "*Jane Eyre*." Like the former, they have in their favour no crowd of persons or events;—in "*Olive*" indeed, there is a positive want of something going on, a sort of blank void in the action;—a few pronounced characters fill the stage and a good deal of space is devoted, not unprofitably, to the sensations of the inner life. Of the latter we are reminded by the heroes: they are so decidedly of the Mr. Rochester stamp, without his vices; their beauty is strength, an imperious majesty of intellect, that relaxes itself only at the magic touch of love. Of the two we certainly prefer the "*Ogilvies*" to "*Olive*." The main idea of the former, a woman's love slighted, afterwards revenging itself by a feigned show of indifference, when time has brought her idol to her feet, and yet has destroyed the possibility of their happiness, and while her heart is breaking all the time,—if not altogether new, is at least very forcibly expressed. Almost all the interest is centred in Katherine Ogilvy. Her idol, Paul Lynedon, is a strange choice; a cold, worldly, artificial man. The other characters are not very much developed. The most prominent of them, one Philip Wychnor, inclines to the opposite fault from Paul Lynedon, of a morbid susceptibility. Although intended, it would appear, rather as a model man, he will strike most readers, we anticipate, as what would be called in the Attic slang of the day, a "muff."

"*Olive*," in like manner to "*The Ogilvies*," is devoted for the most part to the embodiment

of one leading thought—the happiness of an unselfish life, and the possibility of inspiring love without advantages, nay, with positive drawbacks in personal appearance; we have already alluded to the apparent preference for pale women and unapproachable men. With regard to the moral character of the book, it is very good, with the exception of occasional flights of philosophy, vague and not very intelligible, sometimes even rather morbid. Most readers will complain, we suspect, that there is too much preachment in *Olive*; more, we mean, than is appropriate or seasonable in works of a light texture. It would almost lead one to imagine that the unquestionable success of the *Ogilvies* had "impeded the wings" of *Olive* with too confident reliance on a like reception, and a consequent disregard for the popular judgment. May we suggest, that a more frequent use of a *condensing* process would be an improvement in the future novels which we hope to have an opportunity of welcoming from the same pen?

We could gladly linger on this enchanted ground a little longer. It is almost like parting from living friends to say goodbye, as we turn the last page of a novel, to those in whose hopes and fears we have for some time had a part. Stupid beyond measure must that novel be which does not wake some common chord; which does not present some embodiment to its readers with which he may identify his own emotions, and soothe them by the very act of doing so; which does not treat of wants and anxieties, in which he may trace his own reflected, and thus be beguiled into forgetfulness; which does not recall the loved images of many absent friends, and introduce him to some new phases of human nature. And we have had very satisfactory materials to analyze in the books before us. One among many modes, at least, if not the highest or most direct, of inculcating truth and encouraging goodness, is a good novel. For this reason, such books as those which we have noticed deserve a hearty welcome. And even those readers who only desire rest and recreation, may expect, if they will believe us, to find more amusement from them, in all the luxury of slippers, an arm-chair, and a bright fireside, than polished boots and crowded *conversazioni* usually afford.

We must, however, avail ourselves of the two last novels on our list, "*Caleb Field*" and "*Rose Douglass*," both of which have very recently appeared, as an apology for lingering a little longer in this fairy land of literature. "*Caleb Field*" is just what might be expected from the graceful pen of the Authoress of "*Mrs. Margaret Maitland*" and "*Merkland*." It is more akin to the former of these works; decidedly not unworthy to stand beside either of its precursors. In one respect it differs con-

siderably from both of them. It purports, as the preface informs us, to vindicate the Non-conformist divines of Charles II.'s time from unmerited neglect. That extraordinary epoch, "the climax of the old world, the seed-time of the new," as it is well styled in the preface, branded too as it was by the awful visitation of the great Plague of London, affords a grander theme than secluded villages in North Britain. But it is not in large and elaborate description, in gorgeous colouring, or theatrical effect that the merits of Caleb Field are to be found. On the contrary, any expectation of such panoramic views as Manzoni has given of the horrors of the Plague of Milan, or even of the Hogarth-like touches of our own Defoe, will be disappointed here. But this, and other deficiencies—for example, the want of a good plot, and of incidents to diversify the rather monotonous level of the story—are amply compensated for by peculiar beauties; by the true sublimity of a wise and reverent spirit; by lofty representations of calm heroic fortitude; by a kindly and penetrating perception of character; by the quiet tastefulness of a pure and simple style, the fit vehicle of an earnest, tranquil, harmonious mind.

It is a new aspect of the reign of the licentious Charles to introduce the reader to the doings and sufferings of some of the two thousand ministers who were deprived of their position in the English Church by the Act of Uniformity. Three or four of these are brought into the story; and very graphically are they portrayed, and very pleasant it is to contemplate such gentle magnanimity. And yet controversy is not allowed to mingle its uncongenial ingredients in the story.

The following passage, and we wish that we could find room for more, exhibits the conclave of Presbyterian ministers during the fury of the pestilence:—

"So they went forth together. Their meeting was in a vestry attached to the old church of St. Margaret's in Westminster. The Presbyterian ministers of London were assembling in their classes when Vincent and Field entered the room.

"In the chair sat a little, quick, lively man, with small vivacious features and keen dark eyes. He was one of that peculiar class whose names are redolent of solemn quip and quaint antithesis, balanced with a nice art and dexterity forgotten in our times. A study-chair in some fair vicarage, in 'the leisure of the olden ministry,' elaborating courses of quaint sermons, and decking his beloved Bible with the flowery gathering of an antique philosophy, somewhat artificial it may be, yet having life in its veins withal, would have better realized the abstract idea of suitability in the case of Master Chester, than did the Moderator's chair of this small but solemn assembly within the bounds of stricken

London. But that race of quaint commentators was a race fearing God truly and faithfully, and their representative here, strengthened by such loyal love and reverence, had risen to the top of this bitter wave, and relaxing the scrupulous cares of composition which formed his most congenial work, was now labouring in the fervent inspiration of that dire and solemn necessity, no less zealous and manful than any there.

"Beside him sat a good-looking, portly, middle aged man, with a ruddy and healthful face. He belonged to another distinct class. Master Franklin had not the gift of originating or suggesting; but he had in an especial manner, in that docile, laborious, patient strength of his, the gift of carrying out. An unobtrusive, placid, humble man, he accomplished heaps of work unwittingly, and went on day by day in a series of dumb unthought-of heroisms, appreciated by few men, least of all by himself; for there was little light save the quiet radiance of goodness to set off his labour withal, and in the unfeigned humility of his honest heart he himself would have been the first to repudiate the praise due to his constant devotion.

The preacher, Vincent, had an individuality strikingly distinct from these. Prone to examine the depths of his own sensitive spirit, he had endured at the outset of his career a fiery ordeal akin to that of the famed dreamer of Bedford; and, fighting through spiritual perils, like the pilgrim of that wondrous vision, had become at last a great master in all the subtle processes and unseen movements of the heart. 'Cases of conscience,' such as formed no unimportant part of the ministerial labours of those zealous times, were referred to him from all places. In probing the wounds, disentangling the twisted threads of motive and design, elucidating the hidden working, and evolving the secret struggles of the soul, he was at home and strong; and, joined with this peculiar gift, was a melancholy bias of mind, a tendency to despondency and speculative grief, a mood akin to that of the preacher of old, who, as the conclusion of his experience, leaves the sorrowful record to us, that all is vanity. A certain melancholy vivacity of expression and overwhelming earnestness made him, as it makes his class still, an especially effective preacher, and in this time of singular distress the effect was proportionally increased.

"Caleb Field was less a man peculiar to that age than any of all these. No youthful cavalier in the gay court of Charles had a more glad-some enjoyment of life than this sombre Puritan minister of doomed London. No tender-hearted maiden or loving mother had a sympathy more quick, a compassion more gentle than was his. So full of joyous congenial life with all that was true and honest, lovely, and of good report, and withal in his strong vitality having so great a fountain of deepest pathos within—a truly human man, akin to all who wear the wondrous garment of this mortality.

"And so it happened that this man's influence was less subject to ebbs and flowings of popular appreciation than the rest. It was as perennial and constant as life itself, for, in all that pertains to life, many-sided and various, his warm humanity made itself a part.

"The other members of the Church-court were but different phases of those various kinds of men, devoted with all their differing individualities to the one fervent solemn work, upon which lay the awe of martyrdom, the almost certain conclusion of death."

"Rose Douglas, the Autobiography of a Minister's Daughter," has been kept back hitherto from publication, through a fear in the writer, as the preface says, of following too closely in the track of Mrs. Margaret Maitland. But there is no slight difference between the two books. Rose Douglas is much longer, and less diversified by the "moving accidents" and vicissitudes of a story. Another and a cognate difference is, that the descriptions in Rose Douglas have the air of a literal copying from the pages of past experience, rather than of proceeding from that creative imagination, the half-poetic, half-philosophic instinct of generalizing, which presents the veriest truth in the most interesting form, by digesting, discriminating, and reproducing as its own the impressions which it has imbibed. In fact, Rose Douglas is scarcely to be ranked with novels. With due allowance for the diametrical opposition between one of the gayest courts that has ever been in Europe, and the domestic life and retirement characteristic of a Lowland manse, there is something in the work to remind the reader of "Mr. Pepys's Diary." Or, regarded as a work of art, perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say that the opening chapters, especially, would naturally be classed under the same category as the disjointed scenes and fragmentary narratives of "Sam Slick," or its twin-brother, the "At-taché in England." For fidelity, accuracy, and excellence of intention, at least, if not for higher artistic excellencies, in the descriptions of quiet everyday life in Scotch society among the middle classes, Rose Douglas deserves much approbation, and may be included among those genial works of fiction which tend to purify the character and tranquilize the mind.

We have already expressed satisfaction at the general improvement in novels of recent date, particularly because they bear the marks of a more searching analysis into human character, its impulses and motives, and a disposition not to rest contented with the superficial traits and conventional peculiarities, however striking, of men and manners, but to grapple in earnest, and in a deep moral spirit, with the great riddle of human life. For it cannot be deemed an intrusion into the sacred precincts of religion—it is a very different thing from the controversies of so-called religious novels—it is of almost inestimable importance as subsidiary to the dogmatic teaching of creeds and commandments, for the novelist to

throw what light he can on the strength and weakness of the heart of man, and to suggest how his affections and passions may best be cultivated to the true purpose of his being. It is not too much to say, that the novelist has it in his power to bring medicine to the soul; to aid in soothing its perplexities and regrets—to animate its flagging energies. Even to those persons who decry novels as frivolous, it must be obvious, that they testify to the drift of the literature of the day—"vento palææ jactantur inanes." Much more may those, who regard novels as no inadequate vehicle of precious truths, rejoice in their present tone. And this congratulation applies to the Scotch novels under our notice, with especial emphasis. We do not mean to imply that there is any very strong contradistinction between the literature on this side and on that side of the Border. Will any one deny, that there is almost as much difference between the northern and southern counties of England, as between Scotch and English at the present day? With such incessant intercourse as now exists, especially among the literary, between North and South Britain, it would indeed be strange if the literature of the one district did not keep pace with the other, either for improvement or the reverse. Nevertheless, each nation has its own appropriate contribution to bring to the common fund. Difference of race, difference in the system of education, the accumulated inheritance of customs and traditions transmitted from age to age, and, in the Highlands, the additional difference arising from the remains here and there of the old patriarchal régime—all this gives an unmistakable individuality. Nor will any thoughtful observer, however anxious for the closest amity and reciprocal influence in progressive civilisation, desire such characteristics to be effaced. There is quite enough that is distinctively Scotch about the novels in question, to give the relish of novelty to the English reader; and, we venture to predict, that such readers will not be least ready to confess their obligations, not for amusement merely, but of a more solid kind; after dwelling for a while in thought among the primitive simplicities of homely life, which still linger in the bracing air and stern scenery of Scotland, and listening to the practical wisdom, stamped with the marks of a grave and conscientious temperament, for which her children have always been remarkable.

ART. VI.—1. *The Saint's Tragedy; or, The True Story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgravine of Thuringia, Saint of the Romish Calendar.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Junior, Rector of Eversley. With a Preface by Professor MAURICE. Second Edition. London, 1851.

2. *Twenty-Five Village Sermons.* By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Junior, Rector of Eversley, Hants, and Canon of Middleham, Yorkshire. London, 1849.

3. *The Message of the Church to Labouring Men; a Sermon preached at St. John's Church, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. (June 22, 1851.)* By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Jun., Rector of Eversley. London, 1851.

THE "Saint's Tragedy" and the "Village Sermons" of Mr. Kingsley have been before the public for so considerable a time, that, having been prevented from bestowing on them earlier notice, we may be thought precluded from making them the subjects of remark. It might have been so were they writings in a more popular form, and thus likely to obtain a rapid circulation; but it so happens that neither a tragedy nor a volume of sermons belongs to the most generally attractive class of books. Unless either the reputation of its author, or some extrinsic circumstance, direct attention peculiarly to it, a tragedy, even of decided merit, may in these days easily escape the notice of all but a few; and of sermons, it may be said, that the individual species are often supposed, with much reason, to have a very limited *habitat*, and to be regarded with little interest out of their native region. We are now glad to make the publication of a second edition of the tragedy the occasion of offering some remarks upon the two works whose titles we have placed first at the head of this Article.

An interesting, and, it must be admitted, an important question is naturally enough suggested by a volume of sermons from the author of a dramatic poem. The question is, What sort of sermons are we to look for from a poet? or, in other words, What relation does the gift of poesy bear to the gift of preaching? It can hardly be necessary for us here to premise, that in using such language we have regard only to the natural endowments or intellectual capacities and tendencies of the preacher; the deep inward and spiritual life, of which, in all true preaching, these are but the organs and exponents, we well know to be confined, thank God! to no single form of mental structure, nor stage of growth.

To the question which we have thus ventured to propose, we believe the answers given by any considerable number of readers would indicate by no means unanimity. To

many, what cannot be formally called sacred in science or literature, still seems profane, and the field over which it is permitted to the Christian to range a very narrow one; for the heresy by which reason is divorced from religion still lives and does its work,—fatal to each, because neither singly, but only both in union, can be productive of any worthy offspring. It is probably not without reason that Mr. Maurice, in the valuable preface by which his friend's tragedy is introduced, anticipates from some quarters serious blame to any clergyman who shall write a true drama, exhibiting human beings engaged in some earnest struggle, even while the privilege of expressing his own thoughts, sufferings, and sympathies in any form of verse may be easily conceded to him.

That such views should still linger among us, will hardly surprise any who have considered how low an estimate had come to be entertained of poetry, and particularly of the drama. Poetry, which had from the beginning given, as it will doubtless to the end continue to give, expression to the deepest, the highest, the holiest of human thoughts, had come to be regarded as something almost too trivial even for the most vacant hour; and the tragedy, which exhibits the fateful struggle of man with circumstance or with himself, terrible in its aspects, momentous in its issues, the elder drama teaching of the fightings without, the christian rather of fightings within, had lost all significance for an age in which the struggle itself was all but disregarded, or counted as childish enthusiasm. In determining how far the required qualities of a poet, and more particularly of a tragic poet, are also the required qualities of a preacher, it will be necessary to consider in succession their respective functions. What is implied in being a poet? what in being a preacher? We are not here forgetting, that in thus stating the question we seem, in words at least, to be comparing things which do not admit of comparison; the word poet being expressive of peculiar mental structure and powers, the word preacher merely meaning the holder of a recognised office. Of course it is not in this sense that we use the latter word, when thus comparing the two functions. It would indeed be well for us if all whose office it is to preach had, in a much larger degree than with truth can be said of them in any of the Churches, the appropriate endowments; and for our present purpose we shall term preachers only those who have these endowments in such considerable measure as to make it possible for us to compare them with poets.

In saying of the Drama that it essentially represents a struggle, it is implied that the

dramatist must be in possession of some form of earnestness; for he must have had the means of first representing to himself, through sympathy, the contest which he is able effectively to depict. The general truth of this remark will be admitted, although certain modern dramas (Goethe's, for instance) would seem to lead to the conclusion that it is liable to some exceptions, there being those who can achieve through sheer force of intellect, a result which is attained by others only through a deeper sympathy. In one way or other, at least, the tragic author must be able to express, with a power peculiar to himself, human desires and passions, and that not merely singly, but in their mutual relations; for he represents them not in the abstract, but in the concrete form, and has to produce men, not monsters. The concrete form of all true poetry will explain to us how great poets have been also men of practical sagacity in the management of affairs, which cannot be said of abstract thinkers; and if we regard the Germans as the most highly gifted in the latter respect, but comparatively poorly endowed in the former, the political incapacity which is now grieving all right-minded men may perhaps be traced to a foundation deeper than the long want of appropriate institutions. Perhaps no better instance could be chosen of the falseness of popular judgments on such matters than the very common one of regarding poets as capable only of dreams, and therefore powerful only in dreamland, but having, in truth, no work to do on this solid earth. Looking only at the sensitive poetical temperament, but not at the informing mind which lies under it, perhaps one might easily fall into the mistake, which yet a little thought might as easily correct. Either the study of any of the great poems, or the history of their authors, would lead us to a better conclusion. What piece of business will it be supposed that Shakspeare could not have transacted? Surely he could have done all that he has enabled his embodied conceptions (called with perfect propriety in one sense his creatures) to do. Cardinal Wolsey, for instance, the sumptuous Wiseman of those days, looks very like a man who knew something of this world—of men, their strength, weakness, motives, subjection to management; or going up into higher regions, what form of social agency is there which is not better seen in these pages than almost anywhere else? It did not, indeed, happen to be Shakspeare's particular work to transact in great affairs, but he managed the Globe Theatre at least successfully, which sufficed him. Dante, Milton, and Goethe, to name no more, were all men of affairs. Our readers will not extend these remarks to other departments of poetry than

the epic and the dramatic; although even among the lesser poets might be found something corroborative of our views. We have been the more anxious to call attention to this practical sagacity as a poetical faculty, because it will be seen to have much value for our present purpose, and because it is often overlooked.

As the dramatic poet must have much knowledge of Man, so also of Nature. "All language," it has been said, "is symbolical;" certainly much of it is so, and Mr. Emerson has well written that "Nature is an interpreter by whose means man converses with his fellow-men." It is only an intimate relation and a close familiarity with Nature that enables the poet to find the proper symbols of his thoughts, and thus to import from Nature into language what shall in future become current coin, the worth of which is well known and generally recognised. But a poet must not only import the new; he must also use the old with a peculiar unequalled significance. This is attained by the same innate sense of their fitness and relation to things by which he appropriates the new, and without the possession of this delicate indescribable faculty seems unattainable. Study will do much, but no man can study himself into being a poet. Most men and women may be taught to write verses—many to write them with great facility; not a few to write what will win for them the applause and wonder of their little circle; but the old saw still stands impregnable—"Nascitur, non fit, poeta." Besides being much else to him, Nature is thus the poet's vocabulary; and when intently gazing and supposed to be dreaming, he may, in fact, be looking for a word. In poetry, then, as we have perhaps the earliest, so we have the latest and highest form of human speech. Scientific speech is but partial, and of the understanding—abstract, with no human sympathies; but whenever the whole being is moved and would express itself, the language is poetical.

Of the pervading formative idea in all true poems, of the reverence which seems essential to poets of the higher class, and of a hundred other things which our readers have learned to associate with the writings of these "our first of men," we have no need to write here; enough if we have given them a few examples of the kind of qualities we mean to make use of in our present argument,—and so let them conceive of the Poet.

Before turning to the other branch of our inquiry, a few words may be said on the nature of the particular drama which has given occasion to these remarks, for the sake of such of our readers as may have no acquaintance with that distinguished poem.

In the *Saint's Tragedy*, Mr. Kingsley has attempted to exhibit some of the most interesting and important features of life as it existed in the Middle Ages; the period referred to being the first half of the thirteenth century. The most prominent of these are well expressed in the following passage of the introduction:—

"In deducing fairly, from the phenomena of her life, the character of Elizabeth, she necessarily became a type of two great mental struggles of the Middle Ages; first, of that between Scriptural or unconscious, and Popish or conscious purity; in a word, between innocence and prudery; next of the struggle between healthy human affection, and the Manichean contempt with which a celibate clergy would have all men regard the names of husband, wife, and parent. To exhibit this latter falsehood in its miserable consequences, when received into a heart of insight and determination sufficient to follow out all belief to its ultimate practice, is the main object of my poem. That a most degrading and agonizing contradiction on these points must have existed in the mind of Elizabeth, and of all who with similar characters shall have found themselves under similar influences, is a necessity that must be evident to all who know anything of the deeper affections of men. In the idea of a married Romish saint, these miseries should follow logically from the Romish view of human relations. In Elizabeth's case their existence is proved equally logically from the acknowledged facts of her conduct."

This may be termed the leading idea of the play. The story into which it has woven itself rests, at all important points, on a distinct historical basis; and is, in the main, as follows:—Elizabeth, daughter of the King of Hungary, had been in childhood betrothed to Lewis, Landgrave of Thuringia, to whose court she had been duly brought "with vessels of gold, silver baths, jewels, and *pillows all of silk*." When the play opens, she had arrived at womanhood; and the bestowal of her ardent affections on Lewis had prepared the way for their marriage, which soon follows. In Lewis, the enthusiastic, devout, sympathetic Elizabeth found a generous, knightly, affectionate husband; but not one in whom her deeper feelings could find repose or direction: For this was required an intellectual and spiritual cultivation which belonged not to him, nor, with rare exceptions, to the most accomplished of his order. The spiritual guidance which he could not afford she received from Conrad of Marburg, a monk, the Pope's Commissioner for the suppression of heresy; who is, excepting Elizabeth, the most important character in the play. In Conrad is exhibited the struggle between the intuitive direction of a true and noble mind, and that imposed upon it by a corrupt and debasing

ecclesiastical system, by which the highest human relations are disowned and dishonoured. It is a key to some of the most distinguished and apparently anomalous characters in history, such as Dunstan, Becket, and Dominic, "whom," as Mr. Kingsley justly says, "if we hate, we shall never understand, while we shall be but too likely, in our own way, to copy them."

By nature capable of the highest enjoyment of married life, hardly has Elizabeth tasted its rich blessedness when the subtle tempter, who has undertaken to make her a "saint," suggests the impurity of that union, which for us symbolizes all that is highest; and teaching that "*sister*" is a holier name than "*wife*," thus plants a worm in the bud which had else matured to full flower and fruitage. Five years of life thus divided between the husband and the priest—between the true purity which God would have and the counterfeit by which the Church supplanted it—having passed over Elizabeth, with watchings, and fastings, and ceaseless labourings among the meanest of the poor and in the most menial offices, she was left a widow. Lewis had joined the crusade (A.D. 1227) to Palestine, which he never reached, having died of fever at Otranto. Insults and cruel hardships were now heaped on her. She was driven from her castle, and with her two children left to wander houseless, exposed to hunger and bitter frost. Intent on making her perfect, according to his idea, Conrad removed from her her "carnal" children, and persisted in adding day by day to the load of suffering under which her macerated body at last gave way; her imagination being alternately excited with the strongest spiritual stimulants, and allayed with intolerable servitude. Amid dreams, and visions, and ravings she died, a wonder-working saint; and through the efforts of her director was duly canonized, on credible evidence of her saintly life, and of the miracles wrought by her holy relics. Thus lives Elizabeth; distinguished in history as a favoured patron of the poor. Conrad, in admitted violation of historical fact, is represented as hardly surviving her; having been, as was the case, put to death by some of the nobles and peasants whose wives and children he had burned as heretics.

This mere outline of the story, in which none of the subordinate characters have been even named, must have suggested to our readers the extreme difficulty of treatment inherent in the subject. It will probably seem to some of them that, to quote from the preface by Mr. Maurice, "in certain passages and scenes the author has been a little too bold for the taste and temper of this age;" and there are those who on this ground have deemed the

subject unfit for dramatic treatment, a judgment in which we do not coincide. The author could not, of course, but be sensible of this difficulty of "satisfying at once the delicacy of the English mind, and that historic truth which the highest art demands," (*Notes*, p. 248;) and he refers "those who may be shocked at certain expressions in this poem, borrowed from the Romish devotional school, to the Romish booksellers, who find just now a rapidly increasing sale for such ware."

While it might be too much to say that Mr. Kingsley has altogether overcome this difficulty, it may be said that he has at least combated it manfully and with no small success; this his first dramatic poem being a work of much promise and of undoubted genius; in which with a strict regard to historical truth, the spirit of the age to which it relates is so embodied as to leave on the mind of the reader a very definite and lasting impression. In some of the dialogues and soliloquies there is much power; but the excellence of the lyrical passages is the most remarkable. Some of these are exceedingly beautiful. Take, for example, that with which the Drama opens, sung by Elizabeth sitting on the steps of a closed rural chapel.

"Baby, Jesus, who dost lie
Far above that stormy sky,
In thy mother's pure caress,
Stoop, and save the motherless.

"Happy birds! whom Jesus leaves
Underneath his sheltering eaves;
There they go to play and sleep;
May not I go in and weep?

"All without is mean and small,
All within is vast and tall;
All without is harsh and shrill,
All within is hushed and still.

"Jesus, let me enter in,
Wrap me safe from noise and sin,
Let me list the angels' songs,
See the picture of Thy wrongs:

"Let me kiss Thy wounded feet,
Drink Thine incense faint and sweet,
While the clear bells call Thee down
From thine everlasting throne!

"At thy door-step low I bend,
Who have neither kin nor friend;
Let me here a shelter find—
Shield the shorn lamb from the wind.

"Jesu, Lord, my heart will break;
Save me for Thy great love's sake!"

As another example we may refer to the chorus of crusaders, in the eleventh scene of the second act.

Of the more passionate dramatic passages it

is difficult to find one which will at all bear removal from its proper place in the play, but the following may be quoted from the fourth act. It is Elizabeth's soliloquy in a convent chapel, where she had been left to ponder the proposed withdrawal of her children from all her care for the future.

"Elizabeth. Give up his children? Why, I'd not give up

A lock of hair, a glove his hand had hallowed;
They are his gift, his pledge, his flesh and blood,
Tossed off for my ambition! Ah, my husband!
His ghost's sad eyes upbraid me! Spare me,
spare me!

I'd love thee still, if I dared; but I fear God.

And shall I never more see loving eyes

Look into mine until my dying day?

That's this world's bondage: Christ would have me free;

And 'twere a pious deed to cut myself

The last, last strand, and fly: but whither?
whither?

What if I cast away the bird i' the hand,

And found none in the bush? 'Tis possible—

..... No, there's worse than that.

What if He but sat still and let me be?

And these deep sorrows, which my vain conceit
Calls chastenings, meant for me—my ailment's
cure—

Were lessons for some angels far away,

And I the *corpus vile* for the experiment?

The grinding of the sharp and pitiless wheels
Of some high Providence, which had its main-
spring

Ages ago, and ages hence its end?

That were too horrible—

To have torn up the roses from my garden,

And planted thorns instead: to have forged my
griefs,

And hugged the griefs I dared not forge; made
earth

A hell for hope of heaven; and after all,
These homeless moors of life toiled through, to
wake,

And find blank nothing! Is that angel world

A gaudy window, which we paint ourselves

To hide the dead void night beyond? The pre-
sent?

Why here's the present—like this arched gloom,

It hems our blind souls in, and roofs them over

With adamant vault, whose only voice

Is our wild prayer's echo; and our future?

It rambles out in endless aisles of mist,

The farther still the darker—Oh, my Saviour!

My God, where art Thou?"

We have no space for farther quotations; and with this slight notice of the Saint's Tragedy we shall now revert to our argument, of which we have to take up the second part, by inquiring into some of the constitutive peculiarities of the Preacher.

When it is asked, then, on the other hand, What is the preacher? one feels inclined to respond, What is he not? Is there any physical, mental or moral, endowment which may

not be brought into his service? An imposing person, a rich musical voice, a glittering eye that holds one, fitting artistic gesture; whatever helps or makes the orator, does not the same also help or make the preacher? That one may be an orator in the pulpit, whether that pulpit be such an one as the first we read of, the "tower of wood" from which Ezra expounded to the people standing round him in the Watergate-street of Jerusalem the long-forgotten law; or some appropriated humble implement, a cart or a barrel; or one of the "stones that name the under-lying dead,"—in Wesley's case a father's grave,—over and around which a devout people, with much pains, are gathered to hear; or, as in our days usually, be a comfortable velvet-cushioned box, from which the speaker, distinguished by a classical gown, discourses to an audience as comfortably circumstanced as himself, while they rest in square or oblong boxes, ingeniously contrived, in defiance of apostolical denunciations, to prevent any possible contact with "vulgar brethren." From any of these it may be an orator who speaks; and the character of the oratory may have an appreciable relation to the nature of the pulpit.

This leads to an interesting inquiry. We remember a remark made by a friend, as we came out of church, after hearing a sermon by one of the most distinguished of our living preachers; "I have been thinking," he said, "how impossible it is to be at once an orator and a teacher." It is, we believe, perfectly true that the two functions are essentially opposed, although the same speaker may exercise each in succession; and it explains the fact that the hearers of sermons are in this divided into two classes, with contrary desires and judgments. Those who love oratory praise the orator; those who love teaching the teacher; while there are some whose rule it is to hear the orator now and then, but habitually resort to the teacher. If it be asked to what extent there is room for oratory, speaking strictly, in the pulpit, our answer will assign to it a limited sphere. The immediate object of the orator is specific action; and indeed so directly does speech, in this instance, lead to action, that it seems rather action than words. Without understanding this we shall hardly appreciate or even admit the truth of the great Greek orator's thrice-told injunction, according to which *delivery* is everything; for what is plainly untrue of speech in general may be quite true of the kind of speech called oratory. Whenever the object of a speech is to produce a definite action it may come within this class; and the more immediately the action is to follow, the more successful, relatively, will be the oration. Where the action to follow is inevitably postponed, or is of its nature continuous and enduring, it is usual to

make use of an oath or pledge, taken under the influence of the oration, before the judgment has had time to resume its sovereignty; feeling and the orator's power still predominating. Peter the Hermit's preaching of the Crusades, and Father Matthew's of Temperance, may be taken as examples. Oratory can do little to make a man repent or believe in any profound sense; but it may be most efficient in persuading him to submit to the external acts of baptism. It may thus be an invaluable weapon to the Romanist missionary, while the Protestant one will find it of little use. Indeed, in some of its aspects it seems to exert rather a physical than a rational influence, and to produce effects more nearly resembling those ascribed to Mesmerism than any others with which we are acquainted.

The strange manner in which an audience is brought into subjection to the speaker's will must have often suggested the analogy (if, indeed, it be not something even more nearly kindred) to which we have referred; the rather that a certain force of will, quite irrespective of power of thought, seems to belong to great orators. It will thus appear that the state of mind in his hearers desired by the orator is very different from that desired by the teacher; the one would rouse them to action, the other would still them to reflection.

We ought, perhaps, here to notice a very frequent modern use of oratory, where something different from immediate specific action is aimed at; that, namely, where the object is to inculcate a maxim, or to brand with a nickname. The extent to which this remark applies both to political and to so-called religious meetings we leave our thoughtful readers to consider. One who well deserves to be listened to has said, "The lower portion of the religious public in England scorns principles, delights in proper names." If it be so, we can well understand that here oratory may do much. It can deal easily with names, although hardly with principles. In the pulpit its most obvious use would seem to be found in what are called "Charity Sermons;" that is, in those comparatively rare cases where the discourse is directed to the announced end. Beyond this, it may perhaps be said with truth, there is little room for it; unless upon extraordinary occasions, when it may be thought necessary to urge to some particular act; and it must be here said that, inasmuch as (to quote from a familiar treatise) "oratory contemplates the investigation of truth only as a secondary object," the frequent practice of it is extremely perilous to the mind; which, if at all abandoned to it, may lose the power of estimating, with any justice, the relative weight of the truths which it has been accustomed to value only in so far as they could be made to serve an immediate purpose.

We are now come to a point at which it will be necessary for us to look at a very serious question. We have to consider what is the subject-matter of which the Christian preacher has to discourse; for according to our view of that will be our estimate of the required endowments. In the threshold our readers may be reminded that, however modern usage may have assigned to such words as "preach" and "sermon" a definite or even a technical meaning, we find nothing of the same sort in the New Testament, which contains no indication of anything nearly resembling a modern sermon; and in which the terms translated by the word "preach" and its derivatives, suggest chiefly either the public announcement and proclamation of a message, or the impromptu outpourings of intense spiritual intuitions, closely related, if not identical with those of the ancient prophets; expressed most frequently, respectively, by the words *κηρύσσειν* and *προφητεῖν*; it can hardly be necessary to add that, etymologically, a "sermon" is but a speech. Upon any discussion of the subject now alluded to we have no intention of here entering; it is enough if we are not prevented in our inquiry by any biblical objections.

Christianity has been variously regarded, but chiefly in one of three aspects; as being a system of doctrine, theological or philosophical; a system of morals and a law; or, thirdly, as being characteristically neither of these, but a life; depending on a Spirit, and essentially related to a Person. The last view, which is becoming more and more felt to be the only one which will at all explain the phenomena exhibited in history, in its true sense includes the other two; inasmuch as a life, however spiritual in its nature, must have a morality, and can, at least to some extent, be explained and represented abstractly or scientifically. According to either of the two former views, but especially according to the first, the required powers of the preacher would be predominantly the scientific and logical, for he will have to treat of things considered abstractly; according to the last view they appear rather to be the poetical, for he will have to treat of things concretely, and to represent a life. If it be asked, by whom life has been most vividly portrayed in words, it must be at once answered by poets; and if we were here at liberty to speak without reserve of the prophetic gift, we must be at once reminded that all our knowledge of it has been in union with the poetical—the same word frequently expressing both, as in the Greek language, so that St. Paul (Tit. i. 12) writes of the poet Epimenides as "one of their own," that is, of the Cretan "prophets," (*προφήτῶν*); and how

much poetry has the world seen before or since which does not appear feeble beside the words of David or Isaiah and the other Hebrew prophets, or of the Apocalypse of Saint John? How largely the same element is to be found in the teaching of our Lord himself must surely have been forgotten, when his living and life-giving words were regarded and treated as exact formal definitions. We seem, in short, brought to the conclusion, that to the higher kinds of preaching the poetical element has much to contribute; and that without it (if even with it in these days) we are not to look for prophecy. If the spiritual power of so piercing the present in the very essence of its life, as to be able, in some measure, to read in it also the future, which we may believe to be implicitly contained there, in its principles at least if not in its details, may be in some sense called prophetic, possibly we are not yet out of all reach of such foreseings. Should this, however, be deemed a "devout imagination," there will still remain to the preacher who is poetically gifted, an insight into the realities of the things around him, which are hidden from other eyes by a veil of traditions and conventionalities. If he combine with a high measure of this insight a moral energy so intense that it cannot but express itself in great actions, he is likely to be one of the rare benefactors of mankind, who appear now and then to be wondered at, stoned to death, and abandoned to dishonour, until another generation shall build their sepulchres.

We have insisted upon the possession of gifts essentially poetical, as being of the highest importance to the preacher; but we must not omit to record wherein the poet, as an artist, fundamentally differs from the preacher. It will be to our readers quite a familiar and established rule of criticism, that the very nature of a proper work of art excludes any definite moral aim; while a definite and predominant moral aim would seem essential to the preacher. The artist's mind is absorbed in his own idea, and must be undisturbed by looking outwards; the preacher's is ever going out towards others to bring them into subjection to himself. One cannot, then, be at the same time the artist and the preacher; but there seems no reason why an artist should not also be a preacher, although the sermon will not be a work of art. If the author of the *Paradise Lost* could also write the *Christian Doctrine*, and unequalled political tracts, and if our general principle be true, that the poet is capable of effective social action, why should he not also be able to preach effectively? We see no reason to the contrary, unless in those rare cases where the active moral energy is so vast and constant, as not to leave to the mind

the repose essential to the composition of a work of art, or perhaps even to the cultivation of the poetical faculty.

With reference to the distinction between the prophet and the poet, Mr. Carlyle observes: "The *vates* prophet, we might say, has seized that sacred mystery, (the 'open secret,') rather on the moral side, as good and evil, duty and prohibition; the *vates* poet on what the Germans call the æsthetic side, as beautiful, and the like. The one we may call a revealer of what we are to do, the other of what we are to love. But, indeed, these two provinces run into one another, and cannot be disjoined. The prophet too has his eye on what we are to love: how else shall we know what we are to do? The highest voice ever heard on this earth said withal, 'Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' A glance, that, into the deepest deep of beauty. 'The lilies of the field,'—dressed finer than earthly princes, springing up there in the humble furrow field; a beautiful eye looking out on you, from the great inner sea of beauty! How could the rude earth make these, if her essence, rugged as she looks and is, were not inwardly beauty? In this point of view, too, a saying of Goethe's which has staggered several may have a meaning, 'The beautiful,' he intimates, 'is higher than the good; the beautiful includes in it the good.' The true beautiful, which, however, I have said somewhere, 'differs from the *false*, as Heaven does from Vauxhall!' So much for the distinction and identity of poet and prophet."—*Heroes and Hero Worship*, pp. 127, 128.

In asserting the connection between poetry and preaching, it never can have been supposed our purpose to include that gift among the necessary qualifications of one whose function admits of forms of fulfilment so indefinitely varied as does the preacher's. Assuming that, for the most part, the preacher can only be a herald, proclaiming a message of infinite grace; or a teacher, distributing to others the fruits of his own observation, study, reflection; or a witness, testifying of the elevating or renewing power of the Truth; and will in vain attempt to be a prophet, authoritatively interpreting the present, or announcing the future; still, even for the most unpoetical of men there may be found here a sphere of labour with abundant profit. He may discourse of Christian Ethics, Dogmatical Theology, Biblical History and Criticism, or of whatever else he may happen to have more knowledge of than his hearers; or doing none of all these particularly, he may somehow or other let the spirit that is in him express itself, and confirm faith by sympathy.

It may be necessary here to say a few words

on the relation of the preacher to the actor, inquiring how far histrionic art is admissible into the pulpit. We understand by the actor one who has so great an intellectual susceptibility of being impressed by the embodied thoughts of the poet, combined with unusual powers of speech and gesture, as to be able, more or less adequately, to represent in action what the poet has expressed in words. The actor is thus the exponent not of his own but of another's mind, to which he has for the time lent his rare gifts of utterance; and, according to the highest view of the preacher's office, there is thus a distinct contrast between the two. The preacher says, "Because I believe, therefore have I spoken;" the actor says, "I have spoken because I have conceived."

At the same time, it will appear, we think, to the calm and thoughtful observer, that a great part of our actual preaching partakes largely of the histrionic character. The preacher, having for the time become saturated with the thoughts and words of some portion of Holy Writ, in which either an actual historical or an ideal character is portrayed, under the influence of such temporary possession utters his feelings with all the energy, although not always with the cultivated taste of the actor. It may perhaps be said, too, that the more the preacher is under the immediate influence of the Book, the more fully will this effect be produced; while, on the other hand, the more he has digested and incorporated into his own spiritual being its nutritious contents, the less will his discourse resemble the actor's. What has been said may suggest an explanation of a phenomenon which has sometimes perplexed us, and possibly also some of our readers; according to which we may have heard sermon after sermon, on all manner of subjects, by some preacher of much intellectual and physical vigour, each of the sermons apparently produced under a strong influence, very like that of specific belief, and yet the result of the whole has been to leave us in extreme uncertainty as to the actual personal convictions of the preacher on almost any one of the topics of his discourses. It may be thought superfluous to remark, that in so far as any preacher's power depends on this imitative art, a comparison of his sermons with his life is altogether out of the question.

To conclude these general reflections, let us attempt in a single sentence to indicate what, according to our view, will be the characteristics of a dramatic poet's sermons. We should look for the expression of an intense feeling of the awful ceaseless struggle of Good with Evil, soothed by the hope (for if quite hopeless why should he labour?) of the ultimate triumph of Good, of which we find

some imperfect expression in these beautiful lines:—

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish in the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

"That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth in vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain."

The person of whom he is called to speak we should expect to be, not cold lifeless abstractions, but all full of human passions, and represented as men of like nature, and exposed substantially to the same struggles with ourselves placed among circumstances often widely different from ours; while the poet's imaginative insight into these circumstances will shed a strong light upon far off periods of history, into the spirit and life of which it will be given to him to see deeper than others. At the same time, it will hardly be possible for him to fall into the vulgar error, of supposing that the primeval or ancient men were in their habits, beliefs, and life, precisely what we are, or in so far as they differed from us were simply wrong; for he will be able to represent them in the fulness of their vitality only by filling in the details in perfect harmony with the slender outlines which remain to us of their history. The oldest themes will thus teem for us with fresh germinant thoughts; as, when the master's hand has cleared away the accumulated remains of unproductive decayed vegetation, and exposed to the sun the fertile earth and latent seeds, we see an unlooked-for and nourishing verdure. What has been said with reference to the sacred prophetic writings, has, in truth, a much wider application. "Often the commentator is bringing a most prosaic mind to the consideration of the sublimest poetry." "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" and no book can be well understood unless it be read in somewhat of the same spirit in which it was written. 'The Apocalypse of Saint John,' says Milton, 'is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and symphonies;' and though this is being over imaginative, yet Milton is much nearer in spirit to the Divine original than many that have presumed to handle the subject, altogether devoid of the sacred glow which would have conducted them along the footprints of the

Apostle John. Instead of perceiving that the prophecies were written in the free and flowing outlines of poetry, they have gone on spelling figure after figure, as if they were slowly deciphering the hieroglyphics of some Egyptian temple."*

The sympathy here referred to as necessary we may expect in a poet; and the importance of it is probably far greater than is usually supposed. What lengths of utter materialism it is possible for commentators to reach, by the rejection of all that is spiritual and supersensuous as contranatural and incredible, may be seen in such writers as Paulus; while, on the other hand, the poet, whose dwelling has ever been figured to be on some Parnassus, or other heavenly mount, seems most at home when standing on the finite and visible he is reaching out into the invisible and the infinite.

The little volume of sermons which has given occasion to these observations, is, in several respects, one of the most remarkable we have met with for a long time. It will be found to possess the merits which by anticipation, in virtue of its parentage, we have ascribed to it, with other merits of a higher order. Discarding utterly the tasteless conventional pulpit phraseology, which with us is only not universal, and has the unhappy effect of either obscuring thought or concealing the want of it; with a deep sense of the reality and awful import of the things about which he has to speak, and not forgetting that if he would speak with effect he must use terms within the comprehension of the humble and not over-intelligent Hampshire rustics, forming the bulk of his audience, Mr. Kingsley has been able to express Christian thoughts, which the highest will not find unworthy of notice, in the simplest, homeliest language; which is so predominantly Saxon, that in whole pages one could hardly find a few dozen words of Latin origin.

The titles of some of these sermons are suggestive. Such headings as "God's World," "Religion not Godliness," "Hell on Earth," "Association," "On Books," shew that the writer aims at something more than playing round a text. He grapples indeed very boldly with subjects, and with subjects of immediate practical interest, extorting a blessing often from the most unpromising; fighting not against "extinct Satans," but against the actual existing Satans, the terrible enough evils which are now at work all around us. Not content with the mere amplification of the words of Scripture, applicable immediately to a different social state, and to forms of evil different from the present, the author's endea-

* The Structure of Prophecy, by James Douglas of Cavers. 1850.

your is rather to dive into the heart of the Scripture text, and become possessed of its very life and spirit, which is for all time and for all circumstances. One of his great objects is to undo that huge work of an unbelieving age, through which the Idea of Nature has been disjoined from the Idea of God, for whom, in this relation, has been substituted some dim notion of a changeless self-subsisting law, so that the earth we tread on is hardly recognised as in very truth God's world. But we shall not here enter upon any examination of the theology which is taught (implicitly, for all technical theological terms, and the inculcation of any theological system are studiously avoided) in this work, having introduced it to our readers for a different purpose; and now leaving them to judge of its spirit from the extracts which follow, we recommend the little volume to them in some of their thoughtful hours, as a remarkable phenomenon in the department of literature to which it belongs.

RELIGION NOT GODLINESS.

"Did you ever remark, my friends, that the Bible says hardly anything about religion—that it never praises religious people. This is very curious. Would to God we would all remember it! The Bible speaks of a religious man only once, and of religion only twice, except where it speaks of the Jews' religion to condemn it, and shows what an empty, blind, useless thing it was. What does the Bible talk of, then? It talks of God—not of religion, but of God. It tells us not to be religious but be godly. . . . And yet I believe we ought to think of it, and, by God's help, I will one day preach you a sermon, asking you all round this fair question:—If Jesus Christ came to you in the shape of a poor man, whom nobody knew, should you know him—should you admire him, fall at his feet and give yourself up to him, body and soul? I am afraid that I for one should not. I am afraid that too many of us here would not. That comes of us thinking more of religion than we do of godliness—in plain words, more of our own souls than we do of Jesus Christ. But you will want to know what is, after all, the difference between religion and godliness? Just the difference, my friends, that there is between always thinking of self and always forgetting self—between the terror of a slave and the affection of a child—between the fear of hell and the love of God. For, tell me, what you mean by being religious? Do you not mean, thinking a great deal about your own souls, and praying and reading about your own souls, and trying by all possible means to get your own souls saved? Is not that the meaning of religion? and yet I have never mentioned God's name in describing it! This sort of religion must have very little to do with God. . . . Yes, indeed, what would heaven be worth without God? But how many people feel that the curse of this day is that most people have forgotten *that*? They are selfishly anxiously enough about their own souls, but they have forgotten God. They are

religious for fear of hell, but they are not godly, for they do not love God, or see God's hand in every thing. They forget that they have a Father in heaven; that He sends rain and sunshine, and fruitful seasons; that He gives them all things richly to enjoy in spite of all their sins. His mercies are far above, out of their sight, and therefore his judgments are far away out of his sight too, and so they talk of the 'Visitation of God,' as if it was something very extraordinary, and happened very seldom, and when it came only brought evil, and harm, and sorrow. If a man lives on in health, they say he lives by the strength of his own constitution; if he drops down dead, they say he died by 'the visitation of God.' If the corn crops go on all right and safe, they think *that* quite natural—the effect of the soil, and the weather, and their own skill in farming and gardening. But if there comes a hail storm or a blight, and spoils it all, and brings on a famine, they call it at once 'a visitation of God.' My friends, do you think God 'visits' the earth or you only to harm you? I tell you, that every blade of grass grows by the visitation of God.' I tell you, that every healthy breath you ever drew, every cheerful hour you ever spent, every good crop you ever housed safely, came to you by 'the visitation of God.' I tell you, that every sensible thought or plan that ever came into your heads—every loving, honest, manly, womanly feeling that ever rose in your hearts, God 'visited' you to put it there. If God's Spirit had not given it you, you would never have got it of yourselves."—Pp. 13-18.

"LIFE AND DEATH.

"The text tells us that he gives life, not only to us who have immortal souls, but to everything on the face of the earth; for the psalm has been talking all through not only of men but of beasts, fishes, trees, and rivers, and rocks, sun and moon. Now all these things have a life in them. Not a life like ours; but still you speak rightly and wisely when you say, 'That tree is alive, and that tree is dead. That running water is live water—it is clear and fresh; but if it is kept standing it begins to putrify, its life is gone from it, and a sort of death comes over it, and makes it foul and unwholesome, and unfit to drink.' This is a deep matter, this, how there is a sort of life in everything, even to the stones under our feet. I do not mean, of course, that stones can think as our life makes us do, or feel as the beasts' life makes them do, or even grow as the trees' life makes them do; but I mean that their life keeps them as they are, without changing or decaying. You hear miners and quarrymen talk very truly of the live rock. That stone, they say, was cut out of the live rock, meaning the rock as it is under ground, sound and hard—as it would be for aught we know, to the end of time, unless it was taken out of the ground, out of the place where God's Spirit meant it to be, and brought up to the open air and the rain, in which it is not its nature to be; and then you will see that the life of the stone begins to pass from it bit by bit, that it crumbles and peels away, and in short decays, and is turned again to its dust. Its organization, as it is called, or life ends, and then—what? does the stone lie for ever useless? No! And there

is the great blessed mystery of how God's Spirit is always bringing life out of death. When the stone is decayed and crumbled down to dust and clay, it makes *soil*. This very soil here, which you plough, is the decayed ruins of ancient hills; the clay which you dig up in the fields was once part of some slate or granite mountains, which were worn away by weather and water, that they might become fruitful earth. Wonderful! but any one who has studied these things can tell you they are true. Any one who has ever lived in mountainous countries ought to have seen the thing happen—ought to know that the land in the mountain valleys is made at first, and kept rich year by year by the washings from the hills above; and this is the reason why land left dry by rivers and by the sea is generally so rich. Then what becomes of the soil? It begins a new life. The roots of the plants take it up; the salts which they find in it—the staple, as we call them—go to make leaves and seed; the very sand has its use—it feeds the stalks of corn and grass, and makes them stiff. The corn stalks would never stand upright if they could not get sand from the soil. So what a thousand years ago made part of a mountain, now makes part of a wheat plant; and in a year more the wheat grain will have been eaten, and the wheat straw perhaps eaten too, and they will have *died*—decayed in the bodies of the animals who have eaten them, and then they will begin a third new life—they will be turned into parts of the animal's body—of a man's body. So what is now your bone and flesh may have been once a rock on some hillside a hundred miles away."

The "Sermon" mentioned last at the head of this paper, which has reached us as we are going to press, and which has already gained some notoriety from the circumstances attending its delivery, relates to questions too delicate and difficult to be even referred to in the close of an Article. To enter upon any consideration of its doctrine or objects is obviously foreign to our present purpose; and having chronicled the fact of its publication, we must now take leave of Mr. Kingsley.

ART. VII.—*The Stones of Venice. Volume the First.—The Foundations.* By JOHN RUSKIN. London, 1851.

IN our Number for February, 1850, we entered into a somewhat elaborate and novel investigation of the sources of appropriate character in the Egyptian and Greek Architectures, and we referred our readers for the only similar investigation of the Northern Gothic style, to an essay in another Journal. We stated and gave ample reasons for our belief that these three styles rank in the scale of integrity and merit conspicuously above all

others. In this Article we shall carry on the task which we then commenced, by examining, with as little technicality as possible, the chief of the secondary and derived styles: and in doing this, we hope to arrive at useful practical results with regard to modern civil architecture, which, although it cannot be called a style, being an imitation of many styles, is yet sufficiently pretentious and expensive to justify a serious consideration of its defects and prospects.

We must set out by quoting our own words from the above-mentioned Article. "If to the mind's eye we recall the various kinds of architecture that from the beginning have arisen, we shall remark three kinds which, in a peculiar manner, stand out from and above the rest. It is almost needless to name the architectures of Egypt, Greece, and Christian Europe, in the middle ages, as constituting this conspicuous triad. These architectures are distinguished from all others by a simplicity, definiteness, dignity, and appropriateness of effect, resulting from the general subordination in each style, not only of decoration, but of total form, to a particular thought or sentiment, intimately allied with and strongly suggestive of the character of the religion to which it is applied. The leading expressions of the three architectures are, moreover, very strikingly and simply related. . . . The total forms become expressive, and even religiously symbolical, by a striking, and, in each case, a quite peculiar relativeness to the great law of gravitation. In fewest words, the general forms of Egyptian architecture are those of simple weight, and they express gloomy and everlasting material duration; those of Greek architecture convey the notion of weight competently supported, and are expressive of secure, conscious, and well-ordered power; finally, the prevailing forms of Gothic architecture shew weight annihilated—spire and tower, buttress, clerestory, and pinnacle, rise to heaven, and indicate the spirituality of the worship to which they are applied."

There are two other kinds of architecture, and only two, which resemble these great styles in being founded upon a single idea, to the expression of which every detail is in strict subordination: these are the Arabian and Lombard. But these are essentially inferior to the former styles, in that the idea, which is the basis of their unity, has no such inherent symbolical character as is possessed by the ideas which severally unite and vivify the details of the Egyptian, Greek, and Gothic architectures. Weight, support, and ascension are ideas which, in all times and languages, have been accepted as the most direct and forcible material images of the three great mental phases of sensuality, intellectual-

ity, and spirituality; and these three phases are precisely those which it was desirable to express as adjuncts of the Egyptian, Greek, and Christian worship. All architecture (besides these five) deserving the name of architecture, must take a *third* rank, as being founded upon two or more ideas. It is to these architectures, at the head of which stand the Roman, Italian-Pointed, Renaissance, and Elizabethan styles, that we shall devote our chief attention in this paper.

Concerning these styles generally, it is to be remarked that, although inferior abstractedly, as branches of art, to the simple styles, they are superior in their fitness for civil purposes. The severe unity of the Greek temple is harsh and grossly *mal-à-propos* in a theatre, post-office, or museum; and the heavenward energy which utters itself in every line of pure Gothic must be checked and stunted by combination with low and ungothic masses, before it can be tolerated in a town-hall or a parliament-house.

The architecture of ancient Rome affords little scope for æsthetical inquiry. The Corinthian order, which the Romans had the merit of developing, was only a highly ornamented Ionic, and exhibited no such radical difference from the pure Greek Ionic as was visible between this and the Greek Doric. This difference we were the first to investigate, and it will be found fully stated in the Article to which we have already referred. The merits or rather the demerits of Roman architecture, as a fine art, have been summed up by Mr. Hope with a completeness which has left little further to be said upon the subject. We must borrow largely from his chapter on the Roman style, as a necessary preparation for an analysis of the art of the Renaissance, which, though full of error and barbarism, really was an art, having certain comprehensible and consistent artistic principles. These it will be worth our while to understand, if it be only that we may succeed in avoiding them, as Mr. Ruskin, for one, would have us to do.

The whole system of Greek architecture was developed from the mechanical principle of the upright post and horizontal lintel. This was the constructive principle of the wooden hut, from which the stone temple was, beyond all question, directly derived; and this continued to be the constructive principle as well as the external form of the Greek temple to the last. Every member of Greek architecture, although so selected and modified as to form a part of a wonderfully elaborate and perfect expression of balanced power of support and gravitation, was referable to its constructive antitype; and the artistic excellence of every detail was so far dependent

upon this system of construction, that, although the forms might remain under different constructive conditions, they could remain only as a beautiful body remains when the life is gone,—their beauty producing a revolting sense of anomaly and falsehood, and doomed to further corruption and utter dissolution. The Romans, upon the discovery of the marvellous capacities of the arch, very rightly abandoned the Greek constructive system; but they most ignorantly retained, as far as possible, the Greek forms. In Greek architecture the column was the principal supporting member, the wall officiating chiefly as a mere veil to the interior: hence the column had a right to the position and decorations which made it the most conspicuous feature of the building. The Roman arched roof required a continuous wall of great power for its support, and columns, except in the case of an advanced porch, like that which faces the Pantheon, became superfluous. They continued, however, to be used as plentifully as if they had been as useful as ever; and their conspicuousness was increased rather than diminished by the addition of pedestals and by the new method of treatment which was called for by the mere fact of their comparative inutility. "Frequently," says Mr. Hope, "as in the triumphal arches of the Emperors, the pedestal became so lofty, that, instead of raising the columns on a sort of cothurnus, it lifted them on a positive stilt, and not only cut off their connection with the ground, but made them appear as if tottering in the air. Where the pedestal occupied a greater space between the soffit and the stylobate, less remained for the column, which became shorter, thinner, weaker, *requiring instead of affording support*; its apparent weakness exceeding its real debility, like an appendage not wrought for the building, but borrowed from some smaller structure, and only carried to the requisite height by the aid of materials which did not belong to it. As they became weaker, like the limbs of an unhealthy child, they were stretched to a greater distance from each other, and were no longer capable of bearing an entablature diminished to their own proportions. In order fully to confirm their inutility, they were not made to carry any such, but of an architrave directly supported by the wall itself, (a continuation of that wall indeed, under a different denomination,) such projections or knots as did not exceed their own diameter, and appeared fitter for the purpose of steadying the useless pillar, than the pillar for that of carrying an unmeaning entablature. The effect produced was that of a second capital, mimicking the first; confusing its form and destroying its appearance; causing as great a multiplication of breaks and angles and of clumsy mouldings, as arises from the equally useless

pedestal underneath." In other cases, column and entablature were included by independent arches, "so that the column carrying the entablature, but the entablature carrying nothing, the former only appeared for the purpose of supporting the latter, and the latter for that of tying together the former." The climax of the mal-appropriation of the column was its isolated employment as a high perch for a statue, while all its details and decorations retained a reference to the heavy entablature, as their origin and justification, and the main condition of their beauty. The misapplication of the column of course brought on a proportionate degradation of its form. Vague and arbitrary notions of symmetry, simplicity, variety, &c., took the place of a steady and intelligible reference to the powers of gravitation and support. The Doric shaft owed its effect of enormous and active might chiefly to the flutes, and to the fact that it sprang at once from the ground, without any preparations of base or independent plynth. The "Roman Doric" was a dead cylindrical lump, resting on a plynth surmounted by a base consisting of one great roll-moulding, that looked as if it had been formed from a mass of yielding matter by the pressure of the inanimate shaft. The Greek shaft, whether Doric or Ionic, never expressed its own weight, but confined itself to foretelling and manifestly preparing to meet that of the entablature. The capital of the column was the first point at which suzerainty from weight was declared. Here the Doric and "Attic Ionic" architects shewed surprising skill and sensibility. Curves of great active force—always conic sections—were chosen for the outlines of the great feature of the Doric capital, the "ovolo." For these curves, the Romans substituted the insignificant quarter-circle, which expressed just nothing at all but want of skill to draw any other curve, or, at best, a childish and vain attempt to improve the shaft by "harmonizing" it with the semi-circular forms of the new construction. The Greek Ionic capital is a powerful, though perhaps unjustifiable, representation of elasticity. The Ionic volutes would be formed by the pressure of the entablature upon a coach-spring, of which the two bars should be equal in length but unequal in strength, the lower bar being much more powerful in the middle than the upper bar, whose elasticity should be uniform. It seems to us that this suggestion of self-formation was intended to be conveyed by the Ionic capital; if it was not so, we do not know how this member can be defended against Mr. Ruskin's charge of being an "exceedingly base" invention; but if it was so, we cannot speak with any high praise of an expression, in stone, of a quality which it is manifestly impossible that stone

itself should ever exhibit. How far the subtlety and quick perception of the Greeks may have pierced the obscurity which this inconsistency produces, in the Ionic capital, or how far the *abstract* effect, which was conferred upon form by the system of polychrome painting, may have concealed that inconsistency, we cannot estimate. But taking the Greek Ionic capital at the worst, as being obscure and inconsistent in meaning, it is vastly better than the Roman Ionic, of which the no-meaning was very distinctly pronounced by the character of its curves. In Greek Doric the abacus had a very important office as a member which separated the two great classes of supporting and supported members. It was a simple square-cut slab and afforded the point of perfect repose, around which all other details grouped themselves in harmonious relation. The senseless Roman architects turned this beautiful figure into an actively supporting member, by crowning it with a moulding expressive of resistance to weight: but probably these persons had not the merit of intending even as much as this by their alteration; for they seem to have considered the Greek mouldings as arbitrary decorations, which might be applied, without distinction, wherever it seemed desirable, to ornament a fillet, or to terminate a blank space with a pretty edging. When we arrive at the entablature, we find similar faults from the same causes. The Greek triglyph, in the frieze, represented the notched ends of the beams which stretched from architrave to architrave, and formed the foundations of the flat roof. The roof became arched, and these triglyphs lost their constructive significance, and ought to have ceased altogether. But they were superstitiously retained; and, not only so, but they were made to seem more dependent than ever upon their departed meaning, by being placed rigidly over the centre of every shaft; whereas the Greeks partially violated the constructive meaning of the triglyphs in favour of a higher artistic value, by binding the corner of the frieze with a pair of them, and so shifting them and those that were next to them out of their right constructive position over the supporting shafts. Equally little regard to the original sense was paid to the other details of the entablature, and the entablature itself lost its organic character by the loss of the originally distinct nature of its three members—the architrave, frieze, and cornice. The Romans failed most remarkably in the point about which they made the greatest ostentation of science, namely, proportion. They shackled their practice by an elaborate code of arbitrary rules, none of which were ever dreamt of by the Greeks, whom they professed to follow; and, at the same time, they forgot the living

centre of reference, which was the source of the exquisite Doric proportional system, namely, the simple mass of the architrave,* the *relative* breadth of which was increased or diminished in proportion to the degree of power to be expressed. "But," writes Mr. Hope, "of all the parts borrowed from Grecian architecture, that which came to be applied in the way most different from, most inconsistent with its nature and distinction in the original, was the fastigium, the part which we call the pediment. That pediment, which was only the termination of a roof, slanting both ways from its central line or spine, of which, throughout its whole length from end to end," (except in hypæthral temples,) "the continuity was never broken, which was never seen in Grecian buildings except on the straight line at the summit, and the gable formed by the extremity of the roof, in Roman architecture frequently appeared as if cut off from all that belonged to it, and grew out of, or was stuck under, the entablature which it should have surmounted, against the upright wall, over a door, a window, or a niche, even, as in the Temple of Balbeck, placed within a projecting portico—a situation in which it could not be useful even to carry off the wet. Instead of a single, large, and majestic pediment, naturally and magnificently terminating the building, several rows were sometimes seen of these small and inappropriate triangles; and, to complete the inconsistency, they were rendered as unnatural in form as in situation. They were sometimes rounded, sometimes broken, sometimes squeezed within others of larger, sometimes strung round others of smaller dimensions." The grossness of the Roman taste was, however, even more conspicuous in their decorative "improvements" and inventions than in their misunderstanding of what had been invented before them. They "improved" the Doric shaft by substituting for the exquisite horizontal neck-channels—for an account of which we refer our readers to our former Essay—a projecting band or "astragal," which, instead of proving the sufficiency of the shaft to do its work, by taking away from its power where power was most needed, seemed to indicate that the shaft required strengthening at that point; and in their stupid devotion to mechanical symmetry they made the slanting and hori-

zontal cornices of the Doric order all alike, by introducing the dentils—representative of rafter ends—into the former, where rafters could not possibly occur. The Romans never seemed to have caught a glimpse of the possibility of inventing a system of decoration appropriate to their splendid discovery of the mechanical virtues of the arch. Where it interfered with Greek forms, they absolutely hid it away, instead of decorating and boasting of it; the horizontal entablature in Roman architecture being sometimes nothing more than a *mask* to a mass of *arched* construction.

It is not necessary that we should further describe the dull stupidities and senseless flippancies of Roman architecture. We have traced them thus far, however, in order that the reader may be fully prepared to understand the grounds upon which the architects of the Renaissance in Italy began their work. They were altogether ignorant of pure Greek architecture, and, by a superstition easy to account for, though not, therefore, altogether to be excused, they set out with an unquestioning faith in the plenary architectural inspiration of the Roman builders and of their critic Vitruvius. There had always been in Italy a hankering after heathenism, which had been kept for a thousand years in abeyance, but never quite destroyed, by Christianity and the influence of northern and eastern mind. Before the rise of the Renaissance school of art, the very soul of Christianity in Italy had been blasted and abolished by the corruptions of the Papacy. Mr. Ruskin eloquently and truly writes:—

"Against the corrupted Papacy arose two great divisions of adversaries—Protestants in Germany and England; Rationalists in France and Italy: the one requiring the purification of religion, the other its destruction. The Protestant kept the religion, but cast aside the heresies of Rome, and with them her arts, by which last rejection he injured his own character, cramped his intellect by refusing it one of its noblest exercises, and materially diminished his influence. It may be a serious question how far the pausing of the Reformation has been a consequence of this error. The Rationalist kept the arts and cast aside the religion. This Rationalistic art is the art commonly called Renaissance, marked by a return to Pagan systems, not to adopt them and hallow them for Christianity, but to rank itself under them as an imitator and pupil. In painting it is headed by Giulio Romano and Nicholas Poussin; in architecture by Sansovino and Palladio. Instant degradation followed in every direction; a flood of folly and hypocrisy. Mythologies ill understood at first, then perverted into feeble sensualities, take the place of the representations of Christian subjects, which had become blasphemous under the treatment of such men as the Caracci. Gods without power, satyrs without rusticity, nymphs without inno-

* See *North British Review* for February 1850. We must refer those of our readers who wish to make a study of the subject in hand to the above Number of this Review: it is not possible fully to describe the extent of the Roman abuse of Greek forms without repeating much that was there said. Whenever, in the present Article, a principle in Greek architecture is assumed, it is because it has already been proved in the foregoing Essay.

cence, men without humanity, gather into idiot groups upon the polluted canvass, and scenic affectations encumber the streets with preposterous marble. Lower and lower declines the level of abused intellect; the base school of landscape gradually usurps the place of historical painting, which had sunk into prurient pandantry; the Alsatian sublimities of Salvator, the confectionery idealities of Claude, the dull manufacture of Gaspard and Canaletto, south of the Alps; and on the north, the patient devotion of besotted lives to the delineation of bricks and fogs, fat cattle and ditch water. And thus Christianity and morality, courage and intellect, and art, all crumbling together into one wreck, we are hurried on to the fall of Italy, the revolution in France, and the condition of art in England (saved by her Protestantism from severer penalty) in the time of George II."

The architecture of the Renaissance is regarded by Mr. Ruskin as the most baleful of all the developments of Renaissance art:—

"The harm which has been done by Claude and the Poussins is as nothing when compared to the mischief effected by Palladio, Scamozzi, and Sansovino. Claude and the Poussins were weak men, and have had no serious influence on the general mind. There is little harm in their works being purchased at high prices; their real influence is very slight, and they may be left without grave indignation to their poor mission of furnishing drawing-rooms and assisting stranded conversation. Not so the Renaissance architecture. Raised at once into all the magnificence of which it was capable by Michael Angelo, then taken up by men of real intellect and imagination, such as Scamozzi, Sansovino, Inigo Jones, and Wren, it is impossible to estimate the extent of its influence on the European mind, and that the more because few persons are concerned with painting, and of those few the larger number regard it with slight attention; but all men are concerned with architecture, and have at some time of their lives serious business with it. It does not much matter that an individual loses two or three hundred pounds in buying a bad picture, but it is to be regretted that a nation should lose two or three hundred thousand in raising a ridiculous building. Nor is it merely wasted wealth and distempered conception which we have to regret in this Renaissance architecture; but we shall find in it partly the root and partly the expression of certain dominant evils of modern times—over-sophistication and ignorant classicism; the one destroying the healthfulness of general society, the other rendering our schools and universities useless to a large number of the men who pass through them."

We have quoted these passages because they contain much just thought excellently well put, and because we think that they also contain a certain injustice, the statement and correction of which will provide us with some considerations essential to a right understanding of Renaissance art in general, and of

Renaissance architecture in particular. We have so much respect for Mr. Ruskin's artistic perception and cultivation, that we have had considerable hesitation in coming to any conclusion in direct contradiction of any conclusion of his: but we are compelled to say, that after having carefully read all that he has published, we can still retain a high degree of admiration and even of love, for works of art which he condemns, if we mistake not, as being wholly wrong and worthless. We do not feel qualified to speak technically of painting, but we have received a degree and kind of delight from the works of Claude and Nicholas Poussin, which we are deeply persuaded could never have been produced in us by pictures deserving the amount of censure which is heaped upon them by Mr. Ruskin. We acknowledge fully the surprising truthfulness of the painters of our own day, whom Mr. Ruskin has so eloquently defended. But let us take a picture by Millais or Holman Hunt—painters whose truthfulness Mr. Ruskin in his *Letters to the "Times,"* rightly asserts to have been unequalled since the days of Albert Durer—and compare the feeling we receive from it with that which we receive from an unprejudiced contemplation of one by Claude or Poussin. Though actual outward nature is painted by the former with the most faithful conscience in every detail, and violated by the latter in lesser matters without remorse, yet *the feeling which those who are susceptible constituted receive from nature*, seems to us to have been far more frequently and successfully expressed by the last than by the first. We would not for an instant underrate the extraordinary powers of the painters we have named; they are generally understood to be very young men; and, as such, are perfectly right in adhering for the present with the severest self denial to their plan of copying, rather than interpreting nature. "The light that never was on sea or land," will not fail to dawn from their works as soon as they shall have fulfilled the task which they have so manfully undertaken of painting more faithfully than has yet been done, that which is to be seen by the light of common day. We must, however, confess it to be our impression, that there is more of the "vision and the faculty divine" expressed in the pictures of Claude and Poussin, in spite of all their "over-sophistication and ignorant classicism," and neglect, or rather falsification of nature in details, than has yet been expressed by any living painter. Mr. Ruskin, in "Modern Painters," has referred a number of elementary powers of art to their direct and simple symbolization of the divine attributes. Now, unity in multitude is among the most mysterious and admirable to contemplate of all the perfections of God; and we think that Mr. Ruskin has not

given the famous painters and architects of the period in question, sufficient credit for its symbolization in their works. The moderation which results from the artificial necessity of every one of innumerable details, assuming, remembering, and working in concert with all the rest, ravishes the heart with a joy far greater than any that is to be obtained from our wretchedly imperfect means of transferring literally upon stone or canvass, the endless harmonies of nature. To this artificial necessity no merely outward knowledge and skill in art will ever enable a man to submit himself. Nothing but genius, which is a more lively impression than ordinary of the image of God upon our being, can enable a man to express this unity in multitude so as to touch the heart: but when a man has genius he can evolve this divine harmony out of the poorest materials, and can so combine things false in themselves, that they shall give utterance to this unity, which is the fundamental truth of the universe, spiritual and natural.

The architecture of the Renaissance is loaded with details, which in the hands of the Romans, who first abused them, were gross falsehoods, but which in their revival in the fifteenth century, should rather be looked upon as mere ignorance, superstition and nonsense. What was Roman was right; those who questioned in thought, and scorned in practice the Christian faith, would have been horribly scandalised by freethinking in matters of antiquity; the pleary inspiration of Vitruvius was an article of the Renaissance creed; and the hideous barbarisms of the out-worn and perverted civilisation of ancient Rome, were looked upon as constituents of a golden age of art, which it would be presumptuous to think of equalling, much less amending. If the Renaissance architects sometimes invented new details, or combinations of details, it was in the humble spirit with which a translator—Pope, for example—of a famous ancient poet might venture upon adding a “grace” or two of his own, in order partly to compensate for his inability to express the perfection of the reverend original. They do not seem to have had the remotest suspicion that their modified translations were often incomparably superior to the originals. The Renaissance architects, in fact, were not bold enough to be as bad as the late Roman architects,—just as our church-builders are not bold enough to be as good as the mediæval architects. There is a nightmare-ish deformity and depravity about some of the remains of late Roman work; an air of vast, but mal-appropriated, and even fiendish power, which revolts the rightly cultivated spirit, but simply awes and intimidates into cowardly reverence the mind which is uninformed of

better things.* To this bad eminence the Renaissance architects seldom or never attained. The barbarisms which, in Roman work, were foisted upon the eye, as the first objects for attention, generally hold a subordinate and—as we have above said—harmonized position in the total work of the fifteenth century architect. It is not often that the chaotic and insane get the upper hand.

A notice of a few of the principal features of Renaissance architecture may be interesting to the reader, and will enable him to give due credit to the architects who could evolve beauty out of combinations of such materials. The most conspicuous and abominable of Renaissance barbarisms, is the system of “rustication” and “rock-work,” *so far as it is not strictly and wholly subordinated to the exhibition of masonry and the expression of power.* The wall is seldom left plain by the Renaissance builders. The junction of the stones is generally made conspicuous by cutting away their edges, or by roughing the surface, except at the edges where they join. This exhibition of the construction of the wall is a highly valuable and perfectly legitimate method of effect, though it is often greatly abused: but it is in the means by which this exhibition is made that the great barbarism of “rustication” often lies. In our opinion there are only two legitimate methods of rustication—the stones should have their edges simply chamfered or sunk from the general surface; or the faces, rough from the quarry, may be chiselled smooth at the edges; all sorts of manifestly artificial roughing of the surface, in order to obtain the smooth edge, are totally false in principle and disgusting in effect. One of the commonest of these artificial roughings is the *vermiculated*, by which the stones are made to look *worm-eaten*. Mr. Ruskin vehemently reprobates rustication altogether, but we can agree with him only in his rejection of the kind we are now speaking of. As this artificial roughing is an important point, and hitherto an almost undebated one, we will quote what Mr. Ruskin says about it:—

“We have now to notice another effort of the Renaissance architects to adorn the blank spaces of their walls by what is called Rustication. There is sometimes an obscure trace of the remains of an imitation of something organic in

* Flaxman in one of his illustrations of Dante’s Hell, fills up the back-ground with forms of hellish architecture, which seem to us to be peculiarly fine in their place. Chaos and insanity seem to be organized in the toppling towers, the wild battlements, and the horrible bridge. The feeling, however, is not new: it is merely a development of that which is obtained in Roman works by a more than usually bold employment of some of the barbarisms described above.

this kind of work. In some of the better French eighteen century buildings, it has a distinctly floral character, with a final degradation of flamboyant leafage; and some of our modern English architects appear to have taken the decayed teeth of elephants for their type; but, for the most part, it resembles nothing so much as worm casts, nor these with any precision. If it did, it would not bring it within our sphere of properly imitative ornamentation. I thought it unnecessary to warn the reader that he was not to copy forms of refuse or corruption; and that while he might legitimately take the worm or the reptile for a subject of imitation, he was not to study the worm cast or coprolite. It is however, I believe, sometimes supposed that rustication gives an appearance of solidity to foundation stones. Not so; at least to any one who knows the look of a hard stone. You may, by rustication, make your marble or granite look like wet slime, honey-combed by sand-eels, or half-baked tuff covered with slow exudation of stalactite, or rotten claystone coated with concretions of its own mud, but not like the stones of which the hard world is built. Do not think that nature rusticates her foundations. Smooth sheets of rock, glistening like sea waves, that ring under the hammer like a brazen bell—that is her preparation for first stories. She does rusticate sometimes; crumbling sandstones with their ripple marks filled with red mud; dusty limestones, which the rains wash into labyrinthine cavities; spongy lavas, which the volcano-blast drags hither and thither in ropy coils and bubbling hollows; these she rusticates, indeed, when she wants to make oyster-shells and magnesia of them; but not when she needs to lay her foundations with them. Then she seeks the polished surface and iron heart, not rough looks and incoherent substance."

The natural roughness of the stone, as it comes from the quarry, is however, a valuable means of effect, apart from the opportunity it affords for marking the junctions by finished edges. The Renaissance palaces are almost always built in three stories—basement, middle, and attic. The middle story is devoted to the chief apartments, and is the part upon which all the splendour of the classic "orders" is lavished. The basement is carefully expressed as such, and is made to appear, as well as to be a ground and preparation for the principal portion of the edifice. Strength and comparative absence of finish are its proper expressions; and these are legitimately obtained, the first by deeply chamfered masonry, the last by the natural roughness of its surface.

The legitimate ends of rustication being these and these only, it is obvious that rustication can be properly employed only upon large and thick walls, or on solid masses of masonry. But the Renaissance architects, in imitation of their masters, the Romans, though they often employed rustication with admirable effect in the right places, often also lavished

it in situations which converted it into unmitigated absurdity. Columns, the beauty of which, as all must feel, and as we proved in our former Article, depends almost entirely upon the uninterrupted perfection of the outline of the shaft, were often rusticated by the Renaissance builders. Some times the frustra of the shaft are alternately cubical and cylindrical; sometimes they are roughed as if they had been wrought by the blows of cannon balls instead of chisels; and sometimes both kinds of enormity are perpetrated in the same shaft. The shafts of the gate of Burlington House in Piccadilly, have sheep-skins hung upon their recreant limbs; and the kind of excuse which the Renaissance architects and their followers have thought sufficient for this sort of thing, will appear from these words of Mr. Joseph Gwilt, who is a great admirer of "the orders," and of the "good old times" of Wren and Jones, in opposition to the mediæval innovations of our own days.—"*Rustics and rock-work on columns are rarely justifiable, except for the purpose of some particular picturesque effect, which demands their prominence in the scene, or street view, as in the gateway at Burlington House in Piccadilly—a splendid monument of the great talent of Lord Burlington.*" Now, notwithstanding all Mr. Gwilt's learning, and his expressed scorn of the opinions of reviewers upon architecture, we venture to suggest that the same principle which he alleges in defence of the Burlington sheep-skins, would justify a lady, if she was fond of attracting attention, and could not do so otherwise, in standing upon her head in a ball-room. We fully allow, and it is our present purpose to attribute to this manner of architecture, the merit of evolving good out of evil; but far be it from us to say, that the architects of this school are therefore justified in doing the evil. A lie is a lie, though it be the cause of great immediate convenience or pleasure; a ballet-girl is a ballet-girl, though a whole opera-house of highly proper people receive delight from that which is at once her grace and disgrace; and the Renaissance architecture, in many of its details and principles, is a shameful perversion of the truth of art, none the less because we can enjoy its unity and beauty of combination, *so long as we can continue to forget its fundamental falsehood.* And let us remind those who would advocate the continuance of this style for civil architecture, that it will become every day more and more impossible that this condition of the enjoyment of Renaissance architecture should be rightly fulfilled by the people. So long as pure Greek architecture was to be found only in Greece, and in Stuart and Revett, the requisite ignorance of architectural truth might continue to flourish among the people. But now

that, in their daily avocations, they pass before such buildings as Inwood's exquisite restoration of the Erechtheum in Euston Square, the New British Museum, and the Post-Office; and that every tenth door-way of the new private houses about London exhibits, however ill-placed, the purest Greek forms, it must inevitably come to pass that a feeling will be slowly formed which will be revolted by the degenerate types of those forms everywhere abounding in the style in question; and that such buildings as the New Club House in St. James's Square, will have all their general effects of unity and harmony swamped, in a consciousness of the want of truth in detail. It seems to us to be quite an unaccountable thing, that an architect capable of the merits of the building just mentioned, and instructed in the pure styles, should also be capable of tolerating its faults, which, however, are not his, but those of the Renaissance manner. Let us consider the falsehoods merely of rustication and rock-work which are apparent in this building, and for any one of which, no doubt, the architect can allege unquestionable authority. In the first place, the low podium or basement, which rises from the pavement, is rock-worked in two distinct bands, one above the other; the bands are separated by a smooth surface, having no object besides their separation; the reason of that separation itself is a totally unmeaning difference in the kind of rock-work in the two bands, one being worm-eaten much deeper than the other. The little balustrades which surmount this podium are again worm-eaten with elaborate art, and in each case the worm-eaten surfaces are sunk below their frame-work of the smooth stone, instead of rising from it, as they must have done, had they been produced by any conceivable natural process. Again, the pairs of shafts between the windows are, as shafts, literally overwhelmed and lost, at the first glance, by the alternate projections and recessions of their mass. Their frustra, however, are *all* cylindrical, which is a step beyond the barbarism of shafts, formed by alternate cylinders and cubes; for in these we are at liberty to fancy that the mason had not time to cut out the pure shaft, so left every other block untouched, to be wrought into form some other time; but there is no such safety-valve for the imagination in the shafts in question, the thick frustra being as highly finished as the thin ones—indeed, more so, for their angles are rounded with extreme delicacy. Furthermore, the alternate frustra without any visible excuse, are of different *depths* as well as thickness, and all the lines produced by the rustication are continued from the attached shafts into the wall-surface, so that the distinction and contrast which ought always to be carefully maintained, and, as far as possible, heightened, between

column and wall, is almost abolished; and the diverse thickness of masonry, as marked by the rustication, being not diverse enough to be distinguished at once, the whole basement story wears an appearance of uncertainty and elaborate waste of labour most painful to an eye accustomed to the perfect and immediate intelligibility of Greek forms. Finally, the vertical slips of masonry between the windows of the basement story are capped with the delicate Greek *antæ* mouldings, (see our former analysis of Greek architecture,) the original significance of which is quite abolished by the deep rustications below them, and by the destruction by rustication of the columnar character in the neighbouring shafts, with the moulded capitals of which, in Greek architecture, the *antæ*-cappings are exquisitely calculated to contrast. Now, we doubt not that the architect had very good reasons for every one of all these, and many other unveracities which we could point out in this building; all we maintain is, that very much better reasons may be alleged against them; and that very much better reasons are alleged against them in the simple presence, on the other side of Pall Mall, of the Reform Club, a building, as it seems to us, of extraordinary beauty and nobility; indeed, in the whole range of Renaissance art we know of no facade so void of offence against architectural truth—not even that of the Pandolfini Palace at Florence, in which the pediments of the windows, according to the most prevalent Renaissance practice, are alternately round and angular, without any excuse in the world but the love of variety. Now variety ought never to be, or at least seem to be, a primary object of even the slightest detail. The variety of the Renaissance compared to that of the Greek architecture, is like the variety of nonsense verses beside that of the verses of "Comus" or the "Princess." In the Reform Club Renaissance forms are subdued to an almost Greek degree of purity, so that it can scarcely be said to belong to the Renaissance school at all—for the faults of this style of art may be almost said to constitute its principles.

The Renaissance architects generally made a great display of construction in the heads of apertures. The key-stone, in particular, was emphasized in various ways. Mr. Ruskin, whose profound hatred of the falsehoods of the style has not allowed him to give the praise which we think is due to some of its characteristics, objects that in an arch "one *voussoir* is as much a key-stone as another;" whence it would follow that the central stone has no claim to be more strongly expressed than the other stones. This, however, is not the case; and our old associations concerning, and figures of speech deduced from, the key-stone, are

perfectly correct. In a semicircular arch, for example, if constructed of many stones, the first two or three, or more, on each side will stand for themselves, as we may sometimes see in ruined archways; there is less of this simple support in every succeeding stone towards the centre, where the key-stone is suspended over clear vacuity by its own weight, which prevents it from being pushed out of its place upwards by the tendency of the stones on either side to fall in. It is evident, therefore, that not only is the central voussoir constructively distinguished from all the rest, but that each pair of the other voussoirs differs from every other pair in the degree to which the key-stone character is shared by it, the pair next to the key-stone exercising more resistance, and also demanding more support, than the next pair, and so on. Some of the most beautiful effects of the Renaissance architecture are obtained by simply expressing this principle. A common method of doing so, where the aperture-head consisted of only a few blocks, was to increase the dimensions of the block in all directions as it approached the key-stone, which was broader, deeper, and more projecting than any of the other stones.* The fondness of the Roman and Renaissance builders for the forcible expression of the masonry of the heads of apertures led them into several abuses. No doubt the decoration of the key-stones with carved heads and other devices, was intended to heighten their architectural significance; but, if we mistake not, such decorations have quite an opposite effect. A difference in kind seldom serves with good effect for the expression of a difference in degree. Another abuse, which arose from the fondness for exhibited masonry, was the formation of the heads of apertures in arches, or, if horizontal, in several blocks put together upon the principle of the arch, when the aperture might have been covered by a single horizontal lintel. This practice is particularly unjustifiable when, as in the basement of Palladio's Palazzo Thiene at Vicenza, there are stones to be seen in the wall which would have done very well in the place of the expensive and elaborate composed lintels that at present crown the apertures. This same basement exhibits a further abuse of the principle in question; the line of horizontal voussoirs, of which we have been speaking, is obviously fitted for discharging superincumbent weight, but this operation is performed by an equally strongly expressed arch, which surmounts and

renders meaningless the horizontal member. It is obvious that the first condition of beauty in displayed construction is, that the construction be useful. A very gross form of this species of abuse is the juxtaposition and confusion of the lintel and the voussoir system in one and the same horizontal aperture head; as in the principal windows of the before-mentioned Palazzo Thiene, and in the basement windows of L. da Sigoli's Renuccini Palace at Florence. Another temptation into which the Renaissance architects fell, through their desire to make the most of this means of effect, was that of introducing arches where arches were not required. When the arch is not the prevailing form of the heads of apertures, its admission is excusable only when the aperture is too broad for a straight lintel; but in Renaissance buildings we often find some of the apertures in a façade arched, and others of the same width horizontal, there being no better excuse for the difference than the already denounced itching for an inexpressive variety. It may further be laid down as a rule, that in a style of architecture derived from the Greek, of which the artistic life was based upon little more than a decorative ostentation of the horizontal construction, arches are always bad unless they bear their apology upon their faces, that is to say, unless they cover apertures which it would be difficult to cover horizontally. Small arches in a Renaissance edifice built of large stones are inexcusable. The pointed arch, in Gothic architecture, depends for its justification upon another principle than that of constructive utility, and it may be as small as the architect chooses without loss of significance. This is true also of the semicircular arch in Lombard architecture, partly by reason of the greater boldness with which the Lombard architects claimed it as a decorative feature, partly on account of the absence, in this style, of the principle of exhibited masonry, and the consequent non-expression of the constructive utility of the arch.

The Renaissance architects frequently and legitimately employed the principle of rustication to express additional strength in the quoins of their edifices. The Pandolfini Palace affords a beautiful example of this application of the principle; but in other instances we find it applied in a trifling and extravagant manner. The dados, for example, of the pedestals to some of Palladio's columns are bound at the corners with massive, deeply rusticated, and rock-worked blocks. For a very absurd instance of this kind of abuse, though in a different style of architecture, we refer our readers to the new Law Buildings in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the ashlar work, which strengthens the tower, is carried up, for the sake of uniformity, into the shallow battle-

* At the east side of the quadrangle of Somersset House there is a curious and pleasing accidental increase of conspicuity given to the key-stones by the lightness of their colour, produced by their greater exposure to the weather on account of their projection.

ments that surmount it.* We have already observed, that perfect simplicity and intelligibility are essential conditions of good rustication. When the face of a block has more than four sides to it, there is danger of the construction becoming obscure; but what shall we say to the faces of the stones between the window heads of the Palazzo Gondi at Florence, each of which has fourteen sides! The basement rustication of this palace is, however, very fine: a very remarkable expression is obtained in it by variations in the thickness of the courses of stone, according to their position, but our space will not allow us to enter upon its analysis.

In estimating the propriety of the Renaissance basement-rustication, and in transferring the system to modern edifices, builders have too often forgotten that the edifices of the Renaissance which were most boldly rusticated, were justified in their expression of vast power in the wall, by the necessity of serving the double purpose of residence and fortress. The rustication of the Pitti and Strozzi Palaces in Florence would be absurd in a modern dwelling-house. The architect of Newgate Prison was quite right, however, in boldly rusticating his wall, and in yet further emphasizing its power by shewing that it could further afford to have niches excavated in its thickness. Deep rustication is not rightly admissible into any but the basement story, unless the building is intended for a fortress. Slight rustication, particularly that in which only the *horizontal* junctions of the stones are visible, is, however, extremely valuable in the principal story when columns occur in it. For a full account of the principal upon which rustication acts in this position, we must refer our readers to our former analysis of the Greek Temple architecture.

We might fill the rest of our space with other rules and interesting instances of good and bad rustication; but valuable and new as the investigation would be, we must say no more about it here. We have said enough to make hundreds of wall surfaces interesting to the general reader, which were never interesting to him before; and if any student wishes to pursue the subject further, he cannot do better than study it from the very full and satisfactory series of engravings which have appeared from the edifices and designs of Palladio,—the purest, by the way, of all the Renaissance architects; for though he aban-

dons the essentially constructive, with its characteristic ornamentation, and is well satisfied if his decorations have a faint reminiscence of constructive meaning, yet there is not much utter nonsense—like triglyphs supporting balconies—in his works. There is a great deal of expression in his edifices, which, with regard to the constructive element, is inadequate or extravagant; but this inadequacy and extravagance are commonly sacrifices of one kind of excellence to another. The excellence sacrificed, is, we repeat, the excellence of *truth*; and it seems to us that in art as in morals such evils ought not to be done, however great an amount of good may appear to result from it.

All that we have said of the “orders” as employed and spoiled by the Romans is true of them as they appear in Renaissance buildings. A few timid alterations were ventured upon; and most of the great architects had “orders” called after their names, the main distinction of these from any other orders being, as far as we can understand, no more than an entirely arbitrary regulation of the proportions of member to member, the members themselves being, for the most part, equally arbitrarily chosen and unnecessary. “Vignola’s Tuscan,” for example, is a bald Doric, totally without any distinctive character, save that of baldness. The omission of triglyphs makes the separation of architrave and frieze unmeaning; the astragal, on the neck of the shafts, if it suggests anything, suggests weakness; the fillet above the abacus, and the filletless ovolo that crowns the cornice, are sheer nonsense, the fillet being a separating member where there is no separation operated, the ovolo* being a supporting member when there is nothing to support. The rigid and fixed proportional systems, of which the Greeks knew nothing, were, as we have said, arbitrary, and not founded upon the only right basis, namely, the expression of the due proportion of power of support to power of gravitation.

Some of the best features of Renaissance architecture are its cornices. The Reform Club is a fine imitation of one of the finest examples. A conspicuous cornice like this is particularly necessary where the “orders” are not used in the façade, and where consequently the wall may be allowed to express a capacity for supporting great weight, as well as for enclosing. Seen from the east corner of St. James’s Square, the effect of the noble sweep of the wall, the ridged and massy roof, and

* We would not be understood to find fault with this mass of building upon the whole. On the contrary, we think it one of the most promising efforts of modern architecture. It is a real ornament to London, and one which will never have its attractiveness much impaired by the spread of architectural knowledge among the people.

* In Greek architecture the ovolo always bears a thin slab—sometimes erroneously called a fillet, the weight of which, as indicated by the strong supporting curve of the ovolo, is transferred by the mind to every equal thickness of stone in the whole entablature beneath.

the powerful cornice which operates their junction, is one of the finest architectural sights in London.

The windows of the Renaissance style have commonly had the architect's best skill devoted to them; and in many cases, with fine effect. Their peculiar decoration generally had the good effect of either denying or diverting the mind from the idea that the wall was weakened by them. The Greeks, in the few examples of their fenestration which remain to us, contented themselves with an extremely simple and satisfactory arrangement, consisting merely in the inclination towards one another of the single stones which constituted the sides, and which, together with the lintel that projected a little way beyond them, were inclosed by a slight raised moulding. This amounted simply to a distinct exhibition of the fact of secure construction. But the simplicity and chastity of this arrangement would have been quite overwhelmed by the "striking effects" of which the Renaissance builders were so fond. It is accordingly most usually banished to the windows of the attic story; while those of the principal floor adopt means which, in addition to the expression of security, confer upon them the due "prominence in the scene or street view." The chief of these means is a massive projecting pediment, round or angular. This is a principal feature in most Renaissance façades, and certainly expresses the power of the wall to bear the aperture without danger, by conferring an otherwise unnecessary load, just where the weakening tendency if it existed would come first into operation. The only conceivable use of these great projecting members, when the apertures are glazed, is to afford a little shadow when the sun is at certain altitudes. No doubt, they were originally constructed for the defence of unglazed apertures from the elements; but the Renaissance architects had far too profound a reverence for their ancient masters to allow of their asking impertinent questions as to the origin and uses of things. Michael Angelo, in one of his designs, incloses the triangular in the circular window pediment, and innumerable instances might be cited to prove that, with most of the Renaissance architects, these and all other kinds of window decorations, had for their primary intention some effect or other which ought to have been only a secondary object.

As we shall have to speak of certain other details and principles of Renaissance architecture when we come to describe the more modern art, we must now close our notice of this subject. In doing so we cannot help remarking on the peculiar irritability which architects, and architects of this school particularly, evince towards unprofessional criticism. This is because ar-

chitecture, far more remarkably than any other fine art, is a combination of two elements, one of which is properly artistical, and the other mechanical. These, by writers on Renaissance architecture, have almost always been more or less confused; or, what is worse, separated, instead of having been carefully discriminated and combined. Non-professional criticism has commonly neglected the constructive; professional criticism the artistic element. The amateur is apt to affirm, therefore, that modern architects are mere builders without the modesty of handicraftsmen; and the professor, in reply, protests that his critics are mere ignoramuses, and wonders at their insolence in pretending to judge of a façade, as much as the new married lady is reported by Charles Lamb to have marvelled at his assuming to know aught of the propagation of oysters. There is reason on both sides: but we hope that we are not biassed by party-spirit in siding chiefly with the amateurs. Of the two kinds of mistake, the most fatal, though not the most foolish is that which is made by the architects. Knowing what great and numerous difficulties have to be overcome, and being, for the most part, without the genius to add to the builder's art of overcoming constructive difficulties, the architect's art—not of hiding those difficulties, but—of making an advantage and boast of them, by making them the root and meaning of new and unique architectural character, the professor angrily rejects all non-professional criticism, not only of matters of internal distribution, of which, of course, he is generally the best judge, but also of architectural effects, of which we humbly opine that every one with natural good taste and a moderate amount of instruction, is likely to be as competent a judge as himself. He would have uninitiated people, however, to believe that it is a prodigious instance of presumption in them to pretend to know whether the façade, which foists itself daily upon their sight, and whose prosperity, if prosperity it have, must be in the eye of the daily spectator, is good for anything or not: and the uninitiated, in fact, have been so long accustomed to hear works, from which they receive no pleasure, called architectural, that they have, for the most part, come to discredit their own capacity, and have very naturally contracted a profound indifference towards an art which seems to be without a message to themselves,—which instead of fulfilling its right errand, as incomparably the most popular of the fine arts, has come to be considered by its professors as being scarcely less esoteric in its artistic than in its constructive departments. The present indifference of the people about architecture is, in itself, an excellent negative symptom of their capacity for enjoying it; and they would probably be not slow to ex-

hibit this capacity positively, should there arise amongst us many of the better kind of buildings, having even the qualified merits of some few by which London has been recently adorned.

We are now to speak of the "Italian-Pointed" style to which Mr. Ruskin has succeeded in attracting a wide and deep interest. Mr. Ruskin endeavours to prove that this style, as displayed in the Venetian palaces, especially the Palazzo Ducale, is the culminating point of the art of architecture. And he is perhaps right, as far as regards metropolitan palatial architecture, but, we think, no further.

The church architect cannot serve two principles without miserable failure; but the house architect may and perhaps ought. The Egyptian principle was a good one for Egypt; the Greek principle was a good one for Greece; the Romano-Byzantine or Lombard was a good one too; the pointed Gothic the best of all for the architecture of temples: but none of these are good to build houses by, for the simple reason that they are excellent for temples. In Venetian architecture we have the Lombard principle, which is to make everything of the wall, and the Pointed principle which *tends* to make nothing of it, beautifully combined and reconciled; and a very decided mixture of the fantastical Arabian notion of throwing gravity and the law of gravitation overboard together, confers upon this style a light-hearted and smiling air, which is most delightful in its place and way, but which would be quite wrong in a church.

In describing this style, we must warn our readers and the readers of the *Stones of Venice*, not to suppose that it is peculiar to Venice. Venice contains perhaps the best examples; but the Palazzo Publico at Piacenza; La Mercanzia at Bologna; the Palazzo Publico at Sienna, and several other Italian town-halls and palaces; and also certain almost unknown *Spanish* buildings, as the palace Monterey, Salamanca, and that of the Dukes Del Infantado, Guadalajara, display the same or many of the same general characteristics. In Spain, the Gothic was even more affected by the Arab spirit than in Venice; and many valuable hints towards the new secular Gothic which is likely to spring up in England might be gathered from the Spanish specimens of this admixture. The south of France also affords examples of house Gothic, which, though inferior in splendour to those of Italy and Spain, are much more beautiful than anything ever produced by England in the same style. England may justly boast of the most exquisite cathedral, monastic, and parish church interiors in the world; but in exteriors, and in all departments of secular Gothic, we have been far surpassed abroad; and the sooner our extremely "national" writers upon the subject

can be prevailed upon to admit this fact, the sooner are we likely to be able to boast of a good style of our own. We proceed to describe the Italian palatial Gothic, with double reference, first, to its vast inferiority to northern Gothic, as an ecclesiastical style; and, secondly, to its perfect adaptation for modern use in civil edifices.

The first characteristic of an edifice in this style is its grand and simple façade—a feature quite contrary to the northern manner of secular Gothic, which in this one particular seems, upon the whole, to be preferable to the Italian for ordinary purposes. In the northern house Gothic the exterior is the simple and most pleasing expression of internal convenience and comfort; mass is attached to mass, with total neglect of uniformity, but with a very real effect of unity. For country mansions this is not only the best style, but the only good style that ever existed. But in streets, where space is valuable, and especially in public buildings, as exchanges, museums, banks, clubs, in which a few large apartments only are necessary, and a certain ostentation commendable, the Venetian Gothic is unequalled; and we hope that before long, it will have wholly superseded the quasi-classical and totally anti-national Renaissance in our great towns. Renaissance forms, should they be employed by us to the end of time, will always be felt to be repulsively foreign; whereas the façade of the ducal palace or the Palazzo Foscari, if transferred unaltered from Venice to Pall Mall, would be at once accepted by us as native to our feelings, educated as we have been to regard every moulding, cusp, arch, and leafy capital as almost a part of our ancient worship. This transference might, moreover, be made without the least alteration in the system of internal distribution at present adopted in such buildings as the Reform and Athenæum Clubs.

A very common feature of the Italian palatial Gothic is an open arcade in the place, or in advance of the apartments on the ground-floor. This, which is one of the most striking characteristics of the style, is that also which qualifies it beyond all other styles for a shop-architecture. An open basement and closed upper stories are conditions which no architecture besides the Italian Gothic and the Arabian was ever gracefully fulfilled: now these are the primary conditions of a good shop architecture. How far our present shop architecture, consisting generally of a load of Renaissance masonry superimposed—not on a powerfully expressed basement of rusticated blocks, but—on two or three square sheets of invisible plate-glass, fulfils these conditions, must be tolerably manifest to any who have thought one moment about the matter. In "New Oxford Street" five or six costly ex-

periments in shop architecture have been tried; all of them utter failures in fundamental constructive good sense except one, in which the open arcade has been adopted, and this one, though thus far right, is hideously ugly, because there is no expressed relation whatever between the form and strength of the arcade and the forms and weights of the mass which it supports. The principal façade of the Doge's palace might have been substituted with splendid effect, almost without alteration, and with far less expense, in the place of this or any of the other four or five rows of houses in question.

The basement arcade, however, is not an *essential* feature, and therefore this style of architecture is just as well fitted for rows of private houses as for rows of shops. It admits of uniformity or of infinite variety in the decoration of apertures. A whole street may have every window alike, or every window in the same house may be *unique* in its ornamentation, as in the exquisite Palazzo Publico at Piacenza.

The ecclesiastical character, which is indelibly impressed upon the genuine forms of northern Gothic, and which would both spoil, and be spoiled by adoption in, house or shop architecture, is quite absent in Italian Gothic. The solemnity of the pointed arch and the severe uniformity of style which is demanded by the prevalence of the semicircular arch, are both abolished by the constant admixture of the two—a favourite and most beautiful feature of the style being a pointed arcade surmounted by semicircular headed windows, as in the edifice just alluded to at Piacenza. The effect of aspiration in the northern sacred Gothic was disliked by the Italians, and, in adopting northern Gothic forms, they abolished it as far as they could. By doing so they destroyed the style for church architecture, and, as we have said, obtained from it one of the best styles in the world for civil purpose. In northern church Gothic the feeling of aspiration begins at the foundation, and is equally strong in all parts of the edifice up to the highest finial. In Italian house Gothic it is allowed to have some way at the base, but is checked or exhausted at the first or second story. A circular arcade above a pointed one checks this effect without rudeness; but the most subtle method is that which is adopted in the façade of the Doge's palace, in which the heads of the pointed arches in the second story are made to exhaust their upward power by continuing the arch mouldings beyond the apex of the arch, and permitting them to flow into foliated circles, which fill up square compartments. Above these rises a vast surface of plain wall, pierced with a few very large pointed windows, surmounted by a light fringe

of Gothic battlements and pinnacles, and simply decorated with diagonal and intersecting courses of coloured marble. These features, without continuing much of the power of the Gothic basement, have the effect of harmonizing the wall with it. The windows, by their great size and absence of decoration fitted to express resistance to pressure, assume lightness in the wall. The crossing lines of coloured marble second this effect by diverting the mind from the vertical direction of the weight of the wall; and the fringe of pinnacles and pierced battlements confirms the lightness of the wall, and at the same time saves it from a suspicion of frailness, (which the breadth of the windows might otherwise have brought upon it,) by making that lightness a *living* lightness—a lightness of aspiration, not, of gravitation. It is impossible to conceive a style better fitted than this to the purposes of northern shop architecture. The basement, without any sacrifice of constructive propriety, offers the largest possible spaces with the smallest possible supporting masses. The wall might be executed in common bricks, variegated with bricks glazed or coloured; the windows, by their size, are excellently suited for a northern climate; and the brilliant upper termination of the wall, being the principal decoration of the building, and having the advantage of a position far removed from the causes which could distract the attention from the beauties of the basement, might be executed, according to the fancy or the funds of the proprietor, with almost any amount of labour and expense. The poorest man would find this style the cheapest of all decorated styles, and the richest might lavish his money upon it without limit, and with a thousand times the effect which he obtains by wasting it upon plaster, columns, pediments, entablatures, friezes, and the rest of the Renaissance frippery.

But all the characteristics which tend to qualify the Italian-pointed style for civil purposes, almost in the same proportion tend to disqualify it for churches. Mr. Gally Knight writes,—“In Italy, if the vertical principle was adopted, the horizontal was not discarded, and the latter was a constant check on the tendencies of the former. The Italian architects, obeying their employers, but obeying with reluctance, never acquainted themselves with the rules, the proportions and arrangements, through which the northern architects produced successful results. They worked at random, and, consequently, made mistakes. They consented to imitate, but they sought no more, and neither caught the spirit of the original, nor struck out new paths of their own.” This appears to us to be an injustice to Italian-pointed architecture in general. Its deviation from the northern style is too wide to have

arisen from ignorance. In almost all examples there is a manifest attempt to reconcile conflicting principles,—an attempt which could not have been made without acquaintance with those principles; and, in some few cases, pre-eminently in Giotto's celebrated Campanile at Florence, those principles are reconciled with the profoundest art. These last cases, though extremely few, alone can claim to be considered as examples of true Italian-pointed. An enumeration and analysis of the means by which the different principles are reconciled in these examples, would leave us no room to remark upon a style of incomparably more importance to us than the Italian-pointed ecclesiastical, namely, our own late "Tudor" style, which is another species of secularized Gothic.

Of this style there are various shades; we shall remark only upon the most striking general characteristics. It is an essentially Northern, and even an essential English style; it is so admirably and unconsciously expressive of our national feelings of independence and love of *comfort*, that it can never be out of date. The principal façade is the consideration to which, in all other styles, the various members of an edifice are subordinated; but the comfortable hearth seems to be the centre about which all the parts of the Tudor palace, or the Elizabethan mansion, are gathered, and from which they derive their cheerful life. Mr. Joseph Gwilt writes,—“The Elizabethan, or as some have perhaps more properly called it, the last Tudor style, is an imperfectly understood adaptation of classic forms to the habits of its day in this country. It is full of redundant and unmeaning ornament, creating a restless feeling in the mind of the spectator, which, in the cinque-cento work, the Renaissance of Italy, was in some degree atoned for by excellence of design, by exquisite execution of the subject, and by a refinement in the forms, which some of the first artists the world ever saw gave to its productions. In Italy the orders almost instantaneously rose in their proper proportions, soon leaving nothing to be desired; but in England they were for a long time engrafted upon Gothic plans and forms, producing nothing but heterogeneous masses of absurdity.” Such we believe to be a common *opinion*, it cannot be a common *feeling*, concerning our Elizabethan style; but a minute's consideration will show the erroneous nature of the comparison between it and the Italian cinque-cento. The form and arrangement of the general mass of an edifice are the fundamental causes of its peculiar character. Egyptian, Greek, Gothic, Lombard, and Italian palatial, whether Gothic or Renaissance, are each of them immediately and mainly to be distinguished from the other styles by the cha-

acter of the masses; and it may be safely said, that the difference in this regard, between the late Tudor and the Italian Renaissance styles, is wider than between any other two styles whatsoever. Happily “the orders” have a very poor development indeed in Elizabethan buildings. They are of the essence of the Italian Renaissance, but are merely superficial decorations of the Elizabethan architecture. The character next in importance to the subordinations of mass to convenience, in the Tudor of Henry VIII's time and the Elizabethan Gothic, is perhaps that of fenestration. But this is a character which the house Gothic of England shares with that of other countries, France especially. The broad window, divided vertically into equal compartments by mullions, and horizontally into unequal portions by transoms, and surmounted by a dripstone, which admits of the most beautiful lines and mouldings, is the only window that ought ever to be seen in a northern house. It is unsurpassable in the expression as well as in the reality of convenience and safe construction; and upon the display of these qualities the beauties of private house architecture must always mainly depend. A most picturesque feature, common in house architecture of this period, is the successive projection of story over story. This feature gave endless scope for architectural display, in the brackets and mouldings which were required for security; but it is one which the present universal employment of brick and stone, with no *visible* aid from wood, has rendered obsolete. It is true that an ordinary brick-house, if built in this manner, would have its walls defended from the rain, and would not be turned into a refrigerator by every shower; but the same end might be, and in some parts of the country is, infinitely better answered by glazing the bricks, and so preventing absorption. Even in places where wood is still the chief material of house architecture, this is not a manner of construction that could reasonably be adopted, since modern science has given us much less expensive and inconvenient means of defending timber against the effects of moisture. The loss of this source of architectural effect is, however, the less to be regretted, as a similar effect is obtainable by the projecting oriel window, a feature of extreme beauty, and one that is susceptible of great variety of treatment.

We believe that it may be laid down as a rule in civil architecture that all the characteristic effects of temple architecture may and ought to be reproduced in it, *but with less intensity*. This diminution of intensity, or secularization of the effects of temple architecture, is obtainable either by mixing those effects with others of inferior significance, or by

giving a preponderance to those elements of effect which, though occurring in, are least characteristic of, the temple architecture. The last method is obviously the best; and, though it has rarely been employed without the former, it would have been better if it had been so. The phase of "Tudor" architecture which immediately preceded the introduction of the cinque-cento decorations in England, exemplifies what may be termed the *pure* secularization of Gothic; the proper "Elizabethan" being a product of this combination of both methods. For the revivals of our ancient house architecture which have recently been attempted, the phase commonly chosen has been that in which the decorations are borrowed from the most degraded Renaissance; but surely Gothic masses with Gothic decorations are better than Gothic masses with classic decorations. It is true that the pure Tudor style has a degree of gravity which some persons might deem unpleasant in common house architecture; but, if this be a fault, it is overcome in the cinque-cento Gothic only by the far worse fault of senseless flippancy.

The Tudor, like the Italian palatial Gothic architecture, has the great advantage of admitting of innumerable different degrees of enrichment, without altering its essential character; and, though capable of a dignity far surpassing that which is to be obtained from the most splendid efforts of pure or mixed "classical" architecture, it is suited also for the humblest purposes. We hope for the day, however, when, by a combination of the merits of Italian Gothic decoration with those of Tudor masses, we shall be able to boast of a domestic architecture surpassing any that has yet existed. On some future occasion we may perhaps enter more fully than we have now been able to do on the detailed analysis of Tudor and Italian Gothic.

Civil architecture, public and domestic, in our own day is guided by no general laws whatever. The impartiality with which we adopt every style alike indicates nothing but a profound indifference to all styles. Mr. Ruskin most justly writes:

"The great evil of all recent architectural effort has not been that men liked wrong things, but that they either cared nothing about any, or pretended to like what they did not. Do you suppose that any modern architect likes what he builds and enjoys it? Not in the least. He builds it because he has been told that such and such things are fine, and that he should like them. He pretends to like them, and gives them a false relish of vanity. Do you seriously imagine, reader, that any living soul in London likes triglyphs, and gets any hearty enjoyment out of pediments? You are much mistaken. Greeks did; English people never did—never

will. Do you fancy that the architect of Old Burlington Mews, in Regent Street, had any particular satisfaction in putting a blank triangle over the archway instead of a useful garret window? By no manner of means. He had been told it was right to do so, and thought he should be admired for doing it. Very few faults of architecture are mistakes of honest choice; they are almost always hypocrisies. So, then, the first thing we have to ask of the decoration is that it should indicate strong liking, and that honestly. It matters not so much what the thing is, as that the builder should really love and enjoy it, and say so plainly. The architect of Bourges Cathedral liked hawthorns, so he has covered his porch with hawthorn, a perfect Niobe of May. Never was such hawthorn; you would try to gather it forthwith, but for fear of being pricked. The old Lombard architects liked hunting, so they covered their works with horses and hounds, and men blowing trumpets two yards long. The base Renaissance architects of Venice liked masquing and fiddling, so they covered their works with comic masks and musical instruments. Even that was better than our English way of liking nothing, and professing to like triglyphs."

The profound oblivion of the *grounds* of architectural merit, as implied in the above complaint, is impressively set forth in the following observation of Mr. Ruskin, in connexion with a review of his former work, "The Seven Lamps."

"The writer noticed my constant praise of St. Mark's. 'Mr. Ruskin thinks it a very beautiful building; we,' said the architect, 'think it a very ugly building.' I was not surprised at the difference of opinion, but at the thing being considered so completely a subject of opinion. My opponents in matters of painting always assume that there is such a thing as a law of right, and that I do not understand it; but my architectural adversaries appeal to no law—they simply set their opinion against mine; and, indeed, there is no law at present, to which either they or I can appeal. No man can speak with rational decision of the merits or demerits of buildings; he may with obstinacy; he may with resolved adherence to previous prejudices, but never as if the matter could be otherwise decided than by majority of votes, or pertinacity of partisanship. I had always, however, a clear conviction that there *was* a law in this matter; that good architecture might be indisputably discerned and divided from the bad; that the opposition in their very nature and essence was clearly visible; and that we were all of us at first as unwise, in disputing about the matter, without reference to principle, as we should be for debating about the genuineness of a coin without ringing it. I felt also assured that this law must be universal if it were conclusive; that it must enable us to reject all foolish and base work, and to accept all noble and wise work, without reference to style or national feeling; that it must sanction the design of all truly great nations and times, Gothic, Greek, or Arab; that it cast off and re-

probate the design of all foolish nations and times, Chinese or Mexican, or modern European; and that it must be easily applicable to all possible architectural inventions of human mind. I set myself, therefore, to establish such a law, in full belief that men were intended, without excessive difficulty, and by use of their general common sense, to know good things from bad; and that it is only because they will not be at the pains required for the discernment, that the world is so widely encumbered with forgeries and baseness. I found the work simpler than I had hoped; the reasonable things ranged themselves in the order that I required, the foolish things fell aside, and took themselves away so soon as they were looked in the face."

The great good which is likely to be done by Mr. Ruskin's fulfilment of the task he thus proposed to himself, may be estimated by the storm of anger with which his work has been received by architects. There are several points in the "Stones of Venice" which we hold to be extremely debateable; but these are trifles when compared with the quantity of vigorous criticism that constitutes the bulk of the book. How far Mr. Ruskin's works may aid in producing a living architecture we cannot tell; but we believe it to be pretty certain, that the "deadly lively" architecture which at present prevails, cannot long exist in the face of such truths as have now been uttered, with a voice that *will* make itself heard, however unpleasant it may be to some of the hearers. It will be an immense advance, or rather retrogression, towards the right, if Mr. Ruskin should do no more than make our house builders and house buyers heartily ashamed of the cheap splendour of false materials. Let us get back to the common brick walls—with stone dressings for the better sort of houses—of a hundred years ago, and we may then be in the way to something better. We shall have, at least, a footing in the truth, and may then take steps towards beauty.

The errors of modern house architecture are so numerous that we cannot pretend to enumerate even the chief of them; and close pressed as we are for space, we must content ourselves with referring the reader to Mr. Ruskin's bold and admirable attacks upon our entire modern system, and with stringing together a few of our own remarks, general and special just as they come to mind—for any systematic arrangement would carry us far beyond our limits.

There is a common notion abroad that brick is a mean material, and only fit for poor men's cottages and cow-sheds. Now this is a great mistake. Brick is a very fine material, as good to look at, and better for enduring, than most kinds of stone; and some of the finest palaces in the world have been built of it. It is, in fact, an artificial stone, having nearly all

the advantages of natural stone, and many other advantages which natural stone wants. It is capable of receiving inherent, that is, properly architectural, colour, for no colour is properly architectural which is liable to be washed or rubbed away; and being made in moulds, which may as well be of one shape as another, it is fitted to become the vehicle of a system of decoration far more elaborate than can be applied to stone, under any circumstances, but those of extraordinary magnificence and expense. This decoration is also capable of being made highly characteristic: not many persons, perhaps, are aware that the characteristic Norman decorations, which we admire so much in some of our cathedrals, and which we are now reproducing in many of our churches, with great expense and success, are properly brick decorations. Hear Mr. Hope:—"The natives of Lombardy became early celebrated as masons; early, therefore, they began in those parts of brick buildings, which like arches, impostes, friezes, cornices, and string courses, at once admitted and required somewhat more ornament to show their ingenuity, by laying the materials in such a way that their sides and angles should offer various combinations, resembling the teeth of a saw, the spine of a fish, the zig-zag of a fish net, and others of easy execution, and showy in their effect: and these we beheld throughout Lombardy, and at Rome, in all the brick *campaniles*, and more especially in that singular assemblage of ancient fragments and brick-work, supposed to have been the habitation of Nicholas, the son of Crescentius and Theodora. This species of work, alike adopted in Constantinople and in Lombardy, became, in the former, the embryo and life of singular combinations of facettes and angles, with which the Mahomedans afterwards covered, in their buildings, every capital and cornice, bracket and niche; and in the latter, the parent of the cord and the cable, the zig-zag, or the chevron, the lozenge, the billet, the nebule, the embattled fret, and all other ornaments having no peculiar meaning, introduced in shafts, capitals, arches, and other members of Lombard buildings, which we have since called Saxon; which have been introduced so early that we see them in all the miniature paintings of the Syriac MS. of the Evangelists, in the Medico-Laurentian library at Florence, written A.D. 585; and which appear in the edifices of the middle ages in greater numbers, as they are more wanted to supply the deficiency of Sculpture and significant ornaments."

Again, "Every part of that extensive plain (of Lombardy) offers edifices in the cinquecento, as well as in the Lombard and German manner, wholly of brick, and in which that humble material is ennobled by the most ex-

quisite and delicate forms." Some of the best churches and public buildings of our own day are of brick, with stone-dressings; it is only in the private houses of England that we seem to be ashamed of this material.

If the builder cannot afford stone finishings to his brick-house, let him by no means make plaster imitations of them. Every one knows stone from plaster at a glance, and every one knows that stone finishings are only used where larger and more coherent masses of material are required than can be supplied by bricks. Now, to put masses of plaster, which are well known to be infinitely *less* fitted than the bricks themselves are to supply the requisite occasional accessions of strength, is a most disgusting absurdity. Plaster is a very useful material when it does not pretend to be stone; its use in many Renaissance and Elizabethan decorations in secure positions, as in bas-reliefs upon, or along the walls just beneath ceilings, is, we are disposed to think, legitimate; but it is utterly to be reprehended in every position of exposure to rough usage.

It should be remembered that forms which are right and expressive in one material, may, and most probably will, be unmeaning, and worse than unmeaning, in another. What conceivable sense is there in *rusticated plaster*, of which London contains thousands of acres? or in the plaster brackets, held up by, instead of supporting, plaster cornices? As if architects and builders had, more than other men, a propensity for lying merely for lying's sake, you will find them even ruining a real material by forcing it, against its nature, to assume the forms of a totally different real material. Thus, London is not wanting in examples of expensively built brick-houses, whose builders disdaining the timid plaster falsehood, which has some pretence of making itself believed to be the stone it imitates, have absolutely rusticated the bare brick, and constructed mock voussoirs in door and window-heads, each voussoir being constituted of several bricks mortared together in the ordinary way! Sometimes we may see brick voussoirs of this kind alternating, in the same door-head, with mock-stone voussoirs of plaster. There are hundreds of new houses in and about London and our great provincial cities, which are unmitigated architectural nonsense as they stand, but which would be changed at once into intelligible, if not agreeable, objects, by the mere realization of the mock material, as an "invisible picture" comes out when held before the fire. There are *hundreds of miles* of two or three story houses in London with the ground story made to look like a rusticated stone basement. Now, a far more architectural proceeding would have been to have set the one or two fragile upper stories upon six or eight

stout broom-sticks. In these small houses, the thinnest brick wall is thicker than is needed for the support of the story or two above it; but as a certain thickness is required for other purposes than that of support, and as, therefore, the power of support, and the weight supported, must be out of proportion one to the other, a sensible builder, instead of vastly increasing and emphasizing this disproportion, would conceal the fact of it as far as possible. This may be, and in some few cases has been done, by making the face of the upper stories *project slightly beyond*, instead of recede from, the face of the basement story.

Let it be remembered that, so far from its being advisable to make bricks look like stone, we ought rather, in our northern climate, and in a country where the poorest man likes to have a house to himself, to make a boast and display of it: since, among many other reasons, a stone material, unless the apertures are arched, requires narrow fenestration, and always produces a decidedly unarchitectural effect in edifices of inconsiderable size. In Scotland, and the North of England, however, the abundance of stone is a reason which outweighs these disadvantages.

Plate-glass is very injurious to the effect of house architecture, as well on account of the great size of the panes commonly used, as by reason of its being, when well-cleaned, quite invisible. The smaller the panes, the rougher the glass, and the more conspicuous the frames in which it is set, the better for the architectural effect. There are few windows so architectural as the old casements, made of little lozenge-shaped panes set on a net-work of metal bars. The absence of any suggestion of resistance to the vertical and lateral wall-pressure which is always suggested to the mind by square-headed apertures, is very painfully felt when, as is often the case in modern houses, each window-sash contains but one pane.

Comfort, modesty, and permanence ought to be the leading expressions in every *private* house, however noble its inhabitant. The leading expressions of modern house architecture are discomfort, pride, and impermanence. "Much of the naked and solitary appearance of [modern] houses is owing to the practice of totally concealing, nay, sometimes of burying, all the offices under ground, and that by way of giving consequence to the mansion; but though exceptions may arise from particular situations and circumstances, yet, in general, nothing contributes so much to give both variety and consequence to the principal building, as the accompaniment, and, as it were, the attendance of the inferior parts in their different gradations."—(*Price on the Picturesque*.) So far is the house architect from being in danger of having to sacrifice effect to convenience, that

a display of convenience is the most valuable element of effect at his command. The most beautiful examples of British and foreign house architecture—not public or palatial—are those in which all care of even the commonest symmetry and order is cast away, and in which the house seems to grow, as we have said, from its root in the hearth, as wildly as the trees that surround it. There are certain weighty reasons for regularity and uniformity of façade in street architecture; but the Englishman's beloved privilege of doing what he likes with his own, outweighs them all, and it would be incomparably better by a studied and otherwise needless and even inconvenient variety of street architecture, to give him free scope for his "individualities"—than to let him violate, as he will, however you may preach, the prudence of symmetrical "rows," "crescents," "quadrants" and "squares,"—painting his domicile long before, or long after his neighbour has painted his, and so sometimes punishing a pedimental façade as Dante punishes the schismatics in hell, namely, by splitting them in half; erecting unique verandas before his windows; crowning his chimney-pots with fantastical charms against smoke; graining his door with light maple pattern, because his neighbor's is dark mahogany; and indulging in a hundred other equally unsymmetrical declarations of independence—that number being multiplied by ten when we come to shops, instead of private houses.

In matters of decorations generally, modern architects fall into one or the other of the extremes of meretriciousness—mistaken for richness; and poverty—mistaken for simplicity. True simplicity arises from distinctness and well pronounced unity among many details, and not from paucity of ornament. Richness is not only compatible with simplicity; it may greatly increase it. There is no simplicity like that of the Duchess who wears her coronet as if it were a wreath of May.

Nothing can be more absurd than to juxtapose the conscious dignity of Greek forms, with the inevitably humble associations of trade and business. We do not hold with Mr. Ruskin, that shops and railway stations ought to be wholly devoid of architectural charms. We believe, on the contrary, that Christian architecture, that is, pre-eminently the northern pointed, is as remarkable for its adaptation to all degrees as Christianity itself. Apart from the constructive principles of pointed Gothic there is a power in the mere form of the pointed arch which has never yet been satisfactorily accounted for. A mere suggestion of it is enough to change the whole character of a building, as may be seen in several of the early Renaissance Italian palaces, in which the outer

line of the voussours of semi-circular door and window-heads constitutes the pointed arch.

If we must copy ancient styles—and there is no help for it so long as we have none of our own—let us copy the best styles, and the best phases of those styles. The modern practice of crowning steeples with what are technically called broach-spires, *i. e.*, spires of which the eaves overhang the wall of the steeple, instead of the subsequently invented spire rising considerably within the wall, and surrounded by a gutter with a parapet and pinnacles, is one of many modern practices which are not more sensible than it would be in the mechanical arts to prefer canal boats to railways. The mistakes which have arisen in architecture during the last five-and-twenty years, merely from want of judgment in choosing the right styles, and the right phases of the right styles, are in number and magnitude something quite appalling to think of. During this period, in London alone, we have raised public buildings, probably more numerous, costly, and magnificent, than any entire nation before us has raised in a century. The Houses of Parliament, the British Museum, Buckingham Palace, the Post-office, the Royal Exchange, the new West-End Club-Houses, and churches innumerable, testify to our unprecedented riches and unprecedented want of consideration. The same money, judiciously expended upon the same and other edifices, in the early "Decorated" for ecclesiastical, and the late "Tudor" for civil purposes, might have transformed London from the least architecturally meritorious of all great cities in Europe, to the most so. It is sad to think, that, as such an opportunity has never before occurred, so probably it will never occur again.

There is a certain artistical anachronism involved in the revival of any ancient style of art. There is also a great source of beauty in an original architecture which cannot be renewed in the revival of such an art: we mean the delightful sense of life arising from the growth of one phase of the style into another. During the career of an original architecture, every considerable building constitutes an advance upon its predecessors, and its achievement of some unprecedented beauty makes criticism dumb to its defects. So far have the ancient builders been from entertaining the modern craving for a critical completeness, that there is scarcely a finished Greek temple or a Gothic cathedral in existence. This is a curious fact, and one which we do not remember to have seen noticed; and it is one which remarkably illustrates the eager life of a new art. How incomparably more attractive are unsuccessful efforts after the highest perfection, than successful attempts at mediocrity! Architecture, in its best times, has always exhi-

bited what, in speaking of a Christian's life, an old divine calls an "incomplete completeness." We do not say that it would be impossible or right for us to try to imitate this quality. We have no vital architecture, and yet we must build. Let us, therefore, thoroughly comprehend and adopt the only style that is fit for us.

A notion has been gaining ground lately that there may be some hope of an *entirely new* architecture arising from the employment of a new material, namely, iron—and it seems to us that there are substantial grounds for this hope. We have said that the principal architectures of the world have been indebted for their fundamental expressions to particular references to the laws of gravitation. Every legitimate kind of reference which is capable of being made in stone or brick appears to have been exhausted; but iron is capable of affording *two new references* of which stone and brick are incapable, namely, *suspension* and *impension* of weight. These principles have already been frequently and splendidly employed in the mechanical arts, but no distinctly architectural development of them has ever, to our knowledge, been attempted. There are a few minor, but still very important considerations with respect to iron as an architectural material at which it will be well to glance.

The constructive ideas of Gothic and Arabian architectures are such that they can only be fully realized in iron. The fancy is scarcely able to pursue the reality which has become possible for Gothic architecture through the present abundance of iron and glass, and the skill we have attained in working them. A cathedral twice as big as Cologne, with a spire a thousand feet high, would be quite a moderate undertaking compared with the cathedral of Milan, or the Gothic Houses of Parliament. Witness the expense of raising the Great Exhibition!

Iron *requires* painting. Here is a source of decoration which would almost outweigh the impossibility of carving in that material. It is capable of being employed with wonderful advantages in conjunction with slate. Iron is susceptible, as Mr. Pickett has shewn in a pamphlet upon the subject, of a very characteristic and beautiful species of decoration, by what that author calls "interstitial form." The advantages of iron and slate for domestic architecture are numerous; one or two only can be mentioned here: hollow walls, filled with sand to prevent the transmission of sound, would retain warmth better than any other mode of construction; they would also offer immense facilities for artificial warming; a house built of iron would always be worth so much per pound when done with; much space would be saved in towns; and the great

modern difficulty of covering large spaces architecturally—a difficulty which is generally but vainly supposed to be got rid of by combining the two utterly diverse ideas of *roof* and *ceiling*—would be at once overcome by the properties of the material in question.

In conclusion, let us heartily recommend the "Stones of Venice" to the best attention as well of the general reader as of the architectural student. Though we differ from Mr. Ruskin in several significant points, we are compelled to confess that we have learned far more from his books concerning the very essence and heart of architecture, than we have learned from any other works whatever. No one can be *indifferent* to what he has written upon the subject. Those who do not care for the subject itself, must be delighted and carried along without weariness, by the charms of his way of writing, and will be continually instructed by the wise and witty sayings which are scattered through this and all other of his books; and which are capable of applications as wide as the whole world of art and morals. What Mr. Ruskin says of the conditions of a capacity to enjoy good architecture, is in great measure true of the tone of mind with which one ought to enter upon the perusal of his bold and genial discourses.

"It needs some little care to try experiments on yourself; it needs deliberate question and upright answer. But there is no difficulty to be overcome, no abstruse reasoning to be gone into; only a little watchfulness needed, and thoughtfulness, and so much honesty as will enable you to confess to yourself, and to all men, that you enjoy things, though great authorities say you should not. This looks somewhat like pride; but it is true humility, a trust that you have been so created as to enjoy what is fitting for you, and a willingness to be pleased as it was intended that you should be. It is the child's spirit which we are then most happy when we most recover; only wiser than children in that we are ready to think it subject of thankfulness that we can still be pleased with a fair colour or a dancing light."

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Delle Cinque Piaghe della Santa Chiesa; trattato dedicato al Clero Cattolico.* Di ANTONIO ROSMINI. Perugia, 1849.
2. *Discorso Funebre pei Morti di Vienna, recitato il giorno 27 Novembre nella insigne Chiesa di S. Andrea della Valle dal Rmo. P. D. GIOACHIMO VENTURA.* Roma, 1848.
3. *Lettere Storico-Critiche intorno alle Cinque Piaghe della Santa Chiesa del Chiarissimo Sacerdote D. Antonio de Rosmini-Serbatì.* Dal P. A. THEINER. (Tradotte in Italiano.) Napoli, 1849.

4. *Legge Siccardi sull' Abolizione del Foro e delle Immunità Ecclesiastiche. Tornate del Parlamento Sub-Alpino.* Vol. unico. Torino. 1850.
5. *L'Italie Rouge, ou Histoire des Révolutions de Rome, Naples, Palerme, Messine, Florence, Parme, Modène, Turin, Milan, Venise; depuis l'avènement du Pape Pie IX., en Juin 1846, jusqu'à sa rentrée dans sa capitale, en Avril 1850.* Par le V^{TE}. D'ARLINCOURT. Paris. 1850.
6. *Principi della Scuola Rosminiana; da un Prete Bolognese.* 2 vol. Milano, 1851.
7. *La Civiltà Cattolica.* Vol. i.: Napoli, 1850. Vol. ii. iv.: Roma, 1850-1851.

ROME is *par excellence* the city of ceremonies. Its very religion consists in grand theatrical displays, and its people seem never wearied in "turning out," whether to the blessing of animals on the Festival of St. Anthony, or the *Via Crucis* in the Flavian Amphitheatre—to the buffoonery of the Carnival, or the solemn mysteries of the Sistine Chapel. On the 27th of November 1848, when the assassination of Count Rossi and the flight of the Pope were still the town-talk, "the great attraction," was the Church of St. Andre della Valle. The magnificent sanctuary of the Theatines was lighted up for a gorgeous ceremony, and solemn mass was said for the repose of the souls of "the brave" who had fallen in the great insurrection of Vienna. It was not a day to be lost in "wondering after" the Four Evangelists of Domenichino, or in gazing up into the painted glories of Lanfranco's cupola—the most beautiful in Rome: politics were in the ascendant, and a spirit-stirring discourse was expected from the most eloquent of Roman orators.

"Consedere duces, vulgique stante corona
Surgit ad hos clypei dominus septemplex Ajax."

The Very Reverend Father Gioachimo Ventura, Ex-General of the Regular Clergy, Counsellor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, Examiner of the Bishops and of the Roman Clergy, mounted the pulpit, and read his text from the Vulgate: "*Montes Gelboe, nec ros, nec pluvia veniant super vos: quia ibi abjectus est clypeus fortium.* *Quomodo ceciderunt fortes in praelio!*" 2 Regum i. 21-25.

The preacher began:—"At the sight of the pious ceremony, of the sacred expiatory rite performed here to-day for the souls of the brave fallen in the capital of Austria in combat for liberty, the implacable enemies of all political liberty, the malignant detractors of every popular movement will not fail to say that we

wish to-day in Rome to absolve rebellion, to legitimate treason, to sanctify anarchy: and with an air of holy indignation and of saintly sorrow, they will exclaim in more places than one, O diabolical abuse of things sacred! O profanation! O scandal! O sacrilege!" After a few sentences he proceeds to announce his divisions after a somewhat peculiar formula:—"To the confusion of knaves, to the instruction of the simple, to the encouragement of the generous, to the edification of the pious, I undertake to examine to-day the true causes of the great war which has been lately waged at Vienna and elsewhere: *Quomodo ceciderunt fortes in praelio*: to conclude from hence that the proud heights of Absolutism, the scene of the slaughter of the brave, have with justice incurred the anathemas which David pronounced on the mountains of Gilboa, and that the heroes who have fallen there have well merited of religion: *Montes Gelboe, nec ros, nec pluvia veniant super vos, quia ibi abjectus est clypeus fortium.* In two words, I shall shew you that the cause of liberty is truly the cause of religion, and therefore that all those who have died fighting for liberty have a right to the suffrage, to the prayers, to the praise of religion. Let us begin."

Here was preaching for the million! Father Ventura's principle was, that the clergy, instead of confining themselves to the breviary and to their spiritual duties, should frequent the clubs, mingle with the civic guard, and imitate the French Clergy, who at once became republican on the 22d of February, and blessed the trees of liberty in the streets of Paris. St. Bernard and St. Thomas, he argued, were ecclesiastics, but did not abstain from politics. The people were marching towards liberty, civil and religious, and if the Church did not march along with them they would march without her—against her. He pleaded for the liberty, fraternity, and equality of the French Republic. "The Christian people should be guided and governed as *persons*, not ruled as *things*: *Principes gentium dominantur eorum, vos autem non sic.* The sovereign is the minister, the servant of his subjects, and command is not a privilege, but a servitude: *qui major est inter vos erit omnium minister.* The Constituent, he held, would even emancipate the Church, now so thoroughly under the control of the civil power; and the nomination of the bishops and pastors of the Church, so long usurped by the secular governments, would return to the clergy and the people. The Theatine Father then went on to paint in the darkest colours the "Macedonian, atrocious, and infernal," policy of Austria, enslaving the Church, and using the clergy only as a black police; corrupting the morals of the people on very purpose that in the voluptuous-

ness of the royal city they might lose all that was noble and daring, and hence dangerous to their despots: encouraging the feuds of rival races, and setting them to fight each other on the old principle of *Divide et impera*: hounding the peasantry, like hungry dogs, on the proprietors, and paying the heads of the latter at ten florins a piece! Such had been the Aulic policy; and the solemn mass said that day in Rome was in suffrage of the souls of the valiant youths who, in heroic attempt to overthrow the infernal system, had fallen in the eight days' insurrection at Vienna. To unite the Church in wedlock with democracy, to restore that Pius IX., who had protested against the occupation of Ferrara, from the influence of the retrogrades and *Oscurantisti*, and to lead him back again to that course of reform which he had himself begun, seemed to Padre Ventura the only mode of preserving, in days like the present, the influence of the Church.*

The Theatine Father had risen into high reputation as the most eloquent preacher in Rome: a fitting person to preach a funeral oration on the death of O'Connell, or to sing a hymn of victory over the barricades of Vienna. He had, moreover, like most of his class, a strong inclination to exhibit himself in print in panegyrics, funeral orations, biographies, and homilies; his most celebrated books being "The School of Miracles," a series of homilies preached in the Vatican during the Quaresima of 1843; "The Beauties of Faith," or the felicity of belonging to the true Church; and "The Mother of God, Mother of Men; or, an Exposition of the Mystery of Most Holy Mary at the foot of the Cross," a kind of "Stabat Mater" in prose. During the reforming days of "the simple Pius" he was in high favour with the Pope, and in precisely the reverse with the Cardinals; so much so that his frequent visits to the Quirinal were looked on as a sort of public calamity; and if any one inquired on such occasions, "Chi ci sta dentro?" the answer was more energetic than refined, "Ci sta quel diavolo del Padre Ventura!" But the Father comforted himself with the knowledge that he possessed the confidence of the Roman populace, who had

declared that they would have faith in the Pope as long as they knew that Father Ventura was permitted to mount the stairs of the Monte Cavallo.

We should follow the eloquent Theatine's account of the slavery of the Church under Catholic princes, but he himself refers to a much fuller development of that subject from another quarter,—the "Cinque Piaghe" of the Abbate Rosmini. Immeasurably above the orator of St. Andrea della Valle in intellect and learning, Antonio Rosmini-Serbati had acquired a name second to none in the Italian priesthood—as high, if not higher, than that of Gioberti. It is true the Turinese philosopher had come forward prominently on the great and stirring political questions of the day, had become the idol of the populace, and had been *fêted* beyond all precedent, and as yet the charm of his name was unbroken. The "Primacy" and "the Modern Jesuit" had struck the right cord, and programmes of reform that came thick and fast from Turin had made Gioberti the great ecclesiastical head of the Italian movement when Pius IX. had ceased to be a reformer. Rosmini was simply an ecclesiastic, a modest man of letters, and though his strong sympathy with the Liberal movement was well known, no Italian priest kept his place with more gravity and dignity than he did. We do not mean to refer at length to the fifteen dense octavo volumes by which he had acquired so high a name as a philosopher and a moralist. As to his "Ideology, or New Essay on the origin of Ideas," in three elaborate volumes, and his "Moral Philosophy," treating of the principles of Moral Science, of Anthropology, and of Conscience, in a form equally elaborate; it may be sufficient to say that Gioberti has published the orthodox number of three octavos with the ominous title, "Philosophical Errors of Antonio Rosmini-Serbati," but at present we have no wish to ring the changes on Locke and Reid, on Cousin and Kant. His "Ascectics" and "Ecclesiastical Prose" were a proper study for the priests: his "Teodicea" was too grave a subject for a season of revolution; but some smaller works, dealing with matters that came more directly home "to men's bosoms and business," had been printed and reprinted in almost every part of Italy. In the end of August 1848, Rosmini was sent to Rome to negotiate on the part of the Piedmontese Government that Italian League which had been proposed by the Pope. The time was unpropitious. The Allocation of April—Durando's tricolored crosses—the Armistice of Milan—were fresh in every one's mind, and Rome and Piedmont mutually accused each other of the recent failure in Lombardy. Rosmini was unsuccessful in his negotiations,

* Discorso Funebre pei Morti di Vienna. The Discourse was printed "con permesso per la parte religiosa;" and with the extreme of Italian *gentilezza*, the censors sent back the message to the very reverend writer "*Nella cose del Padre Ventura non si può metter pecco!*" It was, however, in due time put into the Index of Prohibited Books by the Sacred Congregation at Gaeta, and the Theatine Father, smitten by ecclesiastical censure, humbly read his recantation. Alas for the preacher whose eloquent discourse may have "instructed the simple," but had not, unfortunately, "confounded knaves!"

but personally he was held in high esteem by the Pontiff. A party among the clergy accused him of holding dangerous opinions, especially expressed in his "*Cinque Piaghe*:" but not only were his opinions at that time not condemned, but he was himself appointed consultor of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office and of the Index, and even nominated to the high honour of the purple. It was also rumoured that he would soon be appointed Minister of Public Instruction, an office for which he was certainly as well qualified as the old Cardinal Mezzofanti had been, notwithstanding his thirty languages. But Rosmini was not doomed to be a Cardinal. The Fabbri Ministry crumbled as the Mamiani Cabinet had done before it, and the ill-fated Rossi succeeded to all the honour and all the danger of upholding the throne of two hundred and sixty Popes. The "*Contemporaneo*" launched its thunders, if such they could be called, against the friend of Guizot; the "*Epoca*" set itself in opposition, and "*Don Pirlone*," with his caricatures and his buffoonery—for Pasquin had ceased to be exclusively the *Punch* of Rome—was true to the popular party, and ranged himself on the winning side. Rossi's attempted reform of the law, roused against him the whole tribe that depended on a corrupt administration. The riotous proceedings in Tuscany—the descent of Garibaldi into the Papal territories—the preaching of Father Gavazzi, the mob-orator of the republicans—the violent articles of the journals—increased the excitement of the Roman factions against the unfortunate minister, till the dagger of the assassin was held up in triumph on the steps of the Cancellaria, and the dregs of Rome kept holiday for a murder.

We can judge the assassination of Count Rossi in no other way than as one of the darkest crimes that ever stained even the dark annals of Rome. In the dense crowd that thronged the stairs of the cancellaria, and closed around the victim, there were wretches in military disguise and armed with daggers, who looked on with Satanic triumph while the blood gurgled from the neck of the dying minister. The civic guard and carabinieri raised not an arm—the poltroons of the Council Hall made an ineffectual attempt to read the minutes of the last session, as if nothing serious had happened—without, all was in confusion. On the next day the Quirinal was besieged, and the Pope compelled to treat with Galletti, the popular hero, the amnestied of St. Angelo, for the formation of a new ministry. Galletti, as a matter of course, proposed himself as a fit and proper person for the Ministry of the Interior; Mamiani, as minister of Foreign Affairs; Sterbini, the ruler of the "*Circoli*," as Minister

of Commerce and Public Works; and, not to speak of others, he named Rosmini as Minister of Public Instruction and President of the Council. It is pleasing to say, that both Rosmini and Count Mamiani refused to accept office in the Cabinet extemporized by Galletti, and conceded by a sovereign who was not in a condition to refuse anything. Seven days after the Pope had reversed his own medal, *Non relinquam vos orphanos*.

We would gladly follow that romantic gentleman, the Viscount d'Arlinecourt, in his account of the midnight flight in Bianchone's *voiture*, on through the Pontine Marshes, and onward still till the Neapolitan frontier was crossed, and the disguised Abbé, (for the Viscount ignores the scandal of the Bavarian footman,) now manifest as Pius IX., pressed to his heart the silver box in which his predecessor Braschi had carried with him the consecrated host in his exile, and murmured "*tout bas un Te Deum en actions de grâce de sa délivrance*." But it is time to return to Rosmini.

The history of Rosmini's treatise on Ecclesiastical Reform is instructive. It was begun in 1832, and completed in the year following. "The times did not then seem propitious" for publishing on such a subject, and like one of the seven sleepers of Ephesus, the forgotten treatise slumbered peacefully for thirteen years, to wake up at the accession of a Pontiff, who seemed destined to introduce "a new era" for the Church and the world. To write at all of such a subject as "the Wounds of the Holy Church," was not to be thought of lightly. Was not this a subject for the Bishops, or for the Sovereign Pontiff, rather than for a simple Abbate? Yes, truly; but the bishops and the Pope are busily occupied, or ought to be so, and have not much leisure for quiet meditation; and it is a service done to them to bring such a subject before them, or at least, they ought to consider it as such, for, unfortunately, the ontology and the deontology of such questions do not always harmonize at Rome. And then, besides, St. Jerome, St. Bernard, and St. Catherine of Sienna, who were not bishops, both spoke and wrote on the evils and reform of the Church in their day. As a proof that abuses exist in the Church, and that reform may be proposed without incurring the charge of heresy, Rosmini refers to the celebrated Bologna Commission of 1537, appointed by Paul III., to search out all the abuses of the Church, and to submit them to the Pontiff. At the head of this commission were the cardinals Contarini, Caraffa, Sadolet, and Pole. Now, it may be worth while to pause a moment on the history of that commission, which has been rather unfortunately evoked as a precedent. The prime mover in the matter was

Caraffa, the Theatine cardinal whom Erasmus had praised in such fulsome terms in the dedication of his edition of Jerome in 1516. The commission specified as abuses the sale of benefices, the disposition of them by testament, the union of bishoprics, and the admission of improper persons to the priesthood, and gave some very proper advice on these matters. Five years after the Bologna meeting, Caraffa, the mild reformer of abuses, was heading the crusade against heresy, and plying throughout Italy the infernal engine of the Spanish Inquisition, which ceased not its deeds of darkness till Rome had gained the mastery over the fallen faith. And when Caraffa himself ascended the papal throne as Paul IV., he put *his own advice* into the Expurgatory Index. He had certainly a precedent in the conduct of his predecessor, Pius II., who strongly censured, when he became a pope, all the liberal opinions which he had expressed when he was simply Æneas Sylvius. "Reject Æneas," he said, "receive Pius. The former name was imposed by my parents—a Gentile name—and in my infancy; the other I assumed as a Christian in my Apostolate!" The Bologna council of cardinals and bishops recommended as a necessary reform, the prohibition of the Colloquies of Erasmus as a school-book. Luther wrote over against this part of the advice, "Would God he had been living!" for no one enjoyed more than Luther did the genial humour, and the polished or unpolished ridicule of the *Punch* of the Reformation.

All such damaging stories are, however, "ignored" by all true churchmen. Rosmini's book was printed, re-printed, and applauded, but in due time the Sacred Congregation of Gaeta entered it on the Index—and no wonder, for Pius IX. was then repudiating his own reforms as the fruit of "a revolutionary spirit."

We chose this treatise of Rosmini, rather than any other, as the text of our present notice of ecclesiastical affairs in Italy, not only on account of the high name of Rosmini, but also because no Italian ecclesiastic, not even Gioberti, has more directly entered on the great subject of the abuses of the Church. We shall not waste time in observing the priestly character of the "Cinque Piaghe," as exhibited in divisions that to our northern imaginations seem somewhat fantastic; but we have not been taught to kneel to a crucifix of Giotto or Donatello, and the pulpits from which we have been instructed were not sculptured in marble by the Pisani, and hence we may allow the *structure* of the treatise to pass unchallenged.

I. The author speaks first of the Wound of the Left Hand of the Holy Church, which is *the division of the people from the clergy in*

public worship. He does not mean by this a separation in heart and spirit, but the want of actual union, which arises when the people do not understand the prayers and services of the Church. The *mission* of the gospel was to subdue the whole man to the law of God: the means were the preaching of the word, the administration of the sacraments, and prayer. With these simple agencies the sent of Christ were to regenerate the world. "The Apostles and their successors, who added to the few sacraments instituted by Christ the ornaments of holy prayers, of ceremonies, of outward signs, and of noble rites, that the public worship of the Redeemer of men might be more serviceable to the honour of the God-man, and to the assembly of those who believed in his word, followed, in doing this, the example given by their divine master, that is, they introduced nothing into the temple devoid of signification," p. 14. These ceremonies or sacramental additions by the Church to that simple form of worship instituted by Christ, have not only, he holds, their proper signification, but also participate in the vivifying power of the sacraments. The conclusion is right though the syllogism is wrong; in this public worship of God, the people are not meant to be mere spectators of a sacred representation, as if present at a show, but should themselves take part in the service with the understanding and the heart. We need not follow the eloquent argument by which Rosmini establishes the great principle, that the prayers which the faithful unite in offering up at the throne of grace should be understood of all. The unity of Christian worshippers is not material but spiritual, a union of understanding and of feeling. But this union has ceased to exist, and a wall of separation arises between the clergy and the people.

The principle enunciated is an extremely simple one, but the reform to which it points would strike at the whole system of Romish worship. The Church, in Roman Catholic Christendom, has adorned herself with the trappings of Pagan superstition; the very temples body forth the symbolism of the east accommodated to a Christian creed, and the heresies of centuries have been wrought into their walls. A Romish church is not a mere building in which worshippers may meet for the service of God, it is an apocalypse of mediæval mysteries. Its walls are sculptured over with angels, and prophets, and apostles, or with symbolical animals, "the mythological menagerie" of the east and west; its niches and cupolas tell over again the lying legends and fabulous histories of the breviary and of the lives of the saints; statues, Pagan or Christian, from Phidias to Canova, and pictures from "St. Luke" to Raphael, form its

appropriate decorations. It is vain to treat such things as mere artistic ornaments—they are suited to no creed but one; and the ecclesiological experiment of the English tractarians is a proof that their influence is not imaginary. In truth, it has been well said, that “the study of ancient church architecture is an admirable preparative for the old faith.” But apart from this, the whole service is a mere theatrical display. A profusion of tapers burning before an altar, gorgeous in its decorations, or tricked out in the most tawdry finery—priests in showy vestments mauling an unintelligible mass—crossings, kneelings, a repeated kissing of the altar—the ringing of bells and the music—the smoke of the incense, and the dipping of the finger in the holy water—make up the whole service. The right word to express it is “mummery,” were it not for the melancholy reflection that this empty show is made to pass for the worship of Him who requires worship from his servants “in spirit and in truth.”

It is well in these days of Popish controversy, to be able to cite the testimony of a Romish ecclesiastic on this matter of “mummery.” Rosmini gives the two causes of this separation of the laity from the clergy in the public worship of the Church, which he deplores as the first of the Church’s wounds. In the first place, the people are not instructed in the Christian faith. They are kept in ignorance, as if ignorance were better for them than knowledge, or as if they were not fit to receive the sublime truths of the Gospel, in direct opposition to the command of him who said, “Go and teach all nations.” Something more is necessary than an instruction in catechisms and formulas, repeated without being understood. These symbols of the Church must be expounded at length till they reach the understanding and the heart. A catechism may be committed to memory, and the most exact words of the creed may be repeated in answer to set questions; and yet all this may be a mere exercise of memory, leaving “the instructed” as profoundly ignorant after his instruction as he was before it. And hence, the question is proposed as at least a legitimate one, whether the catechisms of the Church have not done more harm than good? The second reason is an important one. The Latin tongue, which the Roman arms had carried to the ends of the earth, became naturally the common language of the Church in teaching her doctrines and offering her prayers; but the language of the Church has ceased to be a spoken language, and by her absurd persistence in the use of a dead tongue, “he that occupieth the place of the unlearned cannot say, amen,” and in the very church of his own city is like a pilgrim in a strange land, where the words that are spoken are to him devoid

of all signification. Hence the carelessness of the people for the services of the Church, which are all unintelligible, and in which they could be only materially present, without any spiritual understanding—present as the statues and pillars of the temple.” And he adds, “this repugnance to frequent the Christian churches becomes an unjust reason by which human indiscretion has often drawn to a sense so strange and so far from the truth, that *compelle intrare* of the Redeemer,” p. 20.

The Romish system is stereotyped, and it is in short impossible to effect any change without destroying the monuments which infallible builders reared “in perpetuum rei memoriam.” And yet within the narrow limits allowed by her unchanging rubric, the Church has made some stray efforts at accommodation. The *Oratoires* and the *Marian congregations* were instituted that the Church might not always speak as a barbarian in the most solemn acts of her worship. In such a country as Protestant England, so deeply infected with the great Lutheran heresy of the right of free inquiry, even cardinals must *preach*; but the religious population of such a state as Naples are content with a hasty mass, that they may hurry off to the more entertaining exhibitions of Policinella. Preaching is not the business of an Italian priest, and we suppose not more than one out of every five hundred that darken the streets of the Italian cities ever ascends a pulpit. The great preaching season is during the forty days of Lent, and a few monks are selected as the preachers of the stated course of forty sermons, and duly inflict their *Quaresimale* on their audience. They are generally deplorably illiterate, but the stock of forty sermons once prepared, the preacher is furnished for a lifetime. In the selection of subjects, with the exception of four discourses, “the world is all before him where to choose,” and of late years the pernicious principles of Protestantism and the unmingled evils of Bible Societies have been favourite topics with the shaven orator. But preach what he may, he must wind up with “the four last things,” Judgment, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, and “do” the Divine Comedy into homilies. The pulpit is on the whole a somewhat useless ornament of an Italian church, and in most cases might be removed entirely; the great service is the sacrifice at the altar, and the muttered mass in Latin. The worshippers look on, or kneel, or read such books as “the Garden of the Soul” and “the Way of Paradise.” We have been somewhat interested with two little volumes lately published by Rosmini.* The one is a catechism, in which the doctrines of the

* *Operette Spirituali* di A. Rosmini-Serbatì. 2 vols. Pp. 640.

Church are developed "according to the order of ideas," and with much ability; for however much he may be hampered by a system which he has not light enough to abjure, it is not in Rosmini that one will find the grossness of a Liguori. The other is a collection of prayers and instructions, to enable the worshipper to accompany intelligently the service of the Mass, and certainly few Italian priests have ever edited such a series of prayers for the use of the unlearned: they are a translation of some of the finest Psalms of David, with a few notes from the Fathers, to give an air of orthodoxy to the volume. Even such an approach to the Bible in the vulgar tongue is suspicious, and some will not willingly sanction more, and for the sake of appearances Rosmini has appended an exposition of the Hymn of the Virgin Mary. Jansenism, or the tendency to Jansenism, is not more highly favoured now by the princes of the Church than it was in the days of the Port-Royal. The priestly caste, with laws and customs, and a language of their own, must be preserved as a separate society.

II. The second great evil, or as Rosmini describes it—the Wound of the Right Hand of the Holy Church—is *the insufficient education of the clergy*. We shall condense the substance of this section of the treatise, preserving the outline and following the train of thought of the learned Abbate. In the first ages of the Church, preaching and the services of public worship were the great schools of the Christian people, in which "by word and sacrament" the great truths of religion were brought home to the hearts of the believing. The first teachers appealed not only to the intellectual, but to the moral man—not only to the head but to the heart: and the priests of the new religion chosen from among the faithful, and raised to the high honour of the Christian ministry, felt all the solemnity of their holy office, when a simple layman, untaught in "the schools of the prophets," but taught in the Spirit, was called by the voice of the people to the oversight of the flock, and refusing in vain, became a burning and shining light, a St. Ambrose or a St. Martin. As were the people, so were the priests who issued from the people. And now look at the Church in our day: still the rule holds, "like people like priests." The people now are present at the services and ceremonies of the Church, as spectators at a show; there is no clear understanding of the duty and the dignity of membership in the body of Christ—no union of mind and heart with the clergy, so that both may prostrate themselves with a common feeling before Him with whom they have to do. The clergy are rather regarded as a peculiar and privileged

class, living by the altar—a caste and a sect apart from others, and separated from the great body of the faithful. Hence the affairs of the Church are spoken of as the affairs of the priests: and from a Christian laity so ill-taught and so ignorant of the spiritualities of their religion, issue the priests, bringing with them the meagreness of instruction gained in such a school, and that secular spirit which still lurks under the black robe—ignorant alike of lay Christianity and of Christian priesthood, and of the bond by which they are united. These narrow-minded priests communicate to others who are to succeed them the slender stream of their instruction, and they again to others, and so the process of deterioration goes on, for "the disciple is not above his master."

A second reason of this insufficient education is the giving over of the instruction of the clergy to men unfitted for their office. In the earlier days the bishops were the teachers: Athanasius grew up under the shadow of Alexander, a scholar worthy of the master; Irenæus had learned from Polycarp, and Polycarp from John. Brought up at the feet of the Apostles the Timothies and Tituses were prepared to carry on the work of winning souls to Christ. Thus from one race of pastors to another the truth was handed down, and the bond of union between the members of the Church preserved: *the distinctions of higher and lower clergy were then unknown*; the bishop was himself the teacher. The instruction of the people was rarely committed to other hands, except in cases of extraordinary genius and sanctity in the person chosen to the vicarious duty,—as when Chrysostom was chosen preacher by Flavian of Antioch, or Augustine by Valerius of Carthage; and much less the duty of teaching the teachers.

In the sixth century, the position of the clergy was changed. They were no longer poor and persecuted; they had issued from the catacombs and the arena; they were loaded with secular duties, and involved in secular business, so much that Origen warned the priests against the danger of becoming priests of Pharaoh,—holding lands and occupied in earthly things rather than priests of the Lord; and Gregory the Great complained that under the name of the Episcopate he had returned to the world, and had more secular affairs on hand as a priest than ever he had had as a layman. The clergy mingled more and more in secular affairs throughout the middle ages, and while kings were advancing in devotion to the Church, so that monarchs gained at times the titles of saints, the clergy was becoming more and more a secularized community, living with nobles as nobles, occupied in politics, economy, and secular administration, and devolving on the inferior clergy the duties

of feeding the flock. Parishes were instituted, and in the tenth century and onwards, the houses of the bishops were no longer academies for the training of future pastors, but courtly palaces where license was given to the immoralities of the age. The people forgot that the bishop was a pastor. The inferior clergy were no longer on terms of equality and of brotherly fellowship with the bishop, who became more and more separated from all pastoral duty, till the day came when the cup was full, and the Protestant kingdoms abolished the office which had become so manifestly useless. Influenced by the example of their superiors, the inferior clergy also became ambitious; the drudgery of their pastoral work was valued only for the income it yielded, or the hopes of advancement it held out; the word of God and the sacraments became a spiritual merchandize; and each Judas in the priesthood sold his Lord. Such pastor neglected all teaching, save what referred to benedictions or indulgences, or whatever might increase the revenue of those who lived by the altar; and so degraded did the clergy become, that restrictive laws and legal means were required to check the evil—means which could only prevent its growth for a time, but could never reach its root. The day came at last when the Church was punished for her sin: kingdoms and nations abandoned the Church which had before abandoned them to the leading of blind guides, and the lands and endowments which the clergy had sought as their chief good, were in one moment taken from them. The Church, spoiled of her ill-gotten wealth, roused herself to some effort to regain her position; but the bishops of that day instead of returning to the good customs of the early Church in training the clergy, through whom they were to retain or regain their hold on the nations, still kept aloof from their proper work, and contented themselves with a wholly inadequate reform. In fine, seminaries were chosen as the means of providing for the education of the clergy. The teachers of the seminaries were generally inferior men, and besides, were soon removed to some poor benefice; and others, all inexperienced, put in their stead. Such are the teachers of the Church now, and the scanty education of the seminary becomes a mere exercise of memory. Well may Rosmini add, How unlike the description which Clement of Alexander gives of his master—"a bee that sucked the flowers of prophetic and apostolic meadows, that he might form in the souls of those who heard him the honey of a sincere and uncorrupted knowledge!" And to this poor task of teaching the rising generation of the teachers of the Church, is attached an income so scanty, that

a promotion to some poor benefice causes the happy professor to leap for joy!

Another cause of this insufficient education is the use of mere elementary books. The books of elaborate learning, full of doctrine and of wisdom, are compressed into miserable compendiums. "In the early ages of the Church, the Sacred Scriptures were the only text of popular and ecclesiastical instruction—the Scriptures which are truly *the book of the human race—the Bible—the Scripture* by Autonomasia. Such a code paints humanity from its beginning to its end;"—and so on, for space does not permit us to quote at length Rosmini's eloquent eulogium of the Book of God, pp. 38, 39. The imprisoned Bibles of Italy in the present day suggest a sad comment on the words of the earnest writer:—"This great book, in the hands of great men who expounded it, was the nutriment of other great men." Hence the pastors of the Church were also the great writers of antiquity, except in rare cases where genius opened to a Tertullian or an Origen the way to the chair of Christian instruction. These books of the early fathers served in their turn for the education of the clergy, and most of all in leading them to the one Book in which every question is solved that regards man's salvation. Ages of feebleness followed, when the ecclesiastical writers, chiefly shut up in monasteries, spent their days over the pages of the Fathers, copying, copying perpetually, an Augustine or a Jerome, compiling, abbreviating, condensing, and compressing into miserable sentences the wisdom of the princes of the Church. This system had its advantages: it preserved the writings of the Church by those endless copies of the monks; but it was also accompanied with great evils. The minds of men were chained down to what others had said, and such studies had more to do with the intellect and memory than with the heart and conscience. These were the scholastic ages, the ages of compendiums and summaries, when Peter Lombard compiled his "Sentences," and Thomas Aquinas wrote his "Summa." The wisdom of the Fathers was epitomized, and the living pages of the early writers were abbreviated into hard, dry, and lifeless formulas. It was in keeping with the spirit of such an age, that, in philosophy, Plato, the favorite of the ancients, was abandoned for the more sapless Aristotle. This scholasticism reached its climax in Thomas Aquinas, and then other centuries of mediocrity followed, when the schoolmen who had abbreviated the Fathers were themselves abbreviated. Such has been the progress of deterioration: the Fathers succeeded to the Scriptures, the schoolmen condensed and epitomized the Fathers, and lastly, the theologians came with their

miserable compendiums and selections—books made out of books—"books without spirit, without principle, without eloquence, without method"—books that can awaken no sentiment, kindle no genius, excite no fancy, and that need in their teachers and scholars nothing more than eyes and ears.

We have thought it right to present in outline the thoroughly Jansenist principles of this section of Rosmini's work. But the position of the Jansenists, half-way between Rome and the Reformation, must ever be a false one. Theories that would divest the Pope of his assumed infallibility and lordship over his brethren, and of the substantial advantages of his temporal power, can scarcely consist with adherence to a Church which stipulates these points as articles of faith. The learning of Arnauld and the wit of Pascal, joined with that purity of morals which formed such a contrast to the maxims and the practice of a dissolute age, were not able to save the Port Royal. All the enlightened men of Italy hold principles akin to those of Rosmini, though few have so well expressed them; but they are not prepared to break with the historic church. They do not hold the infallibility of the Supreme Pontiff, however cautious they may be in assailing a hallowed superstition; the temporal power of the Popes is no part of their creed, however they may differ in their ideas of the propriety of retaining for St. Peter's see, or appropriating to secular purposes, the accumulated "donations" of twelve centuries. The privileged tribunals and right of asylum belong to things abolished. They do not believe that the existence of the Church depends on holding lands in mortmain; they admit abuses, and deplore them: but the great principle of the Reformation has not prevailed to shake their historic attachment to the system of religion which has its home in Italy, and its seat on the seven hills. There are exceptions, as we know, but we speak of the general feeling of the more educated classes. They would reform the Church, but this is precisely the one thing that they cannot accomplish; and the tenacity with which the authorities of the Church hold fast their abuses has done more, and is doing more, than any other agency to alienate men from a system which knows no change, and admits of no reformation. The great historic demonstration of five years has wrought a wondrous revolution of sentiment, and to satisfy the present requirements of a people so far enlightened, some change is needed. Uncompromising and obstinate, the Church is gathering herself up for desperate resistance, and for a determined effort to prevail by force. She has leagued herself with the old despotisms of Europe, and made the police the right arm of her strength; she has plied her Index and her

Inquisition, and closed her gates against the merchandise of truth; she has recalled the Jesuits to Rome, as her firmest friends and ablest defenders, and laid under ban the very men whose more liberal views had conciliated her more wavering adherents or commanded the respect of her enemies. "The day will declare" the end and issue of this "strong delusion."

The work of her clergy is not that of enlightening the mind, and of convincing the heart by great Bible principles. The education of the priests is such as Rosmini has described it, and much worse than he has described it; but we are content at present to abide by his account, which cannot be suspected of exaggeration. They are not preachers, for their work is to go through a formal service in a language unintelligible to the people: schooled in their sapless books, and living apart from the earnest practical work of a gospel ministry, they are not labourers for Christ like the early teachers; they are mere intellectual machines, or machines *not* intellectual. But if the clergy were to be brought back to the primitive standard, "in this way there would be few priests. Well, even so. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he may send forth reapers into his harvest."

It is needless to say that we are not discussing the great question of Romanism and the Reformation, but simply sketching some of the evils of the Romish Church as one of her own adherents has presented them. Hence we must not be held as "homologating" the opinions of Rosmini as to the kind or measure of reform that is needed. We hold rather the impossibility of reforming the Romish system; for its lofty assumption of infallibility precludes all change, and the great Protestant principle gaining fast on the Church from without is destructive to the elements of strength and weakness by which her creed has been supported. According to the defenders of the Church, the great vitiating principle of modern society is Protestantism. The revolt of Luther, founded on the emancipation of reason and conscience, opened a new era in the history of the world. The Council of Trent, the last of the councils, closed the history of the middle ages, and with defined dogmas the old Church that had once been all-powerful stood henceforth on the defensive. The Protestant principle, in one form or another, has been since leavening society, and, both in religion and politics, the Church is striving hard against its influence. The right or the responsibility of private judgment on the one hand, with freedom of conscience, the right of worship, the liberty of the press, and constitutional government embodying the principle of representa-

tion—such are the great ideas of the one party; antiquity in philosophy, authority in the Church, and absolutism in government, are the leading principles of the other. The Papacy, holding both spiritual and temporal power, embodies all these elements, and to modernize it is impossible. It must stand or fall with its canon law and the decrees of its mediæval councils. The freedom of the press—the unrestrained circulation of the Bible—an enlightened education, and representative government,—the Church knows well would be fatal to her influence in Italy; and hundreds of the Italian priests are no way in advance of that Dominican father who enlightened his Florentine audience more than two centuries ago, in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, on the astronomical heresy of Galileo, drawing both his text and his condemnation from those words of the Vulgate, "*Viri Galilei, quid statis aspicientes in cælum?*"

III. But it is time to pass on to the third evil, or as Rosmini calls it—the Wound of the Side of the Holy Church, viz., the *disunion of the bishops*. Now, the Romish Church plumes herself on her unity, on her having and holding one Lord, one faith, one baptism. In the earlier ages of the Church, Rosmini's *Saturnia regna*, bishop visited bishop, or corresponded by letter: in provincial councils presbyters consulted together, and, besides, the pastors consulted with the congregations of the people. According to Rosmini's statement, and he cites his favourite authority Fleury in proof, for six centuries after the Christian era, if a pastor was refused by a congregation, no effort was made to force his services on the people; and he cites a higher authority than Fleury for consulting the members of the Church, even the example of the apostles in the election of deacons. But we need not speak of the "rings of gold" that bound together the earlier Episcopate. The time came when the clergy, involved in secular business, precisely reversed the rule of the apostles, who would not leave the duties of prayer and the ministry of the word to serve tables. Temporal honours became the sources of discord and division. The rich see of Constantinople, the new Rome on the Bosphorus, rivalled both in its secular and ecclesiastical relations the old Rome on the Tiber, and the increasing temporal influence of the Byzantine rival ended in the Greek schism by which the east was lost to the Church. The Archbishops in the Exarchate of Ravenna disobeyed the Popes: Anti-popes arose, and again there was the schism of the west. The councils of Pisa, Constance, and Basle—the defection of the north in the sixteenth century—the Gallican Liberties—the Aulic influences to which the

Church was subjected, and the control assumed by emperors and grand-dukes—all belong to times when the Church had "benefices" to contend for, and when it could no longer be said that "he who desired the office of a bishop, desired a good work."

Now, supposing the Romish Church to be the Church, a really devoted Romanist, if he follows out his principles logically, must approve of much that the mere eclectic adherent of Rome may plume himself on rejecting. Gioberti, while propounding his great theory of the regeneration of Italy by a reforming Vatican, wrote five volumes against the Society of Jesus, the ablest company that ever the Church sent forth for her defence. This may look like liberality, and Gioberti's fame rests on his magnificent absurdity: but the propounder of two such theories as are embodied respectively in the "*Primato*" and the "*Gesuita Moderno*," can have no higher praise than that which attaches to the *splendide mendax*; choosing between the school of Gioberti and the school of Rosmini, we prefer the latter, for however erroneous the application of its principles may be, the principles themselves are not the fine fictions of philosophic dreamers. Rosmini contrasts the secularized bishops with "those apostolic men who, with Loyola at their head, founded a company of indefatigable workmen in the vineyard of the Lord," binding themselves even with vows to avoid the burden of secularities. The institution of Mendicant Friars in the thirteenth century, and of the Regular Clergy in the sixteenth, manifestly aimed at supplying what had been left undone by the clergy which was too truly distinguished as "secular." Whatever in practice they may have been, if Rome be the depository of the truth, the principle of the Society of Jesus cannot consistingly be assailed by an adherent of the Church which they have so powerfully upheld.

The Episcopal Sees, according to Rosmini's faithful picture, were reserved for the flatterers or the servants of the princes, or as livings for younger or illegitimate sons. In the Venetian Republic the younger sons of the patrician houses were the bishops, having been devoted to the Episcopate before they were born; and such being the mode of appointment they were charitably released from sacred duties, and allowed to lead what life they pleased. Rosmini paints in the darkest colours the infamy of the secularized bishops, and exclaims, "God knoweth, I recite not mere possibilities! Of all that I have written, the horrible examples are in history. They are written there in characters so indelible, that all the bitter tears of the Church, and all the rubbing and polishing of ages, shall never be able to efface them."

The Episcopacy is no longer a distinct and sacred power between the princes and the people: it is absorbed in the temporal power which thus presents two faces to the people, one military, and the other sacerdotal: it has become but a part of the civil magistracy, its interests being national, not Catholic. The Church, whatever its alliance may be, is not a creation of the State, and must preserve its own independence. . . . All Italy—all Europe—has rung with the scandal of Franzoni and the Servite fathers of San Carlo at Turin. The warfare waged so relentlessly at the death-bed of Santa Rosa has kindled, and justly kindled, the indignation of the civilized world, and priestcraft has certainly not gained in that battle. All Piedmont rung to the cry of outraged humanity, and yet, judging both parties by the principles which they hold in common, we suspect the priests had the right side of the question, if we can speak of a right side in a case where we hold both to have been in the wrong. Granted that the Pontiff is not only a temporal prince, but also head of the Church, whether by Divine right or by the consent of Catholic Christendom, it is a grave question for a Roman Catholic kingdom—whether a concordat, such as that solemnly entered into in 1841, between Charles Albert and Gregory XVI., can be set aside by one of the contracting parties, without the consent of the other? And how can any Roman Catholic, admitting the pretensions of the priesthood, question the principle affirmed by the Pope in the Allocution of November 1850, that the administration of the sacraments belongs not to the civil but to the ecclesiastical power? The Servite fathers were bound to obey their archbishop, and Franzoni had sworn obedience to St. Peter's Chair. Judged on Romish principles, both the prisoner of the Fenestrelle and his rival for the honours of martyrdom, the worthy Marongiu Nurra, Archbishop of Cagliari—*par nobile fratum*—may have been perfectly right, and as long as nations will judge by Romish principles, such cases are likely to recur. The fault lies in the system, and it is needless to cry out against such displays of Romish tyranny, or whatever else it may be called, while the system itself is acknowledged as existing by "right divine." As long as kingdoms give themselves up bound hand and foot by their concordats into the power of the Court of Rome, and persist in acknowledging the Roman Pontiff as their spiritual head, they must abide the consequences. The only effectual remedy implies the laying of the axe to the root of the tree: and such cases as those of Turin and Cagliari are doing much to open the eyes of the people, however slow the governments may be to learn, or act according to their knowledge.

But the Pope has not a Franzoni in every capital, and the Catholic princes have managed, in general, to keep their bishops in better order. They have gained the battle of investitures, and in the main have perfected the system of clerical subjection. The resistance of the Catholic kingdoms to the Bull *In Coena Domini* is an old story now. In that great Papal manifesto, the universal monarch extended his divine right over kings and governments, and anathematized all who opposed his authority. The princes incurred anathemas by the dozen, and the Venetian Republic ran up her score to thirty-six. And now the Catholic sovereigns submit the decisions of their spiritual head to lay tribunals, without whose sanction Bulls and Letters Apostolic cannot be published in their dominions. In truth, by the confession of Romanists themselves, their Church has far greater liberty in countries that are not Catholic, than in the kingdoms that profess subjection to the Pope. We need not say how completely the Church was subjected to the civil power in Austria since the time of the Emperor Joseph, till the new laws of the 18th and 23d April 1850, issued by the present Emperor, abolishing the royal *Placet*, and the restrictions of 1781. In Tuscany the Leopoldine Laws have remained in force till the present year, when the "piety," or the weakness, of the Grand Duke has favoured the restless efforts of the Court of Rome to regain as far as may be its old supremacy. Even Naples came in for its full share of periodic denunciation at Rome on account of grievous "aggression" on the rights of the Pope, till Pius IX., after the hospitalities of Gaeta and Portici, felt that he could not with ordinary decency keep up the farce of protesting against his most dutiful and most Christian son the *Re Bombardatore*. England and America have been held up as examples to the Catholic kingdoms: though it must be acknowledged that the uproar which we have raised against "Papal Aggression" has somewhat damaged our claims to the gratitude of the Holy Father. Still it is to be expected that our Cardinal-Archbishop and his suffragans will walk in the footsteps of "our glorious St. Thomas," and some way or other make it evident that they are no longer in the lamentable position of bishops *in partibus*.

The secular wealth of the clergy has also been a fruitful source of schism. The sequestrating of ecclesiastical property the Church has always held to be sacrilege, and has as usual defended herself by excommunications. Rosmini puts the case: Might not the timely giving up of all temporal possessions and honours in the days of Gustavus Vasa, of Frederick I., and of Henry VIII., have saved the authority of the Church in Sweden, in

Denmark, and England? The Church aimed at keeping all, and lost her very position—both her possessions and her power sunk together. Such cases are likely to occur again, and the safer course which he indicates is to cast overboard the cargo to save the sinking vessel. The Church is a spiritual society, and must maintain her independence of secular communities in the exercise of her spiritual duties. The principle is right, and would be appropriate if Rome were the true Church of Christ.

IV. The fourth of the evils which Rosmini deplores—or, as he calls it, the “Wound of the Right Foot”—is *lay patronage*, or the abandonment of the nomination of bishops to the lay power. He first establishes the right of the Church to elect her own office-bearers—a right given her, or rather a duty laid upon her, by the great Head of the Church—a right exercised by the Apostles, (Acts xiv. 22,) and by those whom they ordained, (Titus i. 3)—a right which the Church cannot barter nor alienate without yielding that liberty which belongs to those whom the Lord hath made free. But this right of election belongs not merely to those who have been set in authority, for he states next the great principle of the early Church—the *people were the counsellor and the clergy the judge*. He cites St. Leo and a host of fathers and bishops, to shew that the election of bishops, according to the Canons of the Church, belonged to the clergy and the people, and that no pastor was intruded on an unwilling flock. In the Roman Pontifical the ceremony in which the bishop asks of the ordained if they enjoy a good testimony among the faithful still remains, but it remains only as a ceremony. The right of government, of election of office-bearers, of holding councils, and of giving forth decisions in matters of doctrine and discipline according to God’s Word, existed unquestionably among the early followers of the Lord: their Master’s kingdom was not of this world, and “the Church of the Catacombs” took not her laws from Cesar. After the conversion of Constantine, when the clergy began to abound in wealth, it became the interest of the emperors to subject them to their power, and hence in Antioch and Constantinople lay patronage was introduced into the Church. First the consent of the lay power was required to every ordination—and this consent grew into the right to nominate—and right to nominate became power to sell the benefices. He traces the long history of the struggle of the Church by her canons and councils against growing Byzantinism, and the gradual subjection of the Church to the secular power. He gives at length the case of the nomination of Odoacer to the

Church of Beauvais by Louis III.—his rejection by the Council of Fismes held in 881, under the presidency of Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims—the intrusion of Odoacer, and his deposition by the Church; and this is but one example of the manner in which, during the struggle of centuries, the Church maintained her rights.

But in the Church herself there was a decline from the early rule of canonical election. The people were gradually excluded; then part of the clergy, till at last the Fourth Council of Lateran restricted the election of bishops to the canons of the cathedral. Then came the captivity at Avignon; the age of pontifical reserves; of pragmatic sanctions; and of concordats—by which the Church made terms for her authority over her own subjects. In fine, the elections were taken from the clergy and the people—taken out of the hands of the canons of the cathedrals—taken from under the control of the pontifical reserves: the long established rights of the Church were abolished, and the elections in all Catholic nations were abandoned to the lay power, reserving to the Pope the empty right of confirmation.

The history of the Middle Ages is full of the struggles of the Popes against lay investiture, and nominally for the right of canonical election; but they are no longer the struggles of the early Fathers for the purity of the Church of Christ. The leader in the war was Hildebrand, and his mantle seemed to have fallen on the Popes who succeeded him. Rome won the battle, and history has recorded *how*; but the authority which she had acquired by the terror of her interdicts languished into pontifical reserves, was counteracted by pragmatic sanctions, and at length compromised by concordats, till at last, in the sixteenth century, the cause gained by Hildebrand and his successors was again lost by the Church. The three great parties in the war against the Popes were Henry VIII. of England, Francis I., and Charles V.; in England Rome lost all, and happily for the cause of truth; in France and the Empire the nomination to benefices was ceded to the sovereign, the Pope reserving a mere subordinate authority in the right of confirmation. Such have been the rule and practice since; the bishop owes his ring and staff to the prince rather than to the Pontiff.

That the right of election belongs to the clergy and to the Christian people, Rosmini lays down as the scriptural rule, and as the law of the primitive Church. The civil power can require no more of the pastor than that he should be a good subject, obedient in all that relates to the laws of the State, but has no right to require that a pastor of the Church of Christ should be “un misero impiegato di polizia.” But the fidelity of the pastor to the

prince does not consist in flattery of his sovereign, or the sale of his own conscience, but in holding up to all the truth of the gospel, and the law of God's word. The appointments of the bishops now are political appointments, regulated by political interests, and dependent on the character and sentiments of a cabinet or a court; and, in such a case, where is the Church's liberty, or that right of counsel and election which was awarded to the faithful by the disciples of the Lord?

Nations are jealous of an *imperium in imperio*; and certainly the Church of Rome does not afford a very favourable arena on which to fight the battle of spiritual independence. In England we are not a little proud of our old statutes of mortmain, provisors, and præmunire; and, whatever may be said for the Lanfrancs and Anselms, St. Thomas à Becket is not exactly a saint according to the Protestant calendar. The Synod of Thurles has not quite convinced our Legislature of the great spiritual advantages to be derived from synodical action; and we have not yet been able to appreciate the wisdom and the tender concern of Mother Church for the educational and intellectual advancement of her children, by enrolling on her excellent Index the Greek Lexicon of Scapula and Whately's Logic. We have made no stir against the "government" of a cardinal, though taking title from that sacred spot in "Rome the Holy" where "St Peter is groundedly believed to have enjoyed the hospitality of the noble and partly British family of the Senator Pudens." We judge the Church of Rome as a great ecclesiastical despotism, grasping at civil supremacy; and the history of that Church, from the time of the Seventh Gregory down to the "Letters Apostolic" of Pius IX. re-constituting the Romish hierarchy, with sounding titles, in the "very flourishing realm of England," verify the judgment. But Rosmini's plea on behalf of his Church, for liberty of action, must be judged of, not separately, but along with the other principles which he has laid down. His Church would not mumble a Latin mass; would not withhold the Book of books; would not separate the people in understanding and in heart from those who are set over them in holy things; and would have no division of the clergy into high and low, lords and subjects. His Church would not grasp at *benefices*, for the very name he abhors, as the memorial of liberty bartered by the Church for wealth; her rule, her interests, her work, belong not to an earthly kingdom.

Rosmini's ideal is the early Church, unsold to any earthly power, but usurping no temporal dominion. With all the zeal of a Guelph he contends for the Church's independence, and stands forth as the apologist alike of Hildebrand and Loyola. But the Church of

Rome never has answered his ideal, and were that Church reformed even according to the principles sketched in his Essay, imperfect as that programme of reform may be, she would no longer make merchandise of souls, nor sit as a queen on the seven hills. Let the Roman bishop resign his triple crown, and return to the simple condition of the pastors of the flock before Constantine had bestowed the "fatal gift" on the "first rich father"—let the distinction between higher and inferior clergy be annulled—let the Book of books circulate freely, and the word be preached, so that every man may "hear in his own tongue the wondrous works of God"—and let the people have that voice and vote in the election of their pastors which the apostles and the early Church recognised; and when this reform has been effected, we shall not have much difficulty in coming to an agreement on the subject of synodical action. We do not need at this time of day to discuss over again for the ten-thousandth time the question of lay patronage in a Church that claims no authority over the things that are Cesar's: but it is curious to mark how parties the most opposite in their tendencies meet at one narrow point on this subject of spiritual independence, only to diverge from it again. Rosmini has made as near an approach to true principles on this question as any Romanist can make, but in doing so he has levelled the whole constitution of his Church, and fallen under the heavy censure of its authorities. The marvel is that one who has discovered such grievous declensions in the course of ages from the truths taught, and the principles carried out into practice by the apostles of the Lord, should continue to acknowledge the Church of Rome as the Church of Christ. The high-priests of the Italian Republic caught up the principle of the independence of the Church, not so much in concern for the authority of the Pope, as in zeal for the liberties of the people; the Venturas maintained it in eloquent declamations before the *élite* of democracy, and the Gavazzis rung it into the ears of the groundlings. The Pontiff and his Jesuit allies, abhorring in their heart of hearts all liberty of conscience among the people, sung *Te Deum* when the *Placet* was abolished in Austria, as the young Emperor had thus made the first step towards the giving over his dominions to a great spiritual despotism, the tried and trusty friend of unmitigated absolutism in the State. The Guelph in these days joins hands with the Ghibelline, as the new enemy that has arisen is an enemy to both. The Pope and his council plead for the independence of the Church that they may bring the bishops more thoroughly into subjection, and through the bishops enslave the people. Mazzini demands

a council that he may crush the Pope. The new hierarchy in England makes an appeal in favour of synodical action; and the old hierarchy which feels itself assailed pleads for the revival of the Convocation, that it may not only assert its own authority in doctrine, but settle the weighty matters of candles and surplices. The pretensions of the Church of Rome grasping at her old supremacy over the bodies and the souls of men, and the pretensions of a Romanizing clergy assuming in a Protestant land all the airs of a priesthood, make us thankful at the moment for even such a weapon as the royal supremacy, to repel the aggression from without and from within. But the only antagonist that shall in the end prevail against error is the truth; and whether for meeting the assailants of our faith, or for the preserving of the doctrine and discipline of the Church, we should trust more to those really scriptural principles to which Rosmini has made so near an approach, than to the control of a parliament over benefices and bishops. Let the English Convocation be revived, and it is not too much to say that evangelical truth might run some risk at present; but let in at the same time the element of the popular voice in the election of pastors, and the sound Protestantism of the English people would make short work of "mummeries." And when Pius IX. claims unlimited authority as successor of St. Peter, let him be required to answer whether he "enjoys a good reputation among the faithful," in his own See of Rome, and his guard of Gallic bayonets would make an affirmative answer no little awkward. Above all, let the Canons of the early Church as to the election of pastors be carried out in Tuscany, and we suspect the result would be such as Rosmini has not dreamed of. Tuscany, notwithstanding the walls of defence raised by the wisdom of Peter Leopold, has had her "Papal Aggression." The Church has formed an alliance with despotism, and continental liberalism under whatever form must wage warfare against both. Rosmini sees no hope for the Church save in revolution—not that he can sanction rebellion, or preach it as a part of his creed, but that Providence may use the arm of the rebel to punish unjust usurpation, and to vindicate the liberties of the Church. Whatever the right and wrong of the question may be, the fact is evident, that in Roman Catholic Europe the elements of revolution are ready to break out again, and the time cannot be far distant when the continental kingdoms shall once more heave to the earthquake.

V. The last of the evils which Rosmini deplores—or, as he terms it, the "Wound of

the Left Foot"—is *the servitude of ecclesiastical property.*

The system of the Church at present is an organized feudalism—a system of lordship and of vassalage. The clergy are divided from the people as an ecclesiastical caste; the clergy themselves are divided into lords and subjects; the higher clergy, or bishops, are divided from each other by vassalage to their respective princes; the Church in each kingdom is subject to the civil government in the election of its pastors; and, finally, the administration and use of ecclesiastical property are subject to the control of the secular power. The feudal spirit still regulates the relations of the Church.

The first rule of donations to the Church is that they should be freely, spontaneously given. The Levitical law of tithes was not continued under the New Testament, that the measure of giving might be regulated, not by positive law, but by the consciences of the faithful. But when the Church degenerated, the free offerings of temporal things by the members of the Church to those who ministered unto them spiritual things, were merged and lost in the relation of debtor and creditor; and the donations of the faithful were absorbed in feudal property. Hence the laws of mortmain, regulating the property held by the Church in "dead hands," and hence the frequent examples of sequestrating all ecclesiastical goods for the uses of the State. The Church waged war with canons, Pontifical bulls, and excommunications, to defend her secular wealth, but in a spirit unworthy of her character and her calling. In the early ages of Christianity, the words "secular clergy" had not been invented as a term descriptive of the pastors of the flock. Rosmini lays down rules for the regulation of ecclesiastical property, and deplores the scandal and the evil which arise from the prevalent idea that the Church has her hands always open to receive, but never open to give, and that all that enters her ark goes no more out. This unseemly grasping at this world's goods, excites the governments to interfere in sequestrating ecclesiastical property, and stirs up the people to break open the locked doors of the sanctuary. The Church, he says, should make public all her accounts, and publish an annual balance-sheet of all her income and expenditure; and if disputes arise between the ecclesiastical order and secular power, the Church should rather abandon all her temporal wealth than run the risk of losing her hold on the hearts and consciences of the people.

It is difficult to persuade the Romish clergy that it is for their good that they should be unburthened of their temporal wealth; and in

Italy, especially, it has passed into a proverb, Who be to the man who has money-dealings with a priest ! And the clutching ecclesiastics soften their avarice into a virtue, for they say the property is not theirs, but belongs to the Church, and they must defend the goods of the Church from the comfortable patrimony of St. Peter downward to the smallest benefice. The bishops, in addition to the somewhat notorious "*pro posse persequar*," swear to defend against all deadly the *regalia sancti Petri*. That they should exemplify Rosmini's virtue of willingly giving up their worldly goods for the peace of the Church and the good of souls is out of the question, and it is not a little difficult for Roman Catholic countries to apply the overgrown wealth of the clergy to the purposes of the State. When France laid her hands on ecclesiastical property in 1789, she was not particularly anxious about her reputation for Catholicity, and the reforms of the first Leopold in Tuscany were not certainly endorsed by the Pope. Even liberal and constitutional Sardinia, after such a bold measure as the passing of the Siccardi laws, is not prepared to go the length of sequestrating the property of the Church and pensioning the clergy. It is an interference with the canon law, and the Church will not suffer the *concordia discordantium canonum* of Gratian to be disturbed. It is an interference with the will and intention of testators who have bequeathed their property to the clergy that masses may be said for the repose of their souls ; it is a violation of solemn concordats with the court of Rome, and sacrilege in the eyes of the Church. When a nation abjures the doctrines of Romanism the case is clear ; the faith of posterity cannot be held in mortmain, and that which has been wrested by fraud and deception, and applied to idolatrous or superstitious purposes, may be restored again to legitimate uses. But the case of Sardinia shews how hard it is for a liberalized kingdom to act out its liberalism and yet retain its Popery. Rome never willingly yields one inch of ground that she has gained in the long struggle of thirteen centuries, and if kingdoms wait for the consent of Rome to their plans of reform, all progress is impossible. The brilliant aberrations of 1847 did not continue long to astound the world, and Popery has sobered into itself again. Such tricks may not be played again in St. Peter's Chair.

We have thus sketched the programme of reform proposed by an Italian priest attached to his order, and willing to maintain all its influence ; but it must be evident that reformation, even up to the point proposed, would destroy the characteristic features of modern Popery. Under Gregory XVI. the Cinque

Piaghe lay unpublished in the author's desk—under Pius IX. the treatise has been put in the Index, and the writer exposed to the continual attacks of the priesthood. The Romish system requires something more than even Rosmini has proposed, and reformation originating in the Church itself may at once be given up as hopeless. The sober philosopher has managed to maintain his place, but his followers have been scattered or silenced. Father Ventura has read his recantation, and sunk into obscurity ; and Father Gavazzi, if we may name him in such company, has been "starring it" in London, where his weekly orations have been "done" for the English press by an abler hand than his. Gioberti, too, has run his course, and retired into that privacy which for his own credit he should have never quitted. The vision of a reforming Vatican has been dissipated—Italy lies prostrate as before—and the dreaded company of Loyola have climbed again into the high places of the Eternal City. It will no longer do to assail abuses and bow to the holder of St. Peter's keys. The Neo-Catholic spirit is all but extinct in Italy : its noblest impersonations were Manzoni and Silvio Pellico ; but the beautiful creations of the novelist are a libel on living capuchins and living cardinals, and the prisoner of Spielberg has outlived his reputation. Where, then, are we to look for the hope of reformation ? Shall we find it in Mazzini and his republic ?

If nothing more were sought than an overturn of the *statu quo*, we might answer, Yes ; and certainly it would be difficult to reduce Italy to a worse condition than her present ; yet we have not much confidence in Mazzini's substitute for the Papaey and the princes. Still it is evident that, without an utter overturn of the present system, there is no hope for the Peninsula. In the last revolution the democratic party was in the minority. Till the Allocation of April, Italy had not lost faith in the Pope, and the first campaign closed before she had lost faith in the princes. Novara dispelled all her dreams of independence, and the reaction quenched every hope of reform. Sardinia alone rose above the waters. The prisons of the two Sicilies are gorged with victims beyond number ; in Rome the flag of the keys and mitre is guarded by the bayonets of France ; and the same Pontiff who signed the amnesty of 1846 holds twelve thousand prisoners immured for political offences. The Romans "*bide their time* ;" for one day in Paris may change all the relations of fickle France. In the gentle Tuscany, a miserable Government is fast undoing all that her legislators and reformers had done to raise her above the level of Italian states, and edicts worthy of the darkest days of barbarism have

been placarded on the walls of Florence. Lombardy and Venice are still in the iron grasp of Austria, and Parma and Modena retain their little despots by favour of their Imperial "Protector." "The war of kings" ended at Novara, and Mazzini has since risen into a veritable power in Italy. When another revolution breaks out—and break out it must ere long, for all the elements are working beneath the surface with tenfold greater power than before—there will be fewer questions about kings and constitutions; and the wretched Governments of the Peninsula have forfeited all claim to liberal sympathy for the "weird" they have to "dree." But it is chiefly with the possible ecclesiastical changes we have to do, should the Mazzinian policy prevail in Italy.

And, first, after the decree of the *Senatus Populusque Romanus* on the 9th of February 1849, it is needless to say in what way the Republican party would deal with the temporal power of the Pope. At that time, when it was declared by the representatives of the Roman people that the Pope had fallen from his temporal power *de facto et de jure*, it was also decreed that the Roman Pontiff should have all necessary securities for his independence in the exercise of his spiritual power. We are not sure that the "Roman Pontiff" would escape so easily again. The defenders of the Papacy have been labouring hard of late to prove that the liberty of the Church requires that the Head of the Church should be independent—that this independence implies and requires a temporal dominion—and that such temporal dominion must be free from the control of a representative constitution, which, in fact, does not suit a Pope. The clique of old ladies that edit the *Civiltà Cattolica*—by far the ablest organ of the Papacy in Italy—have not yet convinced the world that Rome enjoys more real liberty than any state in Europe, and that even the Model Republic is not so happy nor so free. Whatever the influence of the Pope may be in other quarters, his own subjects are strangely insensible to their blessings, and have listened to the voices of the demagogues. Democracy has been gaining power in the Peninsula since the first organization of the Neapolitan Carbonari. Father Curci, indeed, traces the origin of the system higher. It began with Lucifer; it whispered in Eden, "Ye shall be as gods;" it possessed itself of the heart of Cain, and began its earthly course in fratricide; it rose up again in Nimrod, and made him "a hunter of men;" and it inspired the builders of Babel to resist nature and her God. In the time of the Messiah it called itself Judas and Caiaphas, and Pilate; centuries afterwards it was Mohammed; and when nearly another millennium had elapsed, it was Luther. Now it is Ronge in

Germany—Proudhon in France—Mazzini in Italy. Here, then, is the *catena patrum* in favour of democracy. Whether the Papacy is yet to be swept away by the tide of infidel democracy remains to be seen; but certain it is that the revolutionary flood is flowing fast towards the "seat of the beast." Italy has not yet sunk to the level of France, has not yet become infidel; but the Papacy, unable to uphold its superstitions, and yet determined to shut out the truth, is fast obliterating every sentiment even of a false religion, and preparing the weapons for her own destruction. The republican faith in the future is in the constitution and the council—the "mission" of the Pope ended in 1848.

The democratic party would introduce a sweeping reform into the whole Church Establishment, which even Sardinia has not yet dared to attempt. Italy is literally eaten up by her army of ecclesiastics. In Sardinia, with a population of less than 4,500,000, there are 4 archbishops, 26 bishops, 52 vicars, 1484 canons and chaplains, 3854 parish priests, 7300 regulars of both sexes, and 3000 ecclesiastics, secular or regular. In the island of Sardinia, with a population of about half a million, there are about 3000 ecclesiastics, secular or regular: the convents throughout the kingdom amount to 428. In the Grand-Duchy of Tuscany, with a population of 1,500,000, (excluding Lucca,) there are 8757 secular clergy, 2540 regular, and 3900 nuns: the convents are 210. The number of convents before the time of the Leopoldine reforms was 300, and their patrimony, according to Count Serristori, (*Statistica dell' Italia: Firenze, 1842*), "was represented by a capital of 98,000,000 of Tuscan livres. In the kingdom of Naples, with a population of 6,000,000, there are 26,304 priests or secular clergy, 11,394 regular clergy or friars, and 9512 nuns. In Sicily there are about 1316 convents with a population of 15,182 monks or nuns, and this is an island numbering but 2,000,000 of inhabitants! In the city of Rome, with a population of about 150,000, there are nearly 2000 secular clergy, with about 4000 monks and nuns—in all 6000, or one to every twenty-five of the population. We could willingly enlarge on this subject, but these few facts may suffice to give an idea of the priestly element of Italian society. To account for the excessive numbers of the clergy, we must bring the doctrine of purgatory into the question. A priest can celebrate but one mass each day; and all the clergy in Italy are scarcely sufficient to say all the masses that must be said for the souls of the dead, and for the ordinary services of the Romish Church. The purgatorial domain is fruitful beyond all others in the production of

priests, or of income for priests. The convents, again, are nurseries of idleness or vice; the lands of the wealthier orders lie uncultivated, while the monks fatten into a living scandal on the poverty of their profession. But the palmy days of Italian monachism are past, and of late the higher orders of monks have draughted but few novices into their convents. It would be exceedingly interesting to examine the condition of the monasteries throughout Italy, and to judge how far the spirit of the age has penetrated into the cloister. We believe that, among higher religious orders, the statistics of the convents would lead to the conclusion that monkery is dying for want of monks. The whole establishment of Vallombrosa, with a refectory fitted for 200 brothers, has been reduced to about four-and-twenty, including priests, lay brothers, and novices. Among the "Dons" of the magnificent Camaldoli, there are so few novices that the most beautiful of the sanctuaries of the Apennines may soon be empty of the followers of St. Romuald. We could point to one of the finest of the Olivetan convents where there is not a single novice, and where six recluses are wearing out their days in the all but deserted cloisters. To the sickly admirer of mediæval devotion, Italy seems a body from which the soul is departing. *Proh pudor!* the French are in Rome! In central and in northern Italy the convents have been turned into barracks, or divided between monks and Croats. In the fair Florence the cloisters of St. Mark echo to the tramp of the soldiers of Austria: they have locked Savonarola's cell, and boarded up the frescoes of Fra Angelico. The Dominicans, or, as mediæval legends loved to call them, the *Domini canes*, the dogs of the Lord, have somewhat overdone the thing, in establishing a reputation for the eager hunting out of heretics; and as the inquisition and the censorship do not happen to be popular just now, it is time that they should set their house in order. During the last revolution the Jesuits were chased from every kingdom of Italy when the popular voice prevailed, and that formidable order must stand or fall with absolutism. While the Romish Church is decaying, and becoming gradually more feeble in the other orders, all her vital energies have been concentrated in the Society of Jesus. They have taken the traditionary place of St. Francis and St. Dominic, and uphold the falling Church of St. John Lateran. Rome is mustering her hosts for her last effort to regain her lordship over the bodies and the souls of men, and the Jesuits are the men whom she has chosen to order the battle. In the bosom of Catholicity itself, a spirit of resistance has been roused; and the Church, true to her principle, has leagued her priesthood with des-

potism, and blessed the princes in breaking the oaths by which they bound themselves to bestow a measure of freedom which proved dangerous to sacerdotal pretensions. The democracy of Gioberti, and the popular election of Rosmini, whatever their effect might be in the extremities, would make wild work for the Church in the central seat of Romanism. The "mission" of the Jesuits has not yet been accomplished. There are other orders that keep their place and flourish by the sheer force of ignorance. The corded Franciscan and bearded Capuchin are men of the people, and their convents are still abundantly crowded with the spiritual progeny of the beggar of Assisi. The vocation of the ecclesiastical gabelunzie might harmonize even with the Mazzinian motto of—"God and the people."

The wanderings of twenty years, the war of the *Costituente*, and the brief term of the dictatorship at Rome—no longer Rome of the Popes, but Rome of the people—have thrown the charms of romance around the exiled Genoese; and the present condition of Italy, trodden down by the iron heel of both secular and ecclesiastical despotism, makes one almost long for the return of Mazzini. His principles imply at least liberty of thought and of action; and a free Gospel might work a wondrous change in a land that has not yet cast off all sense of responsibility to God. But all the iniquities of Rome may not tempt us into even a momentary approval of theories that differ *toto calo* from the "Evangel" of Christ. The "Paroles d'un Croyant" of the Abbé Lamennais are but a poor travestie of the faith, and we must class Mazzini with such "believers." We might refer to the volumes published many years ago in exile, to the selections printed in Florence in 1848, and to the little pamphlets which still issue from secret presses, and make their way to thousands of eager readers throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula. Some of these have been presented in English garb to British readers, so that we need not spend time in expounding his theories. The Gospel he receives as a code of liberty, fraternity, equality, in the political and democratic sense of the words; and, instead of the falling or fallen Papacy, the people are to him the expounders of the will of God—his millennium is democracy. We listen not to one word of his maligners—his personal integrity has been proof against slander; and it can be no pleasure to dwell on writings so beautiful in language and rich in poetic sentiment, and expressing at times such lofty thoughts on the destiny of man, and yet to find nothing but poetic paganism breathed into the outward forms of Christianity. Even the downfall of the Pope, and the overthrow of his hierarchy might leave all untouched "the soul-destroying

heresies," as our forefathers called them, that have wrought themselves into the very sentiment and common thought of Italy. The creed of Rome has been infused into her architecture, her sculpture, her painting, her poetry, her romance, and what unsparing iconoclasm shall break all her idols? The one remedy that would heal "the wounds" of a corrupted "Church" may not be applied; for both the Church and the States which she inspires have combined utterly to reject it, and a constitution so diseased is beyond the power of the *vis medicatrix*. It is impossible to reform and be infallible, and in the vista that is opening we do not hope to discern the Vatican of Gioberti. The heavens are ominous enough of change, and the bright day will doubtless come at last; but, like the cloud blackening over Vesuvius, there are symptoms of impending woes when the contending elements shall break out, and the great city shall be divided, and the cities of the nations shall fall, and great Babylon shall come in remembrance before God.

ART. IX.—*The Exposition of 1851; or, Views of the Industry, the Science, and the Government of England.* By CHARLES BABBAGE, Esq., Corresponding Member of the Academy of Moral Sciences of the Institute of France. London, 1851. Second Edition.

THE Exposition of 1851—the great experiment of modern times, at first an idea, at last a reality—now stands before us, gigantic and sublime, commanding the admiration, and challenging the criticism of the civilized world. Commingling its crystal canopy with the azure vault which surrounds it, and stretching its magic corridors beyond our visual range, we are at once startled by its colossal magnitude, and enchanted with its fairy trellis work. In its moral and political, more than in its physical aspect, it is instinct with deep instruction, and pregnant with matchless results. Within the precincts of the lofty bazaar are displayed the productions of a planet—its diamonds and its gems; its gold and its metals; its coal and its minerals; the ancient and the recent productions of its soil; and the rich spoils of its animal and vegetable life;—the elementary materials, in short, of the terrestrial freehold which the Great Benefactor has made over to man. Around them stand in proud array the noblest efforts of human genius; the lifeless portraiture of forms divine; the brilliant fabrics; and the wondrous mechanisms which science and art have combined their powers to create. The sage and the artist of every clime, of every colour, and of every faith, are here enabled to

study the productions of each other's country, to ponder over each other's labours, to share each other's wisdom, and to learn those lessons of love and charity, which a community of race, of interest, and of destiny, cannot fail to teach. Thus has the Palace of the Arts become a cosmopolitan gymnasium for the instruction of the world, and a temple of concord, in which a thousand hearts may beat as one, and a thousand anthems issue from every tongue. Nor will this knowledge be fruitless, and this community of feeling cease, when the Palace itself has been dissolved, and its riches scattered, and its occupants dispersed. If in the material world the most repulsive elements may be permanently compressed within their sphere of mutual attraction;—if in the world of instinct natures the most ferocious may be softened, and even tamed, when driven into a common retreat by their deadliest foe,—may we not expect, in the world of reason and of faith, that men, severed by national and personal enmities, who have been toiling under the same impulse, and acting for the same end, who are standing in the porch of the same hall of judgment, and panting for the same eternal home—may we not expect that such men, thus temporarily united in heart and in purpose, will never again consent to brandish the deadly cutlass, or throw the hostile spear? With such feelings, we doubt not, has the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations been viewed by every party who has visited it; by the sanguine, who never doubted of its success; by the more cautious, who feared it might be impracticable; and, we hope also even by its enemies, who not only anticipated but desired its failure.

The history of so remarkable an event as the "Exposition of 1851," in its origin, its objects, and its probable consequences, cannot fail to be a subject of the deepest interest, not only to those who have been its most frequent visitors, but to those who have never seen its exterior, or entered its walls. We shall endeavour, as briefly as we can, and yet as fully as our limits will permit us, to gratify the wishes of these two classes of our readers.

As early as the year 1845, after his Royal Highness Prince Albert became President of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, he suggested the formation of a great periodical exhibition of the produce of British industry, in arts, manufactures, and commerce. A committee of the Society was appointed, on the 16th June 1845, to carry this suggestion into effect, and considerable sums were liberally subscribed to defray the necessary expenses; but the indifference of the public, the lukewarmness of manufacturers, and the hostility of some of the most eminent of their number, induced the committee to abandon the attempt.

There are some men, however, whom Providence occasionally summons to its aid, as the pioneers and the promoters of great undertakings—men of moral courage, whom no self-interest seduces, and no failure daunts, and no opposition subdues—who, looking beyond the influences of the passing hour, and viewing measures in the maturity of their results, determine at once to realize them. The Committee of the Society of Arts contained men of this high organization. Mr. Scott Russell, in December 1845, placed £50 at the disposal of the council of the Society of Arts to be offered in "prizes for a series of models and designs of useful objects, calculated to improve general taste;" and it was further proposed, "that they should collect and exhibit models of the most exquisite works in art, for the improvement of the taste of workers and manufacturers in metals." To this sum Mr. F. Cooke added £50, and the Society of Arts the same sum. A competition for these prizes took place in May 1846; but few competitors appeared, and the judges had some difficulty in finding subjects deserving of reward.

The first exhibition of select specimens of British manufacture took place in March 1847, but it would have been a complete failure, had not two individuals, by personal exertion, obtained from a few great manufacturers a sufficient number of articles for show. The exhibition, however, was successful. Twenty thousand persons visited it, and the manufacturers, who had hitherto stood aloof, were now convinced that the articles had been favourably seen and rightly appreciated. In 1848, the exhibitors came forward unsolicited, and the Exhibition was witnessed by upwards of seventy thousand visitors. The third exhibition, in March 1849, was still more successful. Prince Albert offered a prize for the encouragement of colonial manufactures, and another for the improvement of an important art. Her Majesty, and several of the nobility and gentry, contributed objects of art to the exhibition, and a larger number than usual of medals and prizes was conferred by the Prince on the more eminent manufacturers. The success of these preliminary arrangements encouraged the Prince and his coadjutors to advance with a still bolder step. The Board of Trade had agreed to co-operate in the scheme of a great triennial exhibition, and the First Commissioner of Woods and Forests had consented to give a site for a suitable building. It was accordingly announced to the public in March 1849, that a series of periodical exhibitions of British industry, and an appropriate building, would be immediately commenced.

The great idea of Prince Albert, of an Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, was

now about to be realized. The ignorance and apathy of manufacturers, the indifference of the public, and the lukewarm acquiescence of Government, had given way before the zeal and energy of its promoters. In June 1849, Mr. Scott Russell first ventured to submit to the Prince his opinion, and afterwards to state publicly at the annual distribution of prizes, that the time seemed to have arrived for carrying out the original suggestion of His Royal Highness. Mr. Russell had an audience of Prince Albert, and a small committee, consisting of himself, Mr. Cole, Mr. Fuller, and Mr. Cubitt, assembled at Buckingham Palace on the 30th June 1849, when the Prince communicated his views regarding the promotion of a great collection of works of industry and art in London in 1851, for the purposes of exhibition and competition; and it was on this occasion that His Royal Highness mentioned the four great divisions of *Raw Material, Machinery and Mechanical Inventions, Manufactures, Sculpture and Plastic Art*, of which the Exhibition should consist. It was at this meeting also, that the great feature of universality was given to the Exhibition by Prince Albert, and that it was agreed that it should comprehend the *Industry of all Nations*. Thus involving questions of international relations and colonial interests, and requiring the use of royal property for a site, it became necessary that the affairs of the Exhibition should be conducted under a Royal Commission. Six months elapsed before the Government came to a decision on the subject. In the meantime, the Committee and the Society of Arts continued actively to complete their arrangements; and when the Ministry saw the firmness and resolution with which the Prince and his friends prosecuted their enterprise, they issued their Royal Commission on the 3d January 1850. After naming the Commissioners, the Executive Committee, and their Secretaries, the execution of the plan was entrusted to any three or more of the Commissioners.*

Such was the sanction tardily given by the Government to this great undertaking. It involved them in no responsibility, bound them to no outlay of public money, and did not even imply the granting of a site on the property of the Crown. This ungenerous concurrence, however, did not daunt the ardour of the Prince and the Commissioners. They proceeded with great zeal to collect the necessary funds, and complete the necessary arrangements. Travelling commissioners had been

* The only important fact stated in the Commission, is that £20,000 was invested in the names of certain Commissioners, to be awarded in prizes and medals to the exhibitors of the most meritorious works.

dispatched to the provinces to organize local committees, and Mr. Scott Russell had visited Prussia, and secured the co-operation of the authorities at Berlin, and of the States of the Zollverein in promoting the objects of the Exposition.

A site in Hyde Park having been fixed upon by the Commissioners, and granted by the Government, they advertised for a temporary and fire-proof building, which could be quickly erected, and still more quickly removed. No fewer than 245 designs* were speedily prepared, and exhibited by the Society of Arts; but though a few of these were selected as deserving of praise, yet the greater number were found to be of no value, from their inconsistency with the conditions laid down by the Commission. Beautiful and ingenious as some of the selected plans were, they were nevertheless all rejected as unfit for the purpose to which they were to be applied.

In this dilemma an event occurred so remarkable in itself and so singular in its results as to deserve being remembered. Mr. Paxton, who had superintended the construction of the Duke of Devonshire's hothouses, &c., at Chatsworth, was presiding at a Committee of the Midland Railway, assembled at Derby, to inquire into the conduct of a pointsman who had committed a railway offence: There lay before him a clean sheet of blotting paper, upon which he was observed to be writing while the trial of the pointsman was going on: he was then asked to give his opinion on the case, as he had been paying particular attention to it. Having been previously acquainted with the particulars of the case, he had employed his time in making a sketch of the Crystal Palace, which, in the course of ten days, was expanded into regular plans, sections, and elevations of this remarkable design. The original sketch, thus so singularly executed, is displayed in the Exhibition, and is universally regarded as a document of peculiar interest. It represented a building consisting chiefly of glass and iron; and having been adopted by the Royal Commissioners, Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Co., gave in a tender to construct it for £79,800. The Crystal Palace consists of a transept and a nave. The transept is 408 feet long from south to north: it is surmounted by a semi-cylindrical vault, 72 feet in diameter, springing from the vertical pillars at a height of 68 feet from the ground. The nave, including the width of the transept, is 1848 feet, the total length of the building.

It is 64 feet high and 72 wide, and on each side of it extend aisles 24 feet in width, and above them at a height of 24 feet from the ground are carried galleries, which surround the whole of the nave and the transept. Beyond these first aisles, and parallel with them, at the distance of 48 feet, there are other aisles of the same width similarly covered with galleries of the same height as those over the first aisles. Bridges at frequent intervals span the 48 feet avenues, and divide them into courts. The 48 feet avenues, and the second aisles, are roofed over at the height of 44 feet from the ground. The rest of the building consists of one story 24 feet high without galleries. Access is given to the galleries by ten double staircases 8 feet wide. The total area of the ground floor is 772,784 square feet; and that of the galleries, which extend nearly a mile in length, 217,100 square feet. The cubic content of the whole building is 33,000,000 feet. There are 896,000 superficial feet of glass, weighing 400 tons,—2300 cast-iron girders,—358 wrought-iron trusses for supporting the galleries and roof,—30 miles of gutters for carrying water into the columns, and 200 miles of sash bars. Of wrought-iron, 550 tons have been used, and of cast-iron 3500 tons. The quantity of wood, including the flooring, is about 600,000 cubic feet. The breadth of the nave is nearly double that of St. Paul's, and its length more than four times as great.

Such is a general description of the Crystal Palace, in so far as words and numbers can describe its form and dimensions; but no language, even with the aid of the most correct drawings, can convey a just idea either of its exterior magnificence or of its internal splendour. We may indeed delineate in imagination its lofty transept raising its glassy roof to the skies, and its lengthened nave vanishing from the eye in its distant and misty perspective:—We may gaze along its endless avenues, and rest our wearied eye-ball among its numerous aisles, but we strive in vain to create the gigantic portrait of the whole, or to construct mentally its gossamer of iron, or summon before us the innumerable and ever-changing pictures which from above and from below meet the eye while we wander in astonishment through its crystal labyrinths.

Still more difficult is it to form even an approximate idea of the number, variety, and magnitude of its contents,—of the splendour of its furniture, or the richness of its decorations. On the external outline of its walls, and from its iron balconies within, wave the banners of nations—those bloody symbols of war under which our ancestors, and even our friends, have fought and bled. They are now the symbols of peace. Woven and reared by

* Of these plans 38 were by foreigners; France sending 27, and other European states 11. Residents in London sent 128; residents in provincial towns in England and Scotland sent 60; and 7 were anonymous.

the hands of industry, they hang in unruffled unity—untorn by violence, and unstained with blood—the emblems indeed of strife, but of that noble strife in which nations shall contend for victory in the fields of science, in the schemes of philanthropy, and in the arts of life. The trophies of such conquest, the triumphs of such arts, are displayed within. Who can describe them without “thoughts that breathe and words that burn?” *Here* are the materials gathered from the surface, or torn from the bowels of our planet, the products of primæval creation or of annual growth, the direct gift of God to man—the elements of civilisation, from which his genius is to elaborate those combinations of science and of art which administer to the comforts of life and the grandeur of nations. *There* are the instruments to grasp with the eye the infinite and the infinitesimal, to measure space and time, to charm, to cure, and to kill. *There* are the mechanisms which have made man a tyrant over matter, cutting and twisting, and tearing and moulding its most adamant as well as its tenderest elements—which break and pulverize the crust of the earth—which lift up its heaviest and most solid strata—which span its rivers and its valleys—which transport the riches of our commerce across the deep, and which hurry us on wings of iron, beating the eagle in its flight, and mimicking the lightning in its speed. Yonder are the fabrics which clothe the peasant and the prince, which deck the cottage and glitter in the palace—the cup which the husbandman dips into the crystal well, and the goblet of gold and of silver from which the more favoured of our race quaff the nectar of the gods—the jewels which hang on the neck of beauty, or which play a part in the pomp of kings. And, finally, as if to chide the vanity of the riches that perish, and chasten the extravagance that lives but for the present, we see commingled with the baubles of wealth and luxury, with what the moth and the rust corrupt, those divine models which record in marble or in bronze, the deeds of heroism that time has spared—the glorious names which the past has preserved for the future—the forms divine of the sage who enlightened, the warrior who defended, and the patriot who saved his country.

From the things thus seen and appreciated, we would desire to describe the circumstances under which we have seen them, the numbers, the appearance, the character, and the conduct of those who have flocked to the Palace of Industry. The inauguration of the Exhibition on the 1st of May, when it was first opened to the holders of season tickets, was a scene of national interest which can never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness

it. In this imposing ceremonial the Queen and Prince Albert were to perform the principal part. The Prince, at the head of the Royal Commissioners, was to read a short report on the proceedings of the Commission, and the Queen was to return an answer. Under ordinary circumstances such a ceremonial would have been one of those brilliant shows in which a sovereign in all the pomp of state exhibits herself to her subjects, but on this occasion it had a very different character. The Prince had proposed the Exhibition which was about to be opened;—the Queen had patronized it;—the public had viewed the scheme with an unfavourable eye;—the great and the wealthy took alarm, and became its enemies;—the ignorant hesitated,—the timid quailed: Philosophers threw their science at the airy fabric, while the engineer directed against it the bolts of his practical wisdom. Even the manufacturer and the artist, whose interests it was especially calculated to promote, viewed it with suspicion; and the Government itself, which, like other European Governments, ought long ere this to have established such an Exhibition for England, regarded it with coldness and indifference, and would have opposed it with all their influence had it been proposed by any other person than a Prince. In the face of all this opposition, the Prince proceeded with firmness and caution. He was sustained by the greatness of the object, and the grandeur of its results; and by that union of sagacity and moral courage which never fails to achieve what it contemplates, he had succeeded in rearing a Temple of Industry, and filling it with the rarest productions of the earth, and the richest creations of science and the arts.

The day of trial at length arrived. A jury of twenty-five thousand intelligent spectators occupied the interior, and traversed the corridors of the gigantic bazaar. They stood aghast before the splendour of its furniture, the brilliancy of its decorations, and the massive grandeur of its mechanism. They trod in safety its iron carpentry. The hurricane and the hailstorm spent their violence upon its glassy roof, and the Palace of the Arts took its place, in the vocabulary even of its enemies, as one of the world’s wonders. But who can describe the moral triumphs of the inauguration day? A Queen holding her court in the midst of twenty-five thousand of her subjects, and listening to a Report by her husband connected with the arts and sciences of her kingdom, was a sight never before witnessed in England; and we shall never forget the moment when fifty thousand eyes were fixed upon their Queen when she rose to reply to the Report of the Prince. After traversing at the head of her Court and the ambassadors

of foreign nations, the nave and the transept of the Crystal Palace, her Majesty truly said, that that day had been the happiest in her life. Happy, too, we would add, is the country with a Sovereign that derives her happiness from the patronage of science and the arts; happier still would that country be were it governed by men who shared in the feelings of their Queen, and possessed the knowledge of the Prince.

Three months have now elapsed since the Palace of Industry was opened to the public. Upwards of 74,000 persons have visited it in one day: The poorest labourer and the humblest artisan have been among the visitors, and yet no vulgar word has been heard, and no vulgar deed perpetrated within its crystal walls. Lectures have been established for the instruction of those who desire to be acquainted with the different objects in the Exhibition. Intelligent guides have been provided to point out and explain to strangers the different objects in which they take the deepest interest, and in this great national gymnasium the most regular attendants, the most ardent students, and, we venture to say, the best scholars, are the Queen and Prince Albert. The young Princes, accompanied by their tutor, attend the same school; and while the restless tide of life is flowing in gentle murmurs over this truly Pacific Ocean, the Royal Barge may be seen riding undisturbed, while its princely occupants are surveying their intellectual domain, and anticipating in its auroral beams the sunrise of British science. We have ourselves visited the Exhibition almost hourly ever since it was opened, and in every hour we have seen new wonders, and imbibed fresh knowledge, and returned again to be taught and to be humbled. "It is," as we have elsewhere had occasion to say, "among the productions of minds, at once inventive and profound, that we discover the limits and recognise the littleness of our own."

Such is a brief notice of the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. We have conveyed no idea of it to our readers, because it baffles all description, and transcends even the power of imagination. The eye alone can grasp the marvellous phases of an edifice which presents from every part of its floor and its galleries new ranges of perspective, new groups of aisles, and new combinations of objects; and that mind alone which throws upon the productions around the glances of its reason can form a right judgment of the extent and grandeur of the scene. It is scarcely, therefore, a matter of wonder that men of ordinary capacity, and even men of a high reach of mind, should have failed in realizing to themselves the nature and consequences of such an exposition; and we are

for this reason the more surprised that some individuals who had no share in its organization, and no personal interest in its success, should have hailed this great undertaking from its commencement, and given their best energies to secure its success. Mr. Babbage, the author of the work which we are about to analyze, was one of the first to perceive and to acknowledge the advantages of the Exposition,—to appreciate the value of Prince Albert's labours, and, though not one of the Royal Commissioners—a position to which the author of "The Economy of Manufactures," and the inventor of the Calculating Engine, was pre-eminently entitled—to exert himself both by his conversation and his writings, to promote the objects of so great an undertaking.

In treating of the Exposition of 1851, he treats also of the Industry, the Science, and the Government of England,—subjects which have now acquired the deepest interest from the hold which the two first have taken of the public mind, and the recognition which has been made of their value in the highest quarters. Without its science the industry of England could never flourish, and without the stimulus and patronage of an intelligent Government, the sciences and the arts, the very food of our industry, would sink into insignificance.

The influence of the Exposition of 1851 on the cause of domestic and foreign civilisation, and the peculiar difficulties which Prince Albert must have encountered in organizing it, are thus beautifully described in Mr. Babbage's Preface:—

"The merit of the original conception of the present Exposition is insignificant in comparison with that of the efforts by which it was carried out, and with the importance of its practical results.

"To have seen from afar its effects on the improvement, the wealth, and the happiness of the people—to have seized the fit moment, when, by the right use of the influence of an exalted station, it was possible to overcome the deeply-rooted prejudices of the upper classes—to remove the still more formidable, because latent, impediments of party—generously to have undertaken great responsibility, and with indefatigable labour to have endeavoured to make the best out of the only materials at hand,—these are endowments of no ordinary kind.

"To move in any rank of society an exception to its general rules is a very difficult, and, if accompanied by the consciousness of the situation, a very painful position to a reflecting mind.

"Whatever may be the cause, whether exalted rank, unbounded wealth, surpassing beauty, or unrivalled wit, the renown of daring deeds, the magic of a world-wide fame; to all within those narrow limits the dangers and the penalties are great. Each exists an isolated spirit; each unconsciously imprisoned within its crystal globe,

perceives the colours of all external objects modified by those tints imparted to them by its own surrounding sphere.

"No change of view can teach it to rectify this partial judgment; throughout its earthward course the same undying rainbow attends to the last its parent drop.

"Rarely indeed can some deep-searching mind, after long comparison, perceive the real colours of those translucent shells which encompass kindred spirits; and thus at length enable him to achromatize the medium which surrounds his own. To one who has thus rectified the 'colour-blindness' of his intellectual vision, how deep the sympathy he feels for those still involved in that hopeless obscurity from which he has himself escaped. None can so justly appreciate that sense of loneliness, that solitude of mind, which surrounds unquestioned eminence on its lofty throne;—none, therefore, can make so large an allowance for its errors;—none so skilfully assist in guiding its hazardous career.

"The triumph of the industrial arts will advance the cause of civilization more rapidly than its warmest advocates could have hoped, and contribute to the permanent prosperity and strength of the country far more than the most splendid victories of successful war. The influences thus engendered, the arts thus developed, will long continue to shed their beneficent effects over countries more extensive than those which the sceptre of England rules."—*Preface*, pp. viii-xi.

No higher compliment can be paid to the exalted individual so delicately referred to in the preceding paragraphs, and no higher appreciation made of the results of his arduous and successful labours. If in the future part of his work Mr. Babbage criticises the proceedings of the Royal Commissioners, and suggests steps which they have not taken, they will doubtless ascribe his observations and his suggestions to that anxiety for the success of the Exposition which he so strongly feels.

Mr. Babbage's work, which has already reached a second edition, consists of seventeen chapters, in which after some introductory observations on universal and general principles, he treats of the errors respecting the interchange of commodities—of societies and associations for advancing science—of the origin of the Exposition of 1851—of the object and use of the Exposition—of the limits to the size of the building, and the number and kind of its objects—of the site and construction of the building—of the prices of the articles exhibited—of prizes—of juries, and of the ulterior objects of the Exhibition. In discussing the topics referred to in these *twelve* chapters, Mr. Babbage is led into others not strictly belonging to the subject of the "Exposition of 1851," but so closely connected with it that he would have done injustice to himself, and to the great cause of which he

has been so long the eloquent pleader, if he had not done what no other person but himself was able to do—to expose without any false delicacy the intrigues of science,—to speak of the Calculating Engine, and the strange history of its fate—to make foreigners, as well as his own countrymen, acquainted with the present position of science in England, to speak of the influences of the press and of party on the advancement of knowledge, and to convey to readers of all classes what they know very little about, some correct information respecting the nature and number of the rewards which intellectual merit receives in the richest country in the world.

As the greater part of Mr. Babbage's work was in type before the opening of the Exhibition, but, from causes which he does not explain, not published till the building was erected, and the general arrangements of the Exhibition fixed, the Royal Commission was not able as a body to derive from his published remarks and suggestions all the benefit which they were so well calculated to yield; though we have reason to believe that he had communicated his views to individual Commissioners with whom he was personally acquainted. Regarding the plan of the Exhibition as "unrivalled for the advancement of the arts of peace, and calculated not only to benefit our own country, but to contribute to the civilization of the world," Mr. Babbage has commented with some severity on the conduct of the Ministry, and of the inhabitants of Belgrave Square and its neighbourhood, for the opposition which they made to it; and it was no doubt from the hostility which both these parties exhibited that all the fears and predictions of failure which so long and so deeply affected the public mind took their rise. Government had hitherto left all our institutions for the advancement of literature and science to be supported by voluntary associations, and it is more than probable that if the Exposition of 1851 had been suggested or patronized by any other person than the Prince, they would neither have granted the site for the building, nor permitted a Royal Commission to be issued. Their scientific advisers, for it would seem that some persons assume such a title, had no doubt warned them that the patronage of such an institution would expose them to fresh demands from science and the arts, and gradually introduce that system of national organization which they had so zealously striven to oppose.

After treating of the origin of the Exposition, and making many important suggestions respecting the collection of subscriptions; the price of admission, and a variety of other topics, which, "even though unavailing for the present, may promote the interests of some

future Exposition," our author enters upon the more interesting topic of the object and use of the Exposition:—

"The approaching Exhibition is considered by many as a great and splendid show, calculated to give pleasure and excitement to hundreds of thousands of persons. Even in this sense it would be beneficial, for it is always important that the pleasures of the people should be productive of some advance in their tastes and information. But its great and paramount value depends on other causes. Its object may be most concisely expressed by stating that—

"The Exposition is calculated to promote and increase the free interchange of raw materials and manufactured commodities between all the nations of the earth.

"Its object is not the exclusive benefit of England; and if any such mistaken view is still entertained, it may without hesitation be stated that it would be impossible by any mode of management to accomplish so selfish an object.

"The interest of every people is, that all other nations should advance in knowledge, in industrial skill, in taste, and in science. The advances made in the two latter subjects acquire *permanent* existence only through the *publicity* given to their enunciation and discussion. Refining and elevating all by whom they are received, new principles in taste or in science, as soon as they are accepted as truths, become the universal property of mankind.

"But although the Exposition itself could not and ought not to have been attempted for the sole benefit of this country, it is almost certain that England will reap the greatest share of its advantages. This will arise from the more extended system of her commerce, and from the habits of her people. The profits of the merchant, other circumstances being equal, depend upon the amount of his capital. Similarly, the knowledge brought back by the traveller in foreign countries, or derived from his observation in his own, will mainly depend on the stock of information he carried with him to give in exchange.

"To arrive at those principles by which the Exposition ought to be regulated, it becomes necessary to examine the nature and extent of the interests involved.

"In all interchanges there are three distinct parties concerned—

The Consumer,
The Middle-man,
The Producer.

"Consumers, including every human being, have a strong interest in the freest competition as producing the lowest price.

"Producers have an interest in selling their produce in the dearest market, and therefore claim free competition. But they have no advantage in selling it at the highest price: because a high price limits the extent of the sale. Their object is that the profit on each article, multiplied by the number sold, shall be the greatest possible.

"Middle-men, although usually averse to com-

petition, have yet a direct interest in the amount sold."—Pp. 41-43.

One of the first problems which the Commissioners had to solve, was to determine the nature of the articles which should have a place in the Exhibition. A certain limitation, however general it might be, was absolutely necessary before the size and character of the building could be fixed. The Committee do not seem to have imposed any limits upon those who might exhibit the productions of the soil, or of the interior of the earth. The space granted to nations as well as to individuals, was in this a sufficient bar against the accumulation of such articles. But in exhibiting specimens of the industry of the world, the Commissioners found it advisable to make a distinction between the *fine* and the *industrial* arts, which, though they at some points come into close approximation, are yet separated by a line sufficiently distinct.

"The fine arts and the industrial arts," says Mr. Babbage, "although of the highest importance each to the other, are separated by a sufficiently definite line of demarcation, even at the points at which they most nearly approach. The characteristic of the fine arts is, that each example is an individual—the production of individual taste, executed by individual hands; the produce of the fine arts is therefore necessarily costly. The characteristic of the industrial arts is, that each example is but one of a multitude, generated according to the same law, by tools or machines, (in the largest sense of those terms,) moved with unerring precision by the application of physical force. Their produce is consequently cheap.

"The fine arts idealize nature by generalizing from its individual objects: the industrial arts realize identity by the unbounded use of the principle of copying.

"The union of the two, enlarging vastly the utility of both, enables art to be appreciated and genius to be admired by millions whom its single productions would never reach; whilst the spectator in return, elevated by the continual presence of the multiplied reproductions of the highest beauty, acquires a new source of pleasure, and feels his own mechanical arts raised in his estimation by such an alliance."—Pp. 47, 48.

According to this definition, as Mr. Babbage himself remarks, lace not produced by machinery would take its place among the fine arts, while statues made by machinery would be ranked among the industrial arts, the one being made by the united labour of individuals, and the other capable of being multiplied to any extent. In like manner, the beautiful oil prints of Mr. Baxter, and the chromographs, as they are called in the Catalogues of the articles exhibited by the In-

perial Austrian Printing Establishment, belong to the industrial, while the originals from which they are copied belong to the fine arts.

The nature of the articles exhibited depends as much upon the character of the building which is to receive them, as it does upon their own individual character. In a building which admits the whole light of the sky, except where it is eclipsed by the beams of its carpentry, it would be impossible to make a favourable exhibition of pictures, while statues could be advantageously displayed. When an oil painting is illuminated from numerous points, or by broad beams of light, the varnished surface thus rendered visible destroys the finest touches of the artist, and removes the illusion which he had produced. In like manner, gems, such as the diamond, which derive their principal beauty from the prismatic spectra which they produce, lose all their charm when exhibited in a palace of crystal, while gems and precious stones, which derive all their beauty from their colour, are displayed to great advantage. The great Koh-i-noor or Mountain of Light, the Durra-noor or the Sea of Light, and the fine blue diamond of Mr. Hope, have less effect, as now exhibited by daylight, than a piece of glass of the same size and tint would have, if exhibited in a private room with two or three windows. In the spectra produced by broad luminous spaces, all the colours are recombined into white light, and hence the disappointment which every person has experienced at the first sight of these singular gems. Were the same gems to be worn by a lady in a drawing-room, with numerous bright lights, their effect would astonish the company.* The fine coloured refractions of the diamond disappear also under other circumstances. When the diamonds are very small, and set closely together, the numerous prismatic spectra which they produce are mingled, and produce white light on the retina of the eye, and this diminution of colour increases with the number of lights. When small diamonds, however, are at a sufficient distance from each other, they are seen to the greatest advantage when the lights are sharp and numerous.

As the sight of rare precious stones must always be exceedingly interesting, because they are never seen in collections of minerals, and when in the possession of individuals can only be seen by their private friends, it would have been desirable to place all the diamonds (as the Koh-i-noor is on Fridays and Saturdays) in a dark apartment illuminated by numerous small and brilliant lights. Till this was done

with the Koh-i-noor, nobody had any idea of its purity and beauty, and indeed nobody till then could say that it was not a piece of glass.*

The existence of an exhibition in the National Gallery, both of painting and sculpture, was very naturally urged as a reason why neither paintings nor statues should be admitted into the Exhibition. The Commissioners, however, decided in favor of sculpture, and, as Mr. Babbage has stated, "the beautiful effect produced by the sculpture in the Crystal Palace has fully justified the decision." Under such circumstances we cannot see any reason for the rejection of pictures. There is at this moment ample room for a very large collection in the remote part of the foreign galleries, and it would have been easy to have obtained a beautiful illumination of them from the glass roof. A collection of the pictures of the best foreign living artists, selected by the Commissioners of their respective countries, would have been an object of great interest to all classes; and if such a collection had been made, the works of our own living artists would doubtless have found a place. The contemporaneous existence of two exhibitions of pictures would not have been attendant with greater difficulties than the contemporaneous exhibition of two galleries of statues.†

Our author's chapter on the site and construction of the building contains many valuable suggestions. He proposed to place it on the eastern side of Hyde Park, on the open

* The introduction of ground glass globes into our apartments, however beautiful they may be as objects seen by the eye, destroy the beauty of all other objects. Silver and gold plate, and all other objects that derive their beauty from reflected light, lose their polish, and have actually the same appearance as if their surface was ground. The colored spectra, too, produced by the diamond and other precious stones, are all dimmed as if they were seen through ground glass.

† Since this was written we have seen the admirable pamphlet of Mr. Spiridione Gambardella, entitled, "*What shall we do with the Glass Palace?*" in which he proposes "that the Crystal Palace shall remain in its present site, to be used (among other things) as a temple of art, one year for painters and one for sculptors," and that all the painters in the world shall be invited to compete within its walls in the summers of 1853-54. The author proposes that twelve prizes, at least, and of large amount, shall be adjudged by a jury of twenty-five qualified persons; and that the jury shall publish a general report, containing the names of the jurors who voted for each prize picture, and the reason for their votes. The "leading features of this plan are,—

- "1. The free competition of artists.
- "2. The selection of unimpeachable judges.
- "3. The instruction of the people, and the cultivation of their taste."

We would recommend this remarkable pamphlet to the careful perusal of our readers. It is written by a distinguished artist, who unites the noble quality of high moral courage with the best qualities of a rich and cultivated intellect.

* Many intelligent persons mistook the hollow foil of its case for the great diamond itself.

ground adjacent to "a narrow stripe near Park Lane, occupied by plantations, the circular reservoir, and garden;" and he shews by an accurate calculation, that upon the supposition that there will be *four millions* of visitors, five millions of miles will be uselessly traversed by placing it where it is, and a pecuniary loss incurred of £35,833. With regard to the building itself, Mr. Babbage highly approves of Mr. Paxton's design. "Amongst all the curious and singular products," he says, "which the taste, the skill, the industry of the world have confided to the judgment of England, there will be found within the crystal envelope few whose manufacture can claim a higher share of our admiration than that Palace itself, which shelters these splendid results of advanced civilisation. The building itself was regularly manufactured. Simple in its construction, and requiring the multiplied repetition of a few parts, its fabrication was contrived with consummate skill. The internal economy with which its parts were made and put together on the spot, was itself a most instructive study."

One of the most singular facts in the history of the Exposition of 1851, was the absolute prohibition by the Commissioners, that no exhibitor should affix a price to the articles which he exhibited. Mr. Babbage has treated this interesting question at great length, and has pointed out, with his usual talent, the absurdity and the injurious consequences of such a prohibition. So early as the 28th February 1850, Colonel Reid had recommended that "prices should be attached to the objects exhibited;" but in place of adopting this excellent recommendation, the Commissioners came to the decision, "that the prices are not to be fixed to the articles exhibited." The Chevalier Bunsen, in the name of the Prussian Government, the Leeds Committee, and the Hamburg and Danish Commissioners, all remonstrated against that decision, and declared that the statement of price was essential to the utility of the Exhibition. The Commissioners were thus induced to modify their decision so far as to permit the exhibitors to give their prices to the Commissioners or to the jurors, and to make cheapness of articles an element in the adjudication of prizes; but they substantially adhered to their first decision, by declaring that prices must not be affixed to any articles exhibited, even though there should be no other reason for exhibiting it than its price. The reason which the Commissioners themselves state for this regulation is, that if "they allowed the fixing the actual price to the articles themselves, they should be making themselves responsible for the accuracy of those prices in all instances;" but however much they were influenced by the weight of this responsibility,

there is reason to believe that it was the powerful influence of the retailing shopkeeper and the middle-men that overcome the better judgment of the Commissioners. These men saw that their customers would stand aghast at the magnitude of their profits, but they might have trusted to the influence of reason and truth, which would have enlightened the public mind, and proved that their apparently large profits were necessary to meet the expense and the commercial risks of the retail trade.* The following observations of Mr. Babbage deserve to be studied by both parties.

"If every article had its price affixed, many relations would strike the eye of an experienced observer which might lead him to further inquiries, and probably to the most interesting results. But it is quite impossible for him to write to any considerable portion of 15,000 expositors for their list of prices, or even to go round and ask for it in the building itself.†

"Price in many cases offers at once a verification of the truth of other statements. Thus, to a person conversant with the subjects—

"The low price of an article might prove that it had been manufactured in some mode entirely different from that usually practised. This would lead to an examination of it, in order to discover the improved process.

"The price of an article compared with its weight might prove that the metal of which it is made could not be genuine.

"The price of a woven fabric, added to a knowledge of its breadth and substance, even without its weight, might in many cases effectually disprove the statement of its being entirely made of wool, or hair, or flax, or silk, as the case might be.

"The exchange of commodities between those to whom such exchanges may be desirable, being the great and ultimate object of the Exposition, every circumstance that can give publicity to the

* Mr. Babbage has given the following list of expenses to which the retail trader is subject :—

- "1. Commission to broker or other middle-man.
- "2. Cost of carriage from manufactory to shop.
- "3. Rent of shop itself, and perhaps, also, of a warehouse.
- "4. Insurance of stock against fire.
- "5. Attendants to sell in shop.
- "6. Sending goods home to purchasers.
- "7. Expense of paper, string, &c., for packing goods delivered.
- "8. Loss by plunder of servants.
- "9. Expense of taking stock to diminish this loss.
- "10. Goods soiled or injured by exposing to sale.
- "11. Goods going out of fashion, cheapened by improved manufacture, or superseded by new inventions.
- "12. Giving long credit.
- "13. Bad debts.
- "14. Payment for his own personal services, as retail trader.
- "15. Interest on capital employed."

† Since Mr. Babbage's work was published, several detailed catalogues, with the prices of the articles, have been printed by the Commissaries of foreign countries.

things exhibited should be most carefully attended to. The price in money is the *most important element* in every bargain; to omit it is not less absurd than to represent a tragedy without its hero, or to paint a portrait without a nose.

"It commits a double error; for it withholds the only test by which the comparative value of things can be known, and it puts aside the greatest of all interests, that of the consumer, in order to favour a small and particular class—the middlemen."—Pp. 79, 80.

In his *ninth* chapter, Mr. Babbage discusses the important subject of prizes. In the general plan settled at Osborne on the 14th July, 1849, "it was proposed that the first prize should be £5000, and that one, at least of £1000, should be given in each of the *five* sections." This proposal was, we think, wisely abandoned, and the amount to be given in prizes was fixed at £20,000, the sum subsequently named in the Royal Commission as the least that was to be expended on prizes and medals. The announcement on the Continent of this system of prizes excited universal astonishment, and many individuals made great personal sacrifices in the hope of carrying off one of these high rewards. Mr. Babbage is of opinion that "the effect of such rewards would be to increase very much the number of minds engaged in making inventions," the inventor "being generally the least rewarded," while "the capitalist, or the manufacturer of articles," can almost always make his own way to wealth. Among the subjects which Mr. Babbage mentions as "fit subjects for prizes," he enumerates "a small motive power ranging from the force of half a man to that of two horses, which might commence and cease its action at a moment's notice, require no expense of time for its management, and be of a moderate price, both in original cost and in daily expense." Such a power, he conceives, would be invaluable for the "men just rising from the class of journeymen to that of master," and also "to small masters in many trades," or "it might be applied to small planing and drilling machines, to lathes, to grindstones, grinding mills, mangling, and a great variety of other purposes." To this Mr. Babbage adds an improvement on the lathe, by which it could be made to cut screws, plane small pieces of metal, and cut the teeth of wheels. Mr. Babbage mentions other two desiderata, namely, the use of voltaic batteries as sources of light, and their application to the darkening and restoring of light by breaking and renewing the galvanic circuit. "Ready means," he adds, "might then be supplied of clearly distinguishing one lighthouse from another; and for this purpose, it would be necessary to denote the

lighthouses on any coast by different numbers."*

It was at first the intention of the Royal Commissioners that several of the rewards should be money prizes, but it has been subsequently decided that the greater part of the £20,000 prize fund—at least £15,000—shall be given in medals, and that these medals shall be wholly of bronze. The great medal, which is to be given very sparingly, and for a very high degree of merit, is to have the value of about £2, 5s.; and the second medal, which is to be given very liberally, is to have the value of about £1, 10s. The number of great medals will probably not exceed 700, and the number of the other medals 4000 at the very utmost, which would correspond only to the sum of £6450—a very small portion of the Prize Fund. If we add to this a sum of £2000 for the silver medal, which it is proposed to give to each of about 310 persons, there will thus be left a large unappropriated portion of the fund devoted for prizes.

It has always been our opinion, and, we believe, to a considerable extent the opinion of the public, that the prizes should have been medals of gold or silver;—articles of real value, which the poor prizewinner could make available in his hour of necessity, or which the rich man could display with more satisfaction than he can do a large disc of bronze, however beautiful be its design and its execution.

In his *tenth* chapter, our author passes to the subject of the Juries by whom the prizes are to be awarded, and the principles and rules by which they should be guided in adjudging them. Since the publication of Mr. Babbage's work, the Royal Commissioners have arranged everything connected with the adjudication of the prizes with great sagacity. They have established thirty classes, containing about 312 jurors, one-half of which are British subjects, and the other half foreigners—some of these classes having one or more sub-juries. These thirty classes are arranged into *six* groups;* and as a court of appeal

* Mr. Babbage states also that Sir David Brewster had proposed a plan for distinguishing lighthouses from one another numerically. When the light transmitted through a thin transparent film is analyzed by a prism, it appears either single, or divided into two, three, four, or more parts, according to its thickness. Mr. Babbage's contrivance, which we have seen in action, consists in eclipsing the light a certain number of times by the agency of a clock, and is applicable to signals, or to convey telegraphic messages either to vessels in distress, or for other purposes.

† 1. The Group of Raw Materials; 2. The Group of Machinery, including Philosophical Instruments; 3. The Group of Textile Fabrics; 4. The

there is a third body called a Council of Chairmen, composed of the chairmen of the thirty juries and sub juries. The adjudication of the second medal is entrusted to each jury, subject to the approval of the group to which that jury belongs. The different classes name the individuals for the great medal; but its final adjudication, after being approved of by the group, is left to the Council of Chairmen. In this way, there is every reason to believe that the prizes will be awarded according to the merit of the articles exhibited. In order to avoid as far as possible the idea of individual or national competition, the juries have distinct instructions from the Council of Chairmen "that medals are to be awarded for articles possessing decided superiority, of whatever nature that superiority might be, and not with reference to a merely individual competition;" and that "the two classes of medals are intended to distinguish the respective characters of subjects, and not as first and second in degree of the same class of subjects."

The Medal Committee, consisting of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Lytton, Mr. Macaulay, and the Rev. H. G. Liddell, have recommended for the inscription on the *first* medal the following line, very slightly altered from Manilius :*

"Est etiam in magno quædam respublica mundo."

For the *second* medal the following line from Ovid : †

"Dissociata locis concordia pace ligavit."

For the *third* medal, which has now been abandoned, the following line from Claudian : ‡

"Artificis tacitæ quod meruere manus." §

And for the *Juror's silver* medal :

"Pulcher et ille labor Palma decorare laborem."

The selection of jurors for each foreign country was left to that country, and the number of jurors allowed to each foreign country was, upon the suggestion of the Foreign Commissioners, as follows :—

Group of Metallic, Vitreous, and Ceramic Manufactures; 5. The Group of Miscellaneous Manufactures; and 6, the Group of Fine Arts.

* Astronomicon, v. 737. † Metamorph. v. 25.

‡ Etdyl, vii. 20.

§ We cannot approve of any of these inscriptions.

With regard to the first, the Americans *will* say, and the French *might* say, "This is our Republic." The second inscription would appropriately encircle the head of Prince Albert on the medal, but records only *one*, and that only a probable result of the Exposition. The third is quite inapplicable, as that medal was intended for exhibitors on ly.

France,	32	Turkey,	3
United States,	21	Spain,	3
Zollverein,*	19	Egypt,	2
Austria,	15	Holland,	2
Belgium,	11	Portugal,	2
Italy, †	6	Denmark,	1
Russia,	6	Sweden and Nor-	
Switzerland,	4	way,	1
North Germany,	7	Greece,	1

In the very laborious and difficult task confided to the juries, they have been aided in the general transaction of their business by a person named by the Royal Commissioners for the purpose of explaining the rules of the Commission. The person thus named by the Commissioners was Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR, of whose talents, sagacity, and habits of business it is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise; and without undervaluing the great services of our English friends, we may be excused if, in a Scottish Review, we signalize the services of our countrymen, Colonel Reid, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Scott Russell, one of the two secretaries to the Royal Commissioners, and Dr. Lyon Playfair, as having greatly contributed to the success of the Exposition of 1851.

The views which Mr. Babbage has given in his *eleventh* chapter, "on the ulterior objects" of the Exposition, have a peculiar value, and we have no doubt that the Royal Commission will gladly avail themselves of many of his suggestions. Mr. Babbage suggests that extensive collections should be made of examples of the industrial products in the Exhibition, and it appears that the French Chamber has already devoted 50,000 francs for the purchase of specimens. He proposes that specimens of all woven products should be arranged in books;—that coloured woven goods might be similarly arranged in regard to colour; and that enamel colours on porcelain from different manufactories should be obtained from the manufacturer in small squares.

Among the higher advantages of the Exposition, Mr. Babbage justly ranks its influence over the mind, the taste, and the judgment of its visitors; and, while we call the attention of our readers to the following eloquent expression of his views, we would ask the young statesman, who has not yet imbibed the prejudices and displayed the ignorance of his teachers, to consider what will be the judgment of posterity upon the successive Governments of England, who have neglected, and systematically excluded from office and from honours the class of men to which this extract refers;—

* Including Bavaria, Prussia, Saxony, Wurtemberg, &c.

† Comprehending Sardinia and Tuscany.

‡ Comprehending Bremen, Hamburg, and Hanover.

"Shew to the student," says Mr. Babbage, "some mechanism effecting results apparently beyond the reach of the art, and he becomes impressed with the immense distance between his own intelligence and that which contrived it. Explain to him the simple means and the beautiful combinations by which it is effected, you then raise him in his own estimation, and the studious disciple thus instructed, will ultimately arrive at the conclusion that the only distance which is really *immense*, is that existing between the perfection of the highest work of human skill and the simplest of the productions of nature.

"In questions relating to taste the subject matter is so idealized that the enthusiastic and the timid equally dread its contact with the more sober powers of reasoning, lest the process of analysis should disenchant its visionary scenes, and dissolve the unreal basis of their delight. Taste the most perfect, without the knowledge of the principles on which it rests, resembles the barren instinct of animals; like them it gathers but little improvement from experience, and like them it perishes with the extinction of the individual life; its labours leave no inheritance to its race.

"Taste united with an intimate knowledge of its principles, and still more if conjoined with the power of eliminating from the fleeting relations amongst the objects of its attention, those resemblances which, when sufficiently multiplied and defined, lead up to the discovery of higher generalizations, confers upon its enviable possessor a double source of happiness; it adds the delight of an intellectual triumph to those romantic feelings which are excited by the beautiful, the lovely, or the sublime in Nature, or which are suggested by the most perfect representations of art.

"The comprehension of the cause of our pleasure renders us more acute to perceive those elements which conduce to its existence, to trace their connection, to estimate their amount, to mould and to call up for the happiness of others and of ourselves their endless combinations.

"There is, however, for that rare union of judgment, imagination, and taste, which we call genius, when each exists in due proportion and in rich abundance, a yet higher object, a still nobler ambition. To have given to mankind those models, which, after twenty centuries, still rivet their attention, commanding unbounded admiration and defying rivalry, is indeed a splendid achievement, justly repaid by the undying fame which accompanies the names of those benefactors to mankind.

"But great as undoubtedly our gratitude ought to be for such gifts, it is trifling compared with that which civilized society would owe to him, who should instruct us in the *principles* that guided the intellect, as well as the hands of those by whom such immortal works were executed.

"In the fine arts, and in the arts of industry, as well as in the pursuits of science, the highest department of each is that of the discovery of principles, and the invention of methods. To investigate the laws by which human intellect picks with caution its uncertain track through those obscure and outlying regions of our knowledge which separate the known and the certain from the unknown; to teach us how to cast as it were an intellectual and temporary connecting

line across that chasm, by which a new truth is separated from the old—confident that when arrested by that isolated truth it will have fixed itself upon one solid point, amidst a floating chaos of error,—confident also that, when once the fixity of that single point has been assured, it is always *possible*, however formidable the task, to link it by innumerable ties to established knowledge, and thus to fill up the intervening space even to the very boundary of its enlarged domain:—to achieve such a conquest in any science surpasses all other discoveries, for it supplies tools for the use of intellect, and enlarges the limits and the powers of human reason."⁷—Pp. 123–126.

In contemplating the Exposition of 1851 in its results, we trust that Prince Albert may truly say in the terms of the inscription which we have mentioned:—

"Dissociata locis concordi pace ligavi."*

It will indeed be one of the noblest results of this great re-union, should it effect among nations what it has already produced among individuals, the removal of jealousies that are temporary, and the establishment of friendships that are enduring. The annual meetings of the scientific men of all nations have already taught us that personal communication, and the interchange of social kindness, revive our better feelings, and soften the asperities of rival and conflicting interests. May they not even teach us that "lowliness of mind" under which "each may esteem others better than themselves?" Nations are composed of individuals; and that kindness and humility which adorn the single heart, cannot be real if it disappears in the united sentiment of nations. "It is not easy to believe," as we have elsewhere had occasion to state, "that nations which have embraced each other in friendly intercourse, in the interchange of social kindness and professional knowledge, will ever recognise any other object of rivalry and ambition than a superiority in the arts of peace. It is not likely that men who have admired each other's genius, and borrowed each other's lights, and given just judgment on rival inventions, will ever again concur in referring questions of national right and national honour to the sanguinary arbitrament of war. Among the thousand instruments which hang beneath every banner that waves in the Crystal Palace, there is one which, though but spiritually discerned, escapes no eye and excites no envy: it is the calumet of peace—the little emblem of that universal brotherhood which we trust is about to dawn upon distracted and divided nations."

Among the other ulterior objects of the Exposition to which Mr. Babbage refers, we

* What space separates the Exhibition unites.

may mention as subjects of interesting discussion with our foreign visitors—the state of the Patent laws in every part of the world—the state of the English law of partnership, which presents great obstacles to the progress of the mechanical arts—and the universal language of mechanical notation,* “which will be, when generally employed, capable of being read by every people, just as the Arabic numerals are at present.” These important topics, as he suggests, might be discussed by the Society of Civil Engineers, and at the Statistical Society; but we fear that the distracting occupations in the Crystal Palace, and in the society of the metropolis, are not very favourable to discussions of such overwhelming interest.

The eleven chapters of Mr. Babbage's volume which we have endeavoured briefly to analyze, relate strictly to the Exposition of 1851. The other six have a different character. They expose the intrigues of science, the dishonesty of party, and the selfishness, the ignorance, and the injustice of English Governments. If we look to the Exposition of 1851 as the world looks to it, as the beginning of a new era in which the arts of peace are to hold their due place in the national esteem, we cannot but consider these chapters as well calculated to promote so desirable a change. It is from the conduct of Government to individuals that we can alone infer the principles which guide them; and it is when these individuals have associated their name with great discoveries in science which the world has recognised, or with great inventions in the arts by which the world is to be benefited, that the cry of their grievances is likely to reach the royal ear, and to vibrate through the public heart. It is under such circumstances when the perpetration of injustice by men in power startles the judgment, and rouses the passions, that a ministry might be dismissed, and a ministry installed, when the one has persecuted genius by the intrigues, and the other is disposed to foster it by the love of science. The man, therefore, who throws himself into the breach, and compromises his tranquillity, and even his good name, by a personal appearance in his own cause, deserves that twofold gratitude which we so cheerfully extend to the warrior in command, who defends himself that he may defend his country.

Mr. Babbage himself tells us in special reference to these chapters, that several friends whose esteem he prizes, have urged him to avoid everything personal, and some even to suppress his volume. While he values

their friendship, he rejects their counsel. If such was the opinion of our author's friends, what must be the opinion of his enemies and the men whose principles he has censured, and whose intrigues he has exposed? The impartial critic and the disinterested reader will probably form an opinion differing from both. In questions of high import, the best friends are often the worst advisers. Overlooking the temperament and the social position of him whose ardour they seek to restrain, they balance the temporary interest and the lofty feeling of the individual against the claims of truth and of knowledge; and without moral courage themselves, they would reduce a great mind to the level of their own pusillanimity. Actuated only by the feeling of the day, they forget the triumphs of the morrow. Inhealing the breath of living applause, and listening but to the rumour that flutters and dies, they are insensible to the voice of fame, and hear not from afar those deathless notes which announce the apotheosis of the martyred sage.

We wish it were in our power to give our readers such an account of the life and labours of Mr. Babbage as would enable them to form an accurate judgment respecting the circumstances under which he felt himself called upon to speak freely of his own Calculating Engine,—of the dishonesty of party,—of the intrigues of which he believes he has been the victim,—of the humiliating position of scientific men in England,—and of the honours and rewards which the British Government grudgingly give, when they do give them, and cheerfully withhold from the cultivators of science. The time has scarcely arrived when such an exposure can be advantageously made, but Mr. Babbage has done it with a sparing hand; and it is not from the fear of man, or the dread of official power, that we follow his example and repress our indignation.

When Mr. Babbage left Cambridge, the seat of his education, he resolved to devote his life to the pursuit of science. After travelling from time to time on the Continent, studying man as well as nature, he settled in the metropolis, enjoying the gay and the intellectual society which it affords, and himself the centre of a large and brilliant circle that stately assembled in his house. He had long revolved in his mind the idea of a Calculating Machine, very different in its construction, and more extensive in its powers than the arithmetical machine of Pascal and of Leibnitz, and so early as 1822 he had constructed a small model of his Difference Engine. On the 3rd of July in the same year, he sent Sir Humphry Davy a description of this model, which produced 44 figures in a minute, and performed with rapidity and pre-

* See Mr. Babbage's paper on this subject in the *Phil. Trans.*, 1826. D. 250.

cision all the calculations for which it was designed. On the 21st of May 1822, a committee of the more distinguished members of the Royal Society reported to the Lords of the Treasury that Mr. Babbage "was highly deserving of public encouragement in the prosecution of his undertaking;" and on the 23d of the same month, Mr. Babbage had an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in consequence of which £1500 was granted "to enable him to bring his invention to perfection." Under these circumstances he took measures for the construction of "the present Difference Engine," which were continued for four years. In this laborious undertaking, in which the most delicate drawings had to be made, and new tools formed; and workmen educated, Mr. Babbage was encouraged by the adjudication to himself of the first gold medal given by the Astronomical Society.

A large sum of the public money having been expended on the Engine, and the attention of the public directed to the fact, the Government consulted the Royal Society, who, on reporting favourably of the invention, "expressed their trust that while Mr. Babbage's mind was intently occupied on an undertaking likely to do so much honour to his country, he might be relieved as much as possible from all other sources of anxiety."* Upon this report the Government advanced more money, and the machine was declared national property. At this time some external influence seems to have affected the Lords of the Treasury, whose "official payments failed to meet the heavy and increasing expenses incurred by Mr. Babbage."† Under these circumstances it was represented to the Duke of Wellington by an influential committee of Mr. Babbage's friends,‡ dated May 12th, 1829, that he had expended £7000, while the Government had advanced only £3000. The result of this application was the further advance of £3000; and after other negotiations between the Treasury and the Royal Society, it was resolved that the workshops for the machine should be removed to Mr. Babbage's residence, and that Government should "*defray the further expense necessary for its completion.*" After the requisite buildings had been erected and £17,000 expended, new difficulties arose. Mr. Clement, the superintendent of the works, "withdrew from the undertaking, and carried off with him all the valuable tools that had been used in the work."§ From this and from other causes, the works were suspended,

and what none of the parties could have anticipated, an event occurred which finally led to the abandonment of the Difference Engine. In 1834 the idea of executing analytical operations by an *Analytical Engine* occurred to Mr. Babbage, and in May 1835 he announced, through Mr. Quetelet, to the Academy of Science at Brussels, that he had "for six months been engaged in making the drawings of a new Calculating Engine, of *far greater power than the first.*" Subsequently to the date of this letter, Mr. Babbage went to Turin, and explained to M. Menabrea and others the principles of his Analytical Engine. M. Menabrea sent an account of it to the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, and the same article, translated by Lady Lovelace, with copious original notes, was afterwards published in Taylor's Scientific Memoirs. The fact of Mr. Babbage having invented the Analytical Engine was communicated to the Government; but from various causes, with which we are unacquainted, their intentions could not be ascertained. In October 1838, Mr. Babbage applied in vain to Mr. Goulburn, to learn if it was the desire of Government that he should superintend the completion of the Difference Engine which had been suspended for five years. No answer having been made to this new application, Mr. Babbage, both by himself and through his friends, applied to Sir Robert Peel, who announced to him through Mr. Goulburn the resolution of Government to abandon the completion of the machine.

In parting with Mr. Babbage, Sir Robert Peel seemed disposed to do him a favour. He proposed to withdraw all claim on the part of the Government to the machine as at present constructed, and by placing it at his entire disposal to assist in some degree his future exertions in the cause of science. Mr. Babbage declined to accept of the offer thus made, and the Difference Engine, as it then stood, was placed in the Museum of King's College, London.

Thus terminated Mr. Babbage's connexion with the Government in reference to the Difference Engine, which, on the ground of "*the expense,*" they refused to complete, and to the Analytical Engine, which they did not offer to construct. No mark of kindness, and no expression of thanks for years of incessant and unpaid labour, accompanied an event which will long be deplored in the annals of science. It was assumed by the Government that Mr. Babbage would continue "his exertions in the cause of science," and to assist him in his exertions he was offered the fragment of the machine, which the same Government were bound in honour to have completed. It will not be readily believed, even by the most credulous, that a man like Sir Robert Peel

* Weld's *History of the Royal Society*, chap. xi.

† *Id. Id.*

‡ Including the Duke of Somerset, Lord Ashley, Mr. Herschel, &c.

§ Weld's *History of the Royal Society*, chap. xi.

could have thus acted if left to the native impulses of his own generous nature. It will scarcely be doubted, even by the most sceptical, that the Government acted under the advice of some jealous rival or some concealed enemy; and that they renounced the services of Mr. Babbage, because they were assured that these services would be of no advantage to the country. Had financial adversity, or the dread of parliamentary opposition, prevented the Minister from granting a few thousand pounds for the completion of a great and a useful invention, there were many ways in which the justice and the liberality of the State might have been dispensed. Mr. Babbage's own views of the matter will be seen in the following extract:—

“After eight years of repeated applications, and of the most harassing delay, at the end of 1842 the Government arrived at the resolution of giving up the completion of the Difference Engine, on the alleged ground of its expense.

“In the meantime, new views had opened out to me the prospect of performing purely algebraic operations by means of mechanism. To arrive at so entirely unexpected a result I deemed worthy of any sacrifice, and accordingly spared no expense in procuring every subsidiary assistance which could enable me to attain it. Each successive difficulty was met by new contrivances, and at last I found that I had surmounted all the great difficulties of the question, and had made drawings of each distinct department of the Analytical Engine.

“Having expended upwards of £20,000 on the experiments and inquiries which had led me to these results, it would not have been prudent to attempt the construction of such an engine. I thought, however, that there were several offices in the appointment of Government for which I was qualified, and to which, under the circumstances, I had some claim. I hoped if I had obtained one of these, by fulfilling its laborious duties for a few years, and by allowing the whole salary to accumulate, that I might then have been able to retire; and adding the money thus earned to my own private resources, that I might yet have enough of life and energy left to execute the Analytical Engine, and thus complete one of the great objects of my ambition.

“Having neither asked nor been offered any acknowledgment for all the sacrifices I had made, I felt that I had some just claims to one of these appointments.”—Pp. 152, 153.

For such appointments, however, every application, as Mr. Babbage informs us, was unsuccessful. A Government which knows so well how to reward its political friends, would have found no difficulty, if they wished it, in effectually “assisting Mr. Babbage's future exertions in the career of Science.” Offices for which he was well qualified, and which he would have filled to the benefit of his country, were given to others who had never served it; and those rewards and honours which were

freely lavished on others, were systematically withheld from him. Two vacancies occurred in the Register-Generalship of Births, &c., an office for which Mr. Babbage was especially qualified. Other two arose in the Commissionerships of the Railway Board,* and another in the Mastership of the Mint; but though Mr. Babbage and his friends made application for the two last of these offices, the applications were either unnoticed or refused.

Even the Royal Society, who had so many honorary rewards in their power, and who had repeatedly urged the Government to complete the Difference Engine, seems to have been struck by the same malign influence; and the British Association, in which Mr. Babbage held the office of auditor, and to which he made the valuable addition of a statistical section, was induced to treat him with disrespect, and occasion his resignation.

Mr. Weld, from whose interesting chapter on the Calculating Machine we have derived much of our information respecting the history of the Difference Engine, considers it due to Mr. Babbage to state, “that he refused more than one highly desirable and profitable situation, in order that he might give his whole time and thoughts to the fulfilment of the contract which he considered himself as having entered into with Government.” His early friends who had started with him in the race of life, had risen to high situations in the Church, in the Universities, or at the Bar, while he who preferred the humbler though nobler career of philosophy,—who sacrificed wealth to fame, and who in that sacrifice honoured and served his country,—stands alone without promotion or reward,—a beacon to remind statesmen of their ingratitude,—and to warn genius of its fate.

With these facts in view, our readers will readily understand why Mr. Babbage has written the closing chapters of his work on the intrigues and position of science—on the influence of the press and of party—and on the rewards which England grants to her intellectual servants; and they will understand also why these chapters have found a suitable place in an account of the Exposition of 1851.

In the details of a controversy, which had the unusual character of being at once legal and scientific, Mr. Babbage found what he regarded as proofs, that certain parties who had the confidence of Government, had advised them to discontinue the Calculating Engine, and had by false representations of his character interfered with his future advancement. The charges thus made by our author in his

* Mr. Babbage had, at great expense, and even at the risk of his life, made a series of valuable experiments on the Great Western Railway, on the subject of the broad gauge.

chapter on the Intrigues of Science, remain at this moment uncontradicted; but in a matter so deeply affecting individual and even national character, we must withhold our opinion till both parties are fairly in the field. There are facts, indeed, within our own knowledge, and which will doubtless appear in the future biography of individuals, which place it beyond a doubt that there is an influential party in England who, themselves in office, or in affluence, have no feeling for their humbler rivals, and who not only oppose every public measure which might elevate the condition of unbefriended genius, but who directly interfere with its professional advancement. If such a party have any influence over the Government, it is time that the Government should know it; and if that influence is injurious to the nation, as every secret and irresponsible influence must be, it is time that the Legislature should put it down, and it is more than time that they should organize some responsible institution to superintend the science of the country.

In his *fourteenth* chapter, on the Position of Science, Mr. Babbage thus describes "the present situation of men of science in England:"—

"The estimate which is formed of the social position of any class of society, depends mainly upon the answer to these two questions:—

"What are the salaries of the highest offices to which the most successful may aspire?

"What are the honorary distinctions to which the most eminent can attain?

"Offices of a strictly scientific nature are few, and their salaries are generally of small amount; amongst those there are—

"A few of the Professorships at our Universities.

"The Astronomer-Royal.

"The Astronomers of some of our Colonial Observatories.

"The Master of Mechanics to the Queen.

"The Conductor of the Nautical Almanac.

"The Director of the Museum of Economical Geology and of the Geological Survey.

"Various officers of the same institution.

"Some of the officers in the Natural History department of the British Museum.

"The most valuable of these, that of Astronomer-Royal, receives about £1300 a-year, including a pension of £300.

"Thus there is amongst this class one solitary prize of, at the utmost, £1300 a-year, and that is confined to one department of science.

"Offices for which men of science are at least as fit as any other class, are numerous, though they are very rarely attained by those who pursue it.

"It may, perhaps, have been expected that the recent appointment of Sir John Herschel to the Mastership of the Mint, should have been noticed in the previous list. But until the motives which dictated it are known, I have no observation to

make, except that it is gratifying to me to find that the great principle of the 'claims of science,' for which I have all my life been contending, has been thus, as it were unconsciously, admitted by the Minister; and had the accident of birth placed me in his position, the appointment would have been the same, although the motives for it might have been different.

"Let us now turn to the *honorary distinctions* which await science. During the eleven years of the present reign, one solitary instance is to be found of a baronetcy given for science, and that too occurred only at a festival (the coronation) at which baronetages and peerages were showered upon those whose sole claim was founded on the mere support of party.

"During the same interval, about half-a-dozen of those who cultivate science have been knighted.

"It appears then that the highest position a man of science can attain, and that but very rarely, is a baronetcy; that the highest salary is about £1,000 a-year. When this is compared with the most successful prizes in the army, the navy, the church, or the bar, it shows at once the inferior position occupied by science."—Pp. 173-175.

But though there are but few institutions in England open to men of science, there are many of a secondary and temporary kind, in which a knowledge of various branches of science is useful, if not absolutely necessary. To these situations "officers of engineers, of artillery, and of other corps of the army and the navy have been appointed, to the exclusion of scientific men; and those very individuals who, from the nature of their profession, may rise to high and well-paid offices, and receive the high honours which custom permits them to receive, thus usurp the position of that very class from whom office and honour are equally withheld." "Thus," says Mr. Babbage, "those whose service is already paid for by the country, are excused from doing their ordinary duty, and are paid again for doing another, and perhaps a more agreeable duty. Under the delusive plea that *military and civil engineering* are the same science, military engineers have been placed in situations for which they were unfit, and civil engineers have been excluded, to the injury of that profession, and to the much greater damage of the country."

In treating the question how equally great discoveries should be rewarded when the discoverers occupy different ranks in society, Mr. Babbage makes an interesting allusion to the noble services which the Earl of Rosse has rendered to science.

"Those who maintain that science is its own reward, cannot have remarked the vicious circle in their reasoning. The delight derived from discovery is indeed a high intellectual reward, but the force of this maxim is only known practically to those who have already advanced in the career of discovery: it can, therefore, never di-

rect the course into that line. All men are subject to the same feelings and passions. It is certainly true that men of wealth and rank will be happier if they cultivate their faculties, and add to the amount of human knowledge; but they cannot know this truth until they have already advanced, consequently it cannot have induced them to commence this cultivation.

"But it is the interest of those who are the consumers of knowledge, that all other minds should be induced to advance it; therefore it is our interest to place, even before the highest classes, motives for its pursuit at the commencement of their career. Having raised such expectations, justice compels us to fulfil them; nor can we regret that the advantages derived from the course into which we have invited them should have proved beneficial to them beyond even the limits of our prediction.

"It is of the very nature of knowledge that the recondite and apparently useless acquisition of to-day, becomes part of the popular food of a succeeding generation. Thus, the nobleman who spends his wealth in constructing unrivalled instruments, and his nights in scrutinizing with them the remotest boundaries of space into which human vision has yet penetrated, is preparing a source of pleasure and happiness for the descendants of those very peasants whom his practical skill in engineering has raised, by his own instructions, above the ranks in which he originally found them.*

"Another question has been raised, but not yet answered, respecting those pensions which have been awarded for scientific discoveries. A certain definite limit has been fixed by practice, which has never yet been exceeded when assigned to science. The sum of three hundred a-year, the maximum of reward to science, is almost the minimum of reward for other qualifications.

"The most important question is, Whether these pensions are given as the reward of scientific services rendered to the country, or as charity to enlightened and studious persons who are poor? In the one case, they are an honour which a philosopher may be proud of receiving from his country; in the other, they are no more than a higher order of pauper relief, which an independent gentleman can scarcely condescend to accept.

"For the honour and the advancement of science, it is necessary that these questions should be distinctly answered. It is to be hoped that some independent member of parliament will at last press them in a manner which no ministerial shuffling can evade."—Pp. 180-183.

Mr. Babbage's last chapter, on the Honours and Rewards of Merit, will, we trust, be read with peculiar interest at a time when the Great Exhibition has displayed to men of all ranks and views the fruits of British science and the products of British industry. Nowhere will the statesman see with a clearer eye the intimate connection between the deepest science and the homeliest as well as the highest indus-

try. Researches in chemistry the most profound form the basis of the most useful arts; and the micrometer, which the astronomer long regarded as his own peculiar instrument, now stands in the workshop—the auxiliary of the mechanical engineer. If the arts of England are the source of her greatness, where can that greatness be so well displayed as in that chamber of mechanism where we see every machine between that which pierces the eye of the needle and that which cuts and perforates the most solid iron?—And if the products of that machinery constitute the wealth of England, where can we count its millions more certainly than in the corridors hung with its gorgeous fabrics, and in the crystal halls which shine with its precious metals? And if that greatness is to be maintained, and that wealth increased, the statesman must be taught what he is so unwilling to learn—to foster the genius from which they spring, and give its possessor his true place among the other servants of the State. How and when that lesson is to be taught are problems that remain to be solved, and the art of solving them will, we trust, be acquired by the millions who visit the Crystal Palace;—And what that position is to which the intellectual patriot has yet to rise, may be gathered from the powerful argument of Mr. Babbage, and the eloquent appeal which he has made to the noblest sympathies of his countrymen.

"The personal distinctions in the gift of the Government of this country consist of the following five orders of knighthood:—

NAME.	NO. OF MEMBERS.		
	Grand Cross.	Knight Com.	Comp.
The Garter,*	25		
The Thistle,	16		
St. Patrick,	16		
The Bath	Military,	50	102
	Civil,	25	50
St. George & St. Michael,†	15	20	25
	147	172	750

"Of these the first three are restricted, with few and rare exceptions, to persons of a certain rank—including earls, and those above them. . .

"Thus England has, practically, only one order of merit; and singularly enough, with the exception of a few civil crosses of the first class, almost invariably given for diplomatic service, until lately that order was inaccessible to any other than military merit.

* "An amusing and characteristic anecdote respecting one of these Orders, the Garter, is related of a late Premier. At a time when several of these 'baubles' had fallen vacant, and been judiciously given away by the discreet minister, a friend asked him, why he had not retained a Garter for himself, to which he wittily replied, 'Why, the fact is, I don't see the use of a man's bribing himself.'"—P. 203.

† Instituted for the Ionian Islands.

* We have no doubt that Lord Rosse is here alluded to.

"In countries, however, which we fondly flattered ourselves were less advanced in civilization than our own, the vulgar notion of paying homage to brute force has long been superseded by a more just appreciation of the elements of military glory. Nations even the most ambitious of this species of renown, have admitted that physical prowess, that recklessness of personal danger, form but the smallest amongst those qualities which contribute to military success."

After a beautiful compliment to the Duke of Wellington, whose military genius is justly regarded as intellectual, and such as would have distinguished him in many different careers, our author thus proceeds:—

"It is not uninteresting to observe in society the opinions of its different classes respecting honours conferred on science. Military and naval men, especially the most eminent, feel that genius is limited by no profession, and themselves sympathizing with it, would gladly hail as brothers in the same distinction the philosopher and the poet. With lawyers the case is reversed; genius dwells not in their courts: industry and acuteness, monopolized by one absorbing professional subject, exclude larger views; and ribbons not being amongst the honoraria of their own profession, they reprobate their application to science. To this there are, however, some noble exceptions. Men of larger experience and of views more extended than their profession usually produces, and who are themselves qualified to have become discoverers and reformers in other sciences, are yet among the brightest ornaments of their own. It is much to be regretted when such powers are applied to the mere administration, instead of to the reformation, of the laws of their country.

"It is difficult to pronounce on the opinion of the ministers of our Church as a body; one portion of them, by far the least informed, protests against anything which can advance the honour and the interests of science, because, in their limited and mistaken view, science is adverse to religion. This is not the place to argue that great question. It is sufficient to remark, that the best informed and most enlightened men of all creeds and pursuits, agree that truth can never damage truth, and that every truth is allied indissolubly by chains more or less circuitous with all other truths; whilst error, at every step we make in its diffusion, becomes not only wider apart and more discordant from all truths, but also has the additional chance of destruction from all rival errors."—Pp. 204–207.

Our waning limits will not permit us to follow Mr. Babbage through the rest of his chapter. He places before us the undeniable facts that it is not the people of England, but the occupants of place, and the chiefs of party, and the members of a hard-hearted and well-paid clique of scientific men, who oppose the organization of science, and the elevation of its cultivators. He warns the men who "refuse to science the means of acquiring compe-

tence, exclude it from personal honours, and refuse it hereditary rank, because it has not devoted itself to the acquisition of wealth," that they will thus give rise to grave questions which it would be wise to avoid. In reply to the puerile assertion that the dignity of science is incompatible with wealth, and that decorations and titles are unworthy of its legitimate ambition, he justly asserts "that all pursuits which are deemed of a higher order, are still more absolutely excluded from such vanities; and that the members of a Christian Church, its bishops and deacons, should neither be loaded with wealth nor decked with ribbons."* With equal truth he might have added that the intellectual general who never drew his sword, and the profound judge who never sought for wealth,—the patriot statesman whose mind perished for his country, and the philanthropic nobleman who has intellectually created around him a moral and a contented population, should each, in virtue of their high intelligence, disregard the emoluments and the honours of the State. The proposition which we thus assail, when reduced to its simplest form is, that wealth and honours to men of talent and genius are unenviable and worthless possessions. We admit the Utopian truth; and were any attempt made to give it an impartial application, the honours and the rewards of the State would be no longer withheld from science.

Mr. Babbage has justly said that the views which we have been opposing are those of "the shallow and the thoughtless," and that though the "pursuits of mind may modify, they can never obliterate the instincts, the feelings, or the passions of man." There may, indeed, be some rare instances in which a philosopher "may have personally little ambition to attain the honours which the rest of the world covet; but he may be bound by other ties which link him inseparably to the present."

"He may look," as Mr. Babbage in the conclusion of his volume touchingly observes, "with fond and affectionate gratitude on her whose maternal care watched over the dangers of his childhood; who trained his infant mind, and with her own mild power, checking the rash vigour of his youthful days, remained ever the faithful and respected counsellor of his riper age. To gladden the declining years of her who, with more than prophetic inspiration, foresaw as woman only can, the distant fame of her beloved offspring, he may well be forgiven the desire for some outward mark of his country's approbation.

"If such a relative were wanting, there might yet survive another parent whose less enthusiastic temperament had ever repressed those fond

* Two archbishops, one bishop, and two deans wear decorations of orders of knighthood.

anticipations of maternal affection, but who now in the ripeness of his honoured age, might be compelled, with faltering accents, to admit that the voice of the country confirmed the predictions of the mother.

"Perhaps another and yet dearer friend might exist, the partner of his daily cares, the witness of his unceasing toil; whose youthful mind, cultivated by his skill, rewards with enduring affection those efforts which called into existence her own latent and unsuspected powers. When driven by exhausted means and injured health almost to despair of the achievement of his life's great object—when the brain itself reels beneath the weight its own ambition had imposed, and the world's neglect aggravates the throbbings of an overtaken frame, an angel's spirit sits beside his couch ministering with gentlest skill to every wish, watching with anxious thought till renovated nature shall admit of bolder counsels, then points the way to hope, herself the guardian of his deathless fame.

"The fool may sneer, the worldly-wise may smile, the heartless laugh,—the saint may moralize, the bigot preach: there dwells not within the deep recesses of the human heart one sentiment more powerful, more exalted, or more pure than these.

"That man is not a statesman who is unaware of the strength of these powerful excitements to human action. Cold and incapable of such sentiments himself,—no grasp of intellect enables him to infer their existence, and to supply the deficiencies of his own, by an insight into the hearts of others.

"That man is a fool, not a statesman, who, knowing their strength, hesitates to avail himself of it, for the benefit of his country and of mankind.

"But if there should arise a man conscious of their power, who yet should dare to use it for the purposes of party, that man will combine in his character the not incongruous mixture of statesman and of knave. A statesman he may be if he can penetrate into the character of men, and can divine the action of human motives upon the masses, as well as on the individuals of his race. With such knowledge, and with the talent that its possession implies, he cannot be a fool; except, indeed, in so far as he is entitled to credit for that limited amount of folly which is inseparably attached to him in his other character of knave. It is possible that he may be successful in his day; it is certain that he will ultimately be found out and disgraced in the eyes of posterity. His name may remain a beacon for a time, until some greater or more recent knave supersedes his example, and thus consigns him to oblivion.

"It is not, then, the gaudy ribbon, the brilliant star, the titled name, that have intrinsic charms for him who dedicates his genius to the search for truth. How large a portion of his real greatness, even of his most splendid discoveries, would he not willingly sacrifice to confer on those he loves that exquisite happiness, which arises only when hidden but long-cherished convictions, entertained diffidently from the consciousness of partial affection, receive at length their final con-

firmation by that decision which national acknowledgment can alone command!"—Pp. 228-231.

Such is a brief analysis of Mr. Babbage's volume on the *Exposition of 1851*,—itself one of the first and best results of that great Panorama of the World's Industry. The most ardent admirers of the Exhibition, and even those who were the most deeply interested in its success, could not have pronounced upon it a higher eulogy than that which breathes through every page of his work. Warm with feeling, and adorned with eloquence, the sentiments which this volume contains will influence the future more than the present, and when the controversies of the hour have ceased, and its interests have expired, posterity will pronounce a righteous judgment upon the truths which it speaks, and the cause which it pleads.

Nor is it without its moral, that while a distinguished philosopher has been advocating against the Government of the day the claims of science, a distinguished artist* should have been pleading the cause of art against the same men,—its hollow and its shallow patrons. Martyrs at the same stake, Art and Science have risen in allied resistance to their common foe, and marching as they do under the Royal banner of the *Exposition*, they will not lay down their arms till they have achieved a joint and a glorious triumph.

We have already alluded to the advantages which men of science and their institutions, and through them the nation and the world, will derive from the great and successful experiment of the Exhibition. The Ministers of England, who have hitherto been the advisers of the Crown, however great have been their talents in debate, and their sagacity in administration, have been pre-eminently ignorant of science and the arts. Even now they are only beginning to recognise (and act freely on the recognition) the influence of education and of knowledge in the peace and happiness and prosperity of nations. Science they have ever viewed, as they still do, through the mist of official prejudice, and the cloud of personal ignorance; and though they have thrown some crumbs from the Treasury table—perchance to gain a little credit with the public,—perchance to calm the indignation of a political adherent, they have nevertheless refused, though urged by the two greatest scientific institutions of the country, to grant a small sum out of their financial surplus to promote one of the most interesting objects of astronomical research.†

* M. Gambardella, in the pamphlet already referred to in note, p. 280.

† In consequence of the discovery of new

However discouraging to the friends of science, this very refusal may prove the ground of its future triumphs. Contemporaneous with the Exposition, this apathy of the Minister stands in painful contrast with the conduct of his Royal Mistress. A sovereign studying the

planets, and new satellites, and new forms of nebulae, by the united exertions of astronomers, the British Association, at two of its meetings, resolved to apply to Government for the means of constructing a large reflecting telescope, to be employed in a southern climate for the advancement of astronomy. In making this application, our late distinguished President, Dr. Robinson, informed Lord John Russell that an assembly of 1500 persons, among whom were found almost every British name of scientific renown, had received this proposal with an enthusiastic approbation. Dr. Robinson assured his Lordship that such a grant was demanded by public feeling, and that it belonged to the rulers of the freest and most enlightened nation in the world to give that encouragement to physical science which the spirit of the age had obtained from the most despotic sovereigns of Europe. The Earl of Rosse, and the Royal Society seconded this application; and as no preceding Government had refused any of the requests of the British Association, we looked forward with confidence to the realization of a scheme which would have added to the conquests of science, and thrown a fresh lustre over the British name. I regret, however, to say, that in a year of great financial prosperity, this application has been refused, and as it is not possible in matters of science that any secret or sinister influence could affect the judgment of a statesman, we must suppose that Lord John Russell has some better object in view to advance the interests of science, and promote the intellectual glory of the nation."—*Sir David Brewster's Address at Ipswich.*

sciences and the arts in the same school with the humblest of her subjects—a school, too, founded by her Royal Consort, is a sight new in the annals of England. The lofty genius of which she has seen the development, and the matchless skill of which she has admired the results, cannot be to her an object of indifference, or even of temporary gratification. Herself honoured by her country's genius, she cannot but feel for it a reciprocal regard. Herself the fountain of honour, she cannot but dispense a portion of its fulness to enlarge the springs by which it is fed. Round a throne thus enlightened, and thus liberal to the highest efforts of the mind, there will necessarily be found enlightened counsellors and sagacious guardians. Round the altar which that throne defends, there will stand an enlightened priesthood, acknowledging science as its handmaid—accepting her truths as auxiliary to its own—tolerant as knowledge is ever tolerant, and regarding the education and instruction of their flocks as the best passport to that land of rest which is reserved for the wise and the good. The scientific institutions of England will then take their place beside the institutions of other lands,—her philosophers will appear, like theirs, in the positions which they merit, and with the decorations they have achieved,—a contented population will surround an enlightened throne, and glory in an enlightened sovereign, and thus perpetuate institutions which the ignorance of the people alone can assail, and the ignorance of a Government alone can overturn.

APPENDIX.

We are enabled through the kindness of the Secretary to the Royal Commissioners, to present our readers with the following interesting RETURN OF RECEIPTS at the Crystal Palace. The Number of Persons who have visited the Exhibition may readily be calculated from the data in the Table.

DATE. 1851.	Number of Season Tickets sold.			Amount.	R at the D	
	Gentlemen.	Ladies.	Total.		Rate.	Amount.
Previous to						
May 1	10,892	8,615	19,507	£52,401 6 0		
" 2	249	283	532	1,378 13 0	£1	£560 0 0
" 3	166	253	419	1,054 4 0	£1	482 0 0
" 5	144	138	282	743 8 0	5s.	1,362 19 0
" 6	137	214	351	880 19 0	5s.	1,468 10 0
" 7	143	229	372	931 7 0	5s.	1,790 15 0
" 8	157	198	355	910 7 0	5s.	2,018 0 0
" 9	141	208	349	880 19 0	5s.	1,824 10 0
" 10	146	190	336	858 18 0	5s.	1,843 15 0
" 12	128	165	293	749 14 0	5s.	1,597 10 0
" 13	135	224	359	895 13 0	5s.	2,229 10 0
" 14	103	127	230	591 3 0	5s.	2,064 15 0
" 15	104	169	273	682 10 0	5s.	2,426 0 0
" 16	104	166	270	676 4 0	5s.	2,556 10 0
" 17	83	141	224	557 11 0	5s.	2,472 5 0
" 19	71	126	197	488 5 0	5s.	2,345 0 0
" 20	52	89	141	350 14 0	5s.	3,360 15 0
" 21	44	67	111	279 6 0	5s.	3,512 5 0
" 22	31	37	68	175 7 0	5s.	3,797 11 0
" 23	18	37	55	134 8 0	5s.	4,095 10 0
" 24	22	41	63	155 8 0	5s.	5,078 0 0
" 26	8	7	15	39 18 0	1s.	920 2 0
" 27	3	5	8	19 19 0	1s.	1,347 17 0
" 28	3	2	5	13 13 0	1s.	1,869 4 0
" 29	5	3	8	22 1 0	1s.	2,375 18 0
" 30	11	13	24	61 19 0	2s. 6d.	2,839 9 0
" 31	12	28	40	96 12 0	5s.	1,770 15 0
June 2	3	2	5	13 13 0	1s.	2,129 1 0
" 3	2	2	4	10 10 0	1s.	2,415 2 0
" 4	...	9	9	18 18 0	1s.	2,500 16 0
" 5	4	8	12	18 18 0	1s.	2,566 17 0
" 6	5	8	13	32 11 0	2s. 6d.	2,558 11 0
" 7	3	13	16	36 15 0	5s.	1,523 15 0
" 9	...	1	1	2 2 0	1s.	2,436 4 0
" 10	1	3	4	9 9 0	1s.	2,272 2 0
" 11	...	2	2	4 4 0	1s.	2,160 19 0
" 12	3	3	6	15 15 0	1s.	2,233 7 0
" 13	6	10	16	39 18 0	2s. 6d.	2,206 5 0
" 14	6	8	14	35 14 0	5s.	1,634 17 0
" 16	3	1	4	11 11 0	1s.	2,854 9 0
" 17	3	1	4	11 11 0	1s.	3,191 2 0
" 18	3	5	8	19 19 0	1s.	2,897 7 0
" 19	1	4	5	11 11 0	1s.	2,984 12 0
" 20	1	16	17	36 15 0	2s. 6d.	2,819 4 6
" 21	4	10	14	33 12 0	5s.	1,674 10 0
" 23	...	1	1	2 2 0	1s.	3,016 11 6
" 24	1	6	7	15 15 0	1s.	3,186 12 0
" 25	...	2	2	4 4 0	1s.	2,691 14 0
" 26	1	1	2	5 5 0	1s.	2,722 10 0
" 27	...	2	2	4 4 0	2s. 6d.	2,969 6 0
" 28	2	5	7	16 16 0	5s.	1,590 16 0
Carry over	13,164	11,893	25,057	£66,441 18 0		£127,235 15 0

DATE. 1851.	Number of Season Tickets sold.			Amount.	Receipts at the Door.	
	Gentlemen.	Ladies.	Total.		Rate.	Amount.
Brought over	1,164	11,893	25,057	£66,441 18 0		£127,235 15 6
June 30	1s.	2,469 16 0
July 1	1	1	2	5 5 0	1s.	2,429 10 0
" 2	3	1	4	11 11 0	1s.	2,363 18 0
" 3	2	2	4	10 10 0	1s.	2,651 19 0
" 4	3	6	9	22 1 0	2s. 6d.	2,592 2 6
" 5	2	5	7	16 16 0	5s.	1,565 15 0
" 7	1s.	2,852 2 0
" 8	...	1	1	2 2 0	1s.	3,169 5 0
" 9	2	1	3	8 8 0	1s.	2,710 6 0
" 10	2	...	2	6 6 0	1s.	2,958 0 0
" 11	1	7	8	17 17 0	2s. 6d.	3,145 17 6
" 12	2	1	3	8 8 0	5s.	1,589 15 0
" 14	1	...	1	3 3 0	1s.	2,957 8 0
" 15	1	2	3	7 7 0	1s.	3,502 1 0
" 16	1	...	1	3 3 0	1s.	2,910 4 0
" 17	1	2	3	7 7 0	1s.	3,023 5 0
" 18	3	4	7	17 17 0	2s. 6d.	3,762 7 6
" 19	2	6	8	18 18 0	5s.	1,360 15 0
" 21	2	...	2	6 6 0	1s.	3,338 7 0
" 22	...	5	5	10 10 0	1s.	3,236 2 0
Total,	13,193	11,937	25,130	£66,625 13 0		£171,824 11 0

The following TABLE shews the Total Number of Persons who have visited the Exhibition daily, including Staff, Attendants, &c.

May 1, 25,000	May 22, 31,392	June 12, 48,318	July 3, 55,638
" 2, 15,560	" 23, 32,557	" 13, 24,520	" 4, 26,000
" 3, 15,482	" 24, 44,512	" 14, 14,102	" 5, 11,747
" 5, 17,756	" 26, 25,402	" 16, 63,769	" 7, 61,670
" 6, 18,156	" 27, 30,000	" 17, 68,154	" 8, 65,962
" 7, 19,479	" 28, 40,605	" 18, 62,663	" 9, 58,055
" 8, 21,072	" 29, 51,888	" 19, 63,863	" 10, 61,429
" 9, 19,614	" 30, 45,669	" 20, 31,834	" 11, 30,067
" 10, 22,176	" 31, 28,550	" 21, 12,732	" 12, 11,181
" 12, 21,322	June 2, 46,290	" 23, 66,755	" 14, 62,694
" 13, 23,945	" 3, 50,629	" 24, 68,394	" 15, 74,122
" 14, 23,390	" 4, 54,635	" 25, 58,545	" 16, 60,626
" 15, 25,231	" 5, 55,254	" 26, 57,781	" 17, 63,746
" 16, 26,030	" 6, 26,134	" 27, 29,033	" 18, 35,338
" 17, 25,589	" 7, 12,986	" 28, 11,501	" 19, 9,326
" 19, 25,120	" 9, 54,194	" 30, 52,879	" 21, 70,640
" 20, 29,243	" 10, 49,697	July 1, 51,069	" 22, 68,161
" 21, 30,249	" 11, 47,756	" 2, 49,399	

Telling of capture ; thus I serve her hopes,
The masculine-minded who is sovereign here.
And when night-wandering shades encompass
round

My dew-sprent dreamless couch, (for fear doth
sit

In slumber's chair, and holds my lids apart.)
I chant some dolorous ditty, making song
Sleep's substitute, surgeon my nightly care,
And the misfortunes of this house I weep,
Not now, as erst, by prudent counsels swayed,
Oh ! soon may the wished for sign relieve my
toils,

Thrice welcome herald, gleaming through the
night !

[*The beacon is seen shining.*]

" All hail ! thou cresset of the dark ! fair gleam
Of day through midnight shed, all hail ! bright
father

Of joy and dance in Argos, hail ! all hail !

Hillo ! hilloa !"

We can assure the intelligent English reader, that, with even Mr. Buckley's bald prose translation of *Æschylus* on his book-shelf, he may bring himself face to face with the old Greek dramatist, as the Athenians saw and loved him. And he will find the exercise worth his while. For all the purposes which make what we call literature a valuable thing to humanity, there is no thoughtful man but will confess that, in this single volume containing the seven surviving plays of the Greek poet, there is more substance, more matter of true instruction and delight, than in whole tons of books from our ordinary circulating libraries. What will the modern English reader find in *Æschylus* ? He will find a grand old Greek doing in his own way all that literary men in all ages and all lands have, more or less, tried to do—throwing his eye over the face of nature, and seizing and detaining whatever of beauty or sublimity, in shape or in colour, is to be seen there ; insinuating himself sympathizingly into the turmoil of human life, and telling of the passions, and the woes, and the crimes of men and women of heroic mould ; ever and anon, too, daring the inscrutable, and representing, under such figures as his Polytheism permitted to him, the mysteries of the beginning and the end, and the interfusion with nature and with human life, of a tremendous, stern, ever present, all-chastising element, which belongs to neither, but overargues both. And, investigating the poet more closely under each of these aspects, he will discover much that is curious and interesting. In *Æschylus*, as a poet of nature, he will find, not one of our modern writers of verse who are matchless in nature's minutiae, as if they studied her in a botanic greenhouse, or amid her ultimate distillations in a druggist's laboratory ; but a man whose eye loves the

spacious, the free, and the colossal, resting, if at all, only on a rock or mountain, but generally ranging the expanse of a landscape, following the sea-waves till they break on the beach, or watching the starry courses—a genuine son, in short, though a massive and vehement one, of that Athenian soil, whose inhabitants, according to the loving description of another poet, "always walked with graceful step through a most glittering ether, where the nine sacred Pierian muses were said once to have brought up the fair-haired Harmony as their common child." And on *Æschylus*, as a poet of human life, the observation will be similar. Strength, sincerity, rage, pain, revenge, endurance, all on the colossal scale, as conceivable only among kings or demigods, acting publicly in the face of a whole nation—such are the passions that *Æschylus* portrays, in words that sometimes stagger under their own weight, though always within the bounds of artistic seeming ; not the more intricate wrongs and workings of the purely private breast, nor the luxurious woes that come to all the world from the white hand of Aphrodite. Lastly, as a poet of the ancient Greek religion, how much is *Æschylus* fitted to teach us ! Here, to our surprise, in the writings of a Polytheist we shall find an idea of sin in general, as the prime fact of the world, which might be looked for in the works of the writer most true to the spirit of another faith ; while, as regards one of the consequences of that idea—the eternally true doctrine that the justice of God pursues the sinner ; that there is a paction and alliance between the Fates or the powers of nature without, and the Furies or the conscience of man within ; and that guilt once committed goes on accumulating from generation to generation, till the hour of some fell explosion—it really seems, if we may judge from the prevalence of that doctrine in their literature, as if the contemporaries of *Æschylus* were more clear and more convinced than we. Or, if we read for nothing more than a speculative purpose, there is this curious fact, not often noted, which the writings of *Æschylus* and of his brother-dramatists might make very distinct to us—the fact that, in the Greek Polytheistic system, the local habitation assigned by the imagination to that part of the supernatural most intimately connected with human destinies was not the same as with us. When *we* pray, we look upward ; it is in the clear starry region that we are taught by habit and by instinct to place our hopes of a future life. The Greeks, on the other hand, looked downward ; Zeus, indeed, occupied the realms above, but it was to the gods beneath that they most often prayed ; it was to them that they poured out libations ; it was from

underneath the earth that they expected supernatural aid to arise; and it was thither that the souls both of good and of bad were, in their view, supposed to descend. The *reason* may have been in that imperfect astronomical knowledge which did not enable them to assign bounds to the earth; but, whatever may have been the reason, the *fact* is one of immense importance in any investigation into the peculiarities of Greek thought. With us the element of the supernatural is conceived as showering down from above; the Greeks conceived it, still more emphatically, as welling up from beneath.—All this, and much more, the English reader may learn from the translation of *Æschylus*.

ART. X.—*Tages-Ordnung des vierten Deutschen evangelischen Kirchentags, und des dritten Congresses für die Innere-Mission.*
Elberfeld, September, 1851.

THE struggles of Christianity in Germany have occasionally occupied a place in our pages, which at once their intrinsic importance, and the vital union of our British theology with that of the Continent, every day becoming more apparent and more intimate, would have more than justified. Hitherto, however, we have dealt with German Christianity more as a matter of speculation and criticism, than of living practical manifestation. Happily, a change in the subject-matter of our study affords a welcome occasion for a change in our procedure, and we rejoice to be able to speak of evangelical religion, as now for the first time since the Reformation, or at least since the Thirty Years' War, asserting its place as a force that ought to move, and to move in the right direction, the whole of German society. The transition is effectually made in that great nation from a scholastic to a popular Christianity; and as we hail this movement with unfeigned congratulation, we shall endeavour to give our readers some outline of the beginning and progress of a change which is probably fraught with as great blessings to Germany and the world as almost any religious occurrence of our times.

Ten years ago, had a spectator of somewhat sanguine temperament been solicited to forecast the destinies of religion in Germany, he would probably have anticipated a gradual rising of that healthful tide which had begun to set in even with the dawn of the century, and had been increased by the influences of the Liberation-war, and the tercentenary of the Reformation, until it should overspread the whole

country. He would have laid great stress on the revival of the universities, and have prognosticated that by sending out an increasingly orthodox and fervent body of clergy, they would prove the fountainheads of national piety, as they had been in the days of Spener and Francke. He would have trusted to the zeal of the leading magistrates and nobility—more especially the all but canonized king of Prussia, whose patronage and influence were ever on the side of orthodoxy, and who was known to be disposed to resign to a revived Church the entire spiritual care of his subjects, the moment she was fit to meet the responsibility. And he would have dwelt on the improved constitution of consistories and other ecclesiastical boards of administration, by which the wants of the people would be continually better supplied, until by a happy necessity these somewhat arbitrary bodies should die a natural death, and give place to the free self-government in presbyteries and synods of a Christianized nation. Such might have been the vaticinations of our theorist; and then he might have regaled his imagination by pictures more or less enchanting, of a recovered harmony between the spirit of the Reformation symbols and the genius of modern free inquiry, and of a lettered theology thus re-impressing the stamp of the age upon the solid gold of the past, and sending it forth amongst a believing people, to displace universally the mass of base coin still in circulation. Prophecies like these were in the mouths of many; the "Church of the future" in more books than Bunsen's, hasted to put on its apocalyptic garments, and, upon the whole, the German Church, watered by the genial influences of power, and drawing from the deep soil of vigorous speculation, was looked upon as ready to expand in "all the leaves of its spring."

Alas for time, which so perversely frustrates the tokens of seers, and "makes diviners mad!" Preliminary signs of the total incompetency of this remedy were furnished ere the last crowning demonstration brought it home to every heart. The unhappy schism in the camp of positive Christianity, between the disciples of Schleiermacher and Hengstenberg, which came to a head in 1845, showed how little was to be effected by academic concord; while the growing reaction against the union of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches in Prussia brought out the utter powerlessness of kings and consistories as the leaders in religious progress. More damaging still to all such hopes of a speedy convalescence of the German Church, were the German Catholic movement, and that of the Friends of Light. It was not so much the undisguised rationalism of these kindred struggles, far spread and widely supported as they were, that was fitted

to alarm—it was much more the peculiar *éclat* with which they sought to invest themselves, and the degree to which they brought in the democratic element into the settlement of Church questions. In this respect they form an epoch; and contemptible as they were in themselves, they were the ominous shadow of that terrible crisis which was so soon to come. Henceforth there was an open breach between democracy and the Church,—an assize of the Church at the bar of the multitude, which nothing but the reconversion of the multitude to the Church could hinder from entailing the most fatal consequences. No such counter evangelistic effort, however, was yet called forth. The Church was willing to lose the more turbulent of these her sons, if they would only quietly withdraw; and liberty of dissent being conceded by the royal edict of March 1847, there was a danger that the very opening of this safety-valve would close the agitation and permit the awaking Church again to relapse into her old delusive confidence. The decrees of the Berlin Synod of 1846, weak, ambiguous, and temporizing, were a proof how ready peace was to triumph over principle, and by a latitudinarian extension of the old Confessions, to rest in a hollow union with those who might otherwise have urged on the rationalist separation.

It was in this posture of affairs, when religious liberty without religion had already obtained a decisive triumph on the constitutional battlefield of the Prussian Parliament, and when the leaders of the Church were looking around in all directions to prevent defections to the infidel separatists without, and to hinder the not less infidel multitude within from degrading the Church into a mere political club with an ecclesiastical frontispiece,—that the terrific storm of 1848 swept over Germany. The national character of this movement could not be disputed, and the attitude which it soon assumed in relation to the Church, and to every thing that bore the name of religion, broke upon all with the force of a novel and startling revelation. A whole people seemed ready to cast off religion as an imposture and a delusion. Liberty shook hands with infidelity, and even with atheism; and on all sides the abolition of Christianity, under the name of the separation of Church and State, was demanded with an unanimity, and carried through with a celerity—so far as revolutionary measures could carry it—altogether portentous. In the dreadful period of anarchy which succeeded the March revolution of 1848, the moral and social plagues that had so long festered in the heart of the German nation came everywhere to light. Whole tracts of country were illuminated by the blaze of smoking castles. In the towns and cities com-

munism raised its head. Every man's hand seemed turned against his brother, and the vision of German unity floated a hideous spectre over the scenes of discord and bloodshed that were perpetrated in its name. A revolutionary crisis is indeed a stern test of character; but the German nation (we grieve to state it, for we truly love them) stood that test worse than could have been anticipated. The "men of the people," by whom they submitted for months to be duped, were almost without exception men without standing or principle—"unruly and vain talkers," unless, indeed, when they urged in secret clubs or open parliament schemes of rapine and licentiousness too hideous to be named. If the hopes of German liberty and unity, in the highest sense of the terms, have for the time been frustrated, we must trace the failure, not only to the pedantry and incompetence of the constitutional party, or to the faithlessness and tyranny of the re-actionaries—but much more to the recklessness, brutality, and heaven-daring impiety of German radicalism, which in those qualities has almost exceeded that of France. We do not need to recapitulate the characteristic passages of the revolutionary history—the excesses of the Berlin mob—the murder of Lichnowski and Auerswald in the streets of Frankfort—the rising in Dresden—the invasion of Baden by the free corps, with its disastrous issues. These events, even the worst of them, admit of some faint extenuation from political excitement. To us it marks a deeper stage of moral degeneracy and corruption that William Marr, the avowed apostle of atheism, was by a great majority returned for the city of Hamburg, and that Robert Blum was canonized as a martyr by a religious celebration in one of the churches in Leipsic.

Let us not do injustice, however, to the dupes or even the promoters of revolutionary and infidel madness. The worst excesses of this tragic period bore a character of judicial retribution on the neglects and wrongs of by-gone years. The masses were lawless and anarchical; but they had long been denied their rights as citizens, and that in breach of solemn promises: and when at length concessions were slowly made, it was as from the ground of divine prerogative and not of constitutional equity. The press abused its liberty, and poured forth incessant streams of scurrility and blasphemy: but who could forget its unjustifiable restraints, and the extent to which religious writings had thus been hindered from making their way among the multitude? Secret clubs and democratic conspiracies were but the fruit of that miserable policy which through long years had crippled the freedom of lay association, and

forbidden more than nineteen persons to assemble for any act of worship. The general excitement of public opinion against the clergy was but a reaction against the hypocrisy and selfishness which had exacted baptismal, confirmation, and burial fees, for services which their performers were known inwardly to despise; and where it was men of a better stamp who were exposed to contumely, and even to violence, though hatred of serious religion no doubt played its part, the multitude assailed them not less as obstructives of all reform, and as bigoted adherents of the "right divine of kings to govern wrong." The infidel cry that sounded through the country was but the whisper of thousands of pulpits proclaimed upon the house-tops; Communism, the extemporized heaven upon earth of a people whose religious teachers had filched away from them a future life and immortality. There was, in short, a terrible truth, even in the excesses of the revolution, well fitted to put the falsehood and hollow-heartedness of moderate rationalistic Christianity to shame; and for our parts we do not wonder, that a national religion of which (with many beautiful exceptions) this was the prevailing type, was not thought worthy of being kept up, with all its negations and hypocrisies, either in connexion with the commonwealth, or in a state of separation. The Church which the multitude doomed to be swept away in Germany, was, in their eyes, a dead body, with its life eaten out by hypocrisy, and only galvanized by spiritual despotism to act as a scarecrow for the protection of state tyranny: and to those who calmly contemplate it, the unparalleled rapidity of its downfall is hardly so surprising as the success of its restoration.

It was a critical moment for the living Church that was mixed up with these heterogeneous elements, and threatened with a double overthrow, both as a Christian Society and as an established institution. We will not conceal our convictions, that that Church would have weathered the storm better, and reached a safer anchorage, had she cheerfully accepted the enforced separation from the State, and henceforth breasted the waves of democratic trouble and error, in the sole might of her Great Head. This would at once have put an end to the *Cæsaropapie* that sought to bring her again into bondage, and likewise have retrieved her false position towards the masses of the people. It would have opened an immediate door for the exit of all the faithless and false-hearted of her clergy, and have paved the way for a final Church-Union of all the scattered adherents of the gospel throughout the different State-Churches, without the interminable technicalities and subtleties of State diplomacy. The leading minds of the

German Churches, however, have judged otherwise, and in the spirit of candour and fairness, we shall rehearse their remedial measures for the evils that beset them, in which there is much that must give joy to every Christian heart.

In the summer of 1848, when the principles of infidel voluntarism were agitating the entire population, and threatening to reach their consummation in the Frankfort Parliament, and when all the anti-Christian elements already described were seething and fermenting in the public mind, the earnest desire simultaneously arose in the breasts of the leaders of the Church in different parts of Germany, to create some common centre of resistance to these inroads of evil, which might prove in turn a centre of aggression. This desire first took a distinct shape, so far as we are aware, in the epistle of Dr. Dorner of the University of Bonn, to Drs. Nitzsch and Müller, and a nearly contemporaneous appeal of Mr. Bethmann Hollweg, formerly Chancellor of the same University, both concurring in the proposal of a general conference from all parts of Germany in the autumn of that year, to take up the whole Church question. Such an assemblage was indeed without precedent, for the Berlin conference and synod of 1846 had both been summoned by the King of Prussia, while this meeting was designed to be held without any State concurrence. The provincial synods and pastoral conferences that existed before in different parts of Germany had nothing of this contemplated national character, and the crisis demanded a bolder spirit than ruled in these tame assemblies. The Gustavus Adolphus Society for the relief of German Protestantism abroad was likewise too limited in aim to afford a parallel. Hence some shrunk from the projected conference with fear and trembling—among whom was the excellent Dr. Lücke of Göttingen, who, when it was finally resolved on, in a set epistle dissuaded all admission of business beyond devotional exercises. The more manly and Christian counsels, however, prevailed, and the proposal for a conference elicited a cordial response from the deepest heart of German Christianity. The ultimate requisition by which a conference was summoned, bore not less than forty-one signatures, comprising the leading pastors and professors in the several states and universities, among which, along with the well-known names of Hengstenberg, Krummacher, and others, of the most advanced school of orthodoxy, those of Tholuck and Julius Müller of Halle obtained great prominence, since they had shortly after the revolution dissuaded the Government from calling a constituent synod, after the model of the Frankfort Assembly—a step which would

have thrown every thing into the hands of the rationalist party.

The Assembly, thus ushered into existence, held its sittings in Wittenberg on the 21st, 22d, and 23d September, 1848. These remarkable days, known as "the three days of Wittenberg," will doubtless form an epoch in the history of the German Church, and attach a new interest to the cradle of the Reformation, and the grave of its great founder. To complete this spell of association, the Assembly met in the *Schloss-Kirche*, to which Luther had affixed his ninety-five theses, close beside his tomb, and under the eye of those living portraits of himself and Melancthon, which still look down from the wall. The whole proceedings were conducted in the spirit of Luther, and, by the unanimous testimony of the religious press of Germany, the same spirit to which Luther owed his inspiration was present in extraordinary power. It was a spectacle only too rare in the history of a country where that mighty soul had once lived and breathed. The German Church found again its unity and freedom, and the hearts of the assembled brethren were knit together in a conscious oneness of faith, not only around the grave of Luther, but the cross of Christ. The Assembly numbered about 500, chiefly from Prussia, Saxony, and the North, and contained representatives of all the sections of living Protestantism, with the exception of the Baptist dissenters and the old Lutherans. The fusion of heart in preliminary devotions paved the way for concord in deliberation. Very special prominence was given to acts of humiliation for the sins and disorders of the times, in which one after another confessed his own share; and the hearts of all present were melted as in the same furnace of affliction. At the same time, the fullest liberty of debate was indulged, and all the grievances and heart-burnings that had arrayed the Lutheran against the Reformed, and both against the United Church, as a mongrel and latitudinarian body, hardly deserving the name of a Church at all, came freely to light. There was no want in the Assembly of open difference, and even "open rebuke," but love triumphed over all, and every important decision was carried through with remarkable harmony.

The grand result of the Wittenberg Conference was, the formation of an ecclesiastical confederation, or league, adapted to the altered circumstances of the German Church. The constitution and objects of this union were defined almost in terms of the programme which the requisitionists who had called the Assembly had drawn up, and which they defended, with admirable sagacity and eloquence, against all conflicting proposals. In these debates Drs.

Nitzsch, Sack, and especially Müller, greatly distinguished themselves, and, along with Dr. Stagh of Berlin, the well-known jurist, and the admirable president Von Bethmann Hollweg, turned aside all important objections. It was agreed without a dissenting voice, after an exceedingly animated discussion, that the Confederation should neither be, on the one hand, an incorporating union of Churches, nor a mere alliance of individual Christians, but an intermediate body, having for its ultimate object the gathering up of all the German State Churches into one common national Church; and, in conformity with this fundamental principle, it was resolved, with almost equal harmony, that its membership should be limited to the three prevailing Confessions—the Lutheran, Reformed, and United, with the addition of the Moravian brethren, there being a kind of understanding that dissenters of older and newer date, though not expressly included, might yet take a friendly interest in the movement. It was also resolved, that no other test should be required for membership than a profession of honest adherence to the Confession of the particular Church to which the individual belonged, and of readiness to act in the spirit of that Confession; and certain general regulations were passed for the election of members—lodging this power in the hands of the existing Church rulers with the congregations, and securing an equal number of lay and clerical deputies at the annual meetings of the Confederation. While the Confederation disclaimed all power to interfere authoritatively in the administration of the particular Churches represented in its membership, it yet avowed its intention to exhibit and promote, by all suitable means, their internal union—to protest against all anti-Evangelical movements, within or without their pale—to give counsel and decision in all cases submitted by them for advice or arbitration—to protect their common rights and liberties—to forward all their joint religious enterprises at home or abroad—and at the same time assist in drawing closer the bonds of union with all foreign Churches of Evangelical principles.

Such is a sketch of that ecclesiastical organization which emerged from the debates of these memorable days, differing, as our readers will see, very greatly from the Evangelical Alliance formed in London in 1846, and, in our opinion, much more suited to the exigencies of the German Church, though some German members of that Alliance in the Wittenberg Conference at first advocated strenuously the superiority of the latter association. It was justly urged, in reply, that no important end of the Evangelical Alliance was sacrificed in such a confederation, while the ultimate union of Churches was superadded as a higher and

nobler aim;—that in a troublous period a body reserving to itself the right of counsel in ecclesiastical questions, was a common oracle which would command respect; and that in the apprehended dissolution of State Churches, the Confederation would rally round it more of the fragments, and act more powerfully as a check upon the formation of divergent sects, by assuming from the first an ecclesiastical character.

The happy effects of such a convocation must be at once apparent. The feelings of strangeness and alienation between the adherents of the different confessions utterly disappeared, more especially in relation to the United Church of Prussia, which was now for the first time treated as a genuine Church—proving that union is not to be effected by the power of kings or ministers of state, but of Christian love alone. A silencing reply was given to the mocking questions of those who asked in triumph, whether the German Church still existed; and the assembled deputies were strengthened, not only for the work of evangelization in an evil time, but in the prospect of actual persecution at the hands of that infidel party which was in the ascendant in the counsels of the State, and which, as the experience of the Canton de Vaud had sufficiently taught, was quite capable of interdicting religious worship, and harassing the ministers of the gospel by civil pains and penalties. This sense of mutual strength in union, reached its highest point, when, in response to the warm-hearted appeals of Dr. Krummacher, whose fiery eloquence formed a very characteristic feature of the Wittenberg Conference, the whole assembly, with one voice, pledged themselves to receive each other in case of persecution to house and home.

The Wittenberg Conference, like other great events in the history of Christianity, reached further than its projectors had contemplated; and what came to it directly from God's own hand, was destined to cast into the shade what man had planned and brought laboriously to birth. An instrument, before unknown, was chosen as the advocate or apostle of the greatest and most fertile idea which that Conference produced. This was Candidate Wichern of Hamburg, who came forth amidst world-renowned professors and eloquent preachers, to enforce a truth, which, if all others had not missed, none else had discerned with such clearness, or stated with such emphasis. It was the great truth that the only atmosphere in which Christian union can flourish, is that of self-denying Christian labour; and that the Christianity of a nation can only be harmonized in all its parts by common efforts to evangelize all classes of the people. This

truth gave birth to the "Inner-Mission," as an integral part of the Church Confederation; and of this Candidate Wichern is the acknowledged founder. He had been qualified for his destined work in the humblest school of training. Renouncing in the prime of life, we believe from choice, all prospects as a candidate or licentiate of the Church, he devoted himself to the obscure and thankless task of superintending the *Rauhe Haus* at Horn, near Hamburg, a species of house of refuge, devoted to the recovery of juvenile criminals. Here for upwards of twelve years he had pursued his quiet way amid the most reckless specimens of youthful depravity, eating, working, and sleeping with them,—at once master-workman, schoolmaster, singing-master, and chaplain,—till the number of children committed to his charge had increased from three to one hundred at one time, most of whom were sent out thoroughly reformed and subjected to the grace of the gospel. All the while he was exploring the moral statistics of his entire country; opening his ear to every recital of profligacy far and wide, and collecting a very Newgate Calendar of the immorality, crime, and blasphemy of the German people at home and in the great capitals of Europe. This training would have made an ordinary man narrow-minded, and by the age of fifty it would have crushed him beneath the loathsome burden, or driven him from the field in despair—but Wichern came forward before the Wittenberg Conference with all the fire of youth glowing under his prematurely grey hairs and weather-beaten visage, to develop a remedy for the spiritual evils of Germany, which struck every one, not more by the fulness of its details, than the breadth and maturity of all its leading principles. It was immediately felt that none more profoundly imbued with the spirit of Luther had spoken on that occasion from his ancient pulpit; and the thrill of a strange and irresistible eloquence, of which the great charm was an intensely glowing earnestness, turning masses of statistics into life, kindling all argument into passion, and throwing out, unconscious of their brightness, dazzling gleams of poetry in its rapid track, soon mastered the whole assembly. As he laid open the depths of Satan which existed in Germany, in the form of social disorganization, all-pervading immorality, contempt of religious observances, and infidel conspiracies against the very idea of a God, his audience stood aghast at the brink of the gulf on which they stood. As he narrated examples of the power of self-sacrificing Christian love, in the manifold forms of home-mission labour, the opposite feelings of hope and emulation returned; and when, recapitulating all the varieties of such exertion already scattered over Germany,

and with a creative hand, sketching others as yet non-existent, he appealed to the Confederation to take these under its wing, and to find in them its true impulse and rallying point of union, the impression was overwhelming, and the whole multitude started to their feet, and, with uplifted hands, solemnly bound themselves to make the "Inner-Mission" the business of the Confederation, and the work of their life. Arrangements were made without delay for the carrying on of the work of the Inner-mission in connexion with the scheme of Church-union; and though it was judged advisable that the two associations should be formally distinct, and be managed by different committees, the leading men in the one were nominated to office in the other, and their annual meetings arranged to be held together.

We have dwelt thus long upon the Wittenberg Conference, because the whole subsequent religious life of Germany has run in the channel thus dug out, and is really incapable of being understood without the knowledge of its source. Almost all that is interesting and hopeful has been connected either with the Church Confederation or the Inner-Mission; and hence a few details must be added respecting the progress of these kindred operations. Since 1848, three meetings of the Church Confederation have been held, with evidently growing interest in the mere act of assembly, though the contemplated union is perhaps more remote than ever. The meeting in 1849 in Wittenberg fell short of the first excitement, but surpassed it in numbers, being attended by about 700 persons. It took up the ecclesiastical questions that had lain over from the former year; such as, the relation of the Church to the School—the separation of Church and State—the rights of the people to Church representation—and the evils of union without Confessions of Faith. On all these points interesting debates took place; a spirit of conciliation prevailed; and, though the differences of the three Confessions gave birth to very conflicting views—the Lutherans opposing all popular influence, and going farther than the rest in denouncing the separation of the Church from the State—the bond of peace was not only unbroken but undisturbed. Only one individual, Pastor Bonnet of Frankfort, contended for the separation of Church and State; the rest were divided into what would be called in this country, the Erastian and non-Erastian theories.

The next Conference, in the autumn of 1850, at Stuttgart, was invested with peculiar interest as having been held in the capital of the kingdom of Württemberg, that part of the country where religious life had suffered less than elsewhere, either from rationalism or

revolution, and which has been justly called the Scotland of Germany. The attendance rose to 2000 members, chiefly from the South; and the proceedings were of a peculiarly cheerful and exhilarating character. The North and South, lately in violent antagonism respecting leadership in the Empire, here shook hands; and the more cold and critical theology of the former, learned to appreciate the deep and somewhat mystic experience of the latter. The chief topics of public discussion were two; the duty of civil obedience, especially on the part of the clergy, in which Dr. Dorner distinguished himself by a manly assertion of the most liberal principles, with especial reference to the case of the Schleswig-Holstein clergy, against the more slavish views of Dr. Stahl; and the question of Lord's-day observance, which, amidst much theoretical difference as to its grounds, was unanimously recommended as indispensable to personal or national religion, and an address agreed upon by the Conference to the governments and people of Germany, urging them to the long-neglected duty of Sabbath-sanctification. The last Conference, that of September, 1851, in Elberfeld, of which the programme stands at the head of this Article, had the great advantage, like the Stuttgart meeting, of being surrounded by an atmosphere of living piety in that flourishing town, long blessed with the ministrations of two of the most eloquent men in Germany, and two of the leading spirits in the Church Confederation, Dr. Krummacher and Dr. Sander. It afforded perhaps a better mixture of all the elements of the Church-union than any foregoing assemblage, though the Reformed predominated, gathered from Westphalia and the banks of the Rhine. Two long and instructive discussions took place—one on the gymnasial system of education and its urgent need of religious improvement—the other on the relation of lay-agency to the pastoral office, which shewed, on the whole, a spirit of concession by the high Lutherans to the growing necessities of the Inner-Mission. Two less animated debates arose on the constitution of district synods, and the right of the congregations to the use of the Reformation Catechisms, in both of which sound decisions were given in favour of popular influence and the guarding of reformation principles. A harmonious and brotherly conversation on the state of the candidates or licentiates, who amount to upwards of 6000 in all Germany, and unhappily have no settled rights or opportunities of usefulness, made up the roll of the Assembly's business. Through this whole Conference there breathed a fine devotional spirit—an earnest interest in the topics brought forward—and a manly respect for diversity of view and practice; so that

a spectator might well rejoice to see the impress of the first days of Wittenberg still brightly legible.

In summing up the present state of the Church Confederation, it must be acknowledged that it has made exceedingly small way, in any direct sense, towards an incorporating Church-union for all Germany. There are not only three confessions to be united, there are 39 states, all differing more or less in internal Church order, and none acknowledging the clergy of its neighbours. The ecclesiastical authorities that have been applied to, with a view to promote the objects of the Confederation, have mostly observed a cold silence, while some have answered unfavourably; and the universities, to which also the appeal has been sent, have generally followed the same precedent. Moreover, the Confederation has not found such favour with the Lutheran Church as with the Reformed and the United; and not a few of the former have openly taken the field against it, as a presumptuous and self-constituted claimant of ecclesiastical power. If to all this it be added that the growing reaction in the State indisposes men to organic change in the Church, it is easy to see that little short of a fresh revolution will break down the barriers in the way of a universal Church for Germany. Nevertheless, it is obvious that a great step is every year taken indirectly to this happy result. The Conference, though far from being so bold an assertor of religious liberty as we should desire to see it, yet by the very act of holding its annual meeting, independently of State permission, asserts the right of the Church to spontaneous union when she shall see fit without State hindrance. The happy concord already effected in the Conference of such extremes as the Hengstenberg party and the disciples of Schleiermacher, shews the softening influence of such convocations. The habit of deciding common topics together, almost necessitates the final transition, sooner or later, of this consultative assembly into a regular synod. And the spectacle so novel and full of interest of a Nitzsch and a Tholuck from the chair sitting side by side with a Krummacher or a Sander from the pulpit—a Treviranus from Bremen supporting a Kápff from Stuttgart—a Schmieder from Wittenberg—encountering a Fliedner from Kaiserswerth—a theorist like Lehnerdt urging on a man of action like Wichern; while, as in the late Assembly, nobles, privy-counsellors, and even Prussian ministers of instruction look on well pleased; and (not less important!) crowds of students and unplaced theologians—the hope of the future—catch the impulse; all this is an augury that the day of a visible union of all the Churches

of the Reformation in Germany is nearer than some believe. Let the Church only keep clear of the reactionary tendencies of the State, and she has nothing to fear. In the midst of order she is on the way to independence; if involved in convulsion, the foundation of union already rises above the waves.

Meanwhile, contemporaneously with the movements of the Confederation, the Inner-Mission has been advancing with still more decisive progress. Candidate Wichern, liberated from time to time from his engagement near Hamburg, and honoured with a Doctor's degree, (which his attainments as a thinker and liberal scholar, not to speak of his classical German, well support,) has been employed for the last three years in making occasional journeys in its behalf, in addressing public meetings, where he has always left behind him something of his own ardent spirit, and in editing a magazine (*Fliegende Blätter*) expressly devoted to the business of the Inner-Mission. He has also been the presiding genius in the Central Committee, which has its seat in Hamburg and Berlin, and which has given shape and direction to the entire movement. The measures of this body, which consists of some of the most influential names in Germany among the clergy, nobility, counsellors of state, professors, and mercantile men, have been marked by great wisdom as well as zeal. This Committee, ever keeping before them the revival of religion within the Church, and the recovery of its nominal or apostate members to the faith of the gospel, have not complicated their labours by efforts directed to the Roman Catholics. Nor have they limited themselves within the Protestant pale to the poor and the outcast, the orphan and the prisoner, but have extended their regards to the profligacy of the higher classes—to the unbelief of the clergy—to the want of religion in schools—to the non-existence of a Christian literature—to the desecration of the Lord's day—to the neglect of family religion, and many other kindred evils, which a "Home Mission," in the English sense of the word, does not suggest, and the attempt to meet which gives the German institution a strikingly original character. Hence, as treading more closely on the peculiar province of the ministers of the gospel, and the existing Church authorities, they have always sought their co-operation; and while freely employing all disposable lay-activity at their command, they have not been willing to bring it into collision with clerical intolerance. They have strenuously opposed the idea that the separate activities of the Inner-Mission, thus affiliated to the Church, should be disjoined from each other; but have constantly acted on the principle, that all, from the highest to the lowest,

should be regarded as parts of one great system of remedial operations devoted to the rescue of a whole people from unbelief and error, vice and misery in all their forms, as these at this day afflict Germany, and furnishing one grand unbroken manifestation of the energy of the gospel, and of the living unity of the Christian body in faith and love. At the same time they have not aspired to anything so sublimely impossible as the management of the entire Inner-Mission of the country by one directing board, but have contented themselves with calling local associations into existence, and attaching those which previously had a footing to the general cause, without in either case assuming the slightest control of measures or disposal of funds; and they have found their own immediate sphere in the maintenance of correspondence—the origination of enterprises in which the whole lay body shares, such as itinerant preaching, the training of agents for the service, and the support of German evangelists among their expatriated countrymen—and though last not least, the arranging of business for the Annual Congress, when all the scattered details of exertion are presented in one view, and all questions of common concern are decided.

From the labours of this Central Committee and its affiliated societies, a mighty impulse has been given to the reformation of religion in the entire German fatherland. From sixty to seventy of these societies exist in sixteen different states of Germany, and the number of agents and correspondents engaged in helping on the work amounts to nearly two hundred. Not only general societies for the Inner-Mission, but separate establishments, such as orphan-asylums, houses of refuge, deaconesses' institutions, &c., have been called into birth or quickened into new life; and it is in contemplation to train fifty labourers in these and kindred normal schools for the work of the mission, under the superintendence of the Central Committee. Other details might be given: but it is enough to say, that while the funds at the disposal of the direction in question are as yet but small, the amount of local effort called into play, in the form both of pecuniary donation, and still more of personal self-denying activity, has been immense; and that already a visible check has been given to the infidelity, the Sabbath-desecration, the neglect of worship, and the prevalence of anarchy, with its fostering poverty and crime, that were fast bringing the German nation to the verge of ruin. Probably a fifth, perhaps even a fourth, of the entire Protestant clergy of Germany sympathize with this movement, and in some parts of Germany, such as Westphalia, Rhenish Prussia, and Württemberg, the pro-

portion is vastly greater. The most eminent of the theological professors and directors of seminaries, with most sections of the serious-minded clergy, readily forward it, and even the high Lutherans, whose scruples about lay-agency keep them aloof, have been stirred up to engage in the same work on their own principles. Though the fortunes of this enterprise, which is evidently the work of God, do not depend on one man, much is to be hoped from the future labours of Dr. Wichern. His annual speeches at the Congress have lost nothing of the spirit and power of his first memorable appearance. At the second Conference in Wittenberg, and also in Stuttgart, he furnished the most masterly review of the whole field of labour, going over it in the one case geographically, in the other according to its different departments, and branding alike his facts and his appeals on every heart. And this year at Elberfeld, after a graceful tribute to England, from which he had just returned, full of light and impulse derived from the study of our own great "Inner-Mission" in London, he soared into a new region, and astonished those who regarded him as a man of one idea, though a wide-embracing one, by developing with incomparable vigour and eloquence an original aspect of the "Inner-Mission," as not so much the fruit of a revolutionary necessity, as a revival and carrying out of the unfinished work of the Reformation. The pleading was to a German audience irresistible; and as he closed his fervent oration, in which he had found again and displayed to view all his own favourite plans as on foot in times of Luther, and asked, Where was the United German Church that should stand forth before the world to take up and consummate the long-neglected and frustrated schemes of the Reformer?—the whole assembly rose, and by a solemn vow pledged themselves, as they had done before, amid indescribable excitement, to live and die in the service of the Inner-Mission.

The rapid sketch which has been given suggests many anticipations as to the future development of German Christianity. We shall leave time, however, to take its own course, convinced that we have made good the expression of our confidence that a new stage in the progress of evangelical religion has been entered upon in Germany. Two of the greatest evils that oppressed the German Churches have disappeared—isolation from each other, and aversion to practice. Union and labour have come together; and the great work of Christianizing the German people, so long neglected while theologians were reducing to their lowest terms the fractional differences between Luther and Calvin, or evolving theories of the universe, with the Bible as an

appendix, has been taken up in good earnest at the bidding of a "presence that was not to be put by." The demon of revolution has not stirred the waters alone. A brighter angel has also troubled them, and still sits with healing wings over the agitated and changeful deep. Amidst the vicissitudes which to a mind of any discernment await all existing institutions in Germany, the Confederation and Inner-Mission are pleasing auguries of peace and order beyond the limits of impending revolution. They have only to keep themselves disengaged from the perilous contact with reaction and tyranny, whose downfall even Christianity cannot avert or relieve; they have only to preserve an aspect of religious compassion for the multitude as rebels against God, and not of priestly rebuke as revolters against monarchical rule, and their end shall be even better than their beginning. Revolution shall gradually collapse and sink down before a living and manly Christianity, which disdains as much to truckle to Kings as to cower before mobs, and is only intent on gathering subjects to Christ. A recovered nation shall be the prize of a faithful Church, which, in the act of regaining them, has shaken off its own fetters, and worked out all its chronic diseases. And in that true "Church of the Future," at once united, and free, and catholic, the German Confederation shall find its goal attained, and the Inner-Mission its abnormal functions restored to their natural and permanent centre.

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15. *Britain's Mission.* By the Rev. T. PYNE, A.M. London, 1851. Pp. 8.
16. *An Address on International Peace, as connected with the Meeting of Nations in 1851.* By a BARRISTER. London, 1851. Pp. 8.

IN ancient times the heathens of Greece and of Rome erected statues, and altars, and temples, to the Goddess of Peace. The Pagan throng worshipped at the holy shrine, and

the rich and the wise deposited their most valued properties within the precincts of the temple, and under the safeguard of its sacred name. We, too, in a better age, and with a higher purpose, have reared our temples of peace, consecrated in thousands to its God, and devoted exclusively to His service. Rising majestically to the skies, their lofty turrets and gilded domes challenge the admiration and solicit the entrance of the Christian worshipper. Within the sacred fane is taught the religion of "peace on earth and good will to man." The priest, on his bended knees, asks the Father of all "to give peace in his time," while the thousands around respond with fervent utterance to the holy aspiration; and thus has the prayer of peace ascended heavenward during every day of that long cycle of Christian rule which began when Peter was commanded to sheathe his weapon, and which is to terminate in the metamorphosis of the sword and the spear. But frequent as that prayer has been, and fervent as it has seemed, no answer has been vouchsafed to it, because it was "asked amiss." The incense of faith never ascended from the nation's heart, and the dove with the olive branch has never been permitted to settle on our shores. The priest and the parent retired from the altar to seek a home for their sons in the barrack and in the camp—the child of toil to find excitement and occupation in the ensanguined field—the statesman to compass new achievements of war, or perchance to stay amid the distraction of battle, and stifle amid the noise of its thunders, the indignant remonstrances of a people against his corruptions and his crimes. Were the hierarchy of the state—the servants of him who is the fountain of life—the spiritual peers who adorn our senate, to raise their voice of peace in its cause, to protest against the first murmur of war, and to prostrate themselves at the feet of the deluded sovereign that may be induced to proclaim it, the temporal peers might resile from their decision, and the statesman might pause in his frantic career. And should the bloody declaration still issue from the throne, (never again we trust with a female will,) then let the holy men, like the archiepiscopal martyr of a neighbouring land, throw themselves between the armed bands of husbands, and fathers, and brothers, or take their station in the rear, to administer the last Christian rites to the dying hero, and staunch with their lawn sleeves the red stream of life that is ebbing from his heart.

The continuance of war under the Christian dispensation, and its co-existence with a high civilisation, and with the institutions of education and philanthropy, is a fact in the history of man which defies the analysis of the meta-

physician and the moralist. Religion, "pure and undefiled," pleads in vain the sacredness of life, and the value of the soul. Humanity utters unheard her most affectionate appeals; and even the strong instinct of self-preservation, and the inborn horror of death, have failed to subdue our animal ferocity; and while man, as an individual, dare not touch the life of him who maligns or robs him, social man, combining his individual conscience with that of millions, and transferring to them all but an infinitesimal of his own responsibility, consigns without remorse to a bloody grave, thousands of his fellow-creatures who have neither wronged nor insulted him. Thus falsely placed and criminally secure, we are horror-struck with the individual Shylock—the Jew—who demanded flesh and blood in payment of his bond—while we honour the social Shylock—the Christian—who takes more than the pound of flesh from imaginary foes, that may have knelt with him at the same altar, and drunk with him the same cup of kindness. Hence it is, that in this the latest century of civilisation, the fields of Christendom have been more copiously drenched with human blood than during any similar period of Roman or Macedonian domination; and judging from the general recklessness of human life, we might imagine that the Christian stripling who pants for battle, and the Christian maiden who would follow him to the field, had been nursed by the milk of the Red Indian, and tattooed from their infancy with the symbols and implements of war.

This strange condition of humanity—this utter antagonism between principle and conduct—this triumph of ambition, and cupidity, and revenge over the holiest of man's affections, and the sternest of his obligations, admits but of one explanation. Faith has no national existence. The sovereign who, to acquire territory, or avenge wrongs, lights up an offensive war—the minister that counsels it—the legislature that furnishes its sinews—and the constituency that adds their sanction, renounce by their very acts every title to the name of Christian, disclaim all faith in the immortality of their souls, and abandon every hope of a blessed resurrection. The citizen, too, who lives and dies with the guilt of blood upon his conscience—the genuine descendant of bloody Cain, differs but intellectually from the brutes that perish, and can have no other hope but that of perishing like them. If there be one crime in the catalogue of guilt which is really national, that crime is the crime of war; and the nation that wages it is truly infidel. It may have a church, and bishops, and members: It may have a confession, a liturgy, and a rubric: It may have a creed from which it has struck "THOU SHALT NOT

KILL;" but it has no faith but what is dead;—its religion is hypocrisy; and its holiest rites are but the tricks of conjurors to stifle the consciences of the living, and smooth the deathbeds of the dying.

If the religious principle, then, has had no power to overrule those interests and soften those passions which have their issue in war, the philanthropist must search for some more deeply seated agencies in the human heart that may exercise over it a benign influence, that may take root in the tender consciences of the young, and dispel from the general mind those illusory visions of national glory which have so fatally interfered with the happiness and progress of our species. In every age of the world, and in every land, whether barbarous or civilized, individuals have been commissioned to proclaim in burning eloquence the guilt of war and the blessedness of peace; and in more modern times, whole communities of Christians—the Moravians and the Society of Friends—have carried their principles into actual life, and made the doctrine of universal peace the basis and the badge of their communion. But it was reserved to the philanthropists of the present age to organize associations for the extinction of offensive war, and to assemble the heralds of peace in the most influential cities of Europe, to proclaim to kings and to statesmen those eternal truths which the ignorance, the cupidity, and the impiety of nations had so long kept in abeyance.

Interesting as the details might be, it is only a cursory view that our limits will permit us to take of the opinions of individuals, and of the labours of associations in favour of universal peace. Speaking of course of the mercenary soldier, Sir Walter Raleigh declares, "that he that taketh up his rest to live by that profession, shall hardly be an honest man;" and Lord Clarendon asserts, "that when there is no obligation to obey, it is a wonderful and an unnatural appetite, that disposes men to be soldiers that they may know how to live." Alluding to the honours awarded to the soldier, Gibbon truly remarks, that "as long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters;" and the Earl of Shaftesbury regards it "as strange to imagine that war, which of all things appears the most savage, should be the passion of the most heroic spirits," a passion which he ascribes to "a moral misguidance of the affections, by which a lover of mankind becomes a ravager, and a hero and deliverer an oppressor and destroyer." Erasmus declares that "they who defend war, must defend the dispositions which

lead to war—dispositions absolutely forbidden by the Gospel;" and, looking at war in its results, he says, "I know not whether any war ever succeeded so fortunately in all its events, but that the conqueror if he had a heart to feel, or an understanding to judge, as he ought to do, repented that he ever engaged in it at all." In estimating the numbers which have been slain in war since "the beginning of the world," Burke speaks "of those torrents of silent and inglorious blood, which have glutted the thirsty sands of Africa, or discoloured the polar snow, or fed the savage forests of America for so many ages of continual war." He asks also, if he shall inflame the account by those grand massacres which "have devoured whole cities and nations, those wasting pestilences, those consuming famines, and all those furies that follow in the train of war;" and he adds, "that he charges the whole of these effects on political society."

If it is the warrior minstrels of former times that humanity must blame for creating a social interest in the feats of war, and nursing the passion for military glory, it is to the poets of a better age that we owe the most harrowing descriptions of its cruelties, and the most powerful denunciations of its crimes. Byron has struck his lyre in condemnation of

"—— those bloodhounds from whose wild
Instinct of gore and glory, earth has known
Those sufferings Dante saw in Hell alone."

He thus contrasts with the bright fiat of the Almighty the red handiwork of man:

"Let there be light, says God, and there was
light;
Let there be blood, says man, and there's a
sea."

And in estimating the glory of virtuous deeds, he places the humblest act of the sister of charity above the highest of the warrior, when he declares that—

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

Feeble, however, as has been the influence of orators and poets in impressing upon the public mind the impolicy, the injustice, and the impiety of war, they have yet contributed their personal aid to its extinction; and some of the most distinguished of our living bards, Béranger, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, have taken a prominent part in our associations for peace.

As in small communities and independent kingdoms, the frequency and intensity of particular crimes have often led to their suppression, so in the strife of nations may we ex-

pect that after a war the most frivolous in its origin—the most ruinous in its expenditure—the most ferocious in its acts—the most sanguinary in its results, and the most extensive in its conflagrations—a spirit of re-action may be evoked which shall rouse the indignation of universal humanity, and strangle the cannibal in his den. It was, indeed, after the downfall of Napoleon, when Europe was mourning for the noblest of her children, and when nature and art had been blighted and defaced by war, that the idea of a Peace Society first found favour with the public. Towards the end of 1814, Dr. Noah Webster launched the Ark of Peace on the American waters, and the dove with its olive branch speedily alighted on its unruffled flag. He made an affectionate appeal to the world in his *Solemn Review of the Customs of War*; and in 1815 the first Peace Society was established in the city of New York. In a few months a similar institution sprung up in Massachusetts, and another in Ohio; and on the 11th of June, 1816, the Peace Society of London was founded by Thomas Clarkson, William Allan, Joseph John Gurney, and others, on whose immortal brow posterity will plant the wreath of HUMANITY DISARMED, as the world has already done that of SLAVERY UNSHACKLED. The American Peace Society was founded on the 8th May 1828, and similar institutions have been established in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe. The Count de Sella founded a Peace Society at Geneva; and in his beautiful gardens on the banks of the Lake, he erected an obelisk to commemorate the event. On the 24th March 1841, the Society of Christian Morality which existed in Paris formed a Peace Committee, and some time afterwards there was established in the same capital the *Peace Society of Paris*.

The men who organized these institutions were not those who are contented with the ephemeral honour of expressing an affectionate sympathy or performing a holy deed, or vainly embalming their names among those of the benefactors of their race. They were men of large moral courage, of deep earnestness of soul, and of a high reach of aim. They had already seen deeply rooted institutions fall beneath the blow of indignant virtue, and had resolved, with God's blessing, to accomplish the object which they had in view. To their mental and bodily labour they added their *gold* and their *prayers*, and toiling under the powerful sceptre of this earthly trinity, they reckoned upon the support of that which is in heaven. The American Peace Society had from its origin contemplated a *Congress of Nations* as a means of advancing their cause, and a premium of thirty dollars, afterwards raised to fifty, was offered for the best essay on

the subject of a Congress of Nations. A few essays only were obtained; but in 1831 a gentleman of New York offered 500 dollars for the best essay on the subject, and 100 for the second best. About forty essays were the result of this liberal offer, and five of them occupy the large volume of admirable Prize Essays published in America in 1840. The London Peace Society offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay on peace and war, and twenty for the second best; and under its control countless numbers of tracts by male and female authors have been circulated throughout the empire.

Important as these measures have been in giving the public correct ideas of the principles of the peace associations, of the horrors of war, of the blessings of peace, and of their obligations as Christians, citizens, and men, another step was still wanting to give a cosmopolitan character to the National Associations. In August 1848, Mr. Elihu Burritt, the American apostle of peace, conceived the idea of assembling from all nations a Peace Congress in Paris. He addressed a circular on the subject to the most distinguished friends of the cause, and after a long and serious deliberation, the Peace Society of London resolved to give their most active exertions in the cause. Philanthropists from every country intimated their desire to be present; and with such powerful support, Mr. Burritt, fortified with introductions to the American Minister in London, set off for France, to solicit the concurrence of its government. He communicated in a letter to the Minister of the Interior the objects and views of the friends of peace; but though his proposal was kindly received, yet the peculiar political position of France was considered to be unfavourable for such a reunion. When this decision was laid before them, the Peace Societies of London, Manchester, and Birmingham, resolved to abandon their plan of meeting in Paris, and to take immediate measures for holding the Congress in Brussels. A deputation, consisting of Mr. Scoble of London and Mr. Bradshaw of Manchester, was accordingly appointed, and having been joined by Mr. Burritt, they set out for Belgium, with a letter of introduction from the Belgian Minister in London, Mr. Van der Weyer, to M. Rogier, the Minister of the Interior in Belgium. On their arrival in Brussels, the deputation was introduced to M. Rogier by Lord Howard de Walden, and the Minister of the United States, and after the kindest and frankest reception, every facility was promised for promoting the objects of the Congress. M. Rogier obtained for it the use of the magnificent hall of the Society of Great Harmony, and the use of a special train of the States

Railway from Ostend to Brussels, and relief from the Custom-house formalities. The first meeting of the deputation was held on the 10th of September in the saloons of the Minister of the Interior; and at the meeting a committee of organization was formed, consisting of M. Aug. Visschers as its president, and other individuals who held important offices and positions in the State.

In virtue of the arrangement made by the Committee, the first meeting of the Peace Congress was held at Brussels on the 20th September 1848, under the presidency of M. Auguste Visschers, Counsellor of Mines. The fine hall of the Great Harmony was magnificently decorated for the occasion: An allegorical statue with a bee-hive in its hand, with groups of the different attributes of the arts and sciences, agriculture and commerce, at its feet, rose behind the bureau: The whole was surrounded with shrubs and garlands of flowers, and the national banners of Belgium; while round the hall were suspended the national flags of England, France, the United States, Germany, Holland, and Italy. After the appointment of its office-bearers, the Congress was opened with a brief but excellent inaugural address by the president, M. Visschers, who closed it with the beautiful stanza which Béranger read at a fête given by M. De la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, on account of the evacuation of France by the Allies:

J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre,
Semant de l'or, des fleurs, et des épis.
L'air était calme, et du dieu de la Guerre
Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis.
"Ah! disait-elle, égaux par la vaillance,
Français, Anglais, Belge, Russe, ou Germain,
Peuples, fermez une sainte alliance,
Et donnez-vous le main."

The following proposition was the subject of discussion at the first sitting of the Congress:

The iniquity, the inhumanity, and the absurdity of war, as the means of settling differences between nations.

This great truth was supported by speeches profound in their logic, and impassioned in their eloquence, by M. F. Bouvet, Member of the National Assembly of France,—M. le Baron de Reiffenberg, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres of Belgium, Mr. Ewart and Mr. Silk Buckingham, Members of our own House of Commons, and the Rev. Henry Richard, the active Secretary of the Peace Society of London; and at the commencement of the second meeting, the following resolution, founded on the proposition, was adopted:

"The Congress declares that recourse to arms

for the settlement of international disputes, is a custom condemned alike by Religion, Morality, Reason, and Humanity, and, consequently, it is the duty of the civilized world, and necessary for its safety, to adopt suitable measures for the entire abolition of war."

The following proposition was then submitted for discussion:—*The utility and the necessity of the adoption by all governments in future treaties, of a clause by which differences that may arise between them, and might lead to an appeal to arms, shall be submitted to arbitration, and settled by means of mediation.*

After an able and argumentative letter from Mr. Cobden had been read to the meeting, the proposition above mentioned was eloquently defended by M. Chamerovzow, Secretary to the Society for the protection of Aborigines; M. Roussel, Professor in the University of Brussels; the Rev. M. Panchaud of Brussels; and M. Rastoul de Mongeot, an author; and at the commencement of the third sitting, the following resolution was adopted:

"It is of the highest importance to insist that governments shall, by means of arbitration, the principles of which shall be inserted in treaties, terminate in an amicable manner, and according to the rules of justice, all differences that may arise between nations,—special arbiters, or a supreme international court, deciding in the last resort."

The following proposition was then submitted to the consideration of the meeting:—

The utility of the convocation of a Congress, composed of delegates from all nations, the purpose of which shall be to form an international Code, which shall have for its object to place the relations of one State to another upon a solid and unanimously accepted basis, in order to secure, as far as possible, the maintenance of peace.

This proposition was well supported by M. Bertinatti of Turin, Mr. Henry Vincent of London, and, after an excellent letter on the subject from Dr. Bowring had been read, by Mr. Ewart, M. Scheler, Librarian to the King at Brussels, Mr. Henry Clapp of the United States, M. Bourson, and Mr. Somerset; and at the commencement of the next sitting, the following resolution was agreed to:—

"It is desirable that in future a Congress of Nations, composed of representatives of each of them, should unite in forming a Code to regulate international relations. The establishment of this Congress, and the adoption of a Code sanctioned by the Council of all nations, will be the best means of arriving at a universal peace."

The last proposition discussed by the Congress was—

To call the attention of governments to the advantages of a general disarmament, and to request respectfully the exchange of their good offices in order to secure the maintenance of pacific relations between nations, as well as the interests and progress of humanity. This proposition was defended in a written note from Mr. William Stokes, agent of the Peace Society of London, by M. Alvin, director of public instruction at Brussels, M. L'Abbé Louis, chief of the institution at Brussels, M. Roussel, Mr. Henry Vincent, M. Huet, professor in the university of Ghent, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Bath, and Mr. Roberts, a mulatto, and governor of the colony of Liberia, who had succeeded in inducing several of the savage tribes under his influence to insert in their treaties a clause referring their differences to the government of Liberia.

The Congress concluded its sittings on the 22d September by the usual formalities of a vote of thanks to the President, and a warm acknowledgment of the hospitality of M. Vischers, and of M. Rogier, the minister of the interior. A soirée, held in the same hall in which the Congress met, was brilliantly attended by the beauty and fashion of Brussels; and after leaving a sum of 1000 francs for the best essay on the subjects discussed at the Congress,* the delegates of the different Peace Societies took an affectionate leave of their Belgian friends.

The impression which was everywhere made by the discussions, in this the first Peace Congress, was admirably maintained by the subsequent labours of its members. An address, explaining the principles of the Congress, was presented to Lord John Russell on the 30th of October, by a deputation of Englishmen and foreigners. His Lordship expressed himself in the kindest terms regarding the sentiments which actuated the Congress; he approved of meetings of that kind, as disseminating among the people ideas of wisdom and moderation; and he emphatically assured the deputation, that in case of any differences arising with another nation, if that nation should propose to refer it to arbitration, the English Government would always regard it as their duty to take such a request into the most serious consideration.

Thus encouraged by the British minister, a great public meeting of the friends of peace was held in *Exeter Hall* on the 31st October 1848, under the presidency of Mr. Hindley, when speeches of great eloquence and power

were delivered by Mr. Ewart, who presided, and Messrs. S. Gurney, Cobden, Brock, F. Bastiat, Horace Say, Joseph Garnier, Mr. Pottier, and Mr. Mahan of Ohio. On this occasion M. Josselin, a young French magistrate, in the uniform of the National Guard, happened to enter the Assembly. He was immediately conducted to the platform, where the plaudits with which he was received testified the sympathy and good feeling towards the French people which animated our countrymen. Influential meetings at Birmingham and Manchester followed immediately that of London, and the public mind was thus prepared for the next great step taken in the cause of peace.

Mr. Cobden, who had already triumphed over the prejudices and interests of a powerful party in the State, by his successful exertions for the repeal of the corn laws, had given notice of a motion in the House of Commons:—

“That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that she will be graciously pleased to direct her principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to enter into communication with foreign powers, inviting them to concur in treaties binding the respective parties, in the event of any future misunderstanding, *which cannot be arranged by amicable negotiation*, to refer the matter in dispute to the decision of arbitrators.”

With the view of supporting this motion upwards of 150 meetings were held in different parts of the empire, and about a thousand petitions, containing *two hundred thousand* signatures, were presented to the House of Commons in favour of the proposition.

This important proposal, which we believe embodies the anxious wishes of all the piety, and philanthropy, and disinterested talent of England, was submitted to the House on the 12th June 1849. It was moved by Mr. Cobden, in a speech rich in its facts, logical in its argument, sagacious in its views, and warm and affectionate in its humanity. Lord Robert Grosvenor, Mr. Hobhouse, (now Lord Broughton,) Mr. Milner Gibson, and Mr. Roebuck, supported it with great eloquence and powerful argument; and the previous question was moved by Lord Palmerston, and supported by Lord John Russell, in speeches of deep interest and good feeling. Lord Palmerston, with his usual ability, gave an interesting and statesmanlike view of our foreign relations. The two ministers fully admitted the principle of the resolution, and acknowledged the benefit that would arise from it; but they believed that peace might be maintained by the *old method of negotiation*, and cited the many recent occasions in which they had preserved peace without the *new method of arbitration*. In thus contrasting

* Twenty-two memoirs in competition for this prize were received before the specified time, the 1st June, 1849, and two afterwards; and on the 6th August the Committee of the Royal Academy of Belgium adjudged the 1000 francs to M. Bara, advocate, residing at Mons.

the two methods of settling national differences, Lord John Russell has thoroughly, we are sure unwittingly, misrepresented the proposition in debate. The friends of peace value and desire to uphold the old method of negotiation, and they honour the present Government for its frequent and successful application. The method of arbitration is not to *supersede* but to *supplement* the method of negotiation,—not to lower the character and weaken the influence of the negotiator, but with a court of appeal at his side, to moderate his patriotism and diminish his responsibility.

When all negotiation has failed, and all mutual concessions become unavailing—when the negotiators part in sullen civility, and with ferocious intent—when letters of marque are about to be issued, to sink or to seize the commercial treasures that are floating on the deep, to consign our fathers or our sons to a watery grave or a hostile dungeon—to demolish or to burn the castle or the cottage home that Providence has placed on our shores,—in such a crisis the friends of peace ask for the security of a written obligation, that the miserable question—perhaps one of false honour, perhaps one of filthy lucre—shall be settled by arbitration. They ask not that the Arbiter shall dispossess the Ambassador: He is to replace neither the soldier nor the sailor who defend their country, but the pirate and the burglar who disgrace it. The man, however, for whom Providence has reserved the noble destiny of the world's peacemaker, has still to assume the functions of a minister. The ideal, however, is but truth in the distance, and its living representative has not yet breathed among the senators of Europe. On the world's dial, indeed, the sun of peace and of knowledge has not yet culminated,—it has but gilded our mountain tops with its auroral beam; yet, in its diminishing shadows and glowing brightness we trace its upward path, and believe in its meridian destination.

"We see the war-crushed nations stand
To catch the noontide blaze in turn;
We see from ready hand to hand
The bright, but struggling glory burn:
And each, as she receives the flame,
Kindles the altar with its ray,
Then, turning to the next that came,
She speeds it on its sparkling way."

In confirmation of these hopes and views we have only to state, and we state it in triumph, that Mr. Cobden's motion, though negatived by a majority of ninety-seven, was supported by the votes of *seventy-nine* independent members of the House. What a glorious contrast does this result exhibit to us, and what hopes does it not inspire, when we recollect that the first proposition for repealing

the corn laws was supported in the House of Commons by only *fourteen* votes!

The Second General Peace Congress assembled in Paris on the 22d August 1849, and held its sittings for three days, under the presidency of M. VICTOR HUGO, equally distinguished as a statesman and a poet. M. Dufaure, the minister of the interior, had readily given his authority for a meeting which he characterized as philanthropic, and as having a high character of international utility; and he at the same time exempted 500 of the English members from the necessity of obtaining passports and submitting their baggage to examination. M. Lacrosse, the minister of public works, "applauded most heartily the efforts which the Congress were making for the propagation of the noble idea of universal peace;" and he expressed his "sincere desire to behold the time of, at least, its partial realization," which "he hoped might be hastened by the numerous international relations which were being daily created by the vast development of the means of communication all over the face of Europe." M. F. Lesseps, ex-minister plenipotentiary at Rome, MM. Thierry, Tissot, and Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, all members of the Institute, became members of the Congress, and numerous professors from every university in Europe and America, and many clergymen, followed in their train. The National Assembly sent to the Congress some of its most distinguished members, and the Catholic Church its learned and its pious primate. M. Marie Dominique Auguste, Archbishop of Paris, would have accepted the presidency of the Congress had his health permitted, and he in vain requested the permission of his physician to attend one of its sittings. In announcing himself as a member of the Congress, he declares, "that war is a remnant of ancient barbarism, and that it is accordant with the spirit of Christianity to desire the disappearance of this formidable scourge from the face of the earth, and to make strenuous efforts to obtain this noble and generous end;" and in the following year, when he had witnessed the state of feeling in France, this noble prelate addressed the president of the Congress at Frankfort in the following words:—

"Myself, a man of peace, minister of a God who has said of himself that he was 'meek and lowly of heart,' I applaud these efforts of the friends of pence to establish concord on the earth, and to banish wars and divisions. This is a grand object; an object essentially Christian. We cannot yet attain it, but there is a strong tendency towards its attainment. These public manifestations, expressed by these Congresses, prepare and form opinion, which is always the queen of the world. When public opinion shall

be decidedly pronounced against violence and brute force, to terminate the differences which arise among nations, their rulers will be obliged to consider among themselves what to do, and wars will become more and more rare.

"But above all, by the development of this Christian spirit among men of peace, when it shall be solidly established on the earth, when humanity shall form only one family, when men shall look upon one another as brothers, when the Church shall have, only faithful children, and the passions be subdued, when feelings of selfishness shall give place to those of justice and charity, then will peace descend to the earth; there shall be peace on earth and good will among men.

"We shall in vain, Monsieur le Président, seek for combinations founded on reason and on the material interests of man. They are impotent. It is the heart of the people which must be changed. This great and salutary revolution on the earth cannot be effected except by the aid of a fulcrum taken from heaven. May all the friends of peace, therefore, be, above all, the friends of Christianity! Let them promote its operation on and among themselves. It is the sole means of real efficacy to attain the end proposed, and which we are all engaged to promote. May God supremely bless our common efforts, and incline the hearts of the people toward gentleness and love, which are, indeed, at the foundation of all religion!"

Under auspices like these, where religion, and science, and literature, and political wisdom, had united their torches in one common flame, the proceedings of the Congress were conducted with affectionate unanimity, with brilliant eloquence, and with the inspiration of a living faith in their cause. The ideal passed into the real; the imagination and the judgment proclaimed the same truths; and in the ignorance, the inhumanity, and the anarchy of the past, earnest men, whose convictions neither bigotry nor self-interest could shake, saw the dawn of enlightened times, the downfall of bloody institutions, and the blessed millennium of universal peace.

These interesting features, so seldom exhibited in the discussions of men of all nations and creeds, shone pre-eminently in the inaugural address of the president, M. VICTOR HUGO. We regret that we can find room only for some of its separate paragraphs.

"Gentlemen, this sacred idea, universal peace, all nations bound together in a common bond, the Gospel for their supreme law, mediation substituted for war—this holy sentiment, I ask you, is it practicable? Can it be realized? Many practical men, many public men grown old in the management of affairs, answer in the negative. But I answer with you, and I answer without hesitation,—Yes! and I shall shortly try to prove it to you. I go still further. I do not merely say it is capable of being put into practice, but I add that it is inevitable, and that its

execution is only a question of time, and may be hastened or retarded. The law which rules the world is not, cannot be different from the law of God. But the divine law is not one of war—it is peace. Men commenced by conflict, as the creation did by chaos. Whence are they coming? From wars—that is evident. But whither are they going? To peace—that is equally evident. When you enunciate those sublime truths, it is not to be wondered at that your assertion should be met by a negative; it is easy to understand that your faith will be encountered by incredulity; it is evident that in this period of trouble and of dissension the idea of universal peace must surprise and shock, almost like the apparition of something impossible and ideal; it is quite clear that all will call it Utopian; but for me, who am but an obscure labourer in this great work of the nineteenth century, I accept this opposition without being astonished or discouraged by it. Is it possible that you can do otherwise than turn aside your head and shut your eyes, as if in bewilderment, when in the midst of the darkness which still envelops you, you suddenly open the door that lets in the light of the future?"

After referring to the time when the various provinces of France, now in peaceful union, were engaged in contest and bloody wars, he anticipates on similar grounds the pacification of Europe.

"A day will come, when you, France—you, Russia—you, Italy—you, England—you, Germany—all of you, nations of the Continent, will, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and constitute an European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, have been blended into France. A day will come when the only battle-field will be the market open to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bomb-shells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great Sovereign Senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen placed in the presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their produce, their commerce, their industry, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the deserts, improving creation under the eye of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, these two irresistible and infinite powers, the fraternity of men and the power of God. Nor is it necessary that four hundred years should pass away for that day to come. We live in a rapid period, in the most impetuous current of events and ideas which has ever borne away humanity; and

at the period in which we live, a year suffices to do the work of a century.

"But French, English, Germans, Russians, Slaves, Europeans, Americans, what have we to do in order to hasten the advent of that great day? We must love each other! To love each other is, in this immense labour of pacification, the best manner of aiding God! God desires that this sublime object should be accomplished. And to arrive at it you are yourselves witnesses of what the Deity is doing on all sides. See what discoveries are every day issuing from human genius—discoveries which all tend to the same object—Peace! What immense progress! What simplification! How Nature is allowing herself to be more and more subjugated by man! How matter every day becomes still more the handmaid of intellect, and the auxiliary of civilisation! How the causes of war vanish with the causes of suffering! How people far separated from each other so lately, now almost touch! How distances become less and less; and this rapid approach, what is it but the commencement of fraternity! Thanks to railroads, Europe will soon be no larger than France was in the middle ages. Thanks to steam-ships, we now traverse the mighty ocean more easily than the Mediterranean was formerly crossed. Before long, men will traverse the earth, as the gods of Homer did the sky, in three paces! But yet a little time, and the electric wire of concord shall encircle the globe and embrace the world. And here, gentlemen, when I contemplate this vast amount of efforts and of events, all of them marked by the finger of God—when I regard this sublime object, the wellbeing of mankind—peace, when I reflect on all that Providence has done in favour of it, and human policy against it, a sad and bitter thought presents itself to my mind."

After asserting that the nations of Europe expend annually for the maintenance of armies a sum of *two thousand millions of francs*, (a hundred millions sterling nearly,) he thus proceeds:—

"If for the last thirty-two years this enormous sum had been expended in this manner, America in the meantime aiding Europe, know you what would have happened? The face of the world would have been changed. Isthmuses would be cut through, channels formed for rivers, tunnels bored through mountains. Railroads would cover the two continents; the merchant navy of the globe would have increased a hundred-fold. There would be nowhere barren plains, nor moors, nor marshes. Cities would be found where there are now only deserts. Ports would be sunk where there are now only rocks. Asia would be rescued to civilisation; Africa would be rescued to man; abundance would gush forth on every side, from every vein of the earth, at the touch of man, like the living stream from the rock beneath the rod of Moses. Misery would be no longer found; and with misery, what do you think would disappear?—Revolutions. Yes, the face of the world would be changed! In place of mutually destroying each other, men would pacifically extend themselves over the earth. In place of conspiring for revolution,

men would combine to establish colonies! In place of introducing barbarism into civilisation, civilisation would replace barbarism."

When M. Visschers, the President of the Brussels Congress, had given an account of the progress of the Peace cause during the last year, the president presented to M. Bara a case containing bank-notes of the value of 1000 francs; and he announced that a prize of 500 francs would be awarded to the author of the best collection of extracts from ancient and modern authors, upon the horrors and evils of war; and that the *Société de la Morale Chrétienne* would give a prize of the same value for the best collection of extracts upon the benefits of peace.

In discussing the proposal for international arbitration, an excellent essay on the subject, by the Rev. Dr. Godwin, was read to the meeting; the Rev. John Burnet of London, M.M. de Gueroult, Hippolyte Peut, the Rev. Asa Mahan of the Oberlin Institute, Ohio, and Mr. Henry Vincent of London, addressed the Congress in powerful and energetic speeches.

The subject of a general and simultaneous disarmament, which was the topic for the second sitting, was advocated in an eloquent speech by the Rev. Athanase Coquerel, by one less stirring from the Vice-President, M. W. H. Suringar of Amsterdam, and in a noble address by M. Francisque Bouvet of the French National Assembly, and Vice-President of the Brussels Congress. In answer to the presumptuous declaration that Peace is impossible, M. Coquerel asserted that nothing is impossible but that which is false, which is wicked, which is antihuman, and antichristian. But everything that is true and good, everything that is Christian and divine, is possible: if it were not so, we could do nothing but despair; the way of progress would be closed for ever to man; and to sum up all in one word, man would be no longer man, and God no longer God. M. Bouvet, after declaring the last councils of the Catholic Church, which prohibited liberty of discussion, to have been the cause of modern wars and revolutions, concluded with the following peculiar observation:—

"We have seen them issue from the obscurity of the middle ages by the light of the stakes erected for the punishment of heresy in the 16th century. Since that period the spirit of life has been separated from the spirit of order. The one giving rise to revolutions always incomplete, and often deceptive in their results; the other remaining isolated in its own see of Rome, sustained by the pagan arm of political monarchies, growing feebler every day, like a tree without sap, whose foliage has dropped off through old age, and whose trunk may indeed still offer some resistance to the storm, but can no longer yield a

tutelar shelter to society. The question being thus stated, the solution of the problem is clearly indicated. We must restore with the elements of modern civilisation, those grand deliberative and judicial assemblies which formerly existed in Christendom, and thither we shall see returning from all sides, like bees laden with booty to the common hive, the different elements of social order, religious, scientific, and œconomic, to form, in a holy association, the positive religion of nations. Then will a universal disarmament take place—then will be established permanent peace among all nations.”

The discussion was continued by Mr. H. Vincent, M. Jules Avigdor of Nice, and M. Emile de Girardin, in a singularly powerful speech, at the close of which the whole assembly rose and greeted him with enthusiastic cheers. Mr. Ewart then ascended the tribune, and was followed by M. Frederic Bastiat of the National Assembly, and by Mr. Cobden, whose admirable speech terminated the sitting.

The third sitting of the Congress was opened by the reading of a letter from the illustrious poet Béranger, who had been prevented from attending by an attack of illness. He expressed his earnest desire for the success of this generous assemblage of distinguished men, and gave his hearty approbation to the initiative, which they had had the courage to take at a time apparently so little disposed for peace. It was now intimated to the meeting, that M. Lacrosse, who had previously opened all the national palaces and public establishments to the foreign members of Congress, had also ordered the great waterworks at Versailles to play on the following Monday, in place of Sunday, in order to suit the religious scruples of the English and American members; and after voting thanks to the Minister, the business commenced with a long and excellent essay “On a Congress of Nations,” by Mr. Elihu Burritt. The Abbé Deguerry and Mr. Amasa Walker of Massachusetts continued the discussion in well considered speeches, and they were followed by Dr. Bodenstead of Berlin, Mr. Hindley, M.P., Mr. Edward Miall, and Mr. Cobden. Mr. William Brown, an escaped slave from the United States, made a short speech, and the Rev. Mr. Pennington of New York, once a slave, but now a Presbyterian minister, spoke in a special manner of the condition of the negro population, which he estimated at *twelve millions*, one half of whom were then in servitude to the whites. After a vote of thanks was passed to the French Government for their liberal countenance and splendid hospitalities, and another to the President, M. Victor Hugo returned thanks, and closed the Congress in an eloquent speech, with the following interesting statement:—

“This morning, at the opening of this session,

at the moment when a Christian priest was enchanting you all by the spell of his sublime and soul-penetrating eloquence, at that moment, some one, a member of this assembly, of whose name I am ignorant, reminded him that the present day, the 24th of August, is the anniversary of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. The Catholic priest turned aside his venerable head, unwilling to think upon this lamentable occurrence. Well! for my part, I accept the omen, I adopt the recollection. Yes, two hundred and seventy-seven years ago from this very day, Paris—the Paris in which we are now assembled—awoke in terror; in the midst of the night, a bell, which was called the silver bell, tolled at the Palace of Justice—the Catholics ran to arms, the Protestants were surprised in their sleep, and a wholesale murder, a massacre, a crime in which commingled hatreds of all kinds, both religious, civil, and political, a crime of the deepest and blackest dye, was committed. Well! to-day, on the same day, in the same town, God summons all these hatreds before him, and commands them to be changed into love! God takes away from this fatal anniversary its sinister signification; where there had been a spot of blood, He puts a ray of light; in the place of an idea of vengeance, of fanaticism, and of war, He substitutes an idea of reconciliation, of tolerance and of peace; and, thanks to Him, by his will, thanks to the progress which He effects and ordains in this world, precisely on this fatal day of the 24th August, and so to speak, almost under the shadow of that tower which gave the signal for the massacre, not only English and French, Italians and Germans, Europeans and Americans, but also those who were called Papists, and those who were called Huguenots, recognise each other as brethren, and unite in a close and henceforth indissoluble embrace! Dare now to deny progress! But, know this well, the man who denies progress is a monster of impiety, the man who denies progress denies providence, for providence and progress are one and the same thing, and progress is only one of the human names of the eternal God! Brethren, I accept your acclamations, and I offer them to future generations. Yes! may this day be a memorable day, may it mark the end of the effusion of human blood; may it mark the end of massacres and wars; may it inaugurate the commencement of the reign of peace and concord upon earth, and may it be said—The 24th of August, 1572, is effaced and disappears before the 24th of August, 1849!”

On the 25th of August, the members and visitors of the Congress spent the day in viewing the various public edifices and exhibitions which had been thrown open for their inspection; and in the evening they attended a grand soirée, given in honour of the Congress by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his lady, Madame de Tocqueville. The magnificent suite of reception rooms at the *Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères* was thrown open for their reception. A band of music was in attendance, and the garden was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. Several members of the diplomatic body and of the National Assembly, and many

of the public functionaries, enjoyed the hospitality of their distinguished host, and like him conversed freely with the leading orators of the Congress.

On Monday the 27th August, the Peace Delegates visited Versailles, where they were received at the gates of the palace by officers waiting their arrival. The great fountains threw their jets to the skies, amid the joyous sounds of English cheers, and to the delight of between thirty and forty thousand spectators. The palace of St. Cloud was likewise opened for the reception of the Congress, and the great cascade was illuminated in their honour. Nothing was omitted by the authorities in Paris to shew their respect for the missionaries of peace. The liberality of the Government, and the hospitality of its most distinguished members, will never be effaced from the memory of those who enjoyed it; and we feel that, in future times, the feelings which were inspired, and the truths which were taught from the Tribune of Peace, will yet exercise a beneficial influence in promoting the highest interests of France, and the continued tranquillity of Europe.

The Third Peace Congress was held at Frankfort on the 22d, 23d, and 24th August 1850, under the presidency of M. Jaup, lately Prime Minister of Hesse-Darmstadt. Through the kindness of the Consistory of the Lutheran Church, the meetings were held in St. Paul's Church, a magnificent circular edifice, capable of holding between two and three thousand persons. Among the many interesting letters of sympathy and adhesion which were received at this meeting, we must specially distinguish those of two of the greatest men on whose brow science has already planted her wreath of immortality—Baron Von Humboldt and Baron Liebig. In his great work, entitled *Cosmos*, the illustrious patriarch of science had long ago given his opinion on the subject of universal peace.

"The one idea," he says, "which history exhibits as, is the *idea of humanity*—the noble distinctness ever more developing itself into greater endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views, and by setting aside the distinction of religion, country, and colour, to treat the whole human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."

In his letter of apology, on account of his inability to attend the meeting at Frankfort, addressed to the president and members, this fine idea is more fully developed.

"The general peace which our Continent has now so long enjoyed, and the praiseworthy efforts of many governments to avert the oft-threatening dangers of a general European war, prove that the ideas which so prominently occupy your

minds are in accordance with the sentiments called forth and diffused by the increased culture of humanity. It is a useful enterprise to inspire such sentiments in the commonwealth by public conferences, and, at the same time, to point out the way through which wise and sincere governments may, by fostering the progressive and legitimate development and perfectibility of free institutions, weaken the long-accumulated elements of animosity.

"How much mildness of manners, and an improved order in the organization of states, have confined within narrower limits the wild outbursts of physical violence, may be seen by comparing the first middle ages with modern times. The whole history of the past shews, that, under the protection of a superior power, a long-nourished yearning after a nobler aim in the life of nations, will at length find its consummation. Has not a disgraceful legislation, conniving at, yea, even encouraging, the infamous system of slavery and the traffic in human beings, at least on our Continent, and in the independent States of former Spanish America, yielded to the united efforts of the better part of mankind?"

"We must not, then, relinquish the hope that a path will open, by which all hostile divisions and contracting jealousies will gradually disappear. The whole history of the world teaches, to use the expression of a statesman long departed, 'that the idea of humanity becomes, in the course of centuries, ever more visible, in a more enlarged acceptance, and proclaims its animating power.'"

After the president had delivered a brief introductory address, the usual topics of discourse were taken up by the Rev. John Burnet, the Rev. M. Bonnet of the Reformed Church at Frankfort, and M. De Cormenin, formerly member of the French Constituent Assembly, and Councillor of State. Emile de Girardin and by M. Visschers followed with able speeches. A long address from the friends of peace at Philadelphia was then read; and after an effective speech from Mr. Cobden, the resolution in favour of arbitration was carried by acclamation, and the sitting adjourned.

It is a remarkable circumstance that General Haynau was present at this sitting, and his presence was thus alluded to by Mr. Cobden:—

"Among the visitors to-day is a stranger whom I little expected to meet at a Peace Congress. The last great meeting I attended in England, I found myself side by side with General Klapka, and now I find myself almost shoulder to shoulder with General Haynau. Now, when we see the two leading generals who were recently opposed to each other coming to Peace meetings and Peace Congresses, I begin to entertain no doubt that the world is opening its eyes to the justice of our principle. These generals themselves seem not to be perfectly satisfied, whether they are victors or whether they belong to the vanquished; they seem not to be quite satisfied in their own minds of the righteousness of their

tribunal, when they attend the Congresses of the friends of Peace. Now, it is not likely that any of our peace friends will pay a visit to General Haynau in his camp. I wish to say nothing which would deter the leaders of our opponents from the progress of opinion; but I must say that General Haynau was about the last man that I thought we should have converted. I take this as a sign of progress which is safe and sure when founded upon those principles which have been laid down at the meeting to-day, founded upon the common interests and the common humanity of all living men."

At the second sessional meeting the subject of standing armaments was ably discussed by Mr. Hindley, M.P., and Rabbi Stein of Frankfort, who concluded with these words:—

"Yes, gentlemen, whenever I behold a locomotive engine rushing along with the speed of the wind, with its column of cloud and fire, I am reminded of that miraculous column of cloud by day and fire by night, which went before the people of Israel into the land of promise. Our ancient teachers say that that column gave way to no obstacle; mountains were levelled before it, hills were dispersed like dust. Even thus will be our journey into the land of the promised universal peace: God goeth before us, and every obstacle must disappear. And never do I behold those wonderful wires that carry upon their wings the words of men with the rapidity of thought, without a feeling of rapture at the reflection, that an electric current is passing through the hearts of men; that we are placed within the magic circle of love, which conveys from man to man, from nation to nation, the vibrating motion of its presence. It is, however, the spirit of the times that carries every thought with the rapidity of lightning through the world. To this spirit of the times, one of God's messengers, may be applied what was said of one of the liberators of America, Franklin—

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

M. Joseph Garnier, Dr. Bullard, U.S., M. E. Girardin, Dr. Hitchcock, President of Amersham College, U.S., the Rev. E. B. Hall, U.S., and Mr. Cobden, followed in the same line of argument; and the subject of disproving of foreign loans for paying the expense of war having been discussed by Herr Ducker from Holland, M. E. Girardin, and Herr Zachariah of Stettin, the sitting was adjourned.

At the third and last sitting the subject of non-intervention was introduced, and a resolution condemning it was moved by Kah-Ge-Gah-Bowh, (Firm-standing,) now the Rev. G. Copway, lately a chief of the Red Indian tribes! He addressed the Congress in an animated speech, which he closed with the following words:

"When I look at this assembly I am astonish-

ed—astonished at its success; when I consider the state of Europe, and the difficulties to have been overcome, difficulties which rise up like hills and mountains in the way of civilization—and being thus astonished, who need wonder if I predict that the time must soon come when all the courts of Europe will send its representatives say to this Congress, even Rome itself? You may think this is not possible. It is possible: as much so as the existence of those mighty machineries which your forefathers would have called miraculous. When I left my country in the West, my aged father came to me and said, 'Here, my son, take this,'—(unrolling the Indian pipe of peace:) yes, when I took my seat at this table, many persons seemed afraid to sit near me, as if I had arms in my hand; but, Mr. President, it is not a weapon of war, it is a weapon of peace, which, in the name of my countrymen, I present to you—it is our calumet. And I will add, of the great question of Peace—

"Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole."

After a short speech from Dr. Weil of Frankfort, Dr. Bodenstedt of Berlin addressed the meeting in English; but having entered upon the discussion of the Schleswig-Holstein question, which was contrary to the standing order of the Congress, that reference to present political events should be avoided, he yielded to the request of the president. Dr. Bodenstedt "had arrived only that morning from Berlin, bringing with him an address to the Congress, signed by the leading men of the Constitutional party in that city, as well as by the ambassador of Schleswig-Holstein, entreating the Congress to appoint a Commission of Inquiry into the matters at issue between Denmark and the Duchies, with a view to put a stop to that deplorable and unnatural war. But the Committee, before whom this proposal was laid at a preliminary meeting, did not feel that this was a work which lay properly within the province of the Congress." Had the two contending parties sent an official offer to submit their differences to the arbitration of the Congress, the case would have had another aspect; but under the present circumstances any interference on the part of the Congress would have been justly regarded as a violation of the very principle of non-intervention, which the Congress had laid down for the government of States.

The subject under discussion having been resumed by M. E. Girardin, and pursued by Dr. Creizenach of Frankfort, Mr. Edward Miall, and Signor Madona from Piedmont, Dr. Jaup read a short historical treatise on the principle of non-intervention as recognised in the law of nations. Mr. Burritt then, in a vigorous speech, submitted a resolution on the subject of a general congress of the represen-

tatives of the various states, with a view to the formation of a code of international laws. The resolution was supported by various speakers, English, French, and German, and after being unanimously adopted, M. Cormenin moved the following supplementary resolution :

"The Congress condemns the practice of *duelling* between individuals, equally with war between nations; and every person joining this Society binds himself not to be a party to a duel, and ceases to be a member if he violates the pledge."

When the proposition had been seconded by Mr. Cobden, and the resolution was about to be put, M. Emile Girardin, who is well known to have given the mortal wound to M. Armand Carrel, rose and said,—

"Duelling is war between individuals. We here give a guarantee to obtain credit, and that guarantee is to be found in the solemnity of our acts—that guarantee is to deny duelling publicly and openly. A legislative assembly has, at this moment, as subject for future debate, a law upon duelling. In my life there is a painful reminiscence. I fought a fatal duel twenty years ago, and I still feel remorse for it at this moment. If we were to leave no other trace in Frankfort than this resolution, we might say we had done enough."

When the resolution had been adopted, the Rev. Henry Richard moved different votes of thanks to the authorities at Frankfort for their liberality and kindness. The Congress agreed to hold their next meeting in London in 1851; and after thanks had been returned to Mr. Jaup, the president, the proceedings of the Congress were closed.

The Fourth Congress of Peace met in London on the 22d of July, 1851, under the presidency of Sir David Brewster. Its meetings were held in Exeter Hall, a building which could accommodate upwards of four thousand persons; and owing to the vast number of strangers whom the Great Exhibition had brought to our metropolis, the attendance of the friends of peace to countenance and advance its cause was numerous and brilliant beyond all former example. In the two temples of peace, then filled with all that is great and noble and estimable in society, there were assembled two different classes of true worshippers. In the one, beauty, piety, and philanthropy were listening to strains of eloquence and poetry, addressed to their reason and their humanity. In the other, the prince and the peer, and the citizen and the peasant, were learning the anthem of peace, which through every heart thrilled from the countless creations of industry and genius. No

sounds of battle were heard there. The brazen throats of war thundered no death-notes from their polished lungs, and the implements of battle hung around in peaceful isolation, guiltless of human blood, and forged for the admiration, not for the destruction, of man. They disappeared even among the fabrics and products that were to deck the prince and the peasant; among the luxuries that were to cheer them; among the mechanisms of advanced civilisation, and among the instruments of science that are yet to explore the invisible creation at our feet, and make known to man the distant glories of the universe. Unfurled above all these elements of peace rose the meteor flags of Europe, that had often "burned terrific" above her bloodiest battle-fields; but though now dimmed before the brighter banners of industry and commerce, the patriot still sees under the symbols which they bear the deeds of the heroes that had carried them to victory, while he feels, and glories in the feeling, that war's troubled night has passed, and that the star of peace has returned.

Although the thousands that assembled for three days in Exeter Hall could not be compared with the hundreds of thousands which thronged the Crystal Palace, yet it has been stated, on authority which cannot be doubted, that there had never before been gathered in the British metropolis an assembly embodying so large an amount of the highest elements of English society, its intelligence, its moral and religious worth, as that which met to plead the cause of peace and philanthropy. More than a thousand men were there from every district of the United Kingdom, representing all the principal cities of the empire, and selected, for the most part, on account of the honourable local distinction they had acquired among their fellow-citizens. There, also, were the official delegates from the important municipal and religious bodies—the chief magistrates from many towns—the parliamentary representatives of not a few influential constituencies—more than two hundred ministers of religion of various denominations, appointed by their respective congregations—eminent professors in our collegiate establishments, and a considerable body of men inferior to none in this country for their scientific, literary, and theological attainments.

Of the foreign delegates America sent upwards of *sixty*, representing *sixteen* different States in the Union, some of whom had travelled more than a thousand miles before they embarked on the Atlantic. France and Germany, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Holland, Sweden and Norway, sent also their contingent; and thus were arrayed on the neutral ground of humanity, a brotherhood from

nations that had often assembled on the battle-field, for the purposes of vengeance and mutual destruction.

Such was the composition of the Congress of Peace, as held in the capital of the British Isles. Lest we mislead our readers, we must tell them also who were not there. No member of the British Cabinet, either of the past or of the present, was there; no expectant, and no occupant of place; no British or Irish or Scottish peer; no Archbishop or Bishop or Golden canon was there; no Catholic priest; no Erastian Presbyterian; no teacher from our national universities; no worshipper of the muses, to welcome the Lamartines, the Victor Hugos, and the Bérangers of other lands; no military, or naval hero, with star and medal, was there; no healer of gunshot wounds; no spiritual stipendiary of the camp; no compounder of gunpowder; no primer of copper caps; and no stretcher of kettle-drums: Nor saw we there the rigger of our hearts of oak and our hulls of iron—of the Bloodhound and the Bulldog; of the Devastator and the Firebrand; of the Savage and the Serpent; of the Vindictive and the Vengeance—those arks of mercy, freighted with the benevolence of gun-cotton and grape-shot, to make friends of natural enemies—to civilize aboriginal barbarians; and, perchance, what no Englishman can do, to stifle liberty in its cradle—replace the man of sin on his unrighteous throne, and restore the inquisitor to his bloody judgment-seat.

We record not these facts as proofs either of hostility or indifference to the interests of humanity. They have, doubtless, some other origin, which may be discovered in the nature and peculiarities of our institutions; but when the foreign members of the Congress recollect the respect and hospitality which they received from Cabinet Ministers and official men in Paris, Brussels, and Frankfort, and the support freely proffered to their cause by distinguished generals, both in France and Germany, they may be excused for misinterpreting the coldness and inhospitality of our political, military, and municipal authorities.

After the Bureau of the Congress had been constituted, Sir David Brewster, as President, delivered the inaugural address, of which we can find room only for the following extracts:—

"I should have shrunk," said he, "from occupying the chair in which your kindness has placed me, were I required to address to you any formal and lengthened argument in favour of the grand object which the Congress of Peace has been organized to accomplish. I shall consider this part of my duty discharged by a brief reference to the nature and the justice of the cause which we are this day met to plead. The principle for

which we claim your sympathy and ask your support, is, that war undertaken to settle differences between nations is the relic of a barbarous age, equally condemned by religion, by reason, and by justice. The question, 'What is war?' has been more frequently asked than answered; and I hope that there may be in this assembly some eloquent individual who has seen it in its realities, and who is willing to tell us what he has seen. Most of you, like myself, know it only in poetry and romance. We have wept over the epics and the ballads which celebrate the tragedies of war. We have followed the warrior in his career of glory, without tracing the line of blood along which he has marched. We have worshipped the demigod in the temple of fame, in ignorance of the cruelties and crimes by which he climbed its steep. It is only from the soldier himself, and in the language of the eye that has seen its agonies, and of the ear that has heard its shrieks, that we can obtain a correct idea of the miseries of war. Though far from our happy shores, many of us may have seen it in its ravages and in its results—in the green mound which marks the recent battle-field—in the shattered forest—in the razed and desolate village, and, perchance, in the widows and the orphans which it made! And yet this is but the memory of war—the faint shadow of its dread realities—the reflection but of its blood, and the echoes but of its thunder. I shudder when imagination carries me to the sanguinary field—to the death struggles between men who are husbands and fathers and brothers—to the horrors of the siege and the sack—to the deeds of rapine and violence and murder, in which neither age nor sex is spared. To men who reason, and who feel while they reason, nothing in the history of their species appears more inexplicable, than that war, the child of barbarism, should exist in an age enlightened and civilized, when the arts of peace have attained the highest perfection, and when science has brought into personal communion nations the most distant, and races the most unfriendly. But it is more inexplicable still, that war should exist where Christianity has for nearly 2000 years been shedding its gentle light, and that it should be defended by arguments drawn from the Scriptures themselves. If the sure word of prophecy has told us that the time must come when men shall learn the art of war no more, it is doubtless our duty, and it shall be our work, to hasten its fulfilment, and upon the anvil of Christian truth, and with the brawny arm of indignant reason, to beat the sword into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook. I am ashamed, in a Christian community, to defend on Christian principles the cause of universal peace. He who proclaimed peace on earth and good-will to man; who commands us to love our enemies, and to do good to them who despitefully use us and persecute us; he who counsels us to hold up the left cheek when the right is smitten, will never acknowledge as disciples, or admit into his immortal family, the sovereign or the minister who shall send the fiery cross over tranquil Europe, and summon the bloodhounds of war to settle the disputes and gratify the animosities of nations."

After alluding to the adhesion of the Archbishop of Paris, and the opinion of Bishop Porteous, he remarks :—

“ War is, by its friends, deemed a condition of man in his state of trial. It has, they allege, been part of the Divine government for six thousand years, and it will, therefore, continue till that government has ceased. It is, consequently, as they argue, wholly Utopian to attempt to subvert what is a law of Providence, and what seems part and parcel of our fallen nature. If the combativeness of man, as evinced in his history, is thus a necessary condition of his humanity, and is for ever to have its issue in war, his superstition, his credulity, his ignorance, his lust for power, must also be perpetuated in the institutions to which they have given birth. Where, then, are the orgies, the saturnalia of ancient times, the gods who were invoked, and the temples where they were worshipped? Like war, they were the condition of an infant race, and have disappeared in the blaze of advancing civilisation. The game of credulity, the condition of early science, and the sphere of the magician, the conjuror, and the alchemist, has, like that of superstition, been played, and the truths which once administered to imposture have become the sources of wealth and the means of happiness. The game of ignorance, also, has been played, and the schoolmaster has buckled on his armour to replace it with knowledge and with virtue. The game of slavery, too, has nearly been played—that monstrous condition of humanity which statesmen still living hold to be inseparable from social life, and which men, still called Christian, defend from Scripture. The game of duelling—the game of personal war, in which false honour and morbid feeling make their appeals to arms, and which was not only defended but practised by Christians—has likewise been played; and even the soldier, who was supposed to have a prescriptive title to its use, has willingly surrendered his right of homicide and manslaughter. Is it Utopian, then, to attempt to put an end to war? If personal and local feuds have been made amenable to law—if the border wars of once hostile kingdoms have been abolished by their union—if nations have successfully combined to maintain the balance of European power by their armies—if, in our own day, an alliance called holy has been organized to put down revolution in individual states, and maintain the principle of order—why may not the same great powers again combine to enforce peace as well as order, and to chastise the first audacious nation that ventures to disturb the tranquillity of Europe? The principle of this Congress, to settle national disputes by arbitration, has, to a certain extent, been adopted by existing powers, both monarchical and republican; and it is surely neither chimerical nor officious to make such a system universal among the very nations that have themselves partially adopted it. If these views have reason and justice on their side, their final triumph cannot be distant. The cause of peace has made, and is making, rapid progress. The most distinguished men of all nations are lending it their aid. The illustrious Humboldt, the chief of the republic of letters, whom I am

proud to call my friend, has addressed to the Congress of Frankfort a letter of sympathy and adhesion. He tells us that our institution is a step in the life of nations, and that under the protection of a superior power, it will at length find its consummation. He recalls to us the noble expression of a statesman long departed, ‘that the idea of humanity is becoming more and more prominent, and is everywhere proclaiming its animating power.’ Other glorious names sanction our cause. Several French statesmen, and many of the most distinguished members of the Institute, have joined our alliance. The Catholic and the Protestant clergy of Paris are animated in the sacred cause, and the most illustrious of its poets have brought to us the willing tribute of their genius. The philosophers and divines of Germany, too, have given us their sympathy and support; and in America, every man that thinks is a friend of universal peace.”

After pointing out the security and amelioration which property will derive from peace, he says :—

“ With war will cease its expenditure. National prosperity will follow national security. The arts of peace will flourish as the arts of war decay. Science and the arts, in thus acquiring new intellectual strength, will make new conquests over matter, and give new powers to mind. The minister who now refuses to science its inalienable rights, and grudges even the crums which fall from his niggardly board, will then open the nation's purse to advance the nation's glory. Education, too, will then dispense its blessings through a wider range, and Religion, within its own hallowed sphere, will pursue its labours of love and truth, in imitation of its blessed master.”

He then described the Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, and its influence in preserving peace, and concluded thus :—

“ The grand truth, indeed, which this lesson involves, is recorded in bronze on the prize medal by which the genius of the exhibitors is to be rewarded. Round the head of Prince Albert, to whose talent and moral courage we owe the Exposition of 1851, and addressed to us in his name, is the noble sentiment—*Dissociati in locis concordi Pace ligavi*. It will, indeed, be the noblest result of the Prince's labours, if they shall effect among nations what they have already done among individuals, the removal of jealousies that are temporary, and the establishment of friendships that are enduring. Nations are composed of individuals, and that kindness and humanity which adorn the single heart, cannot be real if they disappear in the united sentiment of nations. We cannot readily believe that nations which have embraced each other in social intercourse, and in the interchange of professional knowledge, will recognize any other object of rivalry and ambition than a superiority in the arts of peace. It is not likely that men who have admired each other's genius, and have united in giving a just judgment on rival inventions, will

ever again concur in referring questions of national honour to the arbitrament of the sword. If, in the material works, the most repulsive elements may be permanently compressed within their sphere of mutual attraction; if, in the world of instinct, nature's most ferocious may be softened and even tamed when driven into a common retreat by their deadliest foe—may we not expect in the world of reason and of faith that men severed by national and personal enmities, who have been toiling under the same impulse and acting for the same end, who are standing in the porch of the same Hall of Judgment, and panting for the same eternal home—may we not expect that such men will never again consent to brandish the deadly cutlass or throw the hostile spear? May we not regard it as certain that they will concur with us in exerting themselves to the utmost in effecting the entire abolition of war?"

After addresses had been read from the mayor and aldermen of Sheffield, and from the provost, magistrates, and town-council of Dunfermline, and letters of adhesion from Count Dumellie, President of the Chamber of Deputies of Turin, and from Thomas Carlyle, who "held himself bound by all opportunities open to him to forward the cause," the meeting proceeded to discuss the eight propositions in which they embodied their opinions and views. These propositions are given in the following programme:—

"The Congress of the friends of universal peace, assembled in London, July 22d, 23d, and 24th, 1851, considering that recourse to arms for the settlement of international disputes is a custom condemned alike by religion, morality, reason, and humanity, and believing that it is useful and necessary frequently to direct the attention both of governments and peoples to the evils of the war system, and the desirableness and practicability of maintaining permanent international peace, resolves:—

"1. That it is the special and solemn duty of all ministers of religion, instructors of youth, and conductors of the public press, to employ their great influence in the diffusion of pacific principles and sentiments, and in eradicating from the minds of men those hereditary animosities, and political and commercial jealousies, which have been so often the cause of disastrous wars.

"2. That as an appeal to the sword can settle no question, on any principle of equity and right, it is the duty of governments to refer to the decision of competent and impartial arbitrators such differences arising between them as cannot be otherwise amicably adjusted.

"3. That the standing armaments, with which the governments of Europe menace each other, amid professions of mutual friendship and confidence, being a prolific source of social immorality, financial embarrassment, and national suffering, while they excite constant disquietude and irritation among the nations, this Congress would earnestly urge upon the governments the imperative necessity of entering upon a system of international disarmament.

"4. This Congress, regarding the system of negotiating loans for the prosecution of war, or the maintenance of warlike armaments, as immoral in principle and disastrous in operation, renews its emphatic condemnation of all such loans.

"5. This Congress, believing that the intervention, by threatened or actual violence, of one country in the internal politics of another, is a frequent cause of bitter and desolating wars, maintains that the right of every state to regulate its own affairs should be held absolute and inviolate.

"6. This Congress recommends all the friends of peace to prepare public opinion, in their respective countries, with a view to the formation of an authoritative code of international law.

"7. This Congress expresses its strong abhorrence of the system of aggression and violence practised by civilized nations upon aboriginal and uncivilized tribes, as leading to incessant and exterminating wars, eminently unfavourable to the true progress of religion, civilisation and commerce.

"8. This Congress, convinced that whatever brings the nations of the earth together in intimate and friendly intercourse, must tend to the establishment of peace, by removing misapprehensions and prejudices, and inspiring mutual respect, hails, with unqualified satisfaction, the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, as eminently calculated to promote that end."

In these propositions, so admirably conceived and expressed, our readers will find in no ambiguous language the objects which the friends of peace are desirous to accomplish. There is here no wish, as has been falsely stated, to recommend the discontinuance of our armaments, or the diminution of our vigilance, or the destruction of our defences, and still less to attack the honour or morality or bravery of our generals and our officers. The Congress urges the necessity "of entering upon a system of *international disarmament*," and recommends a series of measures which no patriot, and no friend of religion and humanity will venture to condemn. These views and these measures were advocated in 1846, when the peace societies were in active operation, by the most influential of all modern journals—*The Times*, in the following eloquent paragraph, which embodies all the doctrines of the friends of peace.

"Above all, there is one achievement before us without which every other must be insincere and of questionable value. It remains for the most powerful, the bravest, and the freest people of the globe, to proclaim and establish the virtue and beauty, the holiness and necessity, of *UNIVERSAL PEACE*, and that they will proclaim it, in due time, we entertain no doubt. It has already occurred to the thinking masses of this great country, notwithstanding the humanizing creed which we profess, the civilisation which we boast,

and the increased intelligence of all classes of the population, that the ferocity of warfare is as brutal to-day as in the remotest times of savage ignorance; that the Christian and the heathen are, to all intents and purposes, one and the same when they meet as destroyers in the battle-field; and that what we call the glorious victories of British arms, are scarcely to be distinguished from the butcheries of barbarous ages that we pity, and of more barbarous fighting men whom we think proper to condemn. And it must be so. You cannot redeem, under any circumstances, the naked and horrid aspect of war, the offspring of brutality, and civilisation's adopted child. War in itself is a mighty evil—an incongruity in a scheme of social harmony—a canker at the root of improvement—a *living lie in a Christian land*—a curse at all times. We confess that we regard with infinite satisfaction every endeavour, come whence it may, to destroy the supremacy of a cruel deity acknowledged on every ground. Kings who preach to their subjects the advantage and sacred character of peace are more than kings. Men who unite to promulgate the same doctrine, feeble instruments though they be, and liable to ridicule, claim respect for their mission."

The first resolution of the Congress, to assist in diffusing peaceful principles and eradicating hereditary animosities, as among the causes of disastrous war, was moved by the Rev. J. A. James of Birmingham, and the Rev. Mr. Brock of Bloomsbury Chapel, and supported by the Rev. Athanas Coquerel of Paris, and Don Mariano Soler, a Spanish writer, in speeches of much eloquence and power. Mr. James addressed himself to the ministers of religion, and implored them to assert from their pulpits the glorious doctrine of perpetual and universal peace. "And I could now almost wish you," he said, "to pledge yourselves to this labour of love." All the ministers here rose, amid the cheering of the Assembly, and thus accepted the challenge. "Gentlemen," continued the speaker, "I thank you for that response. It proves that I had not misunderstood your sentiments, or miscalculated your zeal in the cause."

The second resolution in favour of international arbitration was ably advocated by M. Vischers of Brussels, in an elaborate oration, and supported by Dr. George Beckwith, U. S., and by our eloquent countryman, the Rev. John Burnet.

At the second sitting of the Congress, on the 23d, very interesting letters of adhesion were read to the meeting from M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, member of the Institute and of the Chamber of Deputies; from M. Carnot, a member of the same Chamber, and the son of the illustrious Carnot, whose brilliant career has already been traced in the pages of this Journal. Letters were also read from M. Victor Tracy, formerly minister of marine in

France, and from General Subervie, general of division in the French army, and member of the National Assembly. "Of all the scourges," said the general, "that can afflict the world, war is the most terrible. I have assisted at all the sanguinary dramas which desolated Europe for more than twenty years, and amid fields of battle I have often reproached Providence for not arresting the effusion of the people's blood, the innocent victims of the passions and the ambition of those who call themselves the masters of our destiny."

The propriety of urging upon European governments the necessity of a system of international disarmament, was powerfully advocated by Mr. Cobden, and supported by M. Pompery of Paris, Mr. Ewart, M. P., Mr. Macgregor, M. P., and Don Jose Segundo Flores, Professor of Political Economy at Madrid; and the right of every state to regulate its own affairs was eloquently maintained by Mr. Henry Vincent, M. Garnier, the Rev. J. Burnet, and M. Emile Girardin. The Rev. H. Garnett, a negro and escaped slave, addressed the meeting; and the Rev. Frederick Crowe from Guatemala in Central America, gave the meeting an account of his experience of the demoralizing habits of the barracks, of his imprisonment for refusing to serve as a Spanish militiaman, and of the impressment as it were of the slaves captured in the Middle Passage, to serve in our West India black regiments.

Previous to commencing the business of the third sitting of the Congress, the Secretary intimated that he had received a letter of sympathy and approval from the Archbishop of Dublin, and an apology for his absence from M. Victor Hugo. At this moment fifteen of the Parisian workmen, who had been sent over to study the Exhibition of Industry, entered the Hall, and were received on the platform. Their names and professions were read over by Mr. Vincent, and one of them, M. Pierre Vinsard, a working engraver, delivered with much spirit an excellent address in French, pointing out the injury which was inflicted on the working man, and asserting that the annihilation of war and pauperism could be effected only by a sincere and durable union among the people of all nations.

After an able speech on the general topics of the Congress by Dr. Creizenach of Frankfurt, Mr. Charles Gilpin moved the fourth resolution, which condemns the negotiating of loans for the prosecution of war. It was seconded by Mr. Edward Miall, in a speech of great mental vigour, every word of which told upon the audience. Mr. Samuel Gurney, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Buckingham, and M. Jules Avigdor, banker, Nice, brought forward new arguments in support of the resolution. M.

De Cormenin urged the necessity of sending to Parliament, members who were the friends of Peace; and Rev. Mr. Massie urged upon the female portion of the audience, the duty of educating their children in the cause of Peace; and he intimated the offer of a friend to add £500 to a fund of £20,000, to enable Mr. Cobden to carry on an agitation for international arbitration.

After an eloquent speech, which electrified the audience, from Mr. Elihu Burritt, who described with singular power the Great Exhibition and its influence upon society, excellent speeches were made by Mr. Coignet of Lyons, Dr. Scherzer of Vienna, and particularly by M. Bouvet of the National Assembly of France, who in a moment of great temptation and cruel insult had been induced to accept a challenge to a duel which had a fatal termination. In his admirable speech on the objects of the Congress, he expressed with much feeling the remorse which he felt for the violation of his principles, and the calamity to which he alluded.

The business of the Congress was now hastening to a close. A resolution moved by Mr. Sturge, that a Congress of the Friends of Peace should be held next year, was carried by acclamation; and after it was announced, amid the cheers of the audience, that Mr. G. Hatfield of Manchester, intended to have a silver medal struck at his own expense, and presented to the French workmen who had attended the Congress, as a memorial of the satisfaction which their visit had created, Sir David Brewster closed the sittings of the Congress with the following observations:—

“In closing this Congress, allow me to congratulate you on the peace and order which have marked its proceedings. I have had occasion to attend many large public assemblies, and several in this Hall, but I was never before present at a meeting when the Chairman was not even once called upon to exercise his authority, either over the audience or the speaker. It is not a less agreeable source of congratulation, that the gentlemen to whose eloquent and argumentative speeches we have listened with so much pleasure, have never violated the regulations laid down for the guidance of the meeting, and have never allowed their feelings to carry them out of their proper sphere of peaceful discussion into the field of political argument, within which we should at every step have been treading upon thorns. Although I have read much and thought much, as all of you must have done, on the important topics to which our attention has been directed, I carry away from this Congress, as I trust all of you do, many new views, and many new arguments in favour of universal peace. But while you have yourselves been impressed with the deep importance of this cause, as the cause of humanity and religion, I hope that you will

regard it as a sacred duty to teach the lessons of peace in your families, and to propagate them throughout the sphere over which your influence extends. It is only by enlisting the young in our service, and preserving their minds from the poison that lurks under their amusements, as well as under the prevailing system of education, that we can hope to attain the grand object at which we aim. To you, gentlemen, whose daily work it is to teach and exemplify the doctrines of peace and charity, I need not offer any suggestions for your guidance; but you will perhaps allow me to say, that while much may be done for our cause from the pulpit, more may be expected from the school. It is by the selection of proper teachers, and the choice of proper school-books for the institutions you superintend, or over which you have any control, that you are most likely to check that admiration of military achievements which is so strong in the young, and which, when fostered by the poet and the historian, exercises such an influence over them in after life. Were our youth better instructed than they are in the popular departments of physical and natural science, subjects with which no deeds of heroism or personal adventure are associated; and were every school to have a museum, containing objects of natural history, and specimens of the fine and the useful arts, the amusements of the school would assume a different character, and the scholars would go into active life better fitted for those peaceful professions to which ere long they must be confined. But there is still another class whose active interest in the cause of peace I would fain secure. If there are mothers in this assembly, as I can testify there are fathers, whose sons have been sent, in the service of their country, to the regions of pestilence or of war, I need not solicit their assistance in propagating the doctrines of peace. They will proffer it in tears—in tears shed in the recollection of those anxious days in which they have followed in their hazardous career the objects of their deepest love—now sinking under a burning sun—now prostrate under tropical disease—now exposed to the sword of the enemy. If there are others in the fair assemblage which graces this Hall, whose sympathies have not yet been excited, and whose feelings have not been harrowed by the calamities of war, I would implore their active exertions in our cause. Should it be their destiny to become mothers themselves, they have much at stake in the question of peace and war; and, feeling as a woman ever feels, a deep interest in the cause of humanity, I would solicit her gentle influence over those stronger and less susceptible natures with which her own is destined to blend. With the expression of this wish I close our proceedings, trusting that we shall all meet again at our next Congress, with fresh zeal and ardour in the cause. But should we not all meet again, should some of us, from whose hour-glass are hastening ‘life’s last ebbing sands,’ or should some of you who grace the panorama of youth and beauty now before me, be summoned from this world of strife to that world of rest, before the autumn’s sun has performed another of its annual rounds,—should this be our fate or yours, you will not be the less

welcome to the land of the lamb and the dove, that you have breathed your last as a friend or as a member of the Congress of Peace."

After a vote of thanks had been passed to the President, Vice-President, and Secretaries, the proceedings of the Congress terminated.

In return for the great kindness and hospitality with which the English members had been welcomed in Brussels, Paris, and Frankfurt, the English delegates gave a grand soirée to their foreign friends, in Willis's Rooms, on Friday evening. The company which assembled amounted to more than 800, including individuals of all nations. A great number of ladies graced the meeting, and much interest was excited by the French workmen, the representatives of large bodies of the French people, who mingled in familiar intercourse with their English neighbours.

Another soirée, but one necessarily smaller, was given at his own house by Charles Hindley, Esq., M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyne, and President of the Peace-Society, on Saturday evening; and the Friends of Peace separated with an anxious desire to meet again, and resume the great work of humanity in which they had been so agreeably and successfully engaged.

Having thus given our readers a brief and general view of the Peace Societies and Congresses that have hitherto assembled, we shall now submit to them, as men of the world and as Christians, some views which every member of a political and religious community, whether male or female, is bound seriously to ponder,—to reject as false, or to receive as true. To men of the world it would be folly to address any other arguments than those of reason and humanity. Their religion, whatever it may be, is ever in humble subordination to their interests and passions. It may be used to promote the one and palliate the other, but it never has power to regulate or subdue them.

In a period of profound tranquillity, a territorial dispute, or a claim of redress for real or imaginary injuries, has placed in a hostile attitude two powerful nations. Negotiation fails, and war becomes the arbiter of justice or of feeling. The bloody mandate issues from the frantic monarch. Bellona, with her purple scourge, seats herself upon his throne, and the Furies become the ministers of his power. The war steamer is commissioned to burn and to destroy. The privateer—the pirate ship of civilisation, is launched to rob and to murder. Life, wherever it breathes—on the unruffled ocean or on the rugged shore, perishes under the bloody cutlass; and property, wherever secured—the gold in the rich man's coffers, and the savings of the poor man's industry—

becomes the prize of the ocean vulture. The emigrant ship, bearing her voluntary exiles to a distant shore, has no passport from the tyrant of the deep; and the home-bound sail, bleached by a tropic sun, freighted with the riches of luxuriant climes, and carrying back to their native land the adventurous merchant and the wealthy colonist, shares the same fate as if equipped for battle. Nor are the horrors of war less felt in the defenceless hamlet, the commercial seaport, or the exposed metropolis. Red from the furnace the fatal missiles crush the habitations of living men, and the consecrated shrine—the receptacles of wisdom—the temples of knowledge—the records of property, and the granaries laden with the food of man, perish in the general conflagration.

Yet these are but the harbingers of war, the mutterings of its distant thunder, the first ripples on its sea of blood. It is in the siege, in the sack, and in the battle-field, that war appears in her gorgon form—bideous in her frowns, and gigantic in her crimes. Exhausted with famine and with resistance, the devoted city receives the victor amid its ruins:—Massacre and pillage track his angry steps:—Neither age nor youth, nor sex nor rank, nor innocence, disarm the avenger. Wealth only is spared, that it may barter its life-blood for gold. Children are cast into the flames: Infants at the breasts of their dying mothers are stabbed in their arms, and the streets run with Christian blood, shed by Christian hands. The rivers and the ravines are choked with the dead and the dying; and the shriek of violated virtue, and the frantic cry of widows and of orphans, mingle with the crash of falling ruins, and the crackling of burning habitations.

Less agitated by passion, and less stained by crime, is the wider scene of the battle-field. There, science and martial skill, in cold deliberation, point the instruments of death. Column meets column in the bloody game—lance struggles with lance, and spear with spear—and the brave fall under the stroke of the brave. In the individual and equal struggle, where death pauses for his victim, and the flashing eye guides its weapon to the heart, can the living man ever efface from his dreams the death-stare which confessed the victor, or the form divine which he disfigured and destroyed?—can he mingle in the social circle with the childless mother, or with the widow or the orphan which he has made? He may perchance,—but he may never meet them in the paradise of the just. In the mingled affray, on the contrary, where the hand of the Ishmaelite soldier is against every man, and every hand against him, the dying hero sees neither the lance that pierced him, nor the hand from which it came. In the advance, too, and in the retreat, in the ambush, and in

the open field, the missiles of war, guiltless of revenge, alone grapple with their victims. Hero after hero falls, as if by the bolts of heaven, till death, exhausted by his toils, counts by his tens of thousands the life that has been lost.

Of this wager of battle let the monarch now count the cost. If he has secured his area of turf and stone, what is its value! and what the price he has paid! If he has established his right by the code of war, has he proved it by the code of justice? If his honour has been vindicated by the sword, are neutral nations convinced that he is honourable? In the em-purpled ledger,—where life is the creditor and land the debtor,—where life is the capital and honour the interest,—where the ocean rock gained in war could not cover with its turf the heroes that died for it,—will the god of reason audit the account, or the god of humanity discharge it? If the man of the world, with reason as a guide and humanity as an impulse, does not answer NEVER, the Christian will. He who acknowledges the value of a single soul, and knows the spiritual condition of marshalled armies, cannot but regard war as the master-crime of nations, and as the deepest guilt of the individual that promotes it. He can defend it only by viewing the death of the hero as a passport to heaven; but were this the clear dictate of reason, and the avowed doctrine of revelation, the millions of the old world should rise against the millions of the new, and giving no quarter, rush into a happy immortality.

Such is the mode of deciding questions of right and points of honour—such its danger and such its guilt. The friends of peace propose to abolish what reason, humanity, and religion abjure, and to refer the differences between nations to upright and independent arbitration. The proposal is doubtless reasonable and humane. It has been pronounced Utopian by men who have an interest in war, by many who live by it, and by some who expect to live by it. The opinion is not unnatural, and we must respect it from the respectability of those who maintain it. The discovery of a universal medicine would doubtless alarm the faculty; and a balloon that made a successful trip to the Indies, would startle the directors of our railways; but the alarm would soon disappear, and doctors and directors would flourish as before.

In the history of past times, and in the history of our own, questions of high import have been settled by arbitration—sometimes by the friendly decisions of councils and leagues, and sometimes by the award of sovereigns or of governments. In our own day the United States and France referred a difference between them to William IV. England and the United States referred a dispute to the Emperor

of Russia; Mexico and the United States referred a question to Prussia; and the United States and England referred the dispute regarding the Maine boundary to the King of the Netherlands. It is scarcely to be credited, even as a fact in our deceitful nature, that men, who, as individuals, or as members of families or associations, are willing to refer to arbitration the most important disputes which affect their honour and their character, their position in society, and their whole property and income, should, as members of the social body, feel any difficulty in referring international differences to the same pacific ordeal. There must be in the heart thus constituted some malformation, which, though unseen by its owner, is not hid from the world. A lust of power or of gain is the rankling germ that tempts the greedy statesman to keep in his own grasp the power of the sword, the profits of negotiation, and the patronage of war. Lord Palmerston has said, that he, now thinks, and always thought, "that when two nations have had any difference capable of being settled by arbitration, it is most desirable that a third party, not actuated by the same passions which heat those immediately concerned, should step in and bring the disputants to something like a compromise, with a view to prevent an appeal to arms." While thus admitting the principle of the Peace Congress, the noble Lord has contrived to make it impracticable. The sophistry of dividing differences into those which *can* and those which *cannot* be settled by arbitration, is a distinction which might have been expected from the schoolmen of the middle ages. There is not, and cannot, in the nature of things, be any such difference. Was it ever before asserted that a difference could exist which the sword alone could settle? If we can imagine such a dispute, it must be one of honour, in which one of the parties felt itself dishonoured; and in such a case the sensitive party must necessarily be the proclaimer of war. The sword consequently is drawn, the blood of the insulter and the insulted flows, and if the dishonoured nation is subjugated, what becomes of its honour? Its reputation remains with its original stain, and its martial glory, like its moral fame, has suffered an eclipse in the eyes of surrounding nations. But if, on the other hand, the nation sensitive of its honour triumphs in the field, will the vanquished people concur in the verdict of the sword, and will civilized nations ratify its decisions? But even if our Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose ingenuity in this instance surpasses his logic, had not embarrassed the question with so singular an opinion, he has made his own scheme of arbitration impracticable by giving the arbiter no other power than that of counsellor or a friend. What would we think

of an individual who proffered to his opponent an amicable arrangement, and yet withheld from the arbiter the power of giving a final decision? and what would we think of an arbiter who would accept of so degrading a commission?

However limited has been our experience of the system of arbitration, as occasionally and voluntarily practised in our own day, it is important to state that it has never yet led to war, nor is it easy to conjecture how such a result could be the consequence of it. But were the principle of arbitration to be based on the solemnity of treaties, and become the germ of the international code of the world, the peace of civilized nations would never be interrupted,—the soldier would be the guardian of domestic order, and the missionaries would advance with the breastplate of faith and the sword of the spirit, to humanize the savage race, and carry to them the comforts and the luxuries of polished life. The frontier of crime and ignorance would gradually recede before the advancing torch of knowledge. The frontier of civilisation would make its way over the burning sands of Africa. The rivers of the new world would carry to their very springs the wealth and the knowledge of the old: The insular savage of the Pacific would yield to the influence of commercial intercommunication. Liberty would plant its foot on the Siberian wilds, and the presumptuous barbarism of Eastern Asia would wane before the stern rebuke of religion and humanity. In every region of the globe the physical energy of man would seek and find its noblest exercise in cultivating the soil and exploring the mineral wealth of his district. Treasures unknown would surrender themselves to his power, and the hand of peaceful labour would receive from its maker the gold and the silver, the metals and the gems, which he has denied to the conqueror and the tyrant. Our readers, we trust, require no farther defence of the plan of international arbitration for settling differences between nations. Reason, religion, and humanity plead for its adoption, and we defy human ingenuity to adduce against it the shadow of an argument. The man, indeed, who dares to aver that war is the only method of deciding international questions, must have a heart as cramped in its affections, as his mind is limited in its range. Such a man has never felt beyond his own selfish nature, nor thought beyond his own limited horizon; and we cannot conceive why such a being was made, unless as a finger-post to mark the extreme depth of ignorance, and the extreme height of presumption.*

* If persons of this description have learned to read, we recommend to them the following statistics of war, made out some years ago by the Peace Society of

In these observations we have supposed the contending nations to be equal in power and resources, or so nearly equal that the chances of war might give to either the victory. But if we suppose them to be unequally matched, it is only by arbitration that differences between them can be adjusted. If in individual states the rights of the poor man are vindicated by the gratuitous services of appointed agents, the rights of small but independent European states can be preserved only by an European court of arbitration. And if such a state should be placed between two of greater power, in whose quarrels they may be allured, or compelled to participate, their independence and tranquillity can be ensured only by a right of appeal to disinterested arbiters.

We have hitherto supposed that Religion and humanity were the only interests staked in the game of war; but every people in Europe has been taught, by an experience not to be forgotten, that their daily comfort as individuals, and their very existence as a nation, depend on the continuance and universality of peace. While the mailed goddess has sported with human life, drunk with the blood and the tears of her victims;—while she has defaced and destroyed the noblest forms of nature and of art, she has devoured also the resources of industry, inflicted the curse of poverty upon families unborn, and robbed the treasuries of nations that hated her, by the profligacy of her expenditure in war, and the folly of her extravagance in peace. It has been calculated that the cost of all the wars carried on by Great Britain since the Revolution in 1688, is £1,438,000,000 sterling, £635,000,000 of which was paid in taxes, while the remaining £803,000,000 remains OUR NATIONAL DEBT, requiring to pay its interest £29,500,000 of our national revenue,—more than the whole of the other expenses of the Government. This money, together with that furnished by continental nations, was employed in slaying *three million nine hundred and ten thousand* human beings, whose immortal souls, thirsting for blood, were summoned by the stroke of the sword into the immediate presence of the God of peace. In recording this master fact of human depravity, we almost feel partakers in its guilt by having lived, and by continuing to live, in the slaughter-house of the world.

Massachusetts. Since the world became Christian, or since the age of Constantine, there have been forty-four wars of ambition, twenty-two of plunder, twenty-four of retaliation, eight of honour, six of disputed territory, forty-one disputed titles to crowns, thirty of alliances, twenty-three of jealousy, five of commerce, fifty-five civil wars, and twenty-eight on account of Religion, including the crusades against the Turks and Heretics!!—*Upham's Manual of Peace*, chap. vii. p. 84.

The Duke of Wellington has made the remarkable declaration, that *Great Britain cannot afford to carry on a little war*. The sentiment, to us incomprehensible, except in its simplest meaning, has been lauded as an apostolic truth to teach and to guide the Legislature. If Great Britain is unable to carry on a little war, she can still less afford to carry on a great one; and hence we arrive at the logical conclusion, that she cannot afford to carry on war at all. Should she, however, in the face of such a truth, wantonly light the torch of destruction, the nation, if it does not rise as one man, in abhorrence and resistance of the bloody mandate, justly merits its inevitable doom. If to a debt averaging the *eighth* or *tenth* part of the whole property of the kingdom, is added more, we tell the creditors of the nation—the contractors for the fire and the sword—that its bankruptcy is an event not coming, but come; and we tell the nation's friends, that revolution is the infallible result of financial ruin, and that they may begin to rehearse the secretion of those tears that are to flow over the downfall of our beloved country, and the destruction and dismemberment of its noblest empire. It is an act of patriotism to anticipate a great calamity. It is doubly patriotic if we have the sagacity to prevent it. We warn, therefore, the Arbitrer of War, in whatever climate he breathes, that there are certain extremes in which the law of God and of humanity justifies a breach of the law of man. We hold him responsible for the peace of Europe. One life is a trifle compared with that of thousands; and that soul is worthless that has no regard for the souls of millions. If a patriot gives his own life in the cause of his country, a patriot might take another in defence of humanity.

Akin to the national calamity of war, is that of an armed peace, in which standing armies and floating navies frown defiance upon surrounding nations. While the grand budget or annual expenditure of all Europe is about £217,600,000, or two hundred and nineteen millions sterling, its war budget, in time of peace, (excluding its marine,) is no less than £56,000,000, or fifty-six millions,—more than a *fourth* of its general revenue. According to another statement, the *average** annual expenditure for military preparations in time of peace by Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, and the United States, is *fifty-four per*

cent. of the whole expenditure of the Government. Is an international disarmament, then, an unwise or a chimerical proposal? Might not Great Britain and France lay down a portion of their arms in mutual confidence and security? If France requires hers to suppress intestine commotion, and protect her Republic against the enemies of liberty, Britain might admit the necessity, and generously reduce her military battalions and her naval squadrons.* She has no enemy to fear either from within or from without. Her real enemies are the cravens who see the mirage of armies navigating the Thames, and hovering over the Strand. It is not the weak and the defenceless who cry for bayonets, and steamers, and martello towers; it is the hypocritical coward that is to wield the one, and to occupy the other. When a foolish prince, now an exile from his country, had uttered his naval menaces against our peaceful shores, the nation trembled at the sound, the Government looked pale, and even now the coward-note has scarcely ceased its wail. Were every nation thus to arm itself to the teeth, under the influence of visionary dangers, we should follow the example in the protection of our properties and our homes. The domestic circle is more exposed to the rapacity of the thief and the violence of the burglar, than is the national domain, even in seasons of war, to the depredation of foreign enemies;—and yet we cut no ditches round our dwellings, erect no watch-towers on our roofs, and hire no sentinel to give us warning. Within the circumvallation of the laws,—with the watch-dog as our guardian, and with Providence as our defence, we may dismiss that unmanly fear which is a greater evil than the calamity which it dreads. Let the nation, then, follow the example of the individual. Centuries have rolled away since the foot of an invader has polluted our shores; and, without wooden walls or standing armies, centuries will still pass in happy tranquillity, if we but practise what we pretend to believe, and cultivate in universal charity the arts and the studies of peace. What a glorious future would the cessation of war, and the reduction of armies, provide for the rising generation, and with what joy would the living generation die could they but hail it even in the distance!—the world one family—nations one brotherhood—the lion lying down with

* In Austria	33 per cent.
In France,	38 per cent.
In Russia,	44 per cent.
In Great Britain,	74 per cent.
In United States,	80 per cent.

Mean, 54

—Sumner's *True Grandeur of Nations*.

* "I am disposed," says Lord Aberdeen, "to dissent from that maxim which has been so generally received, *that if you wish for peace, you must prepare for war*. . . . I say, that so far from war-like preparations being any security for peace, they are directly the contrary, and tend at once to war; for it is natural that men having adopted means that they think efficient to any end, should desire to put their efficiency to the test, and to have some direct result from their labour and expense."

the lamb, and nothing to hurt or destroy in the holy mountain.

In the early portion of this Article we have endeavoured to support the doctrines of the Peace Congress by the authority of a few distinguished individuals who were not likely to be carried away by the seducing influence of sentiment and feeling; but so inveterate have we found the prejudice of educated and amiable individuals, and even of men who profess to cling to the Christian's hopes, that we feel it necessary to appeal to a still greater number of authorities against war. There are few writers of the present day who have denounced war, and its causes and its palliations, with more eloquence than Dr. Chalmers. He describes war as "a scene of legalized slaughter," which, were it not for the poetry, and the music, and the pomp and splendour which accompany it, "could never have been seen in any other light than that of unmingled hatefulness." He elsewhere describes death in the battle field with all the power of genius, and all the feelings of philanthropy; and after giving his highest approbation to Peace Societies and Peace Congresses, he points out the steps by which these blessed views may be realized.

"Much," says he, "may be done to accelerate the advent of perpetual and universal peace, by a distinct body of men embarking their every talent, and their every acquirement, in the prosecution of this as a distinct object. This was the way in which, a few years ago, the British public were gained over to the cause of Africa. This is the way in which some other prophecies are at this moment hastening to their accomplishment; and it is in this way, I apprehend, that the prophecy of universal peace may be indebted for its speedier fulfilment—to the agency of men selecting this as the assigned field on which their philanthropy shall expatiate. I could not fasten on another course more fitted to call forth every variety of talent, and to rally round it so many of the generous and accomplished sons of humanity, and to give each of them a devotedness and a power far beyond whatever could be sent into the hearts of enthusiasts by the mere impulse of literary ambition."

And in another place he points out the method by which this great object should be pursued.

"Let one," says he, "take up the question of war in its principle, and make the full weight of his moral severity rest upon it, and upon all its abominations. Let another take up the question of war in its consequences, and bring his every power of graphical description to the task of presenting to an awakened public, an impressive detail of its cruelties and horrors. Let another neutralize the poetry of war, and dismantle it of all those bewitching splendours

which the hand of misguided genius has thrown over it. Let another tell, with irresistible argument, how the Christian ethics of a nation are at one with the Christian ethics of its humblest individual. Let another pour the light of modern speculation into the mysteries of trade, and prove that not a single war has been undertaken for any of its objects, where the millions and millions that were lavished on the cause have not all been cheated away from us by the phantom of an imaginary interest. This may look to many like the Utopianism of a romantic anticipation; but I shall never despair of the cause of truth addressed to a Christian public, when the clear light of principle can be brought to every one of its positions, and when its practical and conclusive establishment forms one of the most distinct of heaven's prophecies, 'that men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"

Sir Robert Peel has expressed the "hope that one great and most beneficial effect of the advancement of civilisation, the diffusion of knowledge, and the extension of commerce, will be the reducing within their proper dimensions, of the fame and the merit and the reward of military achievements, and that juster notions of the moral dignity of, and the moral obligations due to, those who apply themselves to preserve peace, and avoid the eclat of war, will be the consequence." In a similar strain the immortal Washington, the hero of peace, has contrasted the merits of the philanthropist and the warrior. "How much more delightful," says he, "to an undebauched mind, is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vain glory which can be obtained from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted course of conquests! How pitiful in the eye of reason and religion, is that false ambition which desolates the world with fire and sword, compared with the mild virtues of making our fellow-men as happy as their frail condition and perishable nature will permit them to be." "After much occasion," says Dr. Franklin, "to consider the folly and mischief of a state of warfare, and the little or no advantage obtained even by those nations who have conducted it with the most success, I have been apt to think *there never has been, nor ever will be, any such thing as a good war, or a bad peace. All wars are follies—very expensive and very mischievous ones.* When will nations be convinced of this, and settle their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other." The illustrious warrior, Prince Eugene, assures us "that a military man becomes so sick of blood and crimes in war, that in peace he is averse to recommence them." "I wish," he adds, "that the first minister who is called to decide

on peace and war had only seen actual service, *what pains would he not take to seek in mediation and compromise the means of avoiding the effusion of so much blood.*" "The fabric," says Robert Hall, "of the warrior's fame is cemented with blood; and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity, *in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair.*" In reply to a toast given in honour of his victories in India, to his fellow-officers in the British army, Sir Harry Smith said, "Gentlemen, ours is a damnable profession;" and even Napoleon, in a moment of remorse after his bloodiest battle, exclaimed—"War is the trade of barbarians!"

We cannot close these observations without referring to those causes which create and foster in man that love of adventure and those habits of cruelty, which throw a halo round the red target of war, inciting the young to its bloody mysteries, and hardening the old in their military frenzy. When we witness, for the first time, the cruel experiments which science sometimes demands from her votaries, the heart sickens at the sight, and the head turns instinctively away from the living agonies before it. Soon, however, does the heart resume its normal tranquillity, and as soon does the eye return to the sight of pain. Need we wonder, then, that the child accustomed, almost from his birth, to the infliction of pain, and deriving his earliest pleasure from the extinction of life, should in his riper years boast of the number and magnitude of his cruelties, and thus by an easy transition pass to the atrocities of war, as a step in advance, or as the climax, of his early achievements.

It is painful to remember how we first exercised our dominion over living nature, by the capture and destruction of the loveliest insects, and how we arrested the industrious bee in its honest labours, and even when in our own service, by robbing it at once of its life and its treasure. By the hazel wand, with its line of cord and its hook of steel, we committed havoc among the minnows, before the spring-gun had introduced us to the more lethal tube which was guilty of the blood of sparrows. Though but a youthful spectator in the scene, we gaze with delight on the varied feats of the angler. We watch him in the stream and in the pool, impaling the writhing worm upon his line—sacrificing one life to take another; and with the bright sun above him, and the dove-like sky around, and rock and woodland demanding his admiration of peaceful nature, he terminates his every act of pleasure by every variety of pain. The life which he has caught is rudely dashed out against the rock, or crushed by his living hand, or allowed to pass

away in the slow and fluttering agonies of pain. Thus hardened for the future, our river hero is soon introduced to a still higher sport, and still bloodier gambols. The companion of the licensed fisherman, or of the lawless poacher, he is invited to the romantic drama of the *sunning of the water* by day, and the *burning* of it by night, in which the picturesque grandeur of rock and stream, and the sublimity of worlds in the canopy above, form a strange contrast with the work of death below. Frightened by the ruddy blaze, the salmon seeks for shelter beneath the stones and cliffs, or lies stupified beside them, till the river Neptune, with his three-pronged trident, dashes it into the flesh of his glittering prey, and casts it in triumph to the shore.

Harrowing as is the sight itself, and painful as it is in all its details and accessories, we are yet disposed to regard our river sports as more humane in their character and less cruel in their practice, than those of the gun and the chase. We cannot indeed affirm, as some have done, that ichthyological life is less painfully surrendered than that of the mammalia, though our early cruelties make us indulge in the belief that the amount of suffering is proportional to the magnitude of the sufferer. Yet when we see the salmon stretched on the ground without a wound, and slain without the shedding of blood, our sympathy is immeasurably less than that which is called forth when we scan the stately hart, with its glazed eye and its quivering limb, or the comely roe-deer perforated by the rifle, or torn by the ferocious hound. Our animal associations, too, have a powerful influence over our sympathies. Ourselves a genus in the mammiferous community, we naturally associate their sufferings with our own. The shrieks of the female orang-outang, so singularly human, are said to thrill through the very heart of her pursuers; and we would not envy the sportsman whose domestic sympathies are not awakened when he has slain the hart in the presence of his mate, or the tender hind in the act of caressing its offspring. The death of a sportive fawn, killed by the random shot of the deer-stalker, will call forth a deeper feeling than the demise of 3000 salmon caught in one net by the Arctic fisherman. But though we have thus offered a palliative of fly-fishing as less inhuman than some of our other amusements, we have no toleration for the doctrine that the nervous system of cold-blooded animals is but little sensitive, and that the hook pulls only against a piece of unfeeling cartilage. Sir Humphry Davy, in his *Salmonia*, tells under the cognomen of HALIEUS, that he has caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and that these hooks "had no other effect than that of serving as a sort of

sauce piquante, urging them to seize another morsel of the same kind!" Now, we who have tasted the sauce of a hook, which, without our consent, entered one side of the cheek, and was cut out of the other, can assure HALIEUS that this is the least savoury of our steel medicines; and, with experience on our side, we are not indisposed to transfer to him Lord Byron's sentence upon Isaac Walton:—

"The quaint old cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull
it."

With much sympathy, however, for the young sportsman, and still more for his prey, we must enter our protest against the monstrous cruelty of driving the *five-pronged clodding leister* into the naked back of a salmon, whether dazzled by a sunbeam, or paralyzed by the nocturnal fire. There is no valour in the sanguinary deed. It is midnight burglary enhanced by murder. It is a violation of that truce which darkness concedes to animal life,—an invasion of that rest from suffering which dumb nature might have looked for without an appeal to the mercy of her vice-roy. It is unmanly too—for there is no reciprocity of strife or skill,—no competition between the devices of the deceiver, and the counter sagacity of his victim—no conflict between brute instinct and sharpened reason. When the otter bites his antagonist, and is bit by him in return:—when the vigorous fish outmanœuvres his captor—snaps his line, or exhausts his strength, or pulls him into the stream: or when the acute senses of the stag are marshalled against the practised reason of the huntsman,—there is a conflict of antagonist natures, which, if it does not justify, at least palliates the cruelty it evokes.

From the river scene our apprentice soldier passes to the field and to the heath, to the rock and to the forest, to wound and to slay his victims. It is a question to which humanity invites us, but which we cannot here discuss, how far it is justifiable to consider animal life as entirely at our disposal. The dominion which has been assigned to us over the dumb creation, may not involve a right over their lives. The flesh may be ours, but not the feelings and the affections which it breathes. It is doubtless a crime to kill with unnecessary pain. It is a greater crime to kill for the pleasure of killing, or the vanity of having killed. It is a crime to kill when the victim is innocent, and the carcase useless. It may be a crime to kill when the feelings and affections of uncomplaining instinct are violated by the deed: And, when we consider in the abstract the value of life—our inability to restore it—the beauty and loveliness of the forms which

clothe it, and the possibility that in its nobler aspects, and under its almost rational instincts, it may have a responsibility here, and a life hereafter—it would be well to pause before we strike, and to rejoice over the life which we may have spared.

Such is the education of the civilian and the soldier—of the man that purchases and whets the sword, and of him that delights in its blood-spots, and anticipates glory from being its victim. It is an education this of easy acquirement—it is but the lesson of the eye and the limb. The mind hibernates under its teaching, and the heart ossifies under its training. It is the nursery of war—its school—its university—its apprenticeship. It has a government grant in its support. The Christian layman practises at its ring, and the priest blesses it with his sanction. Let the friends of peace, then, counteract this early passion for adventure and cruelty. Let not the mother turn her milk into blood, nor the father his parental tenderness into cruelty. Time will soon soften natures which custom has not hardened; and the stripling will hardly seek in his manhood for what have not been the amusements of his earlier days. The cruelty of youth diminishes as we advance in years,—age replaces it with a nobler ambition; and it is in the final lustrum of our being that we truly feel. The infliction of pain and the shedding of blood become torture to our chastened and more sensitive nature—ephemeral life even is spared—and all other life stands sacred when we are about to draw the first breath of that better life which we can never lose.

If such be the value of animal life, and such the respect for it which reason demands from those to whom it is entrusted, there are certain conditions of its existence under which it inspires a peculiar reverence. In every civilized community cruelty to the animals that serve us is an offence punishable by law; and when law does not interpose its sanction, the natural benevolence of man, small and evanescent though it be, enacts a law of kindness for itself. We would not injure, and still less kill the gay lark, or the minstrel nightingale, that have sweetened our solitary hours with their angelic lay. The noble steed that has carried us safely through our pilgrimage either of peace or of war, acquires a right to our affections which is but seldom withheld. And the faithful watch-dog, whose vigilance has guarded our dwelling, or perchance saved our life, is a household favourite, whose happiness we study with almost parental care.

What then must be the value of *human* life—what the respect which we owe it—and what the crime of him who takes it away? It is not yet decided by reason, nor by revela-

tion, viewed in its most comprehensive aspect, that man is, under any circumstances, entitled to take the life of his fellow. "Thou shalt not kill," stands a law, without exception, in the statute-book of heaven; and the Creator, who made of *one* blood all the nations of the universe, has nowhere given *express* permission to the creature to appropriate a single drop of the life-giving unity. The term of existence, then, which God has apportioned to his children, is in his hands alone—an inheritance of inestimable value, which it would be criminal to abridge, even if man were to lie for ever a human fossil amid the wreck of nature. But when the gift of life is a necessary prelude to the boon* of immortality, and when this last and greatest gift to man is conditional on the discharge of duties in the first,—the duration of that life—the continuance of its period of trial—and the peaceful enjoyment of its serene evening for repentance and preparation, are blessings which He only who gave them can take away. These blessings are forfeited by him who falls by his own hand, and they are rudely extinguished in the man who falls by the hand of another—that bloody hand which no saint above will grasp, and which had better been cut off and cast into the fire. The life thus shortened, the body thus mangled, *may* have been that of a brother slain by a brother, or a father slain by his son.* It *must* have been that of a parent, a brother, or a child; and there must have been left behind a widow, a brother, a sister, or an orphan, to weep over the sanguinary deed, or to shed burning tears lest it was a stroke which should sever them for ever.

ART. II.—1. *Taxation and the Funding System.* By J. R. M'CULLOCH. London, 1845.

2. *Principles of Political Economy. Book V.* By J. S. MILL. London, 1850.

3. *Financial Reform Tracts.* Liverpool, 1850-1851.

4. *Bulletin des Lois.* Nos. 300, 303. Paris, 1851.

THE English are noted for never doing more than one thing at a time. The national mind does not seem large enough to embrace more than a single interest at once. We attack the enemies of our social wellbeing in succession, and cut them off in detail. We take up public questions *seriatim*, devoting to each as it

arises the whole force of the national will; and resenting as an intruder, or eschewing as a bore, whoever would direct into other, and intrinsically perhaps equally important channels, any portion of the general attention. Upon each grievance to be remedied, and each abuse to be swept away, we concentrate for the moment the whole intensity of our hatred, the whole energy of our zeal; we speak and feel as if it were the sole evil in existence, or, at least, as if all others were utterly insignificant in comparison; and, for the time being, all others are permitted to flourish unchecked and unregarded. This national idiosyncrasy, which is the despair of all whose topics of interest or abhorrence are not those of the present phase of the popular mind, and who find themselves in consequence contemptuously pooh-poohed and set aside, is estimated at its full value by philosophic politicians, who know, not only that it is the means of securing far greater efficiency to the operation of the reforming spirit, than it could hope to attain were it frittered away upon a hundred objects, but that it ensures all questions "becoming kings in their turn," and reaping in due time and order the full benefit of this exclusive and predominating zeal. As one battle after another is fought with antiquated error and injustice, as one victory after another, over the forces of the social enemy, is added to the records of national achievements, the subject is relegated to the past, and buried in oblivion for ever, and "the goodly fellowship of our reformers" marches onward to another conquest. Since this career began in Britain we have won the hard-fought fields, *first*, of religious liberty, then of civil freedom and parliamentary reform, and then of commercial emancipation. Each in its turn occupied the nation for years: each was magnified as the sole and special interest of the day; each occupied for a time an inordinate share of the public mind, utterly disproportionate to its real magnitude; and each in turn, when its day was over and its cause was gained, gave place to a successor as unduly and unreasonably favoured. New candidates for popular attention are now coming on the stage. Besides the various questions of the vast field of Sociology, three topics especially promise to become prominent, Colonial Policy, Law Reform, and the Principles of Taxation. Which of these will take precedence, and engross to itself the undivided political spirit of the country, it is hard to say. It may be that, contrary to our wont, we may be able, to a greater or less extent, to entertain the three topics simultaneously, and that while the public mind is acting upon one of them, it may be ripening for action on another. We propose, even at the risk of finding that our voice is as that of one crying in the wilderness, to call atten-

* "While we were at Rendsburg in Schleswig-Holstein," says a recent traveller, "there was seated at the same table with us at dinner, the brother of the Commander-in-Chief of the Danish army, who had four sons in the army of Schleswig-Holstein. We were informed that even *father and sons* were arrayed against each other in this war!"

tion to the last of these matters—the Science of Taxation—as one of which the interest is pressing, perpetual, and yearly renewed, and which comes home, more closely than either of the others, to the business and bosoms of every individual among us.

Till very recently, the Science of Taxation may be said to have had no existence. That which has performed its functions, and sometimes usurped its name, has been a mere art of extortion. A certain revenue was required, and it was to be got by *hook or by crook*, in the readiest and easiest way possible. That tax which yielded the most with the least difficulty to the collectors, and the least outcry among the influential part of the community, was ever the favourite. "*Plumer la poule sans la faire crier*," was the highest aim of the Chancellors of the Exchequer. The certainty of distant evils, the dread of collateral consequences, the chance of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, were alike disregarded. In earlier times, the coarse and ready expedient of a poll-tax, or a hearth-tax, or the *primitæ facie* fair one of a land-tax, was most usually resorted to. In more recent days, as society became more complex, and as commerce and manufactures were developed, more circuitous and silent, but not less unscientific or inequitable modes of transferring the property of the subject into the coffers of the state, came gradually into vogue. Each new branch of industry, as it raised its head, was pounced upon by the quick-sighted detectives of the revenue, and made to pay for license or protection; each fresh article of taste or consumption brought from foreign countries by our indefatigable merchants, was burdened with a special import-duty; funds were sought and extracted from the most incongruous and opposite sources, from the necessities of the pauper and the luxuries of the millionaire, from the most healthful and the most noxious indulgences, from the poison that generates a disease and from the drug that cures it, from salt and from eau-de-Cologne, from tea and from gin, from rhubarb and from tobacco. No principle of private justice or public advantage was laid down or kept in view; one sole rule seemed to be followed—whatever was squeezable was to be squeezed;—*rem, quocunque modo rem*.

This state of things has in a great measure passed away: our Legislature has awakened to the necessity of juster and more judicious impositions. But though immense improvement has been effected in the *art* of taxation, next to no progress has taken place in the *science*. We were empirical and tentative in laying on taxes—we continue to be empirical and tentative in taking them off. Statesmen have arisen from time to time who have dis-

covered that such and such a duty was injurious to industry, unproductive to revenue, or was becoming intolerable to the altered feelings of the people; and it has been repealed accordingly. Sudden emergencies have led to the invention of new imposts, which remain as a matter of course till public indignation kicks them off. A deficient revenue is met by a loan, a new tax, or the augmentation of an old one, according to the fancy or ingenuity of the actual Chancellor. A surplus revenue occasions the repeal of some branch of revenue, which is selected for sacrifice, not for its mischievousness, but for its unpopularity. But still no step has been taken towards a systematic decision of the general principles which regulate the imposition or the repeal of taxation. The subject, it is true, has been much discussed in the writings of economists, and is often touched upon in Parliament; but the public at large, which in the end settles all these questions, has not yet arrived at any clear comprehension of the question at issue, or any predominating opinion upon it. Writers of authority and statesmen of ability are ranged on all sides; but it is still a moot point whether taxation ought to be direct or indirect—whether it ought to be levied on all, or only on men of property—on terminable and professional as on perpetual and idle incomes; whether men should pay in proportion to their income or to their expenditure, in proportion to their means or to their requirements; what, in fact, are the qualities and consequences, by reference to which a tax is to be approved or condemned. We propose to contribute our mite towards the formation of a public opinion on this weighty subject, especially upon that branch of it—the controversy between direct and indirect taxation—on which the chief interest is now felt. Before proceeding to this task, however, we wish to notice one or two fallacies which have still a strong hold on the popular mind, and one or two principles which have been clearly elicited in the course of our irregular and floundering experiments.

It has long been the custom of English demagogues to represent the English people, as not only the most heavily taxed people under the sun, but as actually ground down to the earth by the weight of their burdens, and suffering thereby under a process of gradual and accelerated extinction. It has long been our custom to swallow these representations with implicit credulity, and even to listen to them with a species of savage and insane delight. Yet, nothing can be more certain than that both assertions are not only greatly exaggerated, but utterly untrue. The fact is, that the cuckoo note of the popular agitator has not varied since the beginning of

the century, though the circumstances which gave rise to it have been in a state of perpetual alteration, so that what was substantial truth then, is the opposite of truth now. It will astonish most of our readers to be told not only that our taxation, fairly calculated, is lighter than that of several other countries, but that it has long been steadily and rapidly diminishing. We are no optimists; we are far from imagining that our public burdens are not deplorably heavy; we are far from believing that a wiser course in former days might not have enormously lessened them; we are far from despairing of a great mitigation of them, by a judicious course in future;—but we protest against the childish and untruthful habit, so dear to the grumbling temper of our countrymen, of perpetually representing ourselves as the most ill-used and trampled-upon of mortals. We presume it will be allowed on all hands that the burden of taxation must be reckoned, not by the gross amount paid into the national treasury, but by that amount *compared with the wealth and the numbers of the nation*. Looking at the matter from this comparative point of view, we find that in 1801, the population of the United Kingdom was 15,800,000, and the revenue paid into the Exchequer, (exclusive, of course, of loans,) was £34,113,000, giving an average of 43s. a head. In 1815, the last year of the war, the population was 19,000,000, and the revenue £72,210,000; but as twenty per cent. must be allowed for the depreciation of the currency, the average will be found to have risen to 60s. a head. In 1821, after five years of peace, the population was 21,200,000, and the revenue £55,800,000, or 51s. a head. In 1850 the population was 27,000,000, and the revenue £52,300,000, or 39s. a head. That is, the pressure of taxation upon each Briton is actually less by *one-tenth* than it was fifty years ago; less by *one-fifth* than it was thirty years ago; and less by *one-third* than it was during our Buonapartean wars.

But this is not all. Taxation must be estimated not according to numbers only, but according to wealth also—and indeed chiefly—since it is our wealth that gives us the power of meeting it. An equal amount of taxation is obviously only half the burden, *ceteris paribus*, to a man of a thousand a year, which it is to one of five hundred a year. Now we have no means of ascertaining with *precision* the increase of national wealth (*i.e.*, capability of enduring taxation) since the beginning of the century, but there are on record a few significant facts,* which suffice

to show that it has been certainly much greater than the increase of population. The *real property* of Great Britain was valued in 1803 at £967,284,000, and in 1842 at £1,820,000,000. The total amount of incomes (as assessed) derived from trades and professions was in 1812, £21,247,600, and in 1848, £56,990,000, being nearly a *three-fold* increase in thirty-six years. The amount of capital subject to legacy duty sprung up from £4,122,000 in 1800, to £16,622,000 in 1812, and to £44,348,000 in 1845, or a *ten-fold* increase in the half century. The sums insured against fire were £232,000,000 in 1801, and £722,000,000 in 1845. We think we shall be within the mark, if we assume that the wealth of the country has increased threefold since the beginning of the century, while the taxation has increased in the same period only from thirty-four to fifty-two millions; or in round numbers, the one has increased at the rate of 200 per cent., and the other only at the rate of fifty per cent. Mr. Norman, whose authority few will be inclined to dispute, after a careful examination of the whole question, and an ample allowance for the change in the value of money, sums up as follows:—"The reader will recollect that it has been shown, supposing the increase of wealth to have kept pace with that of the population, that a diminution of pressure arising from public burdens has taken place since the peace to the extent of 53 per cent.; but on reading the foregoing observations, he will probably be of opinion that the reduction thus exhibited falls far short of the real truth. By how much short, can only be a matter of conjecture. If we say that the real reduction has been 67 per cent., or two-thirds, we shall probably be still too low; and, taking all things into calculation, it seems probable that we shall not be far wrong in fixing it at 75 per cent., or three-fourths. In other words, it may be assumed on highly probable grounds, that an individual with a given income, who, in taxes and loans, paid £100 to the State in 1815, would now pay only £25.

If the public burdens of England are greatly diminished and diminishing, when compared with her wealth, which affords the only fair criterion of their severity, it is equally certain that they are not, when estimated by the same standard, so heavy in comparison with those of other European countries as it is usual to represent them. In England it is true, the taxation amounts to 39s. a head, against 29s. 7d. in France; 37s. 3d. in Holland; 21s. 8d. in Belgium; and 20s. in Spain. In France, indeed, it has recently reached 33s., and in the first year of the Revolution was 40s. a head. But will any one pretend that the wealth of England does not exceed the wealth of every

* See Porter's Progress of the Nation. Norman on Taxation.

one of these countries in a far greater ratio than her taxation? Is not England more than twice as rich as Spain?—is she not probably ten times as rich? Is she not more than one-fifteenth richer than Holland?—not more than one-fourth richer than France? With regard to the latter country, Mr. Norman calculates from premises, “which give his conclusions the force of moral demonstration, that the per centage of the national wealth abstracted for State purposes, is more than double what it is in England. In other words, that a Frenchman pays out of his income or fortune, more than twice as much as is paid by an Englishman who may possess a similar income or fortune.”

But the case of the United States of America is generally cast in our teeth as a specimen of the light taxation of a country where the people govern themselves. Let us inquire into the facts of the case, before sitting down quietly under the reproach. Let us ascertain the *State* taxes, and the local taxes, as well as the national or federal taxes, which commonly are alone taken into consideration by popular haranguers.

We find that in Great Britain, in the year ending January 5, 1850, the total State expenditure was	£55,500,000
The Poor Rates,	7,250,000
The Local and County Rates,	4,000,000
Total,	£66,750,000

Now, as the population was twenty-seven millions, this would give nearly 50s. a head. But the real property in Great Britain now assessed to the Income-tax, amounts to £2,382,000,000;* and this exempts not only all estates whose income falls below £150 a year, but the whole of Ireland. The personal property, as gathered from the Legacy Duty returns, is about £2,118,000,000, making a total of realized property of £4,500,000,000. Now sixty-six millions is equal to a tax of 1.46 per cent. upon this sum.

In the United States the *national* expenditure, as stated in the last Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, averaged forty millions of dollars during the last six years.† The population is now 23,674,000; but during the average of the six years it may be taken at 22,000,000. The *national* taxes, therefore, amount to about 7s. 8d. a head. In the State of New York, according to Mr. Johnston, the State and local taxes amount to two dollars,

or 8s. 4d. a head. The total taxation may therefore be taken at 16s. *Man for man*, therefore, it is clear that the Englishman is taxed three times as heavily as the American. But what is the case when we come to estimate the relative wealth of the two countries? We may take the *national* taxes paid in the State of New York (chiefly derived from custom duties), at four millions of dollars in the last six years.* The State, County, and Township taxes were 5,500,000, making a total of 9,500,000, on a valuation of 666,000,000 of dollars of realized property. Great Britain, therefore, with realized property valued at four thousand five hundred millions of pounds, endures public burdens to the extent of sixty-six millions, or 1.46 per cent. The State of New York, with real property valued at six hundred and sixty-six millions of dollars, is burdened to the extent of nine millions and a half, or about 1.42 per cent.‡

If, then, our taxation, fairly estimated, is not as heavy as is commonly alleged, neither is it levied as inequitably as we are accustomed to hear it represented. It is not *true*, as it is so habitually asserted, that it falls chiefly or disproportionately on the poor. Here, as elsewhere, we are satisfied with the careless and most unconscientious repetition of an ancestral war-cry. We are using language which was to a great extent true at the beginning of the century, during the war, and before the Reform Bill, but which is simply and culpably false now. Almost every year during the last twenty has witnessed the relief of the unprotected classes of the community from some fiscal burden. The tendency now is, in our opinion, even to exempt them unwisely and unfairly. Incomes under £150 are exempted from the Income-tax: houses under £20 are exempted from the House-tax. That is to say, six-sevenths of all dwellings, and nine-tenths of all incomes in the country, are allowed to escape from direct taxation altogether. Between 1830 and 1850, £21,568,000 of taxes have been repealed, and £7,925,000 have been imposed. But those that have been repealed were almost exclusively taxes which pressed upon the masses; and those which have been imposed (*in order to render the repeal of the others possible*) are taxes which are paid almost exclusively by men of property. Of the £7,925,000, £5,500,000 are raised by the Income-tax alone. All taxes have been removed from the raw materials of that indus-

* See Johnston's N. America, vol. ii. p. 251, from which this comparison is taken.

† Three of these were years of war (with Mexico,) and three were years of peace. They afford, therefore, a fair comparison with this country, of whose expenditure one-half goes to defray the interest of war loans.

* It is true that Mr. Johnston takes these at three millions of dollars, but his estimate of the total national taxes is taken at 30,000,000 dollars, which is ten millions less than it has recently been.

‡ A certain amount of every man's property is, we believe, exempted in America, which may be set off against our exemptions under £150.

try which employs the poor. All taxes have been removed from those necessities of life which feed the poor. Corn comes in free; butchers' meat comes in free. Two taxes only exist of which the poor man cannot avoid paying his share—the excise on soap and the duty on timber. But the duty on timber only raises the *cost of erection* of the poor man's house 4s. 3d.,* and his *yearly rent*, therefore, only by about 3½d. The excise on soap varies from 1d. to 1½d. a pound; and on the consumption of a poor man's family will amount to about 4s. 6d. a year.† These are literally the sole taxes which, in this country, are not *optional* with the poor man. Except in these items‡ no poor man need pay one farthing to the revenue unless he please. But the rich man cannot so escape. The poor man may say, as Benjamin Franklin said, and as hundreds of wise and good men have done—"Spirits are poison: I will not use them. Tobacco is nasty: I will renounce it. Sugar and tea are needless: I will dispense with them;" and he slips through life almost as untaxed as the Red Indian. But the upper and middle classes must renounce all these noxious and superfluous luxuries in vain, they would still have to pay £18,000,000 into the national, and £11,000,000 into the local Exchequer. In no other country, and on no other system of taxation, could the working classes escape so easily or pay so little.

But we shall be told that this is not a fair way of looking at the matter; that sugar, and tea, and beer, are now rather necessities than luxuries, and that, whether they are so or not, the poor man has as much right to his luxuries as the rich. Unquestionably he has; we would be the last to grudge them to him. But we cannot think that he has a right to them *untaxed* any more than the rich man. Benevolence, and perhaps justice, seems to prompt that, as far as may be, our revenue should be levied on a man's superfluity, not upon that portion of his means which is essential to subsistence. But if a man has a super-

fluity, and spends that superfluity on sugar, which is pleasant to him, on beer, which is needless to him, on spirits or tobacco, which are mischievous to him, by that act and that possession he ceases to be a poor man, and voluntarily steps into the tax-paying class. If he has a surplus to expend in luxury, he is no longer entitled to sue *in forma pauperis*; he ceases to be an object of charity or of exemption. If he drinks his gallon of spirits, or smokes his pound of tobacco, why should he not pay on that gallon or that pound as much as the rich man would do? If the rich man indulges, as he is able to indulge, in a double quantity, he pays a double tax. There can be no *inequity* in this.

But, as a matter of fact, is an unfair proportion, even of taxes on the consumption of luxuries, paid by the working classes? Do they, on the whole, contribute to the revenue at all more than, regard being had to their number, they ought to do? Let us look a little into detail. It is impossible to ascertain with accuracy what proportion the propertied classes in this country bear to the labouring classes, or *prolétaires*, as they are called among our neighbours, or how far the distinction between the two is a valid one; for there are comparatively few among the rich who do not work, and increasingly few among the poor who possess no property of any kind. But, from several indications* there is reason

* We will put down here a few of those known facts from which we have felt ourselves warranted in drawing the inferences in the text. We are aware that these inferences can scarcely reach beyond highly probably conjectures, but we are desirous that our readers should not imagine them to be mere random guesses.

1. The number of registered electors in the United Kingdom was, in 1850, by official returns, 1,050,187. Now, it is probable that the number of non-electors in the propertied classes would be about balanced by the number of electors among the *prolétaires*. If we suppose all, or nearly all, of these to be heads of families, (or those who are not to be equal in number to the women, *not registered*, who are,) this would give a total population to the propertied classes (at five to a family) of 5,250,000.

2. By the census of 1841 we got returns of the occupations of 7,850,000 persons in Great Britain, out of a total of 18,850,000. Of these, 760,000 (or those who are returned as independent, educated persons following miscellaneous pursuits, professional men, government civil servants, local, church, and law officers) clearly belonged to the middle and upper ranks. Of the remaining 7,090,000, (consisting of those employed in commerce, agriculture, army and navy, domestic servants, common labourers, &c.) we cannot be wrong in supposing that naval and military officers, farmers, master manufacturers, merchants, clerks, and shopkeepers, would amount to at least 1,000,000. This would give in all 1,760,000, out of 7,850,000, as belonging to classes above the condition of day labourers and *prolétaires*, or nearly one-fourth.

3. The class of domestic servants reached 1,135,612

* The quantity of timber used in the construction of a cottage, costing about £100, is 212 cubic feet. The duty on American pine (the sort used for such houses) is 1s. a load of 50 feet. The duty, therefore, adds 4s. 3d. to the original cost of the cottage. If Baltic timber were used, (the duty being 3s. 9d.) the addition would be 15s. 10d.

† The average consumption of soap per family, in that rank, as we have taken pains to ascertain, is less than 1 lb. a week. This is confirmed by McCulloch, (*Account of British Empire*, vol. ii. p. 396.) See also Porter, (*Progress of Nation*, vol. iii. p. 76.) The quantity of soap consumed in the United Kingdom in 1849, was 186,000,000 lbs., or 6·75 lbs. a head, which, at five persons to a family, would give 37 lbs. a year; and this, at 1½d. a lb. duty, would amount to 4s. 7d.

‡ Perhaps we ought also to except the advertising duty.

to believe that we shall not be wide of the mark if we reckon the former at one-fourth and the latter at three-fourths of the community. There are certain items in the Customs and Excise duties which we know are paid wholly by the rich. There are other items of which the rich consume, and on which, therefore, they pay, far more per head than the poor: such are tea, sugar, and coffee. Now, an examination into the detail of the expenditure of different families in various grades on these articles, leads us to believe that three-fourths of the tea and coffee that pay duty, and two-thirds of the sugar, are consumed in the houses of the propertied classes. This is the result of careful and extensive private inquiries. Among the agricultural poor, the men scarcely ever touch either tea or coffee, and we have ascertained, from personal inquiry, that the quantities purchased by the women for their own drinking are excessively small. Among the artisan population the

consumption is much greater. But in the case of the rich and easy classes, not only is the consumption great individually, but they pay for the consumption of their servants. Now, the annual consumption of tea in Great Britain is, per head of the whole population, 23 oz. The consumption of families in the upper classes, where there are three or four servants, is 8 lbs., or 128 oz. per head. The usual allowance to servants is 6 lbs., or 96 oz. per head, just four times that of the average. In the case of sugar the average annual consumption throughout the country is 24 lbs. a head. But the male agricultural population use scarcely any, while the usual consumption of the shop-keeping and higher artisan class is 26 lbs.; that of the middle class 50 lbs; that of the higher 70 lbs. a head. Now, let us construct an approximate table on these data, admitting freely that they are scarcely more than careful and conjectural estimates.

Total Produce of the Ordinary Revenue levied in 1849.

Customs,	£2,268,864
Excise,	15,003 098
Stamps,	7,013,267
Taxes,	4,522,910
Income-Tax,	5,564,833
Post-Office, (Net)	832,000
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Poor-Rate, England,	£5,395,000						£55,204,972
" Scotland,	501,000						
" Ireland,	1,359,000						
						£7,255,000	
County-Rate, England,	£1,317,000						
County-Rate, Ireland,	928,000						
Highway, England,	1,698,000						
Constabulary, Ireland,	34,000						
						3,977,000	
							11,232,000
							£66,436,972

Paid by the Propertied Classes entirely.

Poor-Rates and County Rates,	£11,232,000		
Income-Tax, and Assessed Taxes,	10,087,743		
Stamps, (except Advertisements and Licenses,)	6,660,000		
Custom Duties on Books, . .	£7,748		
" Embroidery, . .	12,301		
" Flowers, . .	13,058		
" Lace,	7,943		
" Plate,	1,360		
Carry over,	£42,410	£27,979,743	£66,436,972

in 1831, and in 1841 had increased to 1,691,679. We shall not therefore exceed the mark if we take their numbers now at 2,000,000. These are, of course, entirely confined to families of the upper and middle ranks; and the whole of the indirect taxes levied on their consumption of taxed articles is paid by those ranks. The propertied classes pay not only on their own consumption, which is much larger per head than that in the lower ranks, but on the

consumption of two millions of the lower classes besides.

Once for all, be it observed, we give these estimates, and others that follow, merely for what they are worth. They are carefully made; but we know from long use in statistical calculations how liable such are to error, and we therefore give our readers not only the results but the data on which we base them, so that they may judge for themselves.

Brought over,	42,410	£27,979,743	£66,436,972
Cnst. Dut. on Eau-de-Cologne,	2,084		
“ Brandy,	1,639,464		
“ Wine,	1,767,558		
		3,451,516	

Paid by the Propertied Classes in Part.

4ths { Tea,	£4,471,420		
{ Coffee,	642,520	3,883,965	
{ Oranges,	64,680		
3ds Sugar,	4,126,500	2,751,000	
5ths Post-Office,	832,000	693,334	
		£38,759,558	
1th { Of the remaining Customs,			
{ Stamps, and Excise, say	£27,538,748	6,884,687	
			45,644,245
			£20,792,727

In round numbers, that is, the comparatively few people of property pay *two and a half times* as much taxation as the comparatively many *prolétaires*. The working classes, who constitute three-fourths of the community, pay twenty millions, while the propertied, or upper and middle classes, who amount only to one-fourth, pay forty-four millions,—or, as our total population is about twenty-eight millions, the former pay not quite £1 a head, while the latter pay £6 10s. 6d., or *six and a half times* as much. This scarcely sounds like the inequity complained of.

The working classes then clearly pay far less in proportion to their *numbers* than the higher and middle ranks; do they not pay less also in proportion to their *incomes*? Here, again, we are thrown back upon the region of plausible conjecture; for we are without the data to enable us to ascertain accurately the relative incomes of the different ranks. A few considerations, however, may serve to show that the above question is not so irrational as it may at first appear.

1. The incomes of those who have more than £150 a year appear by the Income-tax returns to amount in Great Britain to £185,000,000.

2. The number of domestic servants in Great Britain (excluding Ireland, as in the last case) is above 1,400,000, and their incomes, male and female, (including keep, or board wages,) could not be less than £35 each, (Porter, vol. iii. p. 16.) or above £50,000,000,—the sum yielded by Schedule D. Their wages alone will be about £13 a head.

3. The population of Great Britain (in all these calculations we are obliged to leave Ireland aside) is now twenty-one millions, of whom the working classes, according to our previous data, will form about fifteen millions and three-quarters. Deducting from these the domestic servants, there will be left above fourteen millions and a quarter, or about three

millions of *families*. Now, what is the income of these families on an *average*, taking into account all the trades and occupations into which they are divided,—agricultural labourers, artisans, mechanics, factory hands, journeymen tailors, shoemakers, engine-drivers, &c. &c.? From the Official Report on the employment of women and children in agriculture, it appears that the actual earnings of a *family* of peasants are much greater even in the worst paid districts than it is usual to represent them. The lowest seems to be 10s. a week, and they often exceed 20s. or 25s.* It is difficult, after reading that Report, to believe that 13s. a week is not rather below than above the yearly average. In the manufacturing districts, many single artisans earn double this sum—women and children often more than half—many *families* three or four times as much. Handloom weavers, no doubt, are below this; journeymen tailors, shoemakers, and other handicraftsmen generally much above; mechanics and engine-men, colliers, men employed in iron works, greatly above. On the whole, we believe we shall be below the mark in taking the average earnings of a family at 20s. a week, or say £50 a year. But, as we are aware that at first sight our calculations will appear extreme to many, whose opinions have been formed from speeches and writings of popular or party controversialists, and as we wish to be always within the mark, we will, at the suggestion of the first statistical authority in England, take £40 instead of £50 as the average. This, for three millions of families, would give £120,000,000, to which we must add £20,000,000 for the mere wages of the class of domestic servants. We take their *wages* only, not their *maintenance*, because the taxation on the articles

* Those who are startled by a statement so much at variance with their preconceived impressions, will find our view fully borne out by the careful investigations of the Official Commissioners referred to.

they consume is paid by their masters, and our present object is simply a comparison between the *tax-paying* income of the several classes. We thus arrive at £140,000,000 as the aggregate income of the working classes of Great Britain.

4. The income of the class who are above the working classes, and yet below £150 a year, we can only guess at. Probably we shall not be far wrong if we take it at £50,000,000. This we must add to the £185,000,000, the income of those who have more than £150 a year. This gives a total income for the middle and upper classes of £235,000,000.

5. But we have just seen that the working classes pay only (leaving Ireland as before wholly aside, and supposing no class there to contribute anything) £20,000,000 out of a revenue of £66,000,000. Now £20,000,000 of taxes on an income of £140,000,000 is about 14 per cent. But £45,000,000 (the amount paid as we have seen by the property classes) on £235,000,000, is not 14 per cent., but nearly 20.

In the course of our empirical proceedings in fiscal matters, though nothing like system or science has yet been developed, our experience has brought about the recognition of two or three important truths. Of these the most valuable are the connection between a flourishing revenue and a cheap and abundant supply of the necessities of life, and the superior productiveness of moderate over high duties. The almost invariable concomitance between a low price of corn and an increased consumption of exciseable articles, not only directed public attention to the discovery, that the one is a logical sequence of the other, but enabled even Chancellors of the Exchequer to draw the conclusion, that as food and clothing must in the expenditure of all classes take precedence of any other articles of consumption, it is only on the surplus, after these are supplied, that the State can effectively levy its demands. Hence we may hope that it will henceforth be one of the principal objects of all governments to keep provisions cheap, and that even in our times of most pressing emergency, we shall never again see any proposal for imposing taxes upon food or other articles of first necessity.—The many remarkable instances, also, which our financial history affords of a rapid rise in the revenue arising from duties on articles of general consumption, following upon a great reduction of those duties, have fairly established the theory, and are fast entailing the practice, of moderate rates. The operation of a reduction of duty is twofold: it increases the consumption of the taxed article in consequence of the reduced price bringing it within the reach of a larger number of con-

sumers, and enabling former consumers to purchase more abundantly than before; and it causes a larger proportion of what is consumed to contribute to the revenue, by removing or lessening the motive to illicit importation or production. The various fluctuations in the tax on sugar, on coffee, on tea, on wine, on spirits, and on letters, and their immediate and invariable consequences, which have been so often brought before the public, have raised the enriching tendency of reduced duties so nearly to the rank of an axiom of financial policy, that scarcely any one except a Chancellor of the Exchequer would hesitate to act upon it. The same history, however, which has taught us this prolific truth, has brought to light two exceptions, which are sometimes pointed to by financiers of little faith, as invalidating the general law. The usual result does not ensue when the article is not one of general consumption, but a mere luxury or fancy of the few. Thus, no reduction in the tax on hair-powder or four-wheeled carriages would so increase the use of either as to compensate for the change. Neither does the usual result ensue where the reduction is inadequate to the purpose, and neither materially reduces the price to the consumer of the duty-paid article, nor greatly diminishes the temptation to smuggling. It is obvious, that where the duty on an article of moderate bulk and in great demand is 800 per cent., the reduction of this to 600 per cent. would only reduce the price to the consumer, and consequently affect the consumption, to an inappreciable extent, and thus the revenue would probably lose the whole amount of the reduction. It is obvious also, that the *smallest* of these duties would still leave the stimulus to smuggling so enormous as to ensure its continuance to the utmost practicable extent. The reduction would leave the disadvantage of the fair trader virtually untouched. The experience of the items of tea and tobacco has well illustrated both these principles,—the duty on the former being about 200, and on the latter about 700 per cent.

These two practical facts form, however, pretty much the sum total of financial wisdom on which all parties may be said to be agreed. Nearly every other rule is *adhuc sub judice*. Even our first authorities on these matters, Adam Smith, Ricardo, McCulloch, and Mill, are by no means always in harmony; and if they were, our senators and statesmen are far from having studied them or imbibed their principles. A new school, and a very active one, has now sprung up in Liverpool, and its votaries have formed themselves into an association for the avowed purpose of advocating direct taxation as the only sound, innoxious, and equitable system. We shall not attempt

to enter into any abstract disquisitions on the knottier branches of the subject, but shall endeavour to elucidate a few general propositions which may naturally aid us in gaining a clear conception of its larger bearings.

A perfect tax—if perfection can be predicated of a thing whose ineradicable essence is evil—would be one which should press equally upon every individual in the community; which should hamper no industry and curtail no commerce; which should offer no temptation and leave no opening to fraud; which should be levied in such a manner as to create no irritation, but should be paid as it were unconsciously, or at least ungrudgingly; and which should take no more from the subject than it put into the Exchequer. But such a tax, though conceivable, is obviously unattainable; and practically, therefore, we must be content to adopt such taxes as most nearly *approximate* to the fulfilment of these conditions, or of the most important of them. It will help us much if we fairly face the inevitable dilemma. A large revenue *must* be raised. Taxation, therefore, must be submitted to. But all taxes are objectionable. It is impossible, we believe, to name a single impost against which a case more or less strong might not be made out. Every tax diminishes the wealth of the country, because every one is unproductively expended. Almost every one we ever heard of is either inequitable in its nature, or fetters commerce, or stimulates to fraud, or is costly in the collection, or is irritating to the temper, or combines several or all of these objections. All that is left to us is a choice of evils. It is no sufficient reason, therefore, for rejecting or repealing a tax, that it is open to one or more of the above charges. Neither, on the other hand, is it any valid ground for preferring or imposing a tax, that it fulfils one of the above requirements, if it violates others equally or more important. It is no conclusive recommendation of a tax that it is equitable, if it be intolerably irritating or needlessly impoverishing. It is no adequate defence that it is cheap and palatable, if it be at the same time unfair or demoralizing. We must not judge taxes by a standard of ideal perfection, which none of them can satisfy, but by the degree in which they *approach* to the most *essential* requirements of that standard.

Let us now dive at once into the heart of the matter, and consider the chief recommendations alleged in favour of a system of *direct taxation*. “Direct taxation, we are told, is the most *equitable* of all systems. Under the existing mode the poor pay more, and the rich less, than their fair share. Under direct taxation this injustice would be remedied.”—Under what system of direct taxation would the adjustment be equitable? and what is a “fair share?” *What is equity?*—Simple

equity—the dictates of rigid justice, would seem to require that men should pay to the State in proportion to the services it renders them,—those who benefit most paying most. Now the class which derives the greatest benefit from the protection of the State is clearly that which would suffer most from the withdrawal of that protection, viz., the ignorant, the feeble, and the helpless. The class which profits most by the active beneficence of the State (when its functions are not merely negative and protective) is clearly the same, viz., the poor, the weak, and the incapable. Simple equity, therefore, would appear to require that those should pay the largest amount of taxation who are least able to pay—a conclusion which, however strictly deducible from admitted premises, it is alike impossible to adopt or carry out.—Other lovers of equity contend that, as every man has life and liberty to be guaranteed, but every man has not property,—a poll-tax should be levied as an equivalent to the former, and that the rest of the revenue should be raised on property, and according to property. There is a certain shallow plausibility in the distinction which will recommend it to many minds. But a single question will show how inadequate and unsatisfactory is the solution it affords. How are you to estimate the relative value of life, liberty, and property, so as to decide *what proportion* of the revenue shall be raised by a poll-tax, and what by a property-tax? According to general feeling the latter would be infinitesimally small. “Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.” Again, is every man to pay the same amount of poll-tax?—the man to whom life is sweet and valuable, with every charm which health, happiness and affection can shed around it,—and the man to whom it is a burden and a malady. Others urge that the relation between the State and its citizens is too wide and too sacred to be thus treated as a bare contract for protection on the one side, and payment on the other; that it is the key-stone of a union in which all have entered with a view to the general good; and that every man should contribute, not in proportion to his needs, but in proportion to his means. But—practical difficulties apart—on what principle are a man’s means to be estimated? By “means,” do we intend to signify his property or income, or *his ability to pay*? Is he to be taxed according to what he *has*, or according to what he can *afford*? If the latter—which clearly ought to be the reply—how, by the resources of direct taxation, is it possible to ascertain it? If the former, as is contended by the parties whose arguments we are considering, what rule could be more *inequitable*? For, of three men with £1000 a year each, it is as certain that their *incomes* are equal, as that their *means* are unequal. The income of

the first is derived from fixed property, and is permanent and bequeathable, and he may spend the whole. The income of the second is a life annuity, and he can only venture to spend what remains after he has purchased an insurance policy for his surviving family. The income of the third is derived from severe professional exertions which cannot be continued for ever, and he can only spend what remains after the additional purchase of a deferred annuity as a provision for old age. Are all these men to be taxed equally, on the plea that their incomes are equal? If so, your equitable plan leads to the commission of a manifest injustice; for it is clear that a man can only afford to pay in proportion to what he can afford to spend; and though you levy the same amount of tax on each of the three men, the *pressure* of that tax will be very different. We will assume, however, that this objection is met, as many political economists contend that it should, by taxing permanent, terminable, and professional incomes by a varying scale. Still other difficulties as insuperable in the way of a really fair assessment remain behind. How will you deal with the case of men who, with equal fixed incomes, have most unequal demands upon those incomes, and therefore in truth most unequal means? It is abundantly clear that a man having £1000 a year, and ten children, cannot afford to pay as much as a man having £1000 a year and neither wife nor child. A tax of 10 per cent., which would be scarcely felt by the latter, or, at the worst, would only debar him from some noxious or needless luxury, would actually *pinch* the former, perhaps drive him into a smaller house, and probably compel him to stint his family in clothes or education.

In order in some measure to meet this objection, Bentham recommended, and Mr. J. S. Mill endorses the recommendation, that taxation should only be levied on a man's *surplus* income, i.e., on that portion of it which remains after the absolute necessities of life are provided for. In pursuance of this idea, he advises that all incomes under £50 should be exempted altogether, that a man with £100 should pay upon £50 only, and a man with £1000 upon £950, and so on. We see no objection to the proposal as a practical boon; but it is obvious that this could afford only a very rough approximation to justice: £50 a year would more than supply a bachelor with food, shelter, and clothing, but would be inadequate for a man with ten children. Moreover, it would leave the real difficulty untouched—which is to provide an income-tax which shall be truly and not nominally equitable—which *shall not press upon one man more heavily than on another?* We are not here arguing, be it observed, against an income-

tax as inadmissible; we merely wish to shew that it does not, any more than those taxes which it is proposed to discard in its favour, fulfil the requirements of equity. It does not make, and cannot be arranged to make, every man pay his "fair share" towards the burdens of the State.

There is little doubt that many of the objections to the existing Income-tax might be removed or mitigated, but several we believe to be inherent in its essence. At present it combines nearly every possible bad quality that a tax can have. It is only half as productive as it might be made; it is inquisitorial and irritating to the last degree; it is brimful of obvious and hidden injustices, and it offers overwhelming inducements to fraud. It is impossible to point to any principle on which the exemption of all incomes under £150 can be defended. If the propriety (above stated) of leaving untaxed a sufficient portion of a man's income to provide him with an actual subsistence be urged on its behalf, then we reply that the exemption is far too wide, and should have been confined to incomes under £50. If the plea be brought forward that the class whose incomes fall between £50 and £150 bear an inordinate proportion of the indirect taxes, as is suggested by Mr. Mill, then we reply that the exemption does not extend nearly far enough, for the people whose income ranges from £100 to £300 are far the most heavily taxed portion of the community. They pay house-tax, they pay poor-rates and county-rates, they pay a considerable portion of the stamp duties and the advertisement duty, and they contribute fully more than their share to the customs and excise. Moreover, the exemption reduces the yield of the tax, according to the best opinions, fully one half. Finally, as the recent Parliamentary investigation is said to prove beyond question, it opens a wider door to petty fraud than any other provision of this baneful impost.* Those acquainted with the practical working of special taxes declare, that if there be one rule which their experience points to as admitting of less doubt and fewer exceptions than any other, it is, that *all exemptions are mischievous*.

Even if all the obvious and admitted inequalities of the Income-tax were rectified, it would still be in practice the most unfair of all imposts, from the utter impossibility of assessing with any certainty the actual incomes of the contributors. Rents, salaries, annuities, dividends, &c., may be accurately ascertained; but professional gains, and the profits of trade, can be estimated on no other ground than the declarations of the contributors themselves.

* In 1844 the claims for exemption were 82,854, of which the Commissioners were obliged to admit 75,500. The amount returned on these claims was £69,100.

No productions of books, no demand for minute and detailed returns, though these are often called for to a most vexatious and troublesome extent, can enable the collectors to prevent fraud where fraud is intended. Not only therefore does the tax fall heaviest on the most conscientious—the worst species of inequality—but an almost irresistible temptation is held out to subtle casuistry, to self-favouring decisions in all cases where the shadow of a doubt exists, to all those petty tamperings with integrity which gradually sear the tenderness of the moral sense, and pave the way for bolder and larger infractions of justice and of law.* The surveyors and commissioners feel themselves baffled by the deliberate and consistent assertions of the steady knave, and they repay themselves by subjecting the honest tradesman to an amount of vexatious and insulting cross-examination which amounts to absolute persecution. They openly charge him with having made a false declaration—the law gives them power to do this with impunity; they remand him day after day for fresh examination; they require returns of details and particular transactions for three years back, which it is sometimes impossible to furnish, which waste his time and sour his temper: when he either cannot or will not do this, or when, wearied out with contumely and annoyance, he abandons the contest in disgust, they confirm the surcharge which brands him as a would-be but baffled deceiver; and if, from a dread of meeting similar insolence and torture every year, or from feeling that no mere sum of money can make it worth while to submit again to such an irritating process, he consents to compound at the amount thus unjustly assessed, they point to his consent as an acknowledgment of his intended fraud. These cases are deplorably frequent; we speak from long and painful experience, and our own ob-

* Defrauding the revenue is too commonly regarded as scarcely a moral offence at all. Thousands will cheat the Exchequer who would on no account cheat a fellow-subject; and the conduct of the Government in upholding, and the language of Sir Charles Wood in defending, a tax so replete with manifold injustices as the existing Income-tax, have done much to promote this misty, oblique, and exceptional morality. We scarcely know any didactic and professorial teachings as to the veniality of fraud to be compared with the speeches of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on this subject. He has repeatedly argued that the Income-tax is just because it is unjust to all—that it is so rotten and indefensible in all its details that you cannot meddle with it without risk of its falling to pieces altogether, that he must have the money, that he is cheated more than he cheats, &c., &c. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer declares that he cannot help being unjust, the tax-payer will naturally reply that he cannot help being dishonest. If the Chancellor pleads, in defence of an unfair tax, that he must fill his coffers, the subject will reply that he must protect his purse. It becomes a simple battle between extortion on one side and evasion on the other.

servation has been confirmed by some of the commissioners themselves, who blushed at the amount of bullying and insult inflicted by their colleagues on the unfortunate appellants. Now, a tax which enables the fraudulent to cheat the collector, and the collector to rob the honest, can be rendered endurable and defensible by no amount of supposed theoretical perfection. A tax, too, which leads to so much irritation of temper, and so much bitter indignation, that many of those who pay it would willingly contribute, in order to escape from it, double the amount in any other form, is surely open to one of the most fatal objections that can be alleged against any impost. Of the five requirements enumerated above, as characteristic of a perfect tax, a direct tax on income fulfils scarcely one. It is peculiarly and incurably unfair, it is excessively irritating, it is lamentably demoralizing, and, if all things be taken into consideration, it is by no means unexpensive in the collection. M. Mill, even, "with much regret," considers the first of these objections as insuperable. "It is to be feared," he adds, "that the fairness which belongs to the principle of an income-tax can never be made to attach to it in practice; and that this tax, while apparently the most just of all modes of raising a revenue, is in effect more unjust than many others which are *prima facie* more objectionable. This consideration would lead us to concur in the opinion which, until of late, has usually prevailed—that direct taxes upon income should be reserved as an extraordinary resource for great national emergencies, in which the necessity of a large additional revenue overrules all minor considerations."*

The argument in favour of direct taxes on property and income, which has so often been alleged of late,—viz., that they fall upon the rich rather than on the poor—we have already partially considered. We have shewn that it is at least questionable whether, in simple equity, the poor *ought* to be so largely exempted from taxation. We have shewn good ground for believing that the poor, in this country and under our existing system, pay less than the rich in proportion to their incomes, and enormously less in proportion to their numbers. We have also shewn that the

* "The truth is, that a fair Income-tax is a desideratum which is not destined ever to be supplied. After the Legislature has done all that can be done to make it equal, it will still remain most unequal. To impose it only on certain classes of incomes, or on all incomes without regard to their origin, is alike subversive of all sound principle. Nothing therefore remains but to reject it, or to resort to it only when money must be had at all hazards, when the ordinary and less exceptionable methods of filling the public coffers have been tried and exhausted, and when, as during the late war, Hannibal is knocking at the gates, and national independence must be secured at whatever cost."—*M'Culloch*, p. 137.

working classes with us are relieved from all taxation but that which is *self-imposed*, to an extent which can be affirmed of no other country in the world. We have shewn that our revenue may be said, without exaggeration, to be almost wholly levied *either upon property*, and chiefly upon the larger properties, *or upon luxuries*. But on this branch of the question, there is one other very important consideration to be adverted to. Direct taxes are now popular with the masses and their writers, *only because the masses are exempted from them*. Now, were we to decide upon raising our revenue wholly or mainly from direct taxes, this exemption could no longer be maintained. A large amount of taxation can never be levied on the *few*. If, therefore, this plan were adopted, *all must pay*. In countries where it is adopted, all do pay. In most countries on the Continent, in France, in Germany,* where Customs and Excise duties form a far less important part of the revenue than here, there is a per centage levied on all personal as well as real property; there is a capitation-tax, a hearth-tax, a trade-tax, a salt-tax, often a bread and meat-tax, besides the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*. From these burdens few or none are exempted. And so it would have to be here, were the projects of the Liverpool financiers adopted. Taxes on luxuries, if they are luxuries confined to the rich, can never be productive. Even a house-tax, if levied on the absurd principle of the new one—which out of 3,700,000 dwellings, proposes to exempt all under £20, or six-sevenths of the number—would yield a most insignificant return. Even an Income and Property-tax, confined to the middle and upper ranks, however heavy it might be, would soon shew the working classes that, whatever be the *first incidence* of an unfair impost, the due share of it must finally fall on them. By no jugglery of direct taxation can the many, ultimately or permanently, shift their burdens on the shoulders of the few. The rich, like the poor, can neither spend nor pay more than they possess. Ninetenths of them already live up to their income, or as nearly so as they deem prudent; in other words, they spend as much as they safely can. Take the case of a man with an income of £1,000 a year. He pays, we will say, £200 a year in taxes, direct and indirect, the remaining £800 meets his personal expenditure. He keeps three servants, besides a groom and a horse. A new system of taxation increases his taxes to £400 a year, and of course diminishes his available income to

£600. His tea, coffee, and sugar will cost him less than before, owing to the abolition of customs and excise duties. But the difference will be so slight, that he must diminish his general expenditure materially. He can only do so by paying less wages, or by purchasing less of those articles whose production gives employment to the poor,—*i.e.*, by diminishing that portion of his expenditure which was spent, directly or indirectly, in the payment of labour. He dismisses his groom and sells his horse. His groom in the first place, his saddler and blacksmith in the second, and the farmer who supplied him with hay and oats, in the third, are the sufferers. He gives up wine, and deprives of employment the artisan who used to produce the article of export which was formerly sent abroad to purchase his wine. He reduces the expenditure of his family in clothes: the tailor, the shoemaker, the spinner, the weaver, the dyer, feel the effect of his increased taxation. They have their sugar, their tea, their tobacco, their beer, cheaper than before; but the poor groom has lost all his means of purchasing these luxuries, and the other artisans have had their means greatly curtailed. Almost the whole expenditure of the rich man goes, in one form or another, in the employment of labour—often, it is true, in a most unwise employment of it; and when this truth is fully apprehended by the working classes, they will understand that every diminution of the rich man's income, by partial taxation, must recoil upon the poor,—not by a law of Parliament, but by a law of Economic science, against which Parliamentary enactments contend in vain.

If this were fairly stated and fully comprehended, what would be the feeling of the mass of our population on the subject of direct taxation? How would they who never see the face, or hear the unwelcome knock of the tax-gatherer, from the cradle to the grave—who, perhaps, scarcely ever pay a farthing to the revenue at all, or at all events would never find out that they did it, if they were not told—how would they endure to be called upon, year by year, for a house-tax of five per cent., for five per cent. of their wages, or for five shillings a head upon every member of their family? Direct taxes, like any other taxes, are sure to be popular with those who do not pay them. But if the choice were fairly placed before them, between indirect taxation as it now exists, and direct taxation of *which they must bear their fair share*,—between a tax on income, which they could not escape, and a tax on luxuries, which it was optional with them to pay,—who can doubt what would be their instantaneous and unanimous decision? Hitherto, the people have been systematically blinded as to the real question at

* Much of this is derived from private information sent us by the best informed parties on the Continent. For confirmation, see Laing's "Observations on Europe in 1848 and 1849."

issue, both by their own misleaders, and by a misjudging Legislature. How could they form a just estimate of the relative merits of direct and indirect taxation, when they knew the former only as an income-tax, which spared *their* incomes, and a house tax, which spared *their* houses, and the latter as a burden which poisoned every pipe they smoked, soured every glass of beer they drank, and embittered every cup of tea they sweetened? But when the question is honestly propounded to them: *Not*—"Which do you prefer—a tax which the rich pay and you escape, or one which you pay in common with them?" *but*, "Which do you prefer—a tax which you pay only *when* you like, *if* you like, and *to the extent* you like; or one which, though perhaps smaller in amount, is yet taken from you periodically, inexorably, and however ill you can afford it?"—we are satisfied that the advocates of direct taxation will find few supporters.

We cannot but think that much moral mischief has been done, and serious political danger incurred, both by the custom recently adopted or extended of exempting the lower classes and the smaller incomes from taxation, and still more by the language in which this custom has been advocated. No man has sinned more deeply in this particular than the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Wood. We have already had occasion to animadvert upon his lax and slipshod morality. In recommending his new house-tax, on the ground of its exempting all houses under £20 a year, (or 3,000,000 out of 3,500,000,) he spoke thus:—"In all the commercial and financial measures I have submitted to the House, my principle has been one and the same. I have never turned to the right or to the left to consider what would be a benefit to one class or another; but I have looked to that which would be most beneficial to the great body of our labouring population. They are, in my opinion, the special objects of the care and solicitude of Government,—government being instituted for the benefit of the many, not of the few."

It is sad to see a man high in office utter, before a grave assembly charged with the destinies of millions, twaddle indicating such sad mistiness of view. In the first place, while professing to eschew all class legislation, he adopts a class legislation of the most sweeping, flagrant, and demagogic character. He will not turn aside to consider what will benefit this class or that, but yet he will make it his main object and consideration to benefit the largest class of all. He will inquire, not what is just and fair to all classes, but what will be most desirable for that class whose interests he especially desires to serve. In laying on a tax on dwellings, he will levy it

on half a million only, out of three millions and a half, because he desires to benefit the class who live in the exempted three millions, at the expense of the class who live in the taxed half million. He will lay the burden on the few, not on the many, "because government was instituted for the benefit of the many, *not* of the few." Was it? we had always understood that government was instituted for the government of the many *and* of the few. We have always conceived that the distinction here drawn was the essential blunder and vice of vulgar democracy. In proportion to the smallness of that portion of the community on which taxation is imposed, does it assume the character of *confiscation*. In proportion as one class or section is singled out for bearing the burdens of the State, does taxation approach the essence, put on the garb, breathe the poisonous doctrine of *pillage*. We would go to the furthest point of the most thorough democrat in removing every impost which pressed unfairly, injuriously, or oppressively upon the mass of the community; we would apportion the public burdens on the most rigid principle of equity, wherever that can be discovered, and as far as it can be approached; but those who encourage the people to believe that taxation ought to be or can be made to fall upon the upper classes exclusively or disproportionately—those who adopt the course and use the language of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—are laying down a doctrine of the most fatal tendency, and the most flagrant immorality; a doctrine, in fact, which differs only in the extent to which it is proposed *at present* to apply it, from the doctrines of Jack Cade, Barbès, and Blanqui, of the plunderers, spoliators, confiscators, and "equitable adjusters" of all times.

One of the arguments in favour of direct taxation, most relied upon by its advocates, is its superior cheapness. When compared with indirect taxation, it is alleged, it takes less out of the pockets of the people, in proportion to the amount it puts into the coffers of the Exchequer. We admit the truth of the allegation to a certain degree; but that degree has been enormously overstated. The relative cost of collecting the different branches of the revenue in Great Britain is as follows:—Customs, £5, 6s. 4d. per cent.; Excise, £4, 18s. 9d.; direct taxes, (assessed and income,) £3, 3s. 3d. In other words, the direct taxes cost three and one-sixth per cent., and the indirect taxes five per cent. in collecting, leaving an advantage of not quite two per cent. in favour of the former. On the first blush of the matter, then, it would appear as if the entire substitution of the former for the latter would

* Finance Account, 1851. Parl. Papers.

effect a saving of nearly one million a year to the country. How far this would be a sufficient equipoise to the vast addition of irritation and inconvenience which such substitution would entail, may well be doubted. But would the saving be even as great as it appears? This is more than doubtful. In the first place, a wiser adjustment of our customs and excise-duties, repealing those which yield little and cost much, would reduce the expense of collection most materially. Already we can trace a commencement of such reduction arising from the judicious changes which have been introduced from time to time. Thus we find that in the years from 1830-1833, the cost of collecting the customs' duties in Great Britain averaged £5, 19s. 7d. per cent. In the last four years it has only averaged £5, 7s. 3d.; and in 1850 was only £5, 6s. 4d. In the five years from 1835-1839 the cost of collecting the Excise averaged £6, 6s. 4d.; in the last five years it has only averaged £5, 7s. 2d., and in 1850 was only £4, 16s. 9d.

But there is another consideration. It is true that the direct taxes are now levied at a collecting cost of three and one-sixth per cent., because they are levied on comparatively few individuals, and in comparatively large sums. But if they became our sole taxes, or even the main basis of our taxation, they must, as we have shewn, be extended to all classes, they must be levied upon all individuals, however humble. Instead of Schedule D being demanded from 147,659 individuals, (as it was in 1848,) it would have to be demanded from probably upwards of a million. Instead of the revenue being collected in sums of £100, it would have to be collected in sums of £1 and under. Instead of a collector calling once and upon one man for £50, he would have to call a hundred times, and upon a hundred men. Instead of gathering the House-tax from 500,000 houses, it would have to be gathered from 3,500,000. The 20s. a year which the working man (according to our previous estimate) now pays indirectly and unconsciously, and which the collector never has to call upon him for at all, would then have to be wrung out of him by painful pressure, under a variety of heads, and at repeated visits. The collector now gathers the tax on tea or sugar, for example, from about one thousand importing and unmurmuring merchants, who pay it as a matter of course, and without demur. Under the direct system, the same sum would have to be drawn in small amounts from thirty millions of resentful and blaspheming contributors, who would make a point of giving as much trouble as they could. Under such circumstances, is there the least probability that direct taxes could be collected for three and one-sixth per cent., or perhaps

for three times that amount!* Is it not evident that to obtain a *large* revenue you levy it from the *many*,—to obtain it *cheaply* you must levy it from, or rather through, the *few*?

We do not therefore see any reason to believe that direct taxes, fairly imposed, would be at all less costly in the collection than indirect ones, judiciously selected and adjusted. We have met boldly, and in the face, the principal recommendations usually urged on behalf of those imposts which are now bidding so high for popular favour. We have shewn that when they take the form of an Income and Property-tax they are inherently and incurably unfair; we have shewn that it is very questionable whether they are economical, and that it is beyond question that they are not equitable, and cannot be made so. There are, however, three classes of direct taxes which have our unqualified approval—the Assessed Taxes, and the House-tax, and the Legacy Duty. The Assessed Taxes, now that the Window Duty has been repealed, seem wholly unobjectionable. They are easily levied; they allow little, if any, room for evasion and deceit; they are taxes on expenditure, not on income; they are taxes on needless luxuries, and if a man wishes at any time to escape the tax, he can do so by foregoing the luxury. If he can afford to indulge in the luxury, it is certain he can afford to pay for it, and should not grudge doing so. Of all taxes, a house-tax, fairly levied on the assessable value of the dwelling, and admitting no exemptions, unites most merits, and is open to fewest objections. It is liable to no evasion or dispute; it creates no irritation beyond that which paying away money for an unseen reality unavoidably causes in nearly all minds; its pressure is more equitable than that of any other, since the value of the house in which a man chooses to live offers a criterion of what he can afford to spend, (and therefore to pay,) not, indeed, perfect and universal, but certainly more accurate than any other test. We particularly recommend to our readers' attention the section of Mr. Mill's work which he devotes to the consideration of the house-tax, in which he briefly, but most triumphantly, disposes of all the current objections which are urged against it, shewing how frivolous most of them are, and how entirely all that have any validity or weight apply not to the principle of the tax itself, but to the faulty and inequitable mode in which it was formerly levied. Now that this tax has been re-imposed, we trust to see it made permanent, universal, equal in its

* In confirmation of this, it is important to notice that previous to 1842, (when the Income-tax was imposed, which presses on so few,) the direct taxes cost nearly as much as the Customs and Excise in collection, or about five per cent.

pressure, and greatly increased in amount. It may then become—as we hope it will—a substitute for the present Income-tax, almost all the recommendations of which it may claim, and all the fatal allegations against which it avoids. A ten per cent. house-tax, laid not on 500,000 dwellings, but on 4,500,000,* would yield a large, steady, and unobnoxious revenue, and possesses, besides, this vast supplementary merit, that the rate might be raised or lowered according to the yearly necessities of the Exchequer, and thus save that constant alteration, repeal, imposition, and re-imposition of taxes, which is one of the great mischiefs of our present empiric, unscientific, and hand-to-mouth system. Now, if there be a deficiency, the Chancellor has to set his wits to work to devise some new tax that can be laid on with the least outcry, or to select from the old ones that which will best bear an increase; and in doing this it is scarcely possible for him to hit upon one which will not be more or less injurious, or more or less partial in its augmented pressure, and an alteration of which will not, therefore, fairly lay him open to the charge of injustice. If, on the other hand, there is a surplus revenue, the Chancellor is immediately assailed with the deafening clamour of twenty rival claimants for relief; and whatever tax he selects for repeal, it is scarcely possible for him to avoid favouring one class of the community more than others, and thus incurring the accusation of partiality. All changes in taxation are in themselves bad, because all involve an *unsettlement* of time-adjusted pressure. Taxes, whatever be their nature and *first incidence*, have a certain tendency, in the course of years, to rectify their own original inequalities, and spread themselves with tolerable fairness over the community. This is one of the most indisputable axioms of economic science, though writers differ as to the rapidity with which the process is effected. But of the inherent faculty of taxation, however partial its imposition in the outset, to place itself gradually and in due proportion on the right shoulders, there can be no controversy. Every change, therefore, every new tax laid on, every old one repealed, disturbs the natural adjustment which has been thus effected, and introduces, for the time, a fresh inequality of pressure, requiring a fresh process of adjustment. But if we had once removed the taxes really injurious to morals and to trade, it would be of inestimable benefit to have no further alteration, to have all taxes settled and permanent, but to meet the varying redundancies or deficiencies of the revenue, as they occurred, by *varying the rate per cent.* of that

one impost which pressed equally on all. This, we conceive, would be the greatest practical improvement which could be introduced into our fiscal system.

The Legacy Duties, in the form in which they are now imposed, are utterly indefensible. Their partiality is gross and flagrant. In the first place, they exempt a vast proportion of the property of the country altogether; in the second place, they tax small properties at a higher rate than large. From the Probate Duty, which is levied on the entire personal property devised by will, from the duty on Letters of Administration, which is levied on the entire personalty of parties dying intestate, and from the Legacy Duty, which also falls on personalty, but at rates varying according to the degree of consanguinity of the legatee, —all real property is exempt. Railway shares, bank stock, stock in trade, ships, gold, bills of exchange, &c., all pay: land does not. Again, the Probate Duty, which averages rather more than 2 per cent. on all sums under £2000, is only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on properties of £20,000, and not much more than $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on estates of £100,000 or £1,000,000. The duty on Letters of Administration is 3 per cent. on the smaller amounts, and only from 2 to $2\frac{1}{4}$ on larger ones. These monstrous injustices have led to a feeling of hostility to a tax which, when fairly imposed and levied, is one of the most equitable and least burdensome that can be devised. In judging the principle of a Legacy Duty, we must consider it not in the imperfect and objectionable form which it may have assumed under the sinister operation of class interests, but in the form it would assume in the hands of just legislators. Now, if the Probate and Administrative Duties were repealed, and the Legacy Duty imposed upon *all* property passing by inheritance, at a rate varying, as at present, according to the degree of relationship, from 1 to 10 per cent., we do not see any tax to which so few objections could apply. It is little liable to evasion by donation *inter vivos*, and a slight alteration of the law might still further diminish this liability; it affords scarcely any opening to fraud, because the legal formalities necessary in the due performance of the duties of an executor would give ample means of ascertaining the amounts bequeathed or inherited; it fulfils admirably Adam Smith's third requisite of a good tax, (that it should be levied at the time when it is most convenient for the individual to pay it,) inasmuch as it is demanded from him at the very moment when he is receiving a considerable accession of property; and, finally, it is paid with less irritation and reluctance than any other fiscal burden, because it is called for when this accession of property

* I. e., 3,467,611 in Great Britain, and 852,389 (probably) in Ireland.

has improved his circumstances, and may be supposed to have put him in good humour. Moreover, there seems a special equity in the tax on a separate ground. It may be regarded as an equivalent paid for the protection of the law under circumstances when an individual is disabled from protecting himself. A man's power over his property naturally ceases with his life; without the intervention of the State he could not secure its reversion to those whom he desired to endow. The State, however, steps in, and says to him, "We will carry out your posthumous wishes with regard to the disposal of your estate when you are helpless and departed, on condition of a moderate and reasonable fee." Thus he pays the ordinary taxes to purchase protection during his lifetime: he pays the Legacy Duty to purchase a posthumous power over his property, a power which only an executor like the State can bestow. If there be no property to bequeath, there is no tax paid.

Mr. Mill's estimate of the justice and incidental merits of this tax is so high that he would carry it much further than many will feel prepared to go along with him. He conceives that "the principle of graduation, (as it is called,) that is, of levying a larger *per centage* on a larger sum, though its application to general taxation would be a violation of first principles, is quite unobjectionable as applied to legacy and inheritance duties." He would, moreover, limit the power of bequest to a fixed amount, making the State residuary legatee in all cases where the property left exceeded this amount to each recipient; and he would make collateral inheritances *ab intestato* cease altogether, and the property escheat to the State. The arguments by which he defends these proposals have, we confess, failed to satisfy us altogether of their wisdom, but they are well worthy of consideration. They are to be found in the first chapter of his second book.

In comparing the respective merits of direct and indirect taxation—taxes on income and property, and taxes on commodities—much stress is laid by the advocates of the former on its superior economy,—on its taking less than its rival out of the pocket of the people, in proportion to the sum it puts into the coffers of the State. We have already considered this point so far as mere *cost of collection* is concerned; and we have shewn that the alleged cheapness of direct taxation in this particular, is rather delusive than genuine—rather accidental and fluctuating than permanent and essential. But another expense attaches to taxes on articles of consumption, which it is important to estimate at its real magnitude. Duties on commodities (it is said) being

usually paid by the producers or importers before the commodities are sold to the consumers, increase prices, not only by the amount of the duty, but also by the amount of the profits on that portion of the producer's or importer's capital which was expended in advancing the duty. That is, if the usual and fair profits on capital employed in trade are ten per cent., the article in question reaches the consumer charged not only with the duty, but with the addition of ten per cent. on the amount of that duty; nay more, with an additional ten per cent. laid on by every tradesman through whose hands the article passes. Sismondi goes so far as to say that a tax of 4000 francs, paid originally by the manufacturer or importer, whose profits were ten per cent., would, if the article passed only through the hands of five different persons before reaching the consumer, cost the latter 6734 francs. If this statement were true, or even approached the truth, it would amount to an indictment against indirect taxation, which scarcely any or all of its acknowledged recommendations would suffice to countervail. But it is obvious that this blundering calculation proceeds upon the assumption that the tax accumulates by compound interest, not at the rate of ten per cent. *per annum*, but at the rate of ten per cent. *at each step of its progress*. If each one of the transmitters retained the article a year in his possession, and it was, therefore, *five years* in reaching the consumer, Sismondi's reasoning would be correct; but if only one year elapsed—and the actual time is seldom so long—then an addition to the original duty of 400 francs instead of 2734, would give a rate of ten per cent. *per annum* to all parties through whose hands the commodity had passed, whether they were five or fifty.

But even when we have thus reduced this objection from the gigantic magnitude to which Mr. Sismondi's oversight had swelled it, a farther and most material deduction must be made. We will assume that a year elapses between the payment of duty by the importer or manufacturer, and its repayment to him by the consumer; the consumer will then pay it with the addition of ten per cent. But *he pays it a year later* than he would otherwise have done: the State required the money at the time it levied it from the importer; if, in place of an indirect, it had been levied by a direct tax on the consumer, he must have paid it in January instead of in December. The money, therefore, has been left in his hand for a whole year, during which period it has yielded him, we may presume, five per cent. The real addition to the consumer is, therefore, not *ten per cent.* but *five*; since whether he pays the tax *plus* five per cent. in January, or *plus* ten per cent. in December, the actual sum taken

out of his pocket is the same. The State wants £100 from the tax-payer, whose money is invested at five per cent. interest; and, taking this by indirect taxation, it takes from him £110, but it does this a year later than it would have done by direct taxation; and whether it takes £105 from him now, or £110 twelve months hence, must be a matter of complete indifference.

But is there any reason to believe that a year, or any time approaching to it, elapses in ordinary cases between the payment of the duty by the importing merchant, and its recovery from the ultimate consumer? In former days it might have been so; but since the system of bonded warehouses was introduced, the case is altogether changed. Now the merchant can leave his goods under the Queen's key, and does not pay the duty until he takes them out for delivery, not indeed to the consumer, but to the dealer who supplies the consumer. The additional capital required, and on which he has to charge his supposed profit of ten per cent., is only needed for the few days or weeks which elapsed between his payment to the revenue officer, and the shopkeeper's repayment to him: the shopkeeper, again, has only to charge profit on the same capital for the few days and weeks which elapse between his payment to the merchant, and his customer's payment to him. If all parties paid ready money, the whole additional cost to the consumer would be confined to ten per cent. profit on the duty, for the time during which the goods lay unsold in the dealer's shop,—which time he would of course render as short as possible, by holding small stocks and applying to the merchant only a very short time before his previous supply was exhausted. If either vender *give credit* to either vendee, then the additional price which this credit obliges him to charge for the commodity, is a simple remuneration to him for consenting to remain so long out of possession of his capital. It is interest on money lent to his customer; and it is mere misrepresentation to speak of it as an addition to the duty advanced by the importer.

The indirect expense of indirect taxation, then, which loomed so large in the distance, turns out, when closely analyzed, to be very insignificant;—not, as Sismondi conceived, 70 per cent., not, as Ricardo seemed to admit, 10 per cent.,—not even, as for the sake of argument we assumed, 5 per cent., but probably not above $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., or three months' interest on the amount of the original duty. The enormous cost to the country of many taxes on imported commodities, (conjectured to have been in the case of sugar five millions, and in the case of corn twenty millions, annually,) arising from their effect in forcing production into unnatural and injudicious channels,

and compelling us to buy from one country what we could have procured far more cheaply from another—need not be spoken of here. They are discredited, condemned, and almost swept away. Duties strictly and fairly imposed for the sake of revenue, have nothing in common with duties which are either purposely or incidentally protective; and the ill repute justly attaching to the latter can by no legitimate process be made to recoil upon the former. Neither need we combat the objections derived from the evil of excessive or ill-selected duties which, like that on tea, curtail consumption, tempt adulteration, lessen by so doing their own productiveness, and diminish the production of those labour-employing articles of export which are used to purchase the commodity so injuriously over-taxed. All arguments drawn from such cases are of weight, not against the principle of indirect taxation, but against its injudicious and clumsy application. They merely shew that the financier who lays himself open to such charges, does not understand his business. They are what logicians call *fallacia accidentis*. They are specimens of the sophism, *à dicto secundum quid ad dictum simpliciter*, which argues from what is true under particular circumstances, as if it were true nakedly and altogether. They are directed solely against the separable accidents, not against the inherent essentials of the system.

We pass over with a mere enumeration several minor advantages of indirect taxation, as our limits warn us to draw to a close. Such as the convenience of the time at which the tax is paid by the consumer, which consideration Adam Smith places so high in his list of requisites. Such as its self-adjusting qualities, enabling a man to do for himself what it is one great, but uniformly unattained object, of the Science of Finance to do for him,—namely, to proportion his fiscal burdens to his capacity of bearing them. Such as its light and evanescent pressure on the poor man, so soon as he becomes *poor enough* to be obliged to dispense with luxuries. Such, finally, as its liability to be thrown, in part at least, on foreigners,—the possibility of which, and the *modus operandi* of effecting it, involves so subtle and intricate a train of reasoning that we shall not attempt to enter upon it here, but shall content ourselves with referring to the argument of Mr. J. S. Mill, as confirmation of its practicability.*

The most weighty objection brought against Customs and Excise duties is their alleged demoralizing tendency. They encourage smuggling, and tempt to fraudulent adulteration.

* Principles of Political Economy, vol. ii. p. 405. Essays on some unsettled questions of Political Economy.

It is impossible to deny the accusation. But two pleas may be urged in mitigation, which will go far to prevent sentence of condemnation from being passed. In the first place, the charge is valid against excessive, not moderate duties. If the duties are so high as to leave the profits of the smuggler—*all risks included*—decidedly greater than those of the fair trader, such duties are not only demoralizing, but suicidal. But these immoderate duties have long been condemned, and in the majority of cases abandoned. Our experience in the case of the excise on spirits and the duty on silks, as in many other instances, proved the effect of the lowering of the duty in discouraging and knocking up the smuggling trade, and thus clearly shewed that *this* argument, like others we have just disposed of, bore not against indirect taxation, but against enormous and abortive taxation,—not against import and excise duties *per se*, but against such injudicious and ineffective duties as no financier who was master of his profession would dream of imposing. To impose a duty which rendered smuggling and adulteration overpoweringly attractive—which gave higher inducements to the smuggler than the tradesman's native preference for honesty and the vigilance of the coast-guard were competent to countervail—would be to impose a duty which failed of its purpose, and the imposition of which, therefore, would be a proof of the incapacity of the statesman who laid it on. It is true that we have not yet fully carried out the maxims of fiscal wisdom which our experience has taught us; and that in the case of tea and of tobacco we still retain duties which offer irresistible temptations to the smuggler and adulterator; but their operation is now well understood, and their death-warrant is already signed—as far, that is, as refers to their self-defeating and illegitimate *excess*. In the second place, temptations to evasion are inherent in the nature of every tax, in proportion to its disagreeableness and the severity of its pressure. We know the subterfuges often resorted to in the case of the assessed taxes; we have seen something of the enormous stimulus to fraud arising from the Income-tax; the revenue is defrauded in the several departments of the Legacy Duty, the Stamp Duties, and the Post-Office; and, while fully admitting the validity of the objection in question, when urged against Excise and Customs Duties, we hold that it is one of those objections which, as we have seen, inevitably attach to things so intrinsically evil in their nature as all taxes are; and that, where the duties are moderate in amount and judiciously selected, they are as little open to it as almost any direct tax that can be named, except a house-tax,—and far

less open than many that might be specified such as an income-tax.

We now come to the final consideration,—on which we are at issue with, and diametrically opposed to the popular declaimers against indirect taxation, viz., the comparative ease with which it is levied, the comparative unwillingness—approaching to unconsciousness—with which it is paid. This the Liverpool financiers regard as its decisive demerit: this we regard as its crowning recommendation. Horace says of poems:

“Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.”

We hold this to apply in the case of taxes also. They should be, as far as possible, not only theoretically beautiful, but practically sweet. If an impost must be levied, let it be done with as little irritation and annoyance as the thing will admit of. When a painful operation has to be performed, it is surely desirable to effect it while the patient is under the influence of chloroform. If the life-blood must be extracted from a man, it is unquestionable mercy to throw him first into a deep sleep. “Not so, (say the financial reformers :) this would remove the most efficient check on the extravagance of Government. If taxes are made pleasant, or even endurable, there is no limit to the amount that may be extracted from the people—if, by the perfection of art, they are reduced to a kind of insensible perspiration, the patient may be bled to death before he is aware. The best security we can have for the economical expenditure of the public money, is, to make taxation so disgusting and burdensome that the people will grudge every farthing they are called upon to pay.” Surely this argument is very childish and very shallow. Englishmen are scarcely such infants as to require to be treated in this way. If the taxation be not needed for the due furtherance of public objects, it is wrong to levy it, and weak to pay it; if it be needed, it is silly to grudge it, and would be double silliness to raise it in any but the least objectionable way. But let the matter be argued on its own grounds: let us tie our Government down in the strictest mode we can devise to expend the public money for none but the most just, important, and valuable purposes; let us, by the closest vigilance, compel them so to manage as to obtain these purposes as cheaply as they can; but let us not adopt so blind, clumsy, empirical a way of reaching our end, as the excitement of a needless detestation of taxation, which will be equally likely to cut down or to refuse the best as the worst employed revenue. If the physis is unnecessary, why take it at all: if it be necessary, why make it superfluously nauseous?

The truth is, that at present the danger is all the other way. Partly from the natural dislike to pay away money for which no immediate and visible equivalent is received; partly owing to the violent, thoughtless, and often uncandid and unfair language of that section of politicians who for years have been urging retrenchment upon the Government as its chief duty, and exciting the hostility of the people against taxation as their chief grievance,—the difficulty is becoming yearly greater of raising revenue sufficient for the maintenance of the national credit, the vindication of the national honour, and the improvement and efficacy of the national institutions. This is the natural and inevitable consequence of the language habitually held and the line of argument pursued for many years back by the more demagogic of our public men, and at times also, and for party purposes, by statesmen whom we should be loath, even in thought, to class with these. There is no road to temporary popularity so easy, so low, or so inconsiderate as that which is offered by an appearance of excessive vigilance over all drafts upon the public purse, by leading the onslaught upon this or that obnoxious impost. But neither is there any road which more certainly leads to ultimate failure—which entails a more sure or more richly merited retribution. All taxes are unpopular; and necessarily so. None can be devised by the wit of man which do not press inconveniently and often painfully upon some classes or upon all: abuse of any tax is, therefore, sure to meet with ready sympathy from millions. No tax can be discovered to which there may not be urged some serious and valid objections: a severe exposure and hostile criticism of any tax, therefore, will find an echo in the reason as well as in the feelings of all hearers. Taxes in their best estate are only necessary evils; they are all, more or less, directly burdensome, and incidentally mischievous: if a proof of their objectionable nature were a sufficient argument for their removal, it would be impossible to raise a revenue at all. But our popular financial reformers have been too much in the habit of representing the Government as a body hostile to the people, and fond of bleeding them for some selfish purpose of its own; forgetting that, though there have been times in our history when this representation was in a great measure true, those times have long since passed away; and that the traditional language of agitating orators which befitted the days of Walpole and Pelham and Pitt, is out of place and unbecoming now. They have too often incautiously spoken as if taxes were things which could be dispensed with; evils to be escaped altogether, not evils to be chosen among; and the masses have

listened greedily to language which harmonized with their sentiments, and seemed to justify their discontents.

It is, we seriously think, high time to make a systematic and determined stand against the mischievous consequences of these inconsiderate and uncandid representations. It is essential to our future safety and good government that all leaders of public opinion, whether in Parliament or in the press, all on whom now rests, or may hereafter rest, the duty of ruling the country, or of influencing those who rule it—should take a deliberate view of the solemn responsibilities attached to their position, and, warned by indications of the dangerous tendency of an opposite course, should resolve to abstain in future, whatever temporary triumph they may have thereby to forego, from arousing that “ignorant impatience of taxation” which, if carried much further, and persevered in much longer, bids fair to end in rendering the wise and safe administration of this great empire a task almost impossible. Already it is difficult to modify or exchange a tax without raising a storm which no cautious Chancellor of the Exchequer will readily encounter. Already it is difficult to maintain inviolate sources of revenue which every man, with the slightest insight into public business, knows to be perfectly indispensable. Already, on more than one occasion, legislators whose class sympathies overpowered their sense of imperial necessities, or whose thirst for popularity was stimulated by an approaching dissolution, have voted the repeal of taxes which it was impossible to spare, and have been compelled to rescind the idle and disreputable vote. Already the most valuable and important schemes have been relinquished, from the unwillingness of the country to submit to the slightest additional expense for their promotion, or still more from the dislike felt by the Government of the day to risk the unpopularity of proposing such addition. Already questions of the widest range, and the most vital moment to the grandeur and stability of our empire—Colonial questions, European questions, Judicial Reforms—are discussed, not as matters involving high statesmanship and philosophic patriotism, but as they bear upon the financial prospects of the year, as portion of the details of the army and navy estimates! In April last, Lord Truro distinctly alleged the unwillingness of the House of Commons to vote the necessary funds, or, as it afterwards appeared, the reluctance of ministers to ask for them—as a ground why he dare not propose those Chancery reforms which every lawyer and every statesman concurred in declaring absolutely indispensable. He is reported to have said, “His noble friend seemed not aware of the extreme jealousy with which that

House looks upon any increase in the expense of the judicial departments of the State. *There lies the evil. The temper of the present time is not disposed to make the necessary sacrifice for the administration of justice.* The business of the Court of Chancery has greatly increased; it is in fact extremely heavy. There is not sufficient judicial strength there; and it is very doubtful whether the House of Commons would add to that judicial strength.* There is terrible and stinging sarcasm in all this; and the temper here pointed at is fraught with menace and with mischief. We shall scarcely be accused, by any who have watched our course from the beginning, of being advocates either of lavish expenditure or of needless taxation; we have fought in the ranks of retrenchment and reform too earnestly and too long not to have earned the right to speak our thoughts now, and to be listened to with patience and candour when we say, that England can well bear, and ought not to grudge, any expenditure needed for the maintenance of the national credit, for the completion and consolidation of the national interests, for the perfecting of our judicial institutions, for the collection of that full and close statistical information without which our rulers must often be working in the dark, and for the remuneration of those public services which, where truly ably and conscientiously rendered, it is not easy to overpay. We warn the country that the danger is imminent and serious, when a low and bastard economy has become the god of our idolatry, when a Lord Chancellor can utter without shame, and without clear untruth, such a plea for misgovernment as we have quoted. What *ought* to be done, *dares not* to be done, (we are told,) because our senators take a narrow, partial, short-sighted view of their duties, and forget that they have other and higher functions than that of mere guardians of the public purse. They forget that they are intrusted with the money of the nation, in order that they may purchase therewith those blessings which the nation needs, and on which its happiness, reputation, and prosperity depend. They forget that their duty is so to dispense the public revenue as to further most effectually those objects which the public has at heart, and for which the community consents to be taxed; and that, if the first of these be defence against foreign foes, the second, at

least, is the administration of prompt, easy, and impartial justice at home. In proportion as Lord Truro's charge is true—and it is impossible entirely to gainsay it,—in proportion as ministers shrink, and are excusable in shrinking, from applying to the House for needful funds for important and righteous purposes, out of a dread of its parsimonious temper; and in proportion as this temper has been fostered by the class of financial reformers to whom we have referred, are we justified in saying, that the sticklers for “cheap government” are—unconsciously perhaps, and unintentionally—the supporters of mal-administration;—that matters have reached a point at which Reform or Retrenchment no longer go hand in hand, but are pitted against one another; that, in a word, those who would *save* the money of the people, and those who would *spend it well*, are no longer identical, but distinct, at issue, and antagonistic. Economy in the public expenditure is a great object and a sacred duty; but there are aims yet worthier and nobler, and obligations yet holier and more imperative. The education of our brutal and neglected masses is one of these. The promotion of those sanitary reforms, on which health, life, decency, and morality, so essentially depend, is one of these. The amendment of our judicial system, till it becomes in fact what it claims to be in theory, is another. The reform of our prisons, of the provision for juvenile criminals, of our whole arrangements for secondary punishments, is again an obligation of paramount magnitude, and clamorous for immediate initiation. The maintenance of those colonial interests which bind our distant dependencies to the mother country, on which hangs the future spread and permanence of our special and highly valued form of civilization, is another of those mighty objects with which no mere considerations of immediate parsimony can be allowed to come into competition. And, finally, a prior and more sacred claim than any pecuniary saving, is the unimpaired preservation of those effective elements and external manifestations of national strength and vigour, which will not only secure Great Britain from personal danger, but will enable her to speak with decision and with influence, when she speaks at all; which will render her in future, as in the past, the protectress of the weak and the refuge of the oppressed; which will enable her, when civilization is endangered, when humanity is outraged, when morality is trampled under foot, to remonstrate in that language of disgust and indignation which could not be rashly disregarded; which, in a word—when one sovereign tramples out the guaranteed and consolidated freedom of its subjects, as in the case of Hesse; when another summons in the

* The House, we rejoice to say, vindicated itself from this charge, in so far, at least, as it voted the salaries of two new judges without remonstrance. But the timid and hesitating way in which Lord John Russell proposed the vote, and his evident reluctance to do so, and dread of its probable reception, spoke volumes.

savage succour of a barbarous power to aid him in crushing the liberties of a generous and long-descended people, as in the case of Hungary; when a third violates every promise, ravishes every right, sanctions every cruelty, sets at nought every decency, as in the case of Naples; or when the uncontrolled citizens of a powerful State do not scruple to turn pirates, and invade an unoffending neighbour, simply because they covet her possessions, as in the case of Cuba—will empower her, when such iniquities are perpetrated, to step forward, fearless of the consequences, and bold in her conscious capacity to meet them, and say, "These things shall not be!"

These considerations appear to us so important at the present juncture, and in the actual state of the public mind, that we are glad to fortify ourselves by the opinion of a writer whose deep popular sympathies it is impossible to doubt, and whose deliberate and searching wisdom has won him the first place among social philosophers,—we mean Mr. J. S. Mill. The intense dissatisfaction which would arise were our whole revenue "of fifty millions raised by direct taxes, would, he conceives, be productive of more harm than good. Of the fifty millions in question, nearly thirty are pledged, under the most binding obligations, to those whose capital has been borrowed and spent by the State; and while this debt remains unredeemed, a greatly increased impatience of taxation would involve no little danger of a breach of faith similar to that which, in the defaulting States of America, has been produced, and in some of them still continues, from the same cause. That part, indeed, of the public expenditure which is devoted to the maintenance of civil and military establishments, is still in many cases unnecessarily profuse; but though many of the items will bear great reduction, others certainly require increase. There is hardly any public reform or improvement of the first rank, proposed of late years, and still remaining to be effected, which would not probably require, at least for a time, an increased instead of a diminished appropriation of public money. Whether the object be popular education, emigration and colonization, a more efficient and accessible administration of justice, a more judicious treatment of criminals, improvement in the condition of soldiers and sailors, a more effective police, reforms of any kind which, like slave emancipation, require compensation to individual interests; or, finally, what is as important as any of these, the entertainment of a sufficient staff of able and highly educated public servants, to conduct, in a better than the present awkward manner, the business of legislation and administration; every one of these things implies considerable expense, and

*many of them have again and again been prevented by the reluctance which exists to apply to Parliament for an increased grant of public money, though the cost would be repaid, often a hundred-fold, in mere pecuniary advantage to the community generally. I fear that we should have to wait long for most of these things if taxation were as odious as it probably would be if it were exclusively direct."**

It is time to sum up, and bring this long paper to a close. We have seen that there is no tax to which valid objections do not apply,—no tax which is not, more or less, inequitable in its pressure, injurious in its operation, and annoying in its collection. This objection, though from its universality not decisive against any particular tax, is decisive against making it the only one. It is in a *variety* of imposts that we are to look for the solution of the great problem of the Finance Minister—how to make taxation equitable and endurable. We have seen that the apparent merits of direct taxation are apparent only. We have seen that it does not fulfil *all* the requirements of Adam Smith's "good tax" better than the indirect system, and that it scarcely fulfils any of them better. It is at least as unequal in its incidence, as unfair in its severity, as prolific in stimulants to fraud,—and immeasurably more irritating and vexatious. It is even questionable whether it is more economical in the collection. It is the first, the easiest, the coarsest mode which suggests itself to rude and uncivilized financiers. The paramount duty of a government in fiscal matters, is to levy the revenue *fairly*: This takes precedence over all other considerations. But next to this, if its first duty is to levy them so as to cause least injury, its second unquestionably is to levy them so as to cause least irritation. We have seen, finally, that taxation, whether direct or indirect, cannot be, and ought not to be, confined to the few;—that to approach this verges upon confiscation, that to recommend it is to preach *Jacquerie* and spoliation.

At the risk of exposing ourselves to the sarcasms with which the actual Chancellor of the Exchequer loves to reward those "amateurs" who offer him useful suggestions, or hint that there is a Science in his Art which he has not fathomed, and principles in fiscal policy which he either has not mastered or habitually sets at nought,—we shall venture to enumerate those sources of revenue on which—following out the views above developed—we think it would be safe, just, and prudent to rely. The first of these is a house-

* Principles of Political Economy, vol. ii. p. 418.

tax, which, taking a pivot of 20 per cent., should vary from 15 to 25 per cent., according to the exigencies of the Exchequer. This should be levied on all the 4,500,000 houses in the kingdom, without exemption. Of these it is estimated that about 500,000 are above £20 a year rent, and the rest under.* The former we may fairly take at an average rent of £45, which, at 20 per cent., would yield £4,500,000:—the latter, at an average rent of £5, would yield above £4,000,000 more. The Legacy Duty, on *personal* property only, now yields £1,400,000:—if levied at the same rate on *all* property, it would bring, it is calculated, £3,000,000 into the Exchequer. The Land and Assessed Taxes in Great Britain, leaving out the Window-tax, reach £2,835,000:—if Ireland were included we might take them at £3,000,000. So much for direct taxes. The tax on tea should be reduced certainly to 1s. a lb., perhaps still lower, but would probably, according to all analogy, yield at that rate as large a revenue as at present. The tax on spirits and tobacco, there can be no reason for reducing below the point at which smuggling and illicit distillation could be prevented. Probably this might entail some loss on the article of tobacco. Our budget would then stand thus—taking the receipts of 1849 as our standard:—

DIRECT TAXES—

House Tax, . . .	£8,500,000
Legacy Duty, . . .	3,000,000
Assessed Taxes, . . .	3,000,000
	<hr/> £14,500,000

INDIRECT TAXES—

British Spirits, . . .	£6,000,000
Malt,	5,000,000
Tobacco,	4,400,000
Wine and Foreign	
Spirits,	4,600,000
Tea,	5,500,000
Sugar,	4,000,000
Coffee,	500,000
Miscellaneous articles	
of luxury,	1,000,000
Post Office,	1,000,000
	<hr/> 32,000,000
	<hr/> £46,500,000

£46,500,000, out of £50,000,000 needed, is thus provided for. The remainder might be raised by a continuance of the present modified Stamp Duties, till the augmented consumption of the above articles, which would ensue as our population increased and improved, rendered them superfluous;—or, as Mr. Mill suggests, by raising £10,000,000 instead of £8,500,000 from the House-tax, and by a higher Legacy Duty.

ART. III.—1. *Kugler's Hand-Book of Painting—The Schools of Painting in Italy.*

Translated from the German of KUGLER, by a LADY. Edited with Notes, by SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A., F.R.S. Second Edition, thoroughly revised, with much additional matter. London, 1851.

2. *Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte.* Von DR. FRANZ KUGLER, Professor an der Königl. Akademie der Künste zu Berlin. Zweite Auflage, mit Zusätzen. Von DR. TAE BURCKHARDT. Berlin, 1848.3. *Ancient Art and its Remains; or a Manual of the Archaeology of Art.* By C. O. MUELLER. New Edition, by F. G. WILCKER. Translated from the German by JOHN LEITCH. London, 1850.

For many years past the condition of the Fine Arts in Edinburgh has been to us a subject of the gravest concern, and the period, if we mistake not, has at last arrived when, with some hope of sympathy, we may impart our solicitude to the more serious portion of our fellow-townsmen.

We have now for a quarter of a century had an annual exhibition of the works of living artists, and what we have fondly called a school has been formed under the auspices of those who, on behalf of the public, have judged and purchased the works which there appeared.

To the school thus created one merit above

* The data of the above calculation are as follows. The total inhabited houses in Great Britain are (in 1851) 3,647,611, to which we may add for Ireland 852,389. Now, till 1824, we had a House-tax in Great Britain levied on all houses (except farm-houses) above £5 a year rent. In that year there were—

	Houses.	Rent.	Average Rent.
Above £5 and under £10,	171,522	£ 1,161,667	£ 6 15 0
£10 and upwards, . . .	375,410	10,516,550	28 0 0
In the same year there were			
under £20,	361,513	3,537,742	9 15 0
above £20,	185,419	8,140,475	43 15 0
In that year all houses			
under £10 were ex-			
empted.			
In 1833, just before the entire repeal			
of the tax, the case stood thus—			
From £10 to £20,	227,604	2,997,524	13 3 0
“ 20 and upwards, . . .	214,438	9,606,388	44 15 0

all the schools that ever existed must be conceded. It has had the glory of testing, by a prolonged and careful experiment, the applicability of one of the favourite doctrines of modern political science to the production of works of art. The *laissez-faire* system has been tried in the most favourable circumstances. With the influential to countenance it, the wealthy to patronize it, the fair to commend it, and the general public eager, by every means within their reach, to express their interest and sympathy, the art of our country has been left unfettered by one single regulation, untrammelled by one single law either of nature or tradition. No compulsory course of uniform training has checked the vigour of its native growth, no tyrant master has set limits to its freedom, or stamped on its productions the impress of his too dominant thought. On the contrary, every new freak which it imagined, every fresh vagary which it perpetrated, has been hailed as a manifestation of originality and a pledge of progress. It has been romantic, sentimental, pathetic, devotional, genteel, and vulgar; and in each of these phases it has not only been left in undisturbed possession of its self-complacency, but it has been congratulated by a grateful public on having at last stumbled on the upward path.

We are willing to admit that with institutions it may be as with men, that those who ultimately effect most are neither earliest to exhibit the signs of future eminence nor least prone to the eccentricities and extravagances of youth. But there is a limit to the consolation which this acknowledged fact affords us. If the years of ripe manhood have been reached without one trace of serious purpose in life, if the tastes continue trivial, the occupations desultory and planless, the will feeble, and the aim low, then, with sorrow and reluctance indeed, but with very considerable confidence, we should pronounce that the individual in question, to all human seeming, was destined for no very heroic part. But the rule by which we measure the probability of ultimate individual success is applicable by more than analogy to such an institution as our Scottish Academy, for its effects, if any, must be seen in the character which it has stamped on its pupils; and he who drew breath on the day of its first opening will now have attained to that period of life at which we feel entitled to expect that the lineaments of his completed manhood, if not *in esse* shall *in posse*, at least, be very distinctly traceable.

But it may be well that we at once relieve our readers from any apprehensions of individual fault-finding which these observations may possibly have occasioned, by mentioning

in the outset that our concern has reference rather to the manner in which art in general is regarded, as manifested in the artistic productions of this, and we may add other countries, at the present time, than to any deficiency of ability which it has exhibited in the realization of its conceptions. Our animadversions will be directed against its objects rather than its efforts, and our objections to the conduct of our artists will have reference not to what they have succeeded or what they have failed in, but to what they have not even attempted.

The advancement which several departments of physical science have recently made, has not only greatly facilitated the imitation of external nature, but has had the effect of directing the attention of artists more exclusively to this, which has been called the primary, but which is far from being the ultimate object of art. By means of a few very simple chemical arrangements and mechanical processes, we can now obtain a mathematically perfect representation of every form, and but one step more is requisite in order to perpetuate in their totality those images of which the changing face of a mirror has hitherto been the only recipient. It is by no means impossible that these inventions may be carried to such perfection as that every object which greeted the eyes of one generation may be preserved for the gratification of every generation which shall follow. Is this, then, an invasion which science has made on the province of art? At first sight, in truth, it wears much of this aspect, and may well occasion anxiety to the artist who has assigned to himself no other function than that of servilely imitating nature. Already, in so far as form is concerned, he fights with the Calotypist at a sad disadvantage; and when the domain of colour shall also have been conquered by the latter, his occupation, it would seem, must for ever cease. If mere truth to individual nature is the object to be attained, no human hands will ever rival the looking-glass, which reflects your king or our hero. But will any single reflection, or any number of reflections of the individual face present an image corresponding to the prevailing mental characteristics which entitled the individual to the appellation of hero or king? Will it abstract or subordinate the accidental and temporary peculiarities, which in the individual existence interfered with the manifestation of regal or heroic qualities; or will it gather together the specific manifestations of these qualities, and present them to the eye as a consistent and harmonious expression of the character in question? We here come upon the artist's proper function, and viewed in this

light it is as permanent as natural imperfection, against which he stands over as an antagonist.

For the sake of distinctness, we shall arrange the few general observations on art with which we think it desirable to preface the more practical part of the present Article under three heads, prebising, however, that these distinctions are by no means of so absolute or exclusive a kind as to render the principles which govern any one altogether inapplicable to the others. We shall speak

1st, Of portrait, or the representation of the idea of an individual, which we shall call individual idealization.

2d, Of the representation of types of particular classes, or specific idealization; and,

3d, Of ideal art, properly so called, or generic idealization.

As individual portraiture is not only the department to which the inventions of which we have spoken have been most successfully applied, and in which the artist has consequently been dragged into immediate rivalry with nature, but as it is the one with reference to which, more, perhaps, than any other, erroneous and unworthy views at present prevail, we shall make no apology before proceeding to the higher branches of artistic endeavour, for dwelling on the duties of the portrait painter with some degree of minuteness. In doing so, we shall endeavour to answer what seems to us the primary question of his art, viz., in what does a true portrait differ from a correct likeness?

Has it ever happened to the reader to be present in a family when one of its members has produced from his pocket a Calotype or Daguerreotype likeness of himself which he has just had taken? It is, we shall suppose, a sharp and good impression; after many trials the artificer has selected it as the best, and he has not deceived his employer. It is a perfect likeness; and still, though everybody knows for whom it must be intended, and everybody admits that it must be like, no one for a time can trace the resemblance. First, the children mark how well the hair is *done*, and the whiskers, and the shirt collar, and all the other immovable portions; then the features, one by one, are compared and found to be accurate; if it be a fine example, perhaps the very texture of the skin can be traced, and every imperfection, at all events, is infallibly to be found in its proper place. Nothing, in short, can exceed its accuracy in every respect. At last there is a discussion about the expression, and in this it is thought that a key to the difficulty may be found; but no—the expression also is one by no means alien to the face, with which every one who knows the individual is perfectly familiar, and which all agree that he very pro-

bably would assume on the occasion. Notwithstanding all this, however, the likeness continues to be not only not a pleasing one, but not even a striking one. Now, let the same individual betake himself to a really good portrait painter, and let the result of his labours be carried in the same unexpected manner into the midst of his family circle, and the very reverse of all this immediately takes place. The first impression produced on every one is that of marvellous likeness. It is the man himself, as they have always known him, as they have always thought of him, liker almost than himself as he sits amongst them. But then, when they commence to examine the details, it seems almost as if the likeness were vanishing from their sight. In many respects these are positively inaccurate. The nose is straighter, and possibly more prominent; the mouth firmer, the eyebrows overshadow the keen and vigilant eyes even more decidedly than in the original; the whole person is more vigorous; and though both the colour and texture of the skin have been preserved with astonishing truth, *les traces de la petite verole* (if the individual partook of the misfortune of Mirabeau) have probably disappeared. In all these respects it is less true to nature than the Calotype, and yet it is not only a more pleasing object of contemplation, but positively more like the individual on the whole. Now, how is this mystery of greater likeness arising from inaccuracy than from accuracy to be explained? It is simply that the character of the individual has been seized, not as it presents itself at any one given point of time, but as it manifests itself habitually. In the portrait you have actually more of the man than in the Calotype, more of him than you have in himself at any one moment. It is the concentrated image of him, not as he lives only, but as he has lived and will live, nay even, but for accidental misfortunes, as he might have lived. The primary intention of nature with regard to him the artist has fulfilled; he has accomplished the idea which lay at the root of his life, and which his friends unconsciously associated with him. The ideal not of a man, or of a class, but of the individual man whom you have known, stands before you; and you are strangely satisfied. But though many, and perhaps most persons who have bestowed any thought on the subject at all, will agree with us, that something similar to that which we have described must be achieved, or at least attempted, by the portrait painter who lays claim to the character of an artist, there is, if we mistake not, a very considerable amount of error which prevails on the part both of artists and critics with reference to the method which must be adopted for its attainment. We are told, and told truly, that

the artist must abstract and generalize, that he must analyze before he paints; but then what is usually understood by this is simply that he is to lay aside individual peculiarities and imperfections, in order that he may bring his subject nearer to the generic idea of man, which is supposed to be some strange negation of all individual qualities; and the result is, that instead of being developed and strengthened, the generic qualities, as manifested in the individual, are stripped and emasculated, and what is presented to us is not a loftier and grander specimen of the species of man which nature intended, but a being enfeebled by the softening down and paring away of those characteristics through which, and through which alone, the generic qualities were manifested. It is not by taking from, but by adding to individual existence that the portrait painter's work is to be done. His effort must be not to denude the generic qualities of their accidents, but, by discovering and exhibiting them in these accidents themselves, to give unity and harmony and meaning to what seemed blind caprice. In this sense the portrait painter is truly an interpreter of nature, for before he can trace one feature with security, he must have read the riddle which she has written on the whole countenance.

But it may be objected that no confessional is attached to the studio, and that consequently unless the painter forms a league with the priest, it is impossible, according to our principles, that he can paint at all. We reply, he must form his theory, a true one if he can, if not a false one, but at all events one to which he consistently adheres. He may paint a saint or a hypocrite, a hero or a bully, a knave or a fool, but he will produce but a feeble and unsatisfactory portrait, if he attempts to paint a man without determining for the nonce, at all events, to which of these categories he belongs. The character which rightly or wrongly he has thus adopted must be the centre thought, the dominant idea, around which the minor characteristics range themselves like ministering spirits.

Such then, as it seems to us, is the principle upon which individual idealization must proceed. The whole man must be heightened and intensified, by heightening and intensifying the individual characteristics of which he is made up, whilst unity and harmony is communicated to the image by subordinating the minor features to the dominant and ruling idea. These views will be further illustrated if we attend to the distinction between portraiture, as we have here described it, and caricature, which Aristotle, if he had troubled himself about the matter, would probably have laid down as a *παρέκβασις* of individual idea-

lization. Caricature, even more decidedly than portraiture, depends on the subordination of minor characteristics to one dominant characteristic, but the difference lies here: in caricature the characteristic selected is not the leading idea of the whole individual existence, around which the character, bodily as well as mental, has formed itself, and of whose colouring, so to speak, every feature partakes, but the most prominent external peculiarity, which is magnified to such an extent as to destroy all harmony in the image, whilst the other characteristics, instead of being strengthened and intensified, are diminished so as to give to the whole a mean and ludicrous appearance. Let us take a well known example. Suppose a caricature of Lord Brougham is desired: the most striking peculiarity in his countenance is a square portion of flesh which is pendulous from his nose. With this the caricaturist begins: this he adopts as his leading idea, and to this he subordinates all the other features in that remarkable face, till he renders the whole image absurd and laughable. What you have is not Lord Brougham, with his nose of an abnormal form, but Lord Brougham's nose immensely magnified, to which is appended a likeness of his other features greatly diminished. Now, let a painter take him up: the first characteristic he would fix upon would probably be the intense activity of his nervous system, as exhibited in the restless life of his whole countenance. He would say to himself, "Here is a man of unusually quick and versatile parts;" and this idea once adopted he would work into each individual feature, as he painted it, till it became the involuntary exclamation of every spectator on first glancing at the canvass. The nose unquestionably he would not ignore, but by raising and strengthening the other features he would bring it into such harmony with the whole idea that its irregularity would cease to be very obtrusive.

We have dwelt on this portion of our subject with some earnestness, not from any idle fancy that what we have said is to possess the character of an æsthetic discovery to the better instructed and sounder headed portion of our readers, but from a firm conviction that to a forgetfulness of the principles which we have attempted to revive on the part of the general public, and of those popular artists who reflect its sentiments, is to be ascribed that want of confidence at the present time so prevalent in all artistic efforts which professedly depart from the letter of individual nature. Against the spurious idealization which consists either in taming down individual characteristics or in magnifying accidental peculiarities, the charges of feebleness on the one hand, and exaggeration on the other, are most justly directed;

but the error consists in supposing that every departure from nature, as she presents herself in special circumstances, must be in one or other of these directions.

So much then for individual idealization, the first step which the artist makes out of the region of actual existence, and short of which he cannot stop, if he is to lay claim to the character of an artist at all. The next step is one very frequently attempted, with more or less success, by modern artists, and which commonly forms the limit of their endeavours, we mean specific idealization, or the seizing of the *type* of a particular species or class of men, animals, or things. It was at this that the whole school of Dutch painters aimed, and it was in this that our own Wilkie was so signally successful. His "Blind Fiddler" is the type of all blind fiddlers; and in his "Rent Day," his "Village Politicians," his "Chelsea Pensioners," and others of his pictures, we have frequent examples of most complete success in this department. The object of the painter is here to subordinate the individual peculiarities, not to the leading idea of the individual life, but to the most prominent peculiarity of the class of which it is intended that the subject shall serve as a representative. The field of action is, in a certain sense, a wider one than in individual portraiture, the generalization stands on a broader basis; and if the subject selected be such as to admit of the free exhibition of generic qualities in and through the specific, the work will border upon the higher department of which we have next to speak. Suppose the type to be aimed at is that of a soldier or an orator, the appropriate image will not differ greatly from a work of ideal art, properly so called. The full expression of the specific qualities, of the idiosyncrasies of class, is here not only consistent with an exhibition of the generic qualities of man, but seems absolutely to demand it. Even the canon according to which nature has proportioned the human figure, may not only be adhered to with propriety, but can scarcely be departed from with impunity. The specific peculiarities, in short, from the very nature of the case, must be exhibited in a well proportioned and fully developed human form; and these peculiarities are in themselves of so simple and universal a kind, as to be perfectly consistent with that unity of purpose which must ever be conspicuous in works of art of the highest kind. But such are by no means the subjects usually chosen by artists who devote themselves to this department; on the contrary, those cases in which the generic qualities must of necessity be subordinated to, and as it were obscured by the specific offer to many persons, for reasons not difficult to discover, a temptation scarcely to be resisted. The more abnormal any object

or class of objects is, the more easily will an effect of a certain kind be produced, and a certain species of success be secured by its representation; for when the qualities of the genus are thrown into the shade, no great amount of skill is required to make those of the species stand forth with peculiar vividness. Let us take an example. The Irish have long been distinguished for their powers of public speaking, and their orators possess so many peculiarities as to render it quite possible that an artist should present a type of the class. In addition to the peculiarities of an Irishman, however, he would in this case require to bestow on his subject the qualities of a well formed and largely developed man, the better classes in Ireland being large and handsome. Now, one-tenth part of the ability which would be requisite thus to preserve the Irishman in, and present him through the generic qualities of well developed manhood, would suffice, if the artist were permitted to subordinate these entirely to peculiarities of race, which he probably would be entitled to do if he were representing an Irishman of the people. In the former case, the normal human form being preserved without any serious alteration, would form a continual element of likeness, against which the typical peculiarities, so to speak, would have to struggle; whereas in the latter, it might be distorted to any extent which was requisite, to bring out the specialities of the case with greater force. It is for this reason that the subjects selected by artists in this department are usually those, the effect of whose occupations or habits is to destroy the symmetry of their form. Tailors and shoemakers with bent backs, blear eyes, and wrinkled faces, fat-cooks with thick arms, bloated drunkards with thin legs, idiots with "foreheads villanous low," grinning from ear to ear; such were the favourite subjects of the Dutch masters, and if they have not been precisely followed in them by our countrymen, it is because the fastidiousness of our times demands subjects of greater refinement, though by no means partaking to a greater extent of absolute or generic qualities. It is from this circumstance that the tendency to caricature in this department of art is even greater than in individual portraiture; and so much so indeed has this been the case, that the great majority of Dutch pictures might be more correctly described as caricatures of a class, than by any other epithet.

As it is to this department of specific idealization that nineteen out of every twenty of the cabinet pictures which crowd the walls of all our exhibition rooms belong, we may regard it as pretty certain that it at present enjoys no small share of favour both with artists and the public. For this favour many reasons might

be assigned besides that of its comparatively easy execution, which we have mentioned as a temptation to the less aspiring class of artists. From dealing almost entirely with prominent external peculiarities, it is far more easily understood by the vulgar than works of art of a higher class, nay, even than thoroughly good portraits, whilst to a more universal interest than portraiture can possibly possess, it adds the charm of caricature without the malignity of individual satire. To those who regard art as a mere amusement, it is unquestionably the most attractive form in which it can present itself, and by all it must be admitted that it affords an infinite field for the display, not only of good-natured humour, but of shrewd observation of life and manners. Notwithstanding all these advantages, however, we must admit that the frequency of its appearance is to us a subject of regret, regarding it, as we do, as probably less calculated than any other to affect the great ends and purposes of art, of which it will presently be our business to speak.

But independently of the class (we fear a numerous one) of those who are contented to rest at the stage which we have now reached, and who seek in art nothing higher than a harmless amusement, arising either from that literal copying of natural objects by which their instinctive love of imitation is gratified, or from a clever seizing of some of those peculiarities by which different classes of their fellow-men are distinguished, there is, if we may trust a species of indefinite longing which frequently expresses itself in a scarcely articulate manner both from the press and the platform, no small number of persons who would willingly regard it in a very different light. From them we continually hear of the influence which art is calculated to exercise in reforming the taste and in elevating the imagination of the people; and by them it is not unfrequently referred to as an instrument, the use of which, those whose business it is to watch over the advance of civilization are not entitled to neglect. It is at the instigation of persons holding these opinions that galleries are built, academies founded, and a very considerable portion both of public and private wealth expended on works of art. It is very rarely, however, that we hear from them anything like an intelligible account of the manner in which they look for the attainment of these results; and if we do not greatly err, it is from a certain want of clearness on this point, that so much laudable enthusiasm for the promotion of art in this country has hitherto been productive of so little. We constantly find that persons professing these expectations, practically bestow their patronage upon those very departments of art which receive the countenance of those who have no such sanguine views with regard

to it. Now, could we predicate an unlimited amount of patience on the part of our readers, we believe it would be no hard task to demonstrate, that from neither of the departments of which we have hitherto spoken, least of all from the second, as it is usually practised, can any important social influence by possibility arise. In individual portraiture, if the primary idea of nature be brought out with greater consistency and clearness than she herself has exhibited it, something unquestionably will be taught to him who appreciates the work, beyond what, with unartistic eyes, he could have read in the individual face; but where the magnifying of accidental peculiarities alone is attempted, whether they be those of an individual or a class, the spectator may learn the influence of circumstances on the human frame, but he will not be raised one step nearer to the idea after which it was formed. It is from the last and highest department of art alone, that which, according to the division which we have adopted, we call generic idealization, that these results can be expected; and in order that we may see in what manner they flow from it rather than from the others, we must endeavour to determine in what respect it differs from them.

The main distinction between the highest department of art and every other, we take to be that from the former deformity, *i.e.*, all violation of the norm, or general law of nature, with reference to the object to be represented, is absolutely excluded. In the most freely idealized portrait, in order to preserve the identity to which he is bound down, the artist may be compelled to admit positive deformity, and the type of any class of actually existing beings, must necessarily exhibit many characteristics at variance with nature's absolute law.* In both cases, the representation must unquestionably be consistent with nature, but with nature only in so far as she has manifested herself in this or that particular case, or class of cases. In the higher art, however, the image presented by the artist must be natural beyond nature herself, as exhibited in any individual example. It must be absolutely, not relatively natural. "The painter," says Sir J. Reynolds, "corrects nature by herself, her imperfect state by her more perfect; his eye being able to distinguish the accidental differences, excrescences and deformities of things, from their general figures, he makes out an abstract idea of their forms more perfect than any original, and what may seem a paradox, he learns to design naturally, by drawing figures unlike to any one object." After this most orthodox ex-

* The artist may represent an individually idealized hunchback, or a specifically idealized hunchback, but a generically idealized hunchback would be a self-contradiction.

position, however, Sir Joshua, without guarding them by any definition, or qualifying them by any comment, makes use of certain customary modes of expression, which have done much to propagate an error which still occasions no small difficulty to many in considering this subject. He speaks "of this idea of the perfect state of nature, which the artists call the ideal beauty." Elsewhere he mentions the *beau ideal*, and at last, as if anticipating what would now be regarded as a Germanic mode of putting the same thought, he calls it, "that central form from which every deviation is deformity."* From these and similar phrases, persons little acquainted with the subject have not unnaturally inferred that not only deformity, but variety also, must be excluded from ideal art, and that if carried to its highest perfection it must necessarily end, in so far as the human form is concerned, in one ideal man, and one ideal woman; or perhaps by carrying the abstraction a little farther, in one sexless human form. Such, however, we are persuaded, was far from the meaning which Sir Joshua Reynolds intended to convey, and such certainly was not the view upon which the ancients, who framed the canon of form which he adopted, acted in their own practice. Of this latter fact no farther proof is necessary than that which will be afforded by the most cursory examination of a gallery of Greek statues, where they will be found to vary quite as much as an equal number of family portraits. They have not only the peculiarities incident to sex and to age, but they have moreover, and very conspicuously, those necessary for the expression of the mythological ideas which respectively attached to them. It would be difficult to find two men more unlike than a Jove and an Apollo, or a Hercules and a Mercury.

If the extraordinary attempt of arriving at "one central form" were actually made, it is obvious that it must be in one or other of two ways; either the whole qualities of life, moral, intellectual, and physical, must in all instances be subordinated to the same ruling quality, such as power, majesty, love, or the like, which should be selected as their representative; or, they must be co-ordinated, and presented in an expression infinitely complex. But in neither of these was it attempted by the Greeks at all events; for against the first of these methods the whole system of Pantheism, which it was the peculiar function of their artists to embody, may be regarded as a standing protest, its leading characteristic being, not to embrace every form of existence

in divinity, but to exhibit divinity under every form of existence; whilst the other is excluded by a rule of art which Sir Joshua has himself professedly derived from them, viz., that the expression of a mixed passion, emotion, or quality, is beyond the reach of art. On this subject Sir Joshua is far more sound than consistency with his own principles would have warranted. After mentioning the childish delight which a certain class of critics in his day exhibited in attempting to trace mixed passions in some of the figures in Raffaello's Cartoons, he has these most sensible observations, which we would gladly see engraven on the walls of every exhibition-room in the kingdom:—"What has been, and what can be done in art, is sufficiently difficult; we need not be mortified or discouraged at not being able to execute the conceptions of a romantic imagination. Art has its boundaries, though imagination has none. We can easily, like the ancients, suppose Jupiter to be possessed of all those powers and perfections which the subordinate deities were endowed with separately; yet, when they employed their art to represent him, they confined his character to majesty alone." The "central form," then, in this sense at all events, according to Sir Joshua's own shewing, becomes an impossibility. If it contains "equally the activity of the Gladiator, the delicacy of the Apollo, and the strength of the Hercules," as he elsewhere says it must, it sins against his own law of unity of expression, and ceases to be a legitimate work of art; and conversely, if it, complies with the requirements of the law of unity, it ceases to fulfil his idea of the central form. This central form, indeed, if such there were, would be nothing short of a sensible expression of the *τὸ πᾶν*, which it is as little within the province of the imagination to conceive as of art to portray.

But what then, it will be asked, is this in variable element, this opposite to deformity with which we have said that an absolute compliance is requisite in works of ideal art? According to our view, nothing more definite can be said of it than that it is the law of organic form, that is to say, the law in the shape of the several parts, and their relative proportion to each other, within which nature in the general case confines herself, and which may be arrived at or approximated by a comparison of her several workings in any particular species. So long as this canon is complied with, the variations which are requisite for the expression of the qualities or attributes of the individual are as legitimate in the highest department of art as in any other; for, like those which are incident to sex and age, they are as much in accordance with the scheme of nature, and consequently as far removed from the for-

* In a subsequent page, (63 of the edition of 1798,) Sir Joshua goes somewhat farther, and, we fear, falls quite into the error which we have here endeavoured to point out.

bidden deformities, as the invariable proportions themselves. But in saying that this absolute law of form, this idea which an undisturbed and perfect natural action would have exhibited in each individual, may be approximated by a generalization from particular instances, we do not mean to assert that a mathematical law of construction has been, or can be evolved. To set a limit to all flagrant and glaring deformity, it is true, is within the reach of every one who possesses a tolerable acquaintance with the structure of the human frame: but when we come to a finer harmony of the parts, principles unknown to the mathematician and the anatomist are brought into play, and we touch upon the law of beauty itself, which has hitherto been found to be far too subtle for such definite handling. Novalis said that painting was nothing but "the art of seeing;" and in every other department of art as well as painting this may be called the *ars artium*. It is to this faculty of artistic vision, and not to any rules, either mathematical or anatomical, that the artist must finally trust for separating the permanent idea from, or tracing it in, its accidental and abnormal accompaniments; and, once acquired, we believe the faculty is exercised, for the most part, as spontaneously and unconsciously as the ordinary operations of acquired perception. But, unconscious as it is at the moment of its exercise, they err gravely, if we mistake not, who suppose that its acquisition is equally unconscious. To some, it may be, the happy gift has been imparted of seeing instinctively in all things the glory of the original idea, unclouded by the accidents of individual imperfections, or the peculiarities of specific existence; but to far the majority of mankind not only is its perception at first hand impossible, but even its recognition, when presented by another, (in other words, the appreciation of a work of art,) is the result of careful and serious and conscious culture.

As to the methods by which this art is to be acquired, the primary and the ultimate one, that by which the earliest artists of necessity began, that with which the highest artists must of necessity end, is what Sir Joshua calls, "the correcting of nature by herself, her imperfect states by her more perfect." Since it is with nature and with nature alone that the artistic faculty is to occupy itself, it is from nature and nature alone that it can be acquired. But is it necessary to his ultimate success that the artist should enter the school of nature without a teacher; or has it been decreed that in this department of activity alone the experience of one generation shall avail nothing to those which follow? Must the tide of ignorance again overflow the field of his labours, so soon as the breath has departed

from the body of the discover; or shall he be forced to return to the bosom of nature the secret which by long solicitation he had won? Were such the case, truly of all tasks that of the artist would be the hardest, of all roads his the longest. In every other sphere of effort, before anything approaching to perfection could be reached, men have had to stand on the shoulders of men, and generations of generations. The chain by which they mounted was of many links, forged by many artificers. Nor has any one that we know of pointed out a principle according to which the arts form an exception to this law, though many at the present day seem willing to recommend its practical violation. To us it seems that no more recondite faculty than that which is known by the name of "mother wit" is requisite to enable us to conclude, that the simplest method of becoming acquainted with any process whatsoever, consists in examining the manner in which it has been performed by others; and consequently, that if the mystery of artistic treatment is to be learned at all by the majority of men, it will be by comparing those works in which it is exhibited, with the actual productions of nature. It is with the lamp of what Sir J. Reynolds calls "experience" thus lighted, that they are to seek for the golden corns of nature's permanent idea amidst the chaff of her diseased and deformed individual productions. "The investigation, I grant, is painful, and I know but of one method of shortening the road, that is, by a careful study of the works of the ancient sculptors." Such was the opinion of Sir Joshua, and notwithstanding all that has been written, and in a certain sense written learnedly and well, on aesthetics lately, we know nothing better than the chapters in which he treats of what was and was not to be acquired by, what was and was not to be sought in, these studies. The benefit which he looked for was by no means a crowding of our galleries with copies from, or variations on classical works, but the acquisition on the part of artists themselves of what he called experience of nature's modes of production, what we have called the faculty of artistic vision. But if the tendency of such studies be to develop this faculty, the absurdity of the prevalent notion that their effect is to cramp originality, becomes at once apparent; since it is its possession alone which can enable the artist, with any approach to safety, to quit the path which custom has trodden. Carrying as it were the secret of nature within himself, he can boldly and confidently push to the very limit of her possible working, nay, even when he altogether oversteps the possible, he need be in no terror of falling into the extravagant or eccentric, because though he has forsaken the letter,

he feels that he is still guided by the spirit of her law. There is no distinction more important, and none more frequently forgotten than that between a departure from, and a soaring above individual or specific instances, between what is odd and what is imaginative, between a perverse violation of the laws by which nature acts, and a free and unconstrained treatment of natural objects according to these laws. For the former little beyond wilfulness is requisite; the latter, which is the groundwork of all true originality, can be effected only in and through the artistic faculty of which we have spoken, and the methods which lead most directly to its culture, must not be neglected, if we wish a foundation for its exercise to be laid. "Das echte neue," says Schlegel, "keimt nur aus dem alten." All originality which is not the legitimate consequence of a law as old as the creation itself, is worthy of no better name than artistic raving, and those whose ambition it is to possess this law, or what is better still, to be possessed by it, will scarcely act wisely if they shut their eyes and their ears against the lessons of those who have been happy enough to seize it in former times. There could scarcely be a more striking proof of the fact that lawlessness is not the root to originality, than is furnished by the insignificant results of that "unchartered freedom," which modern schools of art have allowed themselves.

From what we formerly said it appears that, according to our view, the only limit to this department of art is where nature oversteps the boundaries of her regular and healthy working; and that an object, however mean, whether man, animal, or thing, if represented in its perfect state, and with no abnormal varieties of expression, would in a certain sense be a work of ideal art. But though perfection in kind thus forms the principle of exclusion, it does not furnish the principle of selection. There are many subjects which, though treated in such a manner as to satisfy the former, would by no means fulfil those of the latter; though no subject, however lofty, if treated without regard to the absolute laws of form, whatever might be the merits of the treatment otherwise, could by possibility be entitled to the appellation of a work of ideal art. The distinction between the primary and secondary requirements of a work of art, is thus pointed out by Müller, in language which, after what we have said, will require no commentary even to those least familiar with German æsthetic writings.

"The artistic form must, in the first place, in order to excite a connected emotion in the sensitive faculty, possess a general conformity to laws which is manifested in the observance of mathe-

matical relations or organic forms of life; without this regularity, it ceases to be artistic form."

After illustrating this by music and sculpture, he continues:—

"But this conformity to law is not, in itself, capable of expressing an internal life—it is only a condition of representation—the boundary of the artistic forms, which range to and fro within, modifying, but, on the whole, preserving this conformity."

He then proceeds to the secondary requirement of artistic form, with reference to which he is by no means so satisfactory.

"Whilst this regularity is the first requisite in the artistic form generally, beauty is a more immediate predicate of the artistic form in reference to sensation. We call those forms beautiful which cause the soul to feel in a manner that is grateful, truly salutary, and entirely conformable to its nature, which, as it were, produce in it vibrations that are in accordance with its inmost structure."

This seems, indeed, a threatening passage, and to those of our readers who are not metaphysically disposed, may not unnaturally have caused apprehensions that they were about to be led into a discussion of the nature of the beautiful; but we shall at once relieve them from all such terrors, by mentioning that our object in quoting it was simply to point to the necessity, in works of ideal art, of the recognition of another principle than that which we had laid down as the excluding one. It is from the right use of this latter principle, which we regard as the vehicle not only of sentiments of beauty, but of all elevated emotions whatever, that its civilizing influence must be anticipated.

If art is truly to raise the imagination and thinking of a people, it must be the expression not only of perfection in each particular kind, (in which case it would be little more than an exponent of natural history,) but of perfection, (and something more than perfection, in the negative sense, of the absence of deformity,) in the most perfect kinds, in the highest forms of organized life. Its proper function has ever been to give sensible expression to the loftiest conceptions of the age to which it belonged, and it is from the fidelity with which, in most cases, it has discharged this function, that its history comes to have such important bearings upon the general history of mental progress. Of the manner in which it thus reflects its age, the most remarkable instance, and also the most easily traceable, is to be found in its short but glorious existence in Greece. If we take the age of Phidias as the culminating point of the earlier schools, and the Peloponnesian

War as marking the period of transition, we have not only a regular progress from poverty of conception and utter barbarism of execution, through all the stages of immobility, stiffness, and hardness, to perfection on the one hand, and on the other an equally noticeable decline, through effeminacy, mannerism, and affectation to an idealess manual dexterity; but we have each of these stages corresponding to the condition of the people, and the character of the most prominent historical personages at the periods to which they correspond.

Our limits forbid the attempt to verify this observation in detail, but, by way of illustration, we may glance at the relative condition of society and the arts immediately before and after the Peloponnesian War.

In the severe majesty of the works of Phidias, the simple and manly spirit which, notwithstanding their love of magnificence, characterized the Athenians of his day, and of which Pericles may be regarded as the impersonation, found a corresponding expression. The enthusiastic and lofty self-consciousness which the Persian successes had engendered, are scarcely more conspicuous in the monuments which have come down to us from this time, than a certain austerity which we are told Pericles exhibited even in his personal appearance and manner. "He had a gravity of countenance," says Plutarch, "which relaxed not into laughter; a firm and even tone of voice; a quiet manner of walking, and a decency of dress, which no vehemence of speaking ever put into disorder." The impression of quiet and unimpassioned dignity with which the presence of the politician inspired his friend and companion, the sculptor has conveyed by his works, and in neither case was its appearance accidental, but in both the necessary external manifestation of the internal life of the time. The subjects which Phidias selected were such as to call for the conscious expression of ideas rather than an enthusiastic resigning of the imagination to sensuous emotions. By far the greater number of his works are statues of gods, in which the majesty of the divine idea is made conspicuous through the respective characteristics of the particular divinities. The ideals which he perfected, and on which he impressed the types which were followed in after times, were the Minerva and the Jupiter: facts in themselves pretty significant of the tendencies of his school. Such was the character of Athenian art, when Athenian life, social and political, was at the summit of health and vigour. But the jealousy of Sparta lighted up a war which, during a space of nearly thirty years, exerted a wasting influence on the whole Greek race.

"At its extinction," says Kugler, "not less in

severe Sparta than in excitable Athens had the antique dignity of Greek life disappeared. A new generation had grown up during its continuance, who, incapable of deriving gratification from internal resources, sought it in the external enjoyments and excitements of the moment. Thus their art also experienced a change. For the execution of great public monuments the means were often wanting, still more frequently the desire, and Architecture consequently was deprived of its main supports; whilst plastic art, in place of that quietness of spirit which characterized the works of the former period, acquired a direction towards the expression of passion, the representation of sensual longing and sensuous charms."

In these circumstances, the second Attic school arose under Scopas and Praxiteles, and the immediate change of subjects is remarkable. Minerva and Jupiter give place to Venus and Bacchus; and as the sentiments which they represented became prevalent, the ideals in which these sentiments were embodied were brought to perfection. We have no one political character who represents this period with the same fidelity with which Pericles corresponded to the other, though we may regard the ill-regulated genius of Alcibiades, to whom the love of power and enjoyment, not the sense of duty, gave law, as already foreshadowing a state of society which speedily became too relaxed to render it capable of producing a well-marked and consistent representative man.

But if the change of subjects was remarkable as an index of the state of society and the habits of thinking, that of their treatment of the same subject was no less so. We have selected one from the pages of the works before us which we shall present in a condensed form to our readers, as a specimen of the extent to which art may, in this respect, become the commentator of history. It is the ideal of Mercury:—

"1st, The earliest form in which Hermes was represented was that of a bearded head on the top of a square pillar. As the bringer of good luck there was a desire in these simple times to see him at every turn, and hence it was necessary to have him in a cheap form. The practice of placing the head on a pillar existed also with reference to the other gods, and, besides the reason which we have assigned, arose no doubt from the absence of artistic skill.

"2d, Having gradually passed from the character of the god of good luck to that of an economical and mercantile deity, of a protector of profit and commerce, (*κερδαίος*), he became the patron of heralds whose duty it was to facilitate the business transactions of early ages. In this manner he obtained the form under which we must think of him throughout the whole of the elder poetry, that of a sturdy active man, with a strong pointed beard, braided hair, clad in a robe (*χλαμύς*) thrown

back as the most suitable dress for rapid motion with a 'travelling cap' on his head, wings to his feet, and in his hand the *caduceus*. This was the hard style of representation which preceded the Peloponnesian War.

"3d, By the younger Attic school the character of the god was regarded in an entirely new light. He was viewed as the bestower of corporeal vigour, and was consequently represented in the form of a youth who had just received the completed training of the gymnasium. His hair is short and curling, in allusion to the custom of cutting off the hair at this period of life, and dedicating it to a god. The expression of the countenance in this form of the Mercury is mild and intelligent.

4th, In connexion with these there exist statues similar in other respects, but having the right hand elevated, as indicating that he is to be regarded as the god of oratorical skill, (*Ἐρμῆς λόγιος*).

5th, As the messenger of Jove, he is seen half sitting and half springing up in order to hurry on the mission of his master. In bronzes he is frequently represented in this character audaciously darting through the air; sometimes also reposing after a long journey.

"6th, In smaller works of art he often occurs as the minister in sacrificial rites, an office which formed part of the duties of the Herald; as the protector of cattle, especially sheep; the inventor of the lyre; and finally, as the conductor of souls to Hades."

Nor is it in an historical point of view alone that such modes of representation as we have here recounted are important. In every one of these forms, even the rudest, it is obvious that the idea of the god is taken up in such a manner as to raise the imagination of the spectator above ordinary life, and that thus something is added by the artist to the popular thinking of his time. Even if he took the prevalent idea as he found it, by clothing it with a form he gave to it a precision and clearness which it could not otherwise have had to the many, and he probably enabled them to see in it a meaning which they had never seen before. In addition to this, when he arrived at the point of familiarizing their eyes with a perfect human form, he gave them a glimpse of the principle on which Nature works in her most perfect organisms. He expounded nature whilst he raised them above her. But it is not in this general manner alone, that the author of a generic work of art adds to the intelligent thinking of his time. In his own special department, he communicates to every one who beholds his work, some portion of that artistic vision by which he himself had been guided in its execution. If public taste is ever to be developed to the extent of becoming a safe tribunal for artists to appeal to, it must be cultivated by artists themselves, and the means which they must employ, are none other than those to which they were indebted for their own culture. If

it be by a study of the antique that the road to original artistic production is to be shortened, it will be by rendering the public more, and more generally, familiar with works of art of the same class, that a genuine criticism will be most expeditiously and surely evoked. So long as criticism has no other foundation than natural feeling, it too often is nothing more than an expression of individual caprice, and he whose fate it is to wait upon its changes, will have a hard taskmaster. Even where a principle can be traced in its action, it scarcely presents to the aspiring artist a brighter prospect, for its preferences are invariably for works of a low class. "It is certain," says Sir Joshua, "that the lowest style will be the most popular, as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself; and the vulgar will always be pleased with what is natural, in the confined and misunderstood sense of the word." Now, if there be one respect in which artists of the present day sin more conspicuously than another, not only against the dignity of their calling, but against what never can be separated from it—their own true interest, it is by the anxiety with which they conform to public taste. Instead of endeavouring to diminish the numbers of the vulgar, and to swell the ranks of those from whom they might look for a consistent and intelligent patronage, their constant endeavour is to gratify the former, whilst to the complaints of the latter, the comparative insignificance of their numbers is considered a sufficient answer.

As a counterpoise to the many advantages which have arisen in modern times, from the transference of patronage from the few great to the many small, must be regarded the want of judgment with which it is occasionally exercised. Where the question is one of fact, there can be no better tribunal than an ordinary jury of impartial men; but a special jury alone can do justice where it is one of skill, and to a special jury the artist cannot afford to appeal. It is the voice of the people alone which can decree him an immediate substantial reward, and with this reward he is rarely in a condition to dispense. Aristotle says that demagogues are the sycophants of the people, and it is in this capacity that too many of our artists are forced to appear. Unless their pictures are popular, they know that their means of subsistence are gone, and Sir Joshua Reynolds has already named the cost at which popularity is to be gained. But what is to be done? The tendencies of modern society have once for all decided that the public are, and must continue to be, the dispensers of success. Our answer is a simple one. You must endeavour to communicate to the many, or at least to as many as will be able

to make their voice heard, the qualities which hitherto have been the exclusive property of a few. You must educate the public taste if you would either improve the condition of the artist, or have a school of art in any of its branches worthy of the name.

We here come upon the more practical part of our present Article, and we trust that the honest interest which we feel in the subject will form a sufficient bond of union between our readers and ourselves, to prevent the novelty of the few observations and suggestions which we shall offer, from depriving them of the benefit of a patient hearing.

The truth of the proposition, as we have laid it down, viz., that if the arts are to be safe the arbiters of artistic success must be educated for their task, will not, we believe, be disputed, but as to the means which must be adopted for the attainment of this end very considerable difference of opinion may possibly arise.

In the first place, however, it seems to us pretty plain that no such result can be looked for from exhibitions of works of art which do, and for the reasons which we have already hinted at must represent the actually existing taste. It will never be by contemplating works the very end and object of which is to shadow forth their own imaginings, that the imaginations of the people will be elevated to a higher sphere. So long as popular taste is to set a limit to a school its influence at best will be negative. It may disseminate the prevailing taste more widely, it may perform the duties of an efficient minister, but the office of a guide and a leader it has renounced. Nor can a school thus stationary be trusted to beyond a very limited extent, even as a means of disseminating the existing taste. A principle which we advanced and illustrated at some length in a former Article, when pleading for the higher instruction generally, viz., that in civilization rest is equivalent to retrogression, here comes into play. Each time an idea, or class of ideas, is repeated, it loses something of its force, till what was once a truth becomes a truism. What was a *plus* sign to one generation becomes a *minus* to the next. If the art of the present day tells the same tale which it did twenty years ago, that tale, depend upon it, will not produce the same effect. In literature we are familiar with this fact. The critical opinions of the *Edinburgh Review* are no longer the same, even to those who never heard of its existence, that they were to the generation in which they first appeared. If equal effects are to be produced it must be by other means, by doing as its authors did, that is, by outrunning their age, not by doing what they did, which would be to lag behind our own. Nor let it be supposed that this view is irreconcilable with what we formerly said of the

necessity of an acquaintance with the works of the ancient masters. What we are to learn from them is the art of doing as they did, *i.e.*, of treating our age and its ideas as they treated theirs. A Mercury with a pointed beard, a staff in his hand, and wings to his feet, would no longer be a fitting emblem of trade; but still it may be possible to give artistic expression to the idea as it exists in modern times, and a mode of doing so may be suggested by knowledge of the manner in which it was effected then.*

Such is our first ground for doubting the beneficial influence of Exhibitions as at present conducted; and in some measure it involves our second. It is constantly said that by their means a market for works of art is created, and that, on the soundest principles of political economy, it can be shewn that by no other means can you so surely encourage production. Our answer is, that they do *not* create a market for works of art of the better class. A supply of such works as they demand they unquestionably call forth, but let a work of another class, which they do not demand, appear, and it will speedily be seen that for it no market has been provided. The late David Scott, it is now beginning to be admitted, was the greatest artist whom Scotland has yet produced, and yet for years his works were unappreciated and unpurchased—a subject of terror to the timid and of merriment to the gay, and this not by any means entirely in consequence of the tinge of something more than eccentricity which unquestionably pervaded them, but too often simply because they did not fall in with prevailing tastes, and customary modes of thinking. He viewed his subjects differently from people in general; and as patronage was dispensed in accordance with their views, it came not to his door. The cry was constantly, “Why does he not conform?” which being interpreted, means simply, “Why does he attempt to lead where he ought to follow? Why does he insist on being a devotee to art as he understands it, instead of an humble expounder of our ideas? Why

* One instance of an attempt to take up a national subject in an ideal form which we have lately seen, we must not pass over without bestowing upon it our mite of commendation; we refer to Mr. Park's statue of Wallace. The manner in which the idea of a Scottish hero has been seized is worthy of the highest praise, and gives promise of a bolder school of art than any which we have yet seen in this country. The execution, in some respects, we confess, did not appear to us faultless. The same amount of character, if we mistake not, might have been given to the countenance though the treatment had been more purely generic, and we fear there is a slight attempt at something like the expression of a “mixed emotion,” which Sir Joshua Reynolds has stigmatized in painting, and which in sculpture is altogether inadmissible.

will he persevere in teaching us when he knows that we hate to be taught?" Though Scott had been far less perversely eccentric than he was, we believe that the fate which he experienced in his lifetime would have been substantially the same.

But if our objections to the Exhibition itself be well founded, it is obvious that they apply equally to any gallery of art which could be formed by purchasing the works exhibited, or any efforts to disseminate the thoughts which they embody by means of engraving. If the institution itself be so constituted as that the prevailing public taste shall, of necessity, set a limit to the art which it calls forth, then it must be by the merest accident if a picture appears which has any value beyond that of illustrating the history of the time. In no circumstances can the preservation and dissemination of works of this class be productive of any important artistic working; for, even if art should sink still lower than it is, far more efficacious means than the contemplation of the art of our day will be at hand to raise it, whereas, if it rises, the only use which could be made of them then, would be to gratify the vanity of our children, by enabling them to contrast their creations with ours. It is not enough that works of art be preserved, if they are not worth preserving. There is scarcely an architectural monument erected since the time of Charles II., which is not now in existence, and we are very certain that they, at all events, have had nothing to do with the recent revival of architecture. At Versailles there is a whole gallery of national heroic pictures, but no school that we know of, either in France or elsewhere, has yet been reduced to the condition of learning from them. Still, if we were asked to name the means by which we conceive artistic taste might best be cultivated in public, and genuine encouragement of art secured, those that we should fix upon would be precisely the formation of a gallery of pictures, and the dissemination of engravings. But then we should propose that the gallery should be brought together, not by the purchase of a certain number of the best works exhibited annually, whether their absolute value be great or small, but by an annual purchase of a work or works better than any which are exhibited, if possible originals, if not, first-rate copies. We believe that, by means of the mechanical processes to which we referred in the beginning of our Article, copies so accurate as, for the purposes of instruction, to possess almost every quality of originals, can now be produced; and we see no reason why every town of note, particularly such a town as our own, should not possess a small Pitti Palace for the instruction of its artists, and the culti-

vation of artistic tastes among its people. In the existing gallery of ancient pictures, we have already a very respectable nucleus around which such a collection might be formed, and one half of the sums annually expended on the purchase of pictures which, for either of the ends we have mentioned, are utterly valueless, would bring it into a very fair workable condition in not many years.

A gallery of casts of no contemptible character we already possess, but why, we would ask, is it not arranged according to schools, and furnished with a catalogue? To the student of form, when the casts can be seen, which, from the manner in which they are huddled together, is not always the case, it may be of some service in its present condition; but to the student of the history of art it is utterly useless, unless he be possessed of means which do not lie at the beck of every one, and time to use them, which all do not possess. We believe that it is the want of such simple aids as systematic arrangement, complete catalogues, and perhaps a few elementary but not altogether superficial lectures, more than anything else, which has led the great mass even of cultivated persons in this country to regard all acquaintance with the higher art as a hopeless task.

Again, as to engravings, in place of the present system of sending forth annually an issue of engravings of such a class as to be regarded as worthless by the great mass of those who receive them, we should propose that one work of art of acknowledged merit be engraved every year in the best style, and that the copies be distributed by lottery, as with pictures at present, a prize being allotted to every fifth or tenth ticket, as the expense might require. It seems to us that this method, in addition to its other advantages, would have the effect of acting as a greater stimulus to engraving than the mere employment which is given to it at present. We believe that by a judicious distribution of engravings more may be done for the culture of the public taste than by any other means whatsoever. One thoroughly good engraving fairly established and domiciled in a house, will do more for the inmates in this respect than a hundred visits to a hundred galleries of modern pictures. It is a teacher of form, a lecturer on the beautiful, a continually present artistic influence. Nor do we see any reason why the same system should not be extended to casts, which might be taken either after the antique, or some thoroughly good modern sculptor, such as Thorwaldsen or Kist. If such a system were carried out, matters might soon be brought to a state in which there should scarcely be any family which did not possess

within its own walls the means of forming a taste, and that a genuine and high one, both in painting and sculpture.

One very important step towards diffusing a critical knowledge of art over a wider circle than could have been reached by more original writers, has been made by the publication and occasional translation into English of the very useful class of compilations known by the name of hand-books in Germany. Of these, probably the most serviceable are those of Professor Kugler of Berlin. The portion of his "*Hand-Book of the History of Painting*," which has reference to the Italian schools, has been "*done*" into very excellent English by "*A Lady*," and the second edition is now presented to the public under the able editorship of Sir Charles Eastlake. The circumstance of a book of this description having within the space of a very few years attained to a second edition, we cannot but regard as an unequivocal sign of very considerable interest in the subject being felt by a large class. We hope that the success which has attended this experiment will lead to a speedy publication of his larger work on the *General History of Art*, which with ourselves, we confess, has always been the favourite. Travelling as it does over a much larger space, it is more condensed than the *History of Painting*, whilst it furnishes almost all the information that can be desired short of a really learned treatment of the subject. Its arrangement is far simpler than that of most German works; it possesses the cardinal virtue of excellent *indices*, and if it had occasional notes and references to sources, it would come very near to perfection in its kind. A book of much higher pretensions, and unquestionably far more satisfactory for special reference in the department of which it treats, is Müller's "*Ancient Art and its Remains*," which, in its English dress, has likewise attained to the honours of a second edition. In the thorough manner in which the *Archæology of Art* is here treated, we have an instance of the effect which the modern school of philology in Germany has produced on all kindred studies. Whatever we may think of the recent art of our neighbours, as to the importance of their artistic criticism, there can be but one opinion. But whilst the work before us possesses the virtues, it must be admitted that it partakes also of the vices of a German book. The arrangement, though simple in appearance, is not so in reality, the same subject being often treated of in several places from several points of view. There are too many divisions, and the large type being unintelligible without the small type, and the small type without the large, they seem as if they were intended to be read simultaneously by two eyes of different ranges of vision.

When well marked before hand, however, it is an excellent companion to a sculpture gallery, and it is in this way that we would chiefly recommend its use. The very complete set of engravings indeed which accompany the German editions, both of this and of Kugler's works, but more particularly Müller's, go as far as anything of the sort can do to supply the place of casts, though the proper light in which to regard them is rather as a means of preparation before, and of revival after a visit to a gallery.

There is one institution for the cultivation of artistic taste, and the dissemination of artistic knowledge among the higher classes, the want of which has long been felt, and often deplored,—we mean a professorship of the history of art in the University. We believe there is scarcely a university in existence out of this country in which such a chair does not exist; and in Germany there are usually two or three professors in each university lecturing on the subject of æsthetics in its different phases. The history of art is there regarded as a constituent portion of the history of civilisation; it being thought, and, as it seems to us, thought justly, that history would be but imperfectly represented by a system which takes no cognizance of the manner in which men of different races, in different stages of advancement, have endeavoured to express to the senses their ideas of the beautiful and the good. We know no subject which can be more satisfactorily taught by lectures, and none, which by the aid of illustration by pictures, casts, and engravings, may be rendered more attractive. Were such a chair endowed, the local galleries of painting and sculpture would of course be placed at the service, perhaps under the superintendence, of the professor, and it would be his interest, and probably would be in his power, to contribute to their improvement. The person who held the chair, in our view of the matter, ought rather to be an æsthetic scholar than an artist. His function being that of the acknowledged representative of the literature of art, he ought to be the friend and counsellor, rather than the rival of artists; and, were such the case, he might reckon on the friendly co-operation of those who were more directly engaged in cultivating the special departments of art.*

It is not accidentally that we have given to the cultivation of artistic tastes among the public, a priority of place even to the educa-

* We have been told that the endowment of such a chair is one of the objects which some of the most intelligent members of the Scottish Architectural Institute have most at heart, and there is no part of their scheme in which they have our best wishes more sincerely.

tion of artists themselves. We are persuaded that the former once secured, the latter will follow as an inevitable consequence. By raising the tastes of the public, you raise the requirements for their service; and as the means of rewarding must remain in their hands, you render it the interest of artists to prepare themselves for their newly imposed duties. The principle, that the supply follows the market, is still that to which we trust; and the only change which we would propose, would be so to constitute the market as that its demands should influence the quality as well as the quantity of the commodity. We believe that a salutary dissatisfaction with the article usually offered has already been created in many quarters by the wider acquaintance with the principles of artistic criticism which has resulted, partly from the study of such works as those of Kugler and Müller, and partly from the influence of increased travel; and we confess that it is this circumstance more than any other which we are disposed to regard as a hopeful sign in the present condition of art. So soon as the public cease to regard art as a mere amusement, they will cease to be satisfied with the form in which it is usually presented to them at present, and then we doubt not, more liberal institutions for the instruction of artists at home, and for supplying them with the means of study abroad, will spring up on all sides; and a school of art will arise possessing all the qualities which an enlightened and thorough instruction can secure. But before we finally take leave of the subject, there is one grand and leading objection of the opponents to learned artistic culture, and thorough artistic instruction, which we must endeavour to meet. It will be said that though the doctrines which we have here advanced, when considered *a priori*, seem plausible enough, it is impossible to set them up empirically, that experience has shown that artistic eminence is a boon which God bestows but on a few generations of men, and that though the experiment has often been tried, no important results have ever followed from an attempt artificially to secure it. Now our answer to this is, that it is but half true, and that the half of it which is true no more furnishes an argument against the cultivation of art than of any other department of mental endeavour. It is certain that no training will ever call into being a strongly and originally productive mind; you cannot create genius; but in the present case, as in every other, you can supply the conditions of its working so soon as it shall be sent into the world; nay, what is more, you can secure the nearest approach to its energizing which is consistent with the comparative weakness of ordinary minds. Now, if we place ourselves

in the most favourable position for the reception of genius when it arrives; whilst in the meantime we turn the ordinary staple commodity of talent to the best advantage, we accomplish all that we aimed at, and it is no fair reproach against a system that it does not do more. "But can you show us an example even of this minor success?" We answer, "many;" and as the instances are not only more numerous, but far more important than seems usually to be supposed in this country, we shall select two or three of them by way of example. The first we translate from Kugler:—

"In Greece itself, after the age of Alexander the Great, art experienced a gradual decline, and during the whole of the last period of its indigenous existence, we scarcely encounter a single distinguished name. At the close of this period, however, towards the middle of the second century (B. C.), a restoration of art was brought about at Athens by means of a renewed study of the works of the great masters, and an endeavour thus to rise again to a higher region. At this period, indeed, works of wonderful perfection were produced, but in which might be remarked a certain coldness and deficiency in naïveté which invariably characterizes periods of restoration."—(P. 223.)

What will such of our readers as are new to the subject think, after this rather cold commendation, when we tell them that it was this school which produced the Venus de' Medici, the Farnese Hercules, the Torso of the Vatican, the Barberini Faun, the Diana of Gabii in the Louvre, the Venus of the Bath, and the Venus Kallipyge! It is to this school of the revival, indeed, that we are indebted for by far the larger share of existing Greek statues; and it was this school which, when transplanted to Italy, for two hundred years longer, flourished as a vigorous exotic, to delight the eyes, and refine the manners, of a hard, unimaginative, practical people! Such is our first example of an artificial school; and we shall be contented with one more, which shall be taken from more modern times. Raphael had not been dead much more than a quarter of a century, and Michael Angelo was still living in a green old age, when Ludovico Caracci was born, and yet on him was laid the task of reviving art in Italy from a state of the basest degradation into which it had sunk in the hands of the so-called *Naturalisti*, an artistic sect whose tenets very closely resemble those which the advocates of license so eloquently support in our own day. The principles on which, in the first zeal of his opposition, he attempted to found what has been called the Eclectic School, were sufficiently absurd. They are embodied in the following sonnet by Agostino Caracci:—

"Chi farsi un buon pittor cerca, e disia,
Il disigno di Roma abbia alla mano,
La mossa coll' ombrar Veneziano,
E il degno colorir di Lombardia.

Di Michel Angiol la terribil via,
Il vero natural di Tiziano,
Del Correggio lo stil puro e sovrano,
E di un Rafael la giusta simmetria.

Del Tibaldi il desoro, il fondamento,
Del dotto Primaticcio l'inventare,
E un po di grazia del Parmigianino
Ma senza tanti studj, e tanto stento,
Si ponga l'opre solo ad imitare
Che qui lascioci il nostro Niccolino."

"This patchwork ideal," says Kugler, "constituted only one transition step in the history of the Caracci and their school. In the prime of their artistic activity they greatly threw off their eclectic pretensions; they neither needed the decorum of Tibaldi nor the invention of Primaticcio; they had attained an independence of their own. The imitation of the great masters, where it is apparent, is no longer of a soulless, superficial character, but is a thoroughly understood and artistic appropriation of their highest qualities, bearing the character rather of rivalry than of imitation. It is true that the eclecticism they originally professed left its traces in a coldness, stiffness, and academical consciousness, which offends the spectator; but we are inclined to moderate even this criticism, when we consider the difficulty of opposing fresh ideas to the exaggerated mannerism then existing, and when we consider also that it was the individual energy of these painters which forced them a way through the trammels of imitation. They possessed a true and a great feeling for the representation of the higher subjects of life, and it was by their own incredible zeal that they attained a considerable, though not a perfect, harmony of corresponding style. In some respects they adopted the bold naturalism of their times, but moderated and refined by an acquaintance with the great models of antiquity, and with those of the Raphael period."

Such, in few words, was the school of the Caracci, from which, besides the founder and his two nephews and fellow-workers, Agostino and Anibale, there arose Domenichino, Albani, Guido Reni, Guerchino, Lanfranco, and others, who, whatever may be their rank as compared with the heroes of the Raphael time, have certainly never been surpassed by later painters. As the prejudices of the present day against all art which is not supposed to be the result of immediate inspiration, have led many to adopt a depreciatory view of the Bolognese school, it may not be out of place, for the benefit of those whose opinions are swayed by authority, to recal the sentiments of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the already often quoted father of English artistic criticism. In speaking of "style," which he characterizes

as "a power over materials, whether words or colours, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed," he says, "In this Ludovico Caracci (I mean in his best works) appears to me to approach the nearest to perfection. His unaffected breadth of light and shadow, the simplicity of his colouring, which, holding its proper rank, does not draw aside the least part of the attention from the subject; and the solemn effect of that twilight which seems diffused over his pictures, appear to me to correspond with grave and dignified subjects, better than the more artificial brilliancy of sunshine which enlightens the pictures of Titian." "It is our misfortune," he adds, "that those works of Caracci which I would recommend to the student are not often found out of Bologna;" he enumerates them; and concludes, "I think those who travel would do well to allot a much greater portion of their time to that city than it has hitherto been their custom to bestow." In connexion with this subject, it is not unimportant that we should remark, that the only artistic revival of our day, that of architecture, has arisen precisely from the causes we have indicated as most likely to produce it in the other arts. In connexion with certain ecclesiastical tendencies in England, a greater degree of attention began to be bestowed on the subject by the public, a few good "Hand-books" appeared, and criticism revived to such an extent, that, as a friend once observed to us, every school-girl in England now knows more of Gothic architecture than the best architects did fifty years ago. A new class of architects consequently was called for; nor did the supply lag behind the demand. Pugin and his followers appeared, and we have now a school of Gothic architecture at all events, which, if it wants the freshness and naiveté of a first enthusiasm, has almost atoned for the absence of these qualities by the skill and freedom with which it combines and adapts already existing ideas.

The unquestionable merits of modern landscape painting we are disposed to regard rather in the light of an original appearance than a revival of art, and we attribute them partly to the more accurate observation of nature, and more correct views of her working, both organic and inorganic, which modern science has introduced, and partly to the entirely novel manner in which the poetry of nature has been seized by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and their followers. Coleridge in his "Hymn to the Earth," expresses the sentiments with which the painter, as well as the poet of nature, must approach his task, when he says,—

"Thrilled with thy beauty and love in the wooded slope of the mountain,

Here, great mother, I lie, thy child, with his
head on thy bosom!

Playful the spirits of noon, that rushing soft
through thy tresses,

Green-haired goddess! refresh me; and hark!
as they hurry or linger,

Fill the pause of my harp, or sustain it with
musical murmurs.

Into my being thou murmurest joy, and tender-
dest sadness

Shedd'st thou, like dew, on my heart, till the
joy and the heavenly sadness

Pour themselves forth from my heart in tears,
and the hymn of thanksgiving."

But whilst a seriousness of purpose, a loving and almost religious earnestness, before unknown, has been brought to bear both on the study and representation of nature in her lower manifestations, it is remarkable that whatever has reference to man as a spiritual being, and not as a mere breathing organism, is treated with a degree of frivolity which no semi-civilized race ever exhibited. Our philosophy of nature stops short whenever it arrives at the workings of spirit, and investigations into the physical principle of life have taken the place of inquiries into the laws of mental action; our art shuns the representation of the highest form of organized existence, that in and through which alone sensuous expression can be given to spiritual qualities; and we confess that it is rather on a growing consciousness of the degrading nature of these tendencies which we imagine we perceive in many quarters, than on the circumstance that the great Exhibition of Industry is open in London, and half the world staring at our calicoes and patent chubbs, that we found the hope that our national effort may yet, in our own day, be directed to higher aims than those which it has at present assigned itself.

ART. IV.—1. *A History of the Hebrew Monarchy, from the Administration of Samuel to the Babylonish Captivity.* By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and Author of "The Soul; Her Sorrows and Her Aspirations." London. 1847.

2. *The Creed of Christendom: its Foundation and Superstructure.* By WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG. London, 1851.

If some impression has been made on the minds of a few thoughtful and serious persons by the perusal of Mr. Newman's Hebrew Monarchy, it must be ascribed rather to the author's reputation for ability and learning, than to any evidence of either which the volume itself affords. The fact that he is Latin Professor in University College, London, and that he bears a high character for classical scholarship, may

have predisposed some to entertain favourably his pretensions as a critic and a theologian, and to listen with deference to the cavils against sacred truth to which he has lent the prestige of his name and position, but most of which would be dismissed from the thoughts at once as utterly futile, if they occurred in the pages of an anonymous or unknown author. It is because we are well aware how liable the humility of general readers is to be thus practised upon by strong assertions, resting solely on the authority of the asserter, that we are induced to offer a few considerations by means of which even "he who occupies the room of the unlearned" may satisfy himself of the invalidity, or at least the insufficiency, of the arguments by which Mr. Newman endeavours to destroy our belief in the Old Testament, as a revelation from God. Those who are well acquainted with the subject, will perceive that these considerations are not distinguished by novelty or originality; but, then, neither are the objections to which they are opposed. If Mr. Newman will condescend to reproduce the identical arguments, or rather assertions, advanced by Paine against the divine authority of Scripture, the Professor of Latin, and late Fellow of Balliol, must be content to receive the same answers which proved sufficient to refute and silence his vulgar and ignorant predecessor. There are some persons, we know, who look on the task of refuting objections as an idle one, and are willing to waive the whole question for and against the genuineness of Scripture history; affirming, with Mr. Newman in his preface, that our faith should not rest on historic records, but on the evidence afforded by the testimony of our own hearts. They forget that a religion which is sought only in the heart of each man, will be a religion of his own framing, varying with the character of each individual. It is vain to say, as many do, that the strength of Christianity rests wholly on its internal evidences, and that external ones may be thrown aside as valueless. Internal evidence is that which springs from a consideration of the intrinsic character of Christianity. How are we to know what that character is, unless we seek it in the external and historical records in which it has been handed down to us, and which profess to contain God's revealed will? Neither can we safely take our stand upon the New Testament, and abandon the Old; for the New Testament writers have set their seal upon the Old, and the two are so closely linked together, that if one fall the other must fall with it. The task of examining the Old Testament accounts is therefore one of no common importance, and demands both candour and learning in its execution.

It is generally allowed, also, that in disput-

ing the truth of matters of fact which have always been believed by the great mass of readers, something more than mere assertion is necessary. Be they true or false, the burden of proof lies on the side of the objector.

Both these principles are violated by this author.

Mr. Newman's judgment of the Old Testament history seems to us unfair, whether viewed as a history of human events only, or as one of events occurring under a peculiar Divine government.

Considering it, first, in a purely historical point of view, we observe that those events in the course of the narrative which strike him as at all *improbable*, or even about which he can discern a shade of romance, he dismisses at once as legends. It is curious that his historical knowledge should not have taught him that the history of mankind is a series of improbabilities and unexpected incidents.* If it were otherwise, indeed, and all events answered to our ideas of what is probable, might not ordinary men become prophets? A moderate share of good sense and reflection would, in that case, enable us to anticipate all the events of history, as clearly as an experienced novel-reader foresees the conclusion of a tale. And yet, how few have ever prophesied public events correctly! What human foresight could, for example, have described the events of the last three years, including, as they do, the rapid and extraordinary changes in all the chief countries of Europe? According to Mr. Newman, these events should be set down by posterity as legends.

We may add, further, that it is too often overlooked, that in a history written by an ignorant and illiterate person, the connecting circumstances which would often explain seeming inconsistencies, are omitted or lightly passed over. Such a writer seizes only the most striking features of the case before him, and either forgets or does not comprehend the links which connect the principal events of human life.

Then again, considering the Jewish history, not as an account of ordinary events merely, but as mingled with numerous miraculous exertions of Divine power, this author's judgment is no less unfair: for without declaring, generally, that *all* miracles are *à priori* impossible, he proceeds practically on the supposition that *any* thing is more conceivable than a miraculous interposition.

This dislike to allow the possibility of a miracle is, we believe, more prevalent at the present day than is generally known, because it is oftener implied than expressed. Certain

foreign writers who openly hold it, allege in defence of it, the improbability that the Creator should leave his works so imperfect as to require *interferences* of extraordinary power from time to time. This (they say) is inconsistent both with the wisdom and the power of the Supreme Being. But they forget how impossible it is to ascertain what is an interference with the laws of nature. May it not be doubted—to suggest one among several hypotheses—whether what we call an extraordinary interference of God's power, be not simply the result of other laws, with which we are not acquainted, and which seem to us out of the course of nature, because their sources are hidden from us, and we are only acquainted with a very small portion of that course and those laws? Many natural phenomena,—comets, for example,—have been discovered, in the progress of scientific knowledge, to be no capricious interruption to the system of the universe, but a part of that system, subject to definite laws. If such discoveries are made in nature, should it not make us distrust our judgment of that other great book of Providence—the book of revealed religion, of which we can know nothing but what is directly taught us?

We may go still further. If a brute could reason, most of the works and actions of man, even the simplest, would appear to him interruptions of the laws of nature. And the works of civilized men do appear so to savages. When America was first discovered by the Spaniards, their horsemanship and use of firearms were attributed by the natives to magic; and the recent accounts of Terra del Fuego, shew that its savage inhabitants imagine their European visitors to be Beings of a different order from themselves, and in a certain degree superhuman. This shews how inadequate a judge Man is of what constitutes a miracle: or rather, we may say, it proves that the term miraculous is itself relative. What is *miraculous* to us, may perhaps be *natural* to a superior race of Beings.

But we must from these rather desultory introductory remarks return to Mr. Newman's History, through certain parts of which we propose to accompany him minutely. The earlier part of the Old Testament narrative he passes over with scarcely a remark. The few observations he does make are all founded on the *assumption*—(for he does not even attempt to *prove* it)—that the whole history of the Hebrew people, down to the days of Samuel, is a series of legends, from which no clear and connected narrative can be gathered, and to which no more credence is due than to the fables of Homer and Hesiod. In his preface he alludes to the new lights thrown on Roman and Grecian history by Grote and Niebuhr, and

* See a very ingenious pamphlet illustrative of this, entitled, "Historic Certainties," by "Aristarchus Newlight."

speaks of the absurdity of treating of sacred history, any more than profane, without making use of modern historical discoveries. This sounds plausible enough; but Grote and Niebuhr did not content themselves with *asserting* that many of the earliest records of Greece and Rome were fabulous; they undertook to *prove* it; and all writers on the subject would now consider it necessary not only to refer continually to these and other great authorities, but to recapitulate *their* arguments, at least in part, in support of opinions but recently established. But Mr. Newman neither refers to nor quotes the arguments of others, nor yet does he bring forward any of his own: simple assertions and obscure hints are here his only weapons.*

After dismissing thus summarily the early Jewish history, and tracing, on his own plan, the settlement of the Hebrews in Canaan, and their emigration from Egypt, (which he does not dispute), he at once chooses as the starting point of his connected history, the election of Saul as king of Israel. Why this starting point has been chosen it is not easy to see, since he has evidently as little reliance on the subsequent portions of Scripture as on those which precede the reign of Saul: the only difference he makes is to condemn the earlier records in the mass, the later ones in detail.

He observes on the election of Saul, then, that "it is highly doubtful whether Saul was chosen either by the Lord or by Samuel." The Israelites, he supposes, fixed on the young man for his stature and beauty, (1 Sam. ix. 2, 5;) and Samuel, after opposing their choice at first, reconciled himself to necessity, and declared that their king was chosen by God. Mr. Newman does not, however, seem to think the worse of Samuel for the pious fraud implied in this wholly gratuitous supposition.

He objects (chap. xiii. p. 46) to the expression "young man," as applied to Saul at the time of his election, when, two years afterwards, his son is spoken of as grown up. In this remark he forgets the very loose way of designating age among the ancients. The Romans spoke of a man of forty as "*adolescens*." Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego are described as "children" at an age when they were considered fit to be made rulers

over part of Nebuchadnezzar's kingdom. David is called "a youth" at forty, which circumstance Mr. Newman also brings forward as an objection, instead of viewing it as an explanation of the previous passage. At the age of forty, Saul might well be the father of a son capable of bearing arms.

In the fourteenth chapter he derides the history of Jonathan's exploit with his armour-bearer in the garrison of the Philistines at Gibeah, (1 Sam. xiv.) alleging that they could not have slain twenty men between them. This objection is frivolous; for it is expressly stated that the Philistines were seized with a panic, (probably imagining that Jonathan was followed by his army,) and turned their arms against each other. Under the same circumstances a larger number of men has sometimes been slain by one or two individuals. In one of the battles between the French and Russians, for example, a Cossack is recorded to have slain twenty men single-handed with his spear, and was only checked in his career by being at last knocked on the head by one of the enemy. Many similar exploits are recorded both in ancient and modern history.

Mr. Newman considers the whole history of Saul and the Amalekites as a fiction. The accounts of the tribes of Amalek, he says, are from their earliest origin "full of contradictions," and "many legends were invented to justify the hatred" entertained by the Jews towards them,—which hatred he assumes to be causeless.* As a confirmation of these assertions he goes back to the history of the wanderings of the Israelites in the desert, and objects to the "contradiction," contained in Exodus xvii., in the account of their being near perishing with thirst in Rephidim, and saved by "the miraculous fountain," and then shortly after attacked by the Amalekites, who voluntarily marched into this thirsty desert to meet them.

Now, besides that the time is not specified, so that the first of these events might very possibly have taken place in the summer and the last in winter—besides the circumstance that the Amalekites, habituated to the desert, were more likely to know where springs of water were to be found than the wandering strangers—waiving both these considerations, what is more natural than that a troop of marauders, armed, mounted, unencumbered, and able to carry skins of water enough to serve their small numbers, should march safely through a desert in which a mixed multitude,

* The "fallacy of reference," as it has been called, is very apt to lead inexperienced readers astray: for a string of learned names may often be introduced from the titles of works which are in fact wholly foreign to the question. Hence, as we have observed above, a certain degree of recapitulation is necessary where the subject discussed is little understood, and the works alluded to not generally known. Mr. Newman, however, has contented himself with an occasional reference to Ewald and other critical writers, on trivial points of scholarship and geography, quite irrelevant to the main question.

* Is it not more likely that the Israelites should have been harassed by depredating tribes, such as *exist at this very day in the very same country*, than that they should have taken a gratuitous antipathy to the tribe of Amalek, and then invented fables to justify it?

including the infirm, women, children, and numerous flocks and herds, would perish with thirst? In our own days, it appears to be a very common occurrence in the same countries, for a caravan to be distressed for water at the very time when a band of hostile Arabs can attack it with ease. The possession of a newly discovered well is also one of the commonest subjects of dispute among wandering tribes: and Archdeacon Blunt, in his treatise on the Veracity of the Books of Moses, suggests that the miraculous fountain may have thus actually been the cause of the Amalekitish invasion.

Mr. Newman proceeds to notice Samuel's rejection of Saul for sparing the Amalekite king and spoil. He blames this rejection for its cruelty. It shews Samuel, he says, "in a darker and harsher light" than we should have expected. He speaks of Saul's offence, as if it had been one merely *personal* to Samuel, even if it were to be considered as one at all. Here, again, the sin against the divine Head, *temporal* as well as *spiritual*, of the Jews, is overlooked. Saul was presuming to offer up to God what God had commanded him to destroy. A grosser act of disobedience to an *earthly* despotic monarch could scarcely be conceived; what it must be towards God, all must feel who acknowledge a God to whom we owe allegiance.

Objection is next made to Samuel's address to the Israelites (in the earlier part of the Scripture narrative) on their choice of a king, as "too forcible and eloquent for an *old man*."

There are so many eloquent speeches of old men, both in ancient and modern history, on record, that it is difficult to conceive how this objection could have had any force with a person of ordinary reading. The defence which Sophocles, when accused of incapability to manage his own affairs, made before the Athenian tribunal, by reading his own recently composed tragedy of *Œdipus Coloneus*, was at least as great a feat for an old man of ninety, as Samuel's speech. But it is wonderful how many circumstances which are considered *insurmountable difficulties* in the study of Jewish history, are viewed as perfectly natural when the scene of action is changed from Palestine to Greece.

Mr. Newman next observes, (p. 50.) that Samuel committed what is politically called *treason* in deposing Saul and electing David. It is true that many things are *treason* in one government which are not so in another. And it must never be forgotten, that under the Jewish theocracy the kings were mere delegates, and that Samuel, as the oracle of the Most High, had as full right to appoint and depose them as the prime minister of an earthly monarch to give and withdraw appointments to subordinate offices.

The account of David's slaying Goliath with a sling is next disputed, because he was *afterwards* celebrated for excellence as a swordsman! As reasonably might it be urged that the accounts of our ancestor's skill as archers must be false, because their descendants are *now* renowned for the use of firearms.

David's slaying two hundred Philistines (1 Sam. xviii.) is also objected to by Mr. Newman. He seems to think that David must have slain them single-handed; whereas it is mentioned expressly that he had his men with him! The same objection is made to a similar exploit related later.

In a note he speaks of the "Jehovistic but unmoral spirit" of the book of Chronicles. This expression seems to be adopted from the German Neologians, by whom it is freely used, together with the kindred term *Eloistic*, to insinuate that the worship of Jehovah was the form or phase of the Jewish religion maintained by the authors of such books as Joshua, Chronicles, &c., and that Jehovah was regarded by them merely as the tutelar deity of their nation, in opposition to the claims of Baal or the Egyptian Ox-god. To represent the worship of the true God as in no respect more pure or spiritual than that of false deities, and to separate from it the idea of superior virtue and morality, is the continual aim of the writers whom Mr. Newman has unhappily chosen as his authorities, or rather oracles.

The next objection he proceeds to consider is one which must have presented itself as a difficulty (though not as an argument against the truth of Scripture) to many minds less disposed to cavil than Mr. Newman's—the expiation by David of Saul's slaughter of the Gibeonites. It is plain that no particular mode of giving satisfaction to the Gibeonites was dictated by the oracles of God. Some satisfaction was required for the cruel treachery committed by Saul; such, too, as should exhibit a terrible example to future tyrants, and become at the same time a vindication of national truth, and the protection of the most defenceless and degraded portion of the community. Nor must it be forgotten that the Mosaic dispensation was one totally different in its character from that of the New Testament; that it has been declared by an infallible authority to have been imperfect, rudimental, and carnal, and that it contained provisions and permissions due to the "hardness of man's heart," which were intended to be only temporary, and have been since entirely abrogated. Let it be observed, also, that the transaction to which we are especially referring is one of those in which the awful and mysterious idea of atonement for sin—"expiation made, not by the principal offender, or not by him alone"—

was presented to the mind of the ancient Church. The form in which the idea was clothed on that occasion, may have been more suitable than we can in our circumstances conceive, to enable men's spiritual faculties to apprehend it as a reality.

Mr. Newman next proceeds to the "superstitions belief" that David was punished for numbering the people. It is certainly not very clear what fault he had committed in so doing; though most probably either the spirit or the purpose of the action were blameable. That it was something which set public opinion at defiance, or invaded the laws of the country, is proved by the horror of the deed shewn by so reckless and unscrupulous a soldier as Joab.

Mr. Newman alludes shortly after to a difficulty which is caused rather by the headings to our chapters than by the text itself; namely, David's treatment of the cities of Rabbah and Ammon, whose inhabitants he "put under saws, and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron, and made them pass through the brick-kiln." (2 Sam. xii. 31.) Now we know that it was the practice of some ancient nations to compel a captive and defeated army to pass under a yoke or arch constructed of weapons, as was done by the Samnite general to the Roman army. So that, if the Ammonites had been said to have "passed under the sword and spear," the meaning of the passage would have been evident. The use of agricultural and servile instruments instead of arms was probably a sign of still greater humiliation. Some commentators are of opinion that this expression implied setting them to servile offices, and that "passing through brick-kilns" denoted that they were compelled to work at brickmaking, as the Israelites had done in Egypt. In any case, Mr. Newman's supposition, that a new and cruel mode of torture was implied, is wholly unwarranted, either by the context or by known ancient customs. It would appear that he was chiefly guided in his conjecture by the heading of the chapter, which does speak of David's torturing the citizens of Ammon. But the *headings* of chapters have not been generally considered as good authority; except, indeed, by a writer of a very different school, whose coincidence with Mr. Newman is in this case very curious, Dr. Hook; who, in his "Church Dictionary," refers us for mention *by name* of the "*seven Deacons*" to Acts vi., the word "*Deacons*" being only found in the heading to the chapter!

We may remark in passing, that it is curious to see those who pride themselves on their free and loose views of Scripture history, adhering, when they come to details which suit their purpose, to as close and servilely literal an interpretation of individual texts as

the most devoted advocate for the verbal inspiration of Scripture could desire. This is remarkably exemplified by Mr. Newman. While he throws aside large portions of the Old Testament as legendary, he clings with unreasoning fidelity not only to the *verbal*, but even to the *traditional* meaning of such particular passages as imply moral wrong in the persons concerned. For instance, in an allusion to the story of Jephthah, he appears to take for granted the truth of the vulgar notion, that Jephthah *slew* his daughter for an offering to the Lord: overlooking the fact, that not only is there no express mention of her death in the narrative, but several of the most intelligent commentators consider the contrary to be implied in what the narrative does record. Hence we may see that it is not from a free interpretation of individual texts, nor from the employment of learning and knowledge of antiquity in the study of Scripture, that Christianity has anything to fear. The real danger to our belief in Revelation lies in the resolution to believe nothing which does not agree with our previously formed fancies, and in the presumptuous attempt to decide on what God is *likely* to have done or not done, and to judge Him as if he were "even such an one as ourselves." This tendency, far from being produced by extensive learning, may be found equally in the minds of all men, whatever be the extent or deficiency of their knowledge, in whom humility and candour are wanting. Mr. Newman's interpretations of Scripture, indeed, do *not* bear the character of learned ones, but the contrary, to a degree which could not have been expected in an author of his attainments, and in a work, the subject of which would seem peculiarly and imperatively to require the application of learning.

The reign of Solomon is next passed under review; and after some remarks on the splendour of that monarch's empire, and the extent of his power, we find strong sympathy expressed for the "7000 bearers of burdens, and 80,000 hewers in the mountains," whom Mr. Newman denominates "a nation of bondsmen."

That the Israelites, like other eastern nations, did keep slaves, is well known; but the supposition that this immense body of workmen were all bondsmen, is quite unauthorized. They are never mentioned as slaves, and there seems no necessity for supposing it. Solomon was a despotic monarch, at least as far as his subjects were concerned, and could therefore accomplish some of those great works which belong to such governments, either by hiring large numbers of workmen, or more probably, by what would now be called "*corvées*"—a tax taken in a certain amount of labour instead

of money, generally with a view to some specific object. The great military roads, and other works completed by the French under Napoleon, were of this character; yet we should scarcely speak of *them* as "a nation of bondsmen." What, moreover, would Mr. Newman think of a Chinese, who, on hearing of the number of excavators (or "navvies") employed in the construction of our railroads, should infer that *we* are a nation of bondsmen?

Solomon's prayer (1 Kings viii.) is blamed by implication as "being offered up neither by priest nor prophet." It is curious to contrast this objection to the use of an ordinance never once mentioned in the Levitical law, with the indignation shewn by Mr. Newman at the rebuke given to Saul for offering sacrifice. Prayer does not appear to have formed part of the essential function either of priest or prophet among the Jews: although Solomon was most probably inspired when he pronounced that beautiful prayer and solemn blessing, which seems to excite in Mr. Newman only the disposition to cavil.

But Mr. Newman objects to Solomon's "offering sacrifice" as an innovation. It does not appear, however, that either Solomon or David, when the Ark was brought up from among the Philistines, (2 Sam. vi.) offered the burnt-offering *themselves* on the altar.* When a king or other great man is said to "have built" a palace or other public edifice, he is not generally supposed to have acted himself the part of architect or mason. But the rules which are considered obvious in matters of common life, are often neglected in examining Scripture, especially by unfriendly judges.

It appears that those who wished to "offer a sacrifice" brought the victim, and when it was slain presented it to the priest, who took of the blood and offered it on the high altar within the courts: (Lev. i. vii., &c.) Solomon's offering was made before the Ark, *previously* to its being placed within the Temple. (1 Kings viii.) The king did not enter into the most holy place; after the priests came out, a cloud filled the inner parts of the temple; but the memorable prayer was uttered by the king while among the people in the outer courts.

Then follows a digression on the giving of the Law in Exodus and Deuteronomy, in which Mr. Newman informs us that there were *two decalogues*: the Second Table of the Commandments being different from the first, which Moses broke in his anger at the people's idolatry. Deuteronomy he considers as a modern book, so that the repetition *there* of the contents of the Tables goes for nothing with

him. But, confining ourselves to Exodus, it may be worth considering what grounds he can find for his opinion.

The texts on which he bases it are the 10th and 24th verses of Exodus xxxiv. "Behold, I make a covenant;" "Write thou these words;"—then follows a list of directions, chiefly ceremonial, which he considers a Second Decalogue. Taking this by itself, it would seem a forced explanation, considering that there are certainly *more* than *ten* distinct commands between the 10th and 27th verses. But what appears decisive against this view is, the *first verse* of this same 34th chapter—"I will write on these tables the words that were in the first tables." Nothing can be conceived clearer; though, indeed, this proof was hardly needed; for, if we grant Mr. Newman's supposition, how are we to account for the fact, that what he calls the "First Decalogue" has been preserved among the Jews as "*the Decalogue*" ever since, while the list of directions he calls "the Second," was merely considered as part of the ceremonial law?

It is worth observing, that Moses repeats all these ceremonial instructions which had been given orally, but *does not* repeat the Decalogue, except the one ceremonial command contained in it, that of the observance of the Sabbath.

Mr. Newman then returns again to the subject of the dedication of the Temple, and observes, (p. 134,) that "the strange awe of the dangerous ark" seemed to have "evaporated" under Solomon, and that the fate of "the unlucky Uzzah" appeared to be forgotten. He infers this from the opening of the ark: but was not this evidently done by the priests? It is expressly mentioned (1 Kings viii.) "*that the priests brought it out.*" Surely it was scarcely needful to add that they opened it, an office which could not be lawfully performed by any one else. The circumstance that nothing but the two tables of stone were found in the ark, seems at first glance startling; but it is easily accounted for, when it is remembered how many months it remained in the hands of the Philistines. They were not likely to hold its contents sacred, and probably stripped it of all that they considered valuable. If any miraculous punishment (besides the well-known pestilence) had befallen the individuals who thus spoiled the ark, it would not probably have been recorded by the idolaters. But, in fact, this discovery of the loss of the ark's contents may be considered as a corroboration of the truth of the whole history. If it had been a fiction, is it conceivable that so humiliating a fact would have been introduced by the chronicler?

Some remarks follow on the tribes of Israel, in the course of which Mr. Newman observes,

* 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep (2 Chron. viii.) is the number of the victims which Mr. Newman supposes Solomon to have slain with his own hands!

that Simeon's name was omitted in the song of Moses, whence he infers that this song was a comparatively modern composition, written when the tribe was completely swallowed up in Judah.

The omission of Simeon's name may have been caused by the crime of their prince Zimri, when he and a number of companions (probably the greater number of his tribe) fell into Midianitish idolatry; the pestilence which destroyed the delinquents, if (as is probable) most of them were of this tribe, would account both for the extraordinary thinning of their numbers, leading to ultimate extinction, and for their exclusion from the blessing of their great lawgiver.

From the consideration of Solomon's reign, Mr. Newman proceeds to the revolt of Jeroboam and the ten tribes. In speaking of the temple service, he objects to the figures of the cherubim as tending to encourage idolatry. The images of Bethel, he observes, "were neither more nor less idolatrous than the cherubim," although they are "*derided* as golden calves." The command of the Most High would seem to us to constitute some difference in the intention of the worshippers; but it must not, also, be overlooked, that the Israelitish *people* had no access to the cherubim. One only person in the whole nation—the high-priest—was permitted to enter the place where they were kept, and that but once a-year. Will Mr. Newman affirm that this could encourage idolatry, in the same way as an image exposed to every eye? What the cherubim really were, and what they were intended to represent, can only be conjectured in these days. Mr. Newman considers that this part of the Jewish worship, as also the Urim and Thummim, and several other parts of their service, were adopted from Egypt. But the resemblance to be observed in some points to the Egyptian worship, would go as far to prove that the Egyptians had received these things from the Hebrews. It has been shown to be highly probable,* that there existed at that early period a portion of the Egyptians who worshipped the true God; their sympathy with the Hebrews would naturally lead them to adopt some of their customs, (which, undoubtedly, existed in part before the introduction of the Levitical law,) and thence these ceremonies might gradually be incorporated with the established religion of Egypt.

Mr. Newman observes, with an air of some triumph, that there is "convincing casual evidence that the Hebrew people were *habitual image worshippers*, both before and after the time of Jeroboam." That they were prone to

fall continually into idolatry, is plain not from the "casual," but from the *direct* evidence of the Scriptures; that it was *not* "*habitual*," in the sense of being *countenanced* and *tolerated*,* as Mr. Newman seems to insinuate, but was severely reprimanded and punished, we have also abundant proof.

The brazen serpent is next alluded to, with an implied observation that the Israelites had worshipped it all along, from its first introduction. "It was believed towards the end of the monarchy," Mr. Newman adds, "to have been an image made by Moses!" He does not, however, attempt to adduce any proof, either of the falsity of this "belief" of the Jews, or of the truth of his own assertion, that the worship of the serpent had existed all along. Hezekiah evidently considered it a *recently* introduced superstition.

The visit of the "man of God" to Jeroboam (1 Kings) is described as "a legend forged in Josiah's days;" but Mr. Newman adduces no proof of this, except, as he says, "because *no result* followed." If this were true, it would not be a decisive proof of the falsity of the history; but it is very far from being true. Can it be called "no result" that vast numbers from the ten tribes resorted to Judah and the Temple, doubtless in consequence of this visit of the prophet? In 2 Chron. xi. we find these words:—"And the priests and the Levites that were in all Israel, resorted to him out of all their coasts. . . . And after them, out of all the tribes of Israel, such as set their hearts to seek the Lord God of Israel, came to Jerusalem to sacrifice unto the Lord God of their fathers. So they strengthened the kingdom of Judah, and made Rehoboam strong." This last clause shows how very great must have been their numbers. Later, in the reign of Asa, (2 Chron. xv.) another considerable emigration of Israelites to Judah took place. And in 1 Kings xii. 23, this expression is found:—"Speak . . . unto the house of Judah and Benjamin, and to the *remnant* of the people," evidently indicating the Israelites who adhered to Judah.

After some just remarks on the great number of prophets at this period of the Jewish history, and the probability of their undergoing some sort of training for the prophetic office, in what were called "the schools of the prophets," Mr. Newman proceeds to the history of Ahab. His opinion of this king will be startling to most readers. Ahab, he thinks, was rather *weak* than wicked; Jezebel was *made* cruel in the course of her feud with the prophets of Jehovah: but this, he adds, was partly *their* fault for approving the slaying of the votaries of Baal. "The legend of

* See "Lessons on the History of Religious Worship."

* The word *habitual* is itself ambiguous.

Elijah's slaying Baal's prophets" is a proof (he continues) of the feeling existing among the prophets of Jehovah. Now, if the account in the Book of Kings is to be credited at all, the votaries of Baal were *not* slain till after the prophets of the Lord had been put to death by Jezebel, and a considerable number saved only by the exertions of Obadiah.* The "legend," therefore, as Mr. Newman calls it, would go to prove that the worshippers of Baal began the hostilities. If one-half of the history would prove a hostile feeling on the part of the worshippers of Jehovah, the other half proves far more on the opposite side. But it seems to be Mr. Newman's habit, whether he regards a record as fiction or truth, to select such parts of it as have a tendency to cast a shade upon the worshippers of Jehovah. He admits that the "martyr age of the prophets of the Lord now began," but excuses Jezebel on the ground that "hers was a struggle of life and death." "The crisis," he continues, "called forth two great prophets, Elijah and Elisha, whose adventures and exploits have come down to us in such a halo of romance . . . that it is impossible to disentangle the truth."

It must be acknowledged that Mr. Newman makes no effort to perform this "impossibility," but summarily dismisses both histories, merely observing that the miracles recorded of both prophets are often mere repetitions of each other. Such a case as a similar event happening to two persons, or at different times to one, he is unable to believe possible.

"The ascription of miraculous powers" (Mr. Newman continues) "to these prophets is a notable circumstance, as being altogether *new* in Jewish history. (!) To find anything analogous we must run back to the *legendary days* of Moses." (!) The dangers of the times, he adds, worked up the people to such an enthusiasm that they were ready to *imagine* miracles. It would seem strange to readers of a less *easy* belief than Mr. Newman, that the enemies of the prophets—the zealous worshippers of Baal—should have been affected by this enthusiasm for miracles, which were wrought *against* them. Several of Elijah's miracles resemble those of our Lord and his Apostles in this circumstance, that they were wrought amongst *enemies*. Ahab and Jezebel would not have stood in such awe of an impostor. Mr. Newman's best course would have been to deny the whole history from beginning to end. This he hesitates to do in express words; but he throws additional discredit on all the facts by his assertion, (totally

unsupported by the faintest attempt at a proof,) that the Book of Kings was written 300* years after the facts recorded in it.

The overthrow of the walls of Jericho is alluded to by Mr. Newman incidentally as "an old poem," which was recalled to the minds of men when the "legendary curse" was fulfilled!

He proceeds rapidly to the history of Athaliah and the murder of the young princes. He endeavours to defend, or rather palliate, her cruelty by attributing it to the alarm and "irritation" occasioned by the severity shewn by the prophets of the Lord towards the Baal worshippers. "Such (these are his words) is the train of atrocities which Elisha's message entailed on both the Hebrew kingdoms."† The study of these events "is," he continues, "the training of mind which steeled all Europe to cruelty under the name of religion. This has lit up hell-fires in Christendom; this has perpetrated perfidious massacres unknown to Paganism; this has bequeathed even to the present age, a confusion of mind which too often leads those who are naturally mild and equitable, to inflict hardship, vexation, degradation, and loss, on the professors of a rival creed."

"Unknown to Paganism!" How well must an accomplished scholar, like Mr. Newman, have known the contrary! How familiar must he be with the cruelties of heathen monarchs, from Phalaris down to Nero and Commodus, with the human sacrifices in Carthage, with the tortures inflicted by Hindoo Brahmins, with atrocities in every heathen country openly countenanced and approved by public opinion, such as have never been paralleled even in the darkest ages of Christianity. But his eagerness to carry his point is quite unchecked by any regard for truth. And this portion of his work is likely to be more injurious to careless readers, because it assumes the garb of Christian humanity and forbearance.

There are, however, two or three considerations which even faithful students of the Bible

* It has been remarked by scholars deeply learned in the original language of the Old Testament, that this book bears in its construction the strongest marks of having been composed in detached pieces, as a chronicle or register at the time when the events noted down occurred.

† Elisha is very severely treated by Mr. Newman. His zeal is called "frenzy;" and he is described as condemning a troop of *young* children for laughing at him. We have already seen that the term "children" was applied to young men; and we may here add that Benjamin was called a lad, and even a little one, when certainly more than twenty years old. The young persons whom Elisha punished were probably votaries of Baal, who insulted him as a prophet of the Lord. (See M. Burnier's Commentary on the Old Testament.)

* Obadiah's preservation of the Lord's prophets is the more remarkable from its not being ostentatiously brought forward, but incidentally, and as it were casually, mentioned in a parenthesis.

are apt to overlook, because connected with the peculiar character of the Jewish dispensation. We are apt to consider the case of the worshippers of the true God with regard to those of Baal, as analogous to the relation between Christians, for instance, living in close connexion with heathens, or Protestants with members of the Church of Rome. Such persons are convinced, indeed, that their companions are in grievous error, but (if imbued with a truly Christian spirit) they feel it a duty, while guarding against their mistaken belief, to treat them with kindness and forbearance. Such was *not* the duty of a pious Hebrew of Elijah's day: for what with *us* is merely *religious error*, with *them* was *high treason*; and we must again repeat, that to one who loses sight for a moment of the peculiar character of a *theocracy*, the Jewish history necessarily presents a tissue of contradictions. What would Mr. Newman have thought of a faithful subject of George the Second, who should have connived at the machinations of some emissaries of the Pretender? Should we not look on such toleration of high treason as treason itself? Would he admit, as an excuse for such conduct, the plea "that we ought to live peaceably with our neighbours?" This was precisely the case with Elijah. Under the Christian dispensation we are commanded not "to strive" for our religion; but this is because the rewards and punishments of the *new covenant* are reserved for another world, and under the sole and immediate administration of the great Mediator, that "Man whom God hath ordained to be the Judge of quick and dead." Our Saviour's own words are, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight,"—evidently acknowledging the consequence which necessarily followed from such a dispensation as that of the Old Testament.

Why such a dispensation should have been necessary, is a question which fallible mortals are not competent to answer. It is not for us to look into "the hidden things of the Lord." But it may be observed, that writers of the stamp we are now considering, seem to be unwilling to allow the possibility of God's punishing wickedness either here or hereafter, and shrink from every part of the Bible which implies it. They forget that this is a difficulty not peculiar to revealed religion, but inseparably connected with the course of natural events in this world. Sin does draw down evil on itself even in this life: why it exists, or why it is permitted, it is not for us to know; but we cannot escape from the difficulty by denying revelation.

This prevalent reluctance to look a fact thus

self-evident in the face, may also be in part the cause of another evil of the present times—the tendency to confound tolerance with indifference.

Mr. Newman goes so far as to endeavour to convey a more favourable impression of the worshippers of Baal than of their opponents. He informs us (page 213,) that "they did not revenge on the priests of Jehovah the violence which they had suffered from Jehovah's prophet,"—(naturally enough, as they had slain *these* already, and could not wreak their vengeance twice over)—and in comparison with their opponents, he regards them as humane!

He proceeds to sketch rapidly, but not very clearly, the later reigns of the kings. He affirms that the Levite and priestly system was devised long after the time of Moses; the "priestly system" being "at its height in the time of Jehu," the Levite later. For this conclusion he gives no reasons, unless we can so denominate the complaint that the pedigree of the priests was not made out before the Captivity. This is, however, just what we should expect. After the Captivity it was necessary to prove that their genealogy was correct: before that event it was needless to prove or to mention what was well established. To the same cause may be referred the omission of all mention of the Sabbaths (on which he also remarks) in the history of the monarchy.

But the object of this part of Mr. Newman's work is evidently to prove the modern origin of the Pentateuch, which he considers to have been compiled in the days of Jehoiaha. The reasons adduced for this belief are not very clear: one of them seems to be, that Joshua wrote on "the stones" of the altar he erected after passing Jordan, "a copy of the law." (Joshua viii. 30.) As no stone altar could have contained the whole of the last four books of the Pentateuch, he concludes that they could not then have existed: but is it not a far more simple and obvious conclusion, that he copied the *positive commands* taken from these books; or rather, merely those which the tables contained, which would naturally, in common parlance, be called "the Law," and which our Lord afterwards referred to as *the Commandments*?

In support of his opinion, however, Mr. Newman speaks of the law *found* in Josiah's reign as "a new book." Is it conceivable that the people would have read it with grief and shame, had they not recognised the Law which was the acknowledged standard by which their nation had been governed?

In commenting on the prophetical writings, Mr. Newman ascribes the books of Isaiah and

of Zachariah each to two different writers.* Here, however, as in every other part of his work, he seems to adopt implicitly the dicta of the German critics whom he has chosen for his authorities, and who, like his favourite prophets of the Baalistic faction, "follow their own spirit," in preference to inspiration, common sense, or fair reasoning. He delights also to dwell on those parts of the other prophetic writers from which he can draw conclusions to the discredit of their private character. Jeremiah's flight into Egypt, and the bitterness of Hosea and others towards "their fellow prophets,"—as he denominates the idolaters whom they denounce,—are animadverted upon with great severity.

It is remarkable, too, that disposed as Mr. Newman is to treat the recorded facts of Scripture as myths, he is ready to assume that the metaphorical language of the prophets involves real fact; and that deeds of a questionable or an extraordinary nature, said to be performed by the prophets at God's command, in order to declare and explain his present will and future dealings towards his people, were in all cases real transactions, originating in the will or desire of the human agent to whom they are attributed. Now, how is it that one who holds so strongly that the Bible accounts are not trustworthy, should adhere so scrupulously to a literal interpretation of statements more probably allegorical than many to which he ascribes that character, whenever they appear to militate against the Most High, or against his accredited messengers?

To a very different class of Bible-readers many of these passages (laying aside such as through our own ignorance of ancient customs, or through doubtful readings, are in themselves uncertain) do indeed present great difficulties, chiefly, perhaps, arising from an incorrect view of the subject of inspiration.

The revelations or messages with which the prophets were entrusted seem to have been usually conveyed to them through visions or dreams; and the prophet commonly delivered his message along with the vision or dream through which it came to him. Hence the relation of actions which were not only allegorical in their meaning, but the very history of which is allegorical, as the eating of the book or roll in Ezekiel, and in St. John's Revelations. And as the vision or dream through which the revelation came to the recipient would naturally be formed of images taken from the store-house of his own imagination, they would, it is likely, be conformable to his age, his country, and his individual character.

* There seems to be a considerable difference in the style of the earlier and later portions of Isaiah, which has probably led him to this conclusion.

The message or revelation might indeed come to the mind of the inspired instrument clothed in language suitable for delivery—and this we have every reason to believe was the ordinary mode of its communication—but it might also come as a simple suggestion or impression, in which case he would naturally declare it by means of such images as most readily occurred to him, and which he thought best adapted to draw attention to it; and hence, besides the Oriental type which runs through *all* the language of prophecy, we find in it the marks of individual influences,—of the education, turn of thought, and moral sentiment habitual to the prophet. For God's messages seem to have been conveyed through various instruments, (as the ordinary workings of his providence take place by various means;) and the mode of delivery would therefore vary accordingly. Thus would the imagery of each prophet be more or less exalted, and his language more or less pure, according to the influence of his own natural habits of thought and life, and very much according to the nature of the prophecy he was declaring, which we find to be the case. Hence the purity and sublime simplicity of Isaiah's language in all his announcements of the Messiah, and the blessings of his kingdom, and in all his direct allusions to the Most High. And so with the other prophets, when they touch on these subjects, though modified by their individual characters. But the allegories in which the divine messages are sometimes wrapt up, and especially such allegories as imply *action*, are regarded by Mr. Newman as requiring a *literal* interpretation, whenever such an interpretation can be plausibly represented as involving the violation of decency or morality.

We do not find many things worthy of remark in the later and less important portions of Mr. Newman's work, which ends somewhat abruptly. But the impression with which we closed it was, that he has stated no *new* difficulties in his criticisms on the Old Testament history, but has simply collected together and brought forward those which have presented themselves at different periods and in different ways to most students of the Bible, some of which, however, could only have had weight with persons engaged in seeking objections rather than in eliciting truth.

In these remarks on the "Hebrew Monarchy," we have merely had recourse to what is within the reach of every student however humble in his attainments, to the English Bible itself. By comparing one part with another, and examining the texts quoted by Mr. Newman in support of his views, the most unlearned reader may satisfy himself

of the futility of many of his arguments, and the unfairness with which passages of Scripture have been brought forward to support them.

The consistency of the various Bible narratives, written as they were in different Ages, and by persons of various conditions and attainments, will also furnish strong internal evidence of their intrinsic truth and genuineness—an evidence which indeed is made manifest through this very work, in spite of the utmost efforts of an objector so determined as Mr. Newman, and in spite of a censorship so unfair as that to which he has subjected the sacred writings—altering some parts, assuming others, acting, in short, as an unscrupulous judge might do in charging a jury for a prisoner on whose condemnation he was predetermined.

But Scripture is not to be overthrown by enemies such as these. Difficulties will ever perhaps remain attached to it; some being inseparable from our ignorance of things pertaining to God, others perhaps attributable to our imperfect acquaintance with the nature and operation of inspiration. In respect of those connected with the existence of evil, a fact which in the history of the Pagan world is often overlooked, because it passed unheeded—as the force of a stream is not known until an effort is made to resist it—all these, and many other *apparent* stumbling-blocks, seem, on study and reflection, to act rather as confirmations to the faith of those who consider them aright.

But while we hold fast, with a firm and fearless, but also a candid and *reasoning* faith, to that Scripture which has been given us for our guide and support in this world, and on which are based all our hopes of another, we shall have no cause to tremble, “though the waters rage and swell, and the mountains shake at the tempest of the same,” sure as we may be that the rivers of that very flood, however terrible, “shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High.”

But we must now pass from this series of criticisms suggested by Mr. Newman's work, to discuss, very shortly, some of the principles contained in the abler and more comprehensive work, very recently published by Mr. Greg. We shall confine ourselves at present chiefly to that part of Mr. Greg's work which relates to the Old Testament.

This book, which we have, on account of a similarity in many of its views, associated with the Hebrew Monarchy, and on which, considered in that relation, we are about to make some remarks, professes to investigate, generally, “the Foundations and Superstructure

of the Creed of Christendom.” In so doing the author assails doctrines which we are wont to regard as the most sacred and worthy of regard. In saying this we are consciously ranging ourselves with those who would be pronounced by him unfit for the task we propose,—that, namely, of investigating some of the principles on which he founds his work of destruction. For if, according to a motto adopted by him, as expressive of his views, man is incapacitated for the investigation of truth by a regard for “the prospects of his soul,”*—by a desire, that is, of his own future happiness, and the exaltation and purification of his nature; and if an indifference to the result be an essential condition to a course of correct reasoning, then must such an employment of the intellectual faculties be unsuited to the *highest and best* natures among us; since it is with these that such indifference is least likely to prevail. Or if, on the other hand, the reason of man is so weak, and his prejudices so strong, that his wishes and desires on any subject must necessarily bias his judgment, then indeed must not only a desire for our own happiness, but any strong interest in that of our fellow-creatures, fetter our reasoning powers, so as to deprive us of all right to a hearing.

Now, what should we say of any one who should assert that no plan for the public good ought to be listened to which proceeded from a philanthropist, because such a man cannot but *wish* for the success of such a plan, and his wish must of course *bias* his judgment in framing his scheme. On such terms Mr. Greg would be excluded. He is himself a well-known philanthropist. According to this view, indeed, no physician should prescribe for a patient unless perfectly indifferent whether the patient recovers or dies. This, however, seems to be the principle adopted and set forth by some modern writers, and among them by Mr. Greg. Yet every one's own experience might have taught him that man's judgment is often even *biased* the other way,—that extreme anxiety will make men distrust the probabilities in favour of something they earnestly wish for, (according to the proverbial expression of “too good news to be true,”) and exaggerate the chances of something they very much dread. But we suppose that Mr. Greg would confine his theory of indifference to the hopes and promises of Christianity. We may remind him therefore, that the Gospel was introduced, and prevailed in *opposition* to all the expectations and wishes of the then world, all the habits and prejudices which are

* “No inquirer can fix a direct and clear-sighted gaze towards truth, who is casting side glances all the while on the prospects of his soul.”—*Martineau*.

now in its favour being then arrayed *against* it.

Before entering on the proper subject of his work, Mr. Greg gives us his judgment in respect of the class of persons best fitted for the task he has imposed on himself. This judgment we find unfavourable to the class of persons whose education and habits of mind, whose knowledge of the ancient languages, and familiarity with biblical criticism, would seem to render them most fitted for such an investigation,—because it is assumed that “clergymen of all denominations are shackled by their previous professions of faith, and by the consequences to *them* of possible conclusions.” Mr. Greg is unable, it would almost seem, to conceive the existence of an honest and disinterested mind so circumstanced. He is surely however aware, that in a training for the Ministry, among almost all denominations of Christians, the principal objections which infidels have raised against Christianity are presented to the student’s mind in the course of study prescribed to him, and that this course does sometimes deter men—though chiefly through the minor difficulties attending on subscription to Articles—from entering the Ministry, even where, in all the more important points, their faith remains not only unshaken but confirmed by the investigation. It is reserved, however, for “an unlettered layman, endowed with no learning, but bringing to the investigation the ordinary education of an English gentleman, and a logical faculty exercised in other walks,” to pursue, what Mr. Greg elsewhere declares to be “a species of criticism with which few in this country, even of our educated classes, are at all acquainted.” And from this class he would, we must suppose, exclude all believers who feel any deep interest in Christianity, as *biased* by their wishes. In short, all he requires in order to obtain a verdict that shall satisfy him, is, to pack the jury, and to have a judge of his own selecting.

It is, however, by the German critics after all, (by some few at least; for their learned men are divided on the subject,) that the great question of the truth of Christianity is, we find, to be decided; as by them sufficient evidence has been laid before us to upset our faith in the truth of the scriptural records. Of these their discoveries in the science of evidence, Mr. Greg proposes to act as interpreter.

With our own theological writers Mr. Greg seems to have little acquaintance. Dr. Arnold and Mr. Coleridge, whose genius, bright as it was, did not lie in close reasoning, are his types of two classes of divinity students; and he has given some of their thoughts, and not some of their best digested thoughts, as expositions both of their own views, and of the

general views of theological writers. Mr. Greg has an advantage rather apparent than real over these writers; he reasons well on premises which he has taken for granted, and his conclusions therefore have the air of truth. It is wonderful, indeed, to what a degree an imposing style of writing may dress up, so as to seem plausible, anything, however at variance with every one’s own experience and knowledge, especially when, to a considerable talent for logical arrangement, is joined a very confident assurance that so and so is actually beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt. The modest reader is appalled by strong assertion, and consents perhaps to some decision which, if stated in plain terms, his plain sense would reject as non-proven, and even wholly unworthy of a serious attention. Such, we think, is frequently the case in the present work, and such its chief danger,—a danger to which, a work of logical pretensions always exposes its reader; for the study of logic, it may be remarked, is just now in that state which makes a boastful pretension to it peculiarly likely to overawe a large portion of readers. Thirty years ago, a writer would have been more likely to meet with derision than with respect who should have professed himself a logician: and thirty years hence, perhaps, the study may have so far extended itself, that ordinary readers will be qualified to require some proof of the proficiency of any one who makes such a profession. But just at present, men are disposed to rate highly the importance of logical reasoning, and at the same time to give any one credit for it (especially if he makes confident pretensions) who does but arrange his arguments in a logical form, so as to give to his style the appearance of accuracy.

But it must be remembered also, that even the most perfect logical correctness is no security against an author’s drawing the most absurd conclusions, if he does but take the liberty of assuming, from time to time, as his premises, whatever may suit his purposes; even as the writer now before us is enabled very logically to prove several of his *conclusions* from *principles* arbitrarily laid down by himself,—taken for granted without any proof at all,—and open to complete *dis*-proof.

It is not our purpose to enter into a critical discussion of all the objections brought by Mr. Greg in detail, against the truth of the Old Testament history; there are writers of all denominations among us who are learned and acute enough to take up this subject either as a whole or in its several parts. Mr. Greg’s most popular objections relate to the *inspiration* of Scripture. We shall concern ourselves principally with the relations of that doctrine to the Old Testament records, leaving the

German critics to other hands, and merely noting down a few of the observations which occurred to us on passing through the pages before us, concerning the difficulties or objections which Mr. Greg has set forth; most of which, however, have been brought forward from time to time by older writers of the same class, and more recently by Mr. Newman.

Mr. Greg's general view of the Scripture records is, that the books of the Old and New Testament contain a human history of a divine revelation, and that their writers are consequently "to be treated as Niebuhr treated Livy and Arnold Thucydides." The term *revelation* may, however, mislead readers not versed in modern phraseology: we must therefore premise, that certain modern writers apply that term to *all* true histories, whether of facts in human life, or discoveries in natural science; and that this language has been adopted by some of our recent poets and essayists.

The external evidences for the truth of Christianity are so strong, that Mr. Greg is unable to reject them altogether, though he impugns many of them singly; and we can scarcely conceive that a mind so clear and acute in its judgments on other subjects should fail in this, but through the influence of some unhappy antagonist causes at work within. One of these causes, and the most important, we believe to be, the erroneous notions which he appears to entertain (in common, we must acknowledge, with some sincere and able Christian writers) on the subject of Inspiration. As, however, the views which are taken by some of the soundest Divines of the present day meet most of the objections against the validity of the sacred record which are brought forward in the present work, we shall endeavour to state them as briefly as possible, rather than discuss those objections singly.* Their theory on the subject of inspiration seems to be, that the sacred writers were guarded by the Holy Spirit against error in everything which relates to *doctrine*; that their main business was to record and to teach—not scientific truth,—not historic truth,—but religious truth; and that they were concerned with facts, with *historic truth*, that is, only so far as it contained those doctrines, or that revelation of God's will and purposes, which we call *religious truth*; and that the books of the Old Testament, in particular, set forth this religious truth in the records which they contain of the Divine teaching, and of the Divine dealings with one particular nation (and with some others in relation to that one) which they relate; together with intimations

and prophecies of some future transactions—of some new revelation in which the whole world was to be concerned. The history of these transactions—of this new revelation of God's will—is the religious truth set forth in the New Testament, in the recording of which the sacred writers claimed to be inspired by his Holy Spirit. And the simplest, as well as the soundest view of this miraculously tested inspiration seems to be, that it was given to aid them—1st, in bringing (according to especial promise) "all things to their remembrance, whatsoever" their Master "had said unto them;" 2d, informing them concerning some portions of his life and teaching which they had not personally witnessed; and 3d, in guarding them from error, both with respect to doctrine and to all points at all connected with doctrine.

We may here remark, in connexion with the general question of inspiration, that, with respect to an objection to Paul's accuracy, (founded on 1 Thess. iv. 15,) urged by Mr. Greg,* the Apostle appears to be speaking, not of himself or his friends, but of such among us human Beings, "as shall be alive at the Lord's coming"—*ἡμεῖς οἱ ζῶντες οἱ περιλειπόμενοι*—"we the living and the remaining" persons of mankind. In truth, the very next chapter seems to shew that when he is speaking to the Thessalonians of "times and seasons," he is alluding to the times and seasons of their own death; and that "the day of the Lord" is this day of summons, which comes to all of us "as a thief in the night"—and not that last great day and hour concerning which he must have been aware that its times and seasons were not even revealed to the angels of God. Indeed, if we consider the repeated references made by Paul to his own expected death, at Jerusalem and elsewhere, we cannot suppose him to have believed that the resurrection was at hand, and that he *should be alive* at the Lord's coming on that day. "By the end of another century we shall probably have telegraphic communications all round the world." Now, who would infer that a person uttering such a sentence as this, meant to express his conviction that he himself should live a hundred years longer?

From moral errors in conduct, the sacred writers claimed no exemption through the inspiration afforded to them; and the candid relation of their own faults and weaknesses which we find in their writings, is one of those internal proofs of their veracity which false witnesses would certainly not have been likely to supply, though Mr. Greg seems to regard it as fatal to their claims. Our author's confusion of thought on this subject, indeed, leads him

* See particularly Bishop Hind's "History of the Rise and Early Progress of Christianity."

* See Creed of Christendom, pp. 24, 25.

to suppose that the term inspiration may be applied to that ordinary assistance of God's Holy Spirit in helping our infirmities, and renewing and purifying our moral nature, which all true Christians share with the sacred writers—to which our Lord alluded when He said, "ye cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth," but which does not enlighten our judgments, or secure us from error, in any other way than by rendering us less liable to be misled by unworthy passions.

Mr. Greg well remarks (p. 27), that there can be no degrees of inspiration. This is true; for any question as to differences of inspiration, must be a question not of degree, but of quantity; since, as has been rightly said, "one person cannot be *more* inspired on each point than another, though he may be inspired on *more points*." The words of a logical writer of the present day, appear to meet this portion of the subject so suitably, that we shall be pardoned for employing them:—"It is probable that many persons deceive others and themselves, by confusing together in their minds differences of *degree* and differences of *amount*; and thence imagining (what a little calm reflection must show to be impossible and indeed unintelligible) that there may be different *degrees* of what is properly and strictly termed inspiration; that is, the *miraculous* influence under which we conceive anything that we call an inspired work to have been written. The existence or non-existence of this inspiration is a question of *fact*; and though there may be different degrees of *evidence* for the existence of a fact, it is plain that one fact cannot be, itself, more or less a fact than another. Inspiration may extend either to the very words uttered, or merely to the subject-matter of them, or merely to a certain portion of the matter;—to all, for instance, that pertains to *religious* truth,—so as to afford a complete exemption from doctrinal errors, though not to matters of geography, natural philosophy, &c. But in every case we understand that to whatever points the inspiration does extend, in these it secures *infallibility*; and infallibility manifestly cannot admit of *degrees*.*"

When, therefore, Mr. Greg complains of the dogmas of the Christian faith; he forgets that a revelation of God's will *must* consist of *dogmas*—for it must be *infallible*; and that in rejecting these dogmas he must reject all inspiration but such as his own private judgment pronounces undoubtedly true. It is not therefore inspiration, but his own private judgment that he follows. A remarkable proof of this fact is given by him in a passage in which, while he cavils at Sir Charles Lyell for

declaring the Bible to be a vehicle of religious truth, and not of geology and astronomy—and at Dr. Whewell and Dr. Buckland, for shewing that there is no discrepancy between the facts recorded in Genesis and the discoveries of modern science,—he admits "the grand and sublime truth, that contrary alike to the dreams of Pagan and of Oriental philosophy, heaven and earth were not self-existent and eternal but created." Now, on what ground Mr. Greg—denying the inspiration of Scripture—receives this dogma, we are at a loss to conceive, except that, as we have said, he relies on inspiration for such truths as approve themselves to his own judgment,—in other words, that he *relies on his own inspiration*.

This whole school of writers, however, appear to take for granted that abstract probability is to be the guide of our judgment in pronouncing what is or is not true; and that whatever seems improbable, accordingly, is to be rejected. Now, it may be replied, what can be more *improbable* than that a *revelation* should contain what we should have conjectured as probable,—for, if so, why were we not left to make it out by conjecture?

Again, we have our author falling into the strange mistake of expecting to find in the inspired writings a declaration of their own inspiration. Now, under ordinary circumstances, it is just what we should *not* expect to find, except in an imposture, such as the Koran. It is, indeed, most manifestly silly for any one (in addressing men of intelligence) to put forth, on *his own authority*, a bare assertion of his own infallibility, or, indeed, of his credibility on any point. If his hearers are *already* convinced of this, why should he assert it? If they are *not*, why should they believe it on his word? Our Lord and his Apostles, accordingly, appealed, where necessary, not to assertions of their own, but to *proofs*. "If ye believe not me, believe the works: . . . The works which I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me." And so also Paul's "signs of an apostle" were not "enticing words," but "*demonstration* of the Spirit and of power."

Dismissing, then, the subject of inspiration, and with it all the real difficulties which seem to have presented themselves to Mr. Greg's mind, we proceed,—not to reply in detail to the objections which he brings forward against the Old Testament writings, because this part of the subject has been sufficiently illustrated in our remarks on the "Hebrew Monarchy,"—not to discuss the critical proofs of their genuineness and antiquity, but to reply to his incredulity by certain plain questions, often indeed asked, though never answered.

Can the investigator into the records of the human race, we ask, discover in all the annals

* Infant Baptism (Appendix to) by Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.

† See pp. 49, 50.

of history, ancient or modern, a second instance of a nation, existing in the most barbarous ages of the world, and far from being among the most civilized even of those times, arriving, alone and unaided, at the sublime doctrine of one Creator and ruler of the universe,*—a doctrine which had never been really discovered or fully comprehended by the wisest philosophers and most renowned teachers of antiquity,—preserving this religion in the midst of the grossest idolatries in surrounding nations, and in spite of occasional lapses of its own people into those idolatries—governed by a code of laws which *professed* to rule them by a system of *temporal* rewards and punishments alone, and which, therefore, in case of failure, must have been speedily discovered and branded as an imposture—keeping up a system of most burdensome ceremonies, and never, even in long years of captivity amongst foreign nations, losing sight of the pure Theism which was the basis of their belief, and bearing testimony to the real existence, and to the miracles, of Him whom they nevertheless rejected?

And can such an investigator, we further ask, find an instance in modern times of a nation, conquered and reconquered, scattered among all the nations of the old world, losing, in great measure, the use of its very language as a living tongue, and yet kept strictly separate from all those nations among whom it lives; and kept separate, not by habits, not by language, not by way of life, but by *religion*,—and *by religion the most important and essential part of which (sacrifices in the Temple) they cannot practise?* So that, while it is the only nation in the world kept apart from others *by religion*, it is the only nation which *could* be prevented from exercising that religion while they were still its known and permitted votaries! And, it may be added, can a nation be found (whose history is only a tenth-part as remarkable) who possess books in which that history was clearly and minutely predicted centuries before,—books foretelling their rejection of the promised benefactor and Redeemer of their race, and which they nevertheless preserve with scrupulous veneration?†

* To those who are aware of the generally admitted fact, that the Hebrews used the plural number to denote magnitude, Mr. Greg's criticism on the word Elohim, used for God in the Book of Genesis, will present no difficulty. Mr. Greg thinks it an acknowledgement by the narrator, that he who made the heavens and the earth was only one out of many Gods! Supposing Elohim is always to be rendered "gods," the declaration of Moses, [Deut. vi. 4,] "The Lord *our gods* is one Lord," is to mean, "one out of many!" The form used by kings and governors among ourselves, might have suggested some other explanation.

† See "Evidences of Christianity"—Jews; published by Parker. Also, Grave's Lectures.

Now, if Mr. Greg can ascribe all this* to a *series of lucky coincidences*, a series extending, even on the lowest computation, over four or five thousand years, what right has he to complain of the *credulity* of those who believe in the Bible narratives? But, with respect to the prophetic writings, Mr. Greg does not admit that the Old Testament prophecies were really applicable to Christ, or that they were meant by the prophets to apply to Him. How was it, then, we may ask, that the apostles convinced so many thousands by an appeal to those prophecies?—thousands even of men accustomed to attribute superhuman works to demoniacal agency, but who yielded to the evidence of *prophecy*, in opposition to all their ancient prejudices, to their hopes, and to their worldly interests?

But we must offer a few illustrations of the more special objections contained in this work.

Mr. Greg is offended at the *mode* in which our sacred records represent God as revealing Himself to mankind. He rejects the idea that the Almighty should hold intercourse with His creatures, or manifest His presence under some appearance which their senses are able to appreciate; as by some form of light or fire, or by angelic natures clothed in human shape, as those of the angels who visited Abraham. And, in the same spirit, he rejects the notion that God, who is everywhere, should appoint a place where His servants might from time to time have access to Him—"a place to set His name there"—where His presence might be felt and acknowledged, even by a half-civilized and gross-minded people, unable to fix their minds on moral or intellectual attributes but through the medium of sensible objects. These circumstances, together with the manner in which the Divine Being is spoken of,—the way in which human passions are figuratively attributed to Him,—and a local residence assigned Him, are introduced by Mr. Greg into his table of incongruities, as not to be reconciled with the high and noble attributes elsewhere ascribed to Him, and as a proof that it was not the true God who was so revealed, "not the God of the prophets, but of the priests." He cannot conceive, for instance, that a worshipper of the true God, as David or Solomon, should seek "to build Him an House," and yet be fully persuaded that "the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him." There is, however, no real inconsistency between the two statements: David and Solomon desired to build an house for *that manifestation* of God's presence among them, which had been at various periods of their history granted to their nation, while they were well aware that He who created the heavens and the earth could not literally

dwell in a temple made with hands. And Mr. Greg would have been justly indignant had Solomon left it to be supposed otherwise. He is, however, revolted by the idea of a local, a family, and a national deity, as attributed to the Most High. He cannot conceive that God should have revealed Himself to one tribe of people on the earth, among whom his worship, though corrupted and impure, has been preserved,—to Abraham as his family God, “the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob;” and afterwards to his descendants, as the God of their nation. Our author, in short, is offended that the Almighty should be represented throughout the Jewish history as *descending* to man, instead of *raising* man at once to Himself. Must all the ways of God approve themselves to *human* judgment?

Mr. Greg and Mr. Newman have both, in common with many German writers, their “Elohistic” and their “Jehovistic” theory. They suppose that, because different terms were used on different occasions by the Old Testament writers to express the name of God, these writers held views of the Supreme Being inconsistent with each other; that the one view embodied, as we have said, the idea of the prophets, the other that of the priests—the latter being a false representation of Him. Now the fact seems to be, that the word Elohim expressed the more abstract and general idea of God, and the word Jehovah represented Him in his connexion with the Jews as a *nation*, since it was by this name that the Almighty had revealed Himself to them by Moses, and *chosen* them. “I appeared unto Abraham and Isaac and Jacob by the name of God Almighty, but by my name Jehovah was I not known unto them.” And when Moses was commanded to go with a message to the children of Israel, he was to say, that “*I am*,” (Jehovah, He that is,) had sent him.

Mr. Greg alludes to the fact of the Jews having been Polytheists, as a contradiction to the supposed purity of their worship. If by Polytheism Mr. Greg means a belief in Beings superior to Man, then were they certainly Polytheists, even those of them who fully believed that “the Lord was *the God*,” and so are those of us who believe in the existence of evil spirits, as well as the ignorant among us, who put faith in fairies, &c. But by Polytheism is generally understood paying *allegiance* to such beings, or worshipping them in connexion with, or to the neglect of, the one true God. And it is in this sense, of course, that Paley denies the name of Polytheists to the Israelites in the passage quoted by Mr. Greg, and speaks of them as “adhering to the unity when all other nations slid into Poly-

theism;” and that Dean Milner uses the expression *Monotheism* in regard to them, viz., as worshippers of the true God—the Maker of the universe. It *was*, then, in perfect consistency with the command, “Thou shalt have none other Gods but me,” (though this involves a difficulty to Mr. Greg,) that Jacob and others are represented in the sacred narratives as being allowed to “*choose* whom they would serve.”

Man’s worship, indeed, where the *knowledge of the one true God has been brought before his mind at all*, seems always to have been left as a matter of choice. His religion is not forced upon him by demonstration. His will is left free to reject or receive the revelation offered to him. The responsibility might suggest an awful subject of thought to those who stand in the former position.

We confine our comments on Mr. Greg’s treatise meanwhile to that comparatively small part of it which properly relates to the subject of this Article. The criticisms contained in the book itself extend over a much wider field, including the New Testament as well as the Old, the doctrine of Miracles, and the Future Life. Respecting the author’s treatment of the last of these subjects, we may however remark, that, if “faith” consist in a confident trust, without any ground, he surely is not wanting in such faith. He rejects the proof, and yet keeps by the doctrine. Nay, he believes it not only “without the countenance,” but “in spite of the hostility of logic,” (p. 303.) He is full of cheering confidence that all existing evils will work out ultimate good. Yet this hope is built on—confessedly *nothing rational*. The Christian’s hope *we*, at least, consider to be built on *some definite reasons*. Our author, moreover, is animated by the prospect that all our sufferings may “work together for good,” not to *ourselves* indeed, but to some future generation, or to some other order of Beings; though Ulysses and his companions did not, it seems, feel much satisfaction in the thought that their flesh would furnish a dainty meal to the giant.

Enough, we think, has been said in this Article, by way of specimen, to illustrate, to fair and reasonable minds, the sort of objections to the Old Testament, which are now passing current in some quarters of our literature, together with certain of the *principles* by which they may be judged. We have seen in how great a degree these objections consist of bold and unsupported *assertions*, or of arguments which the thoughtful and intelligent writers, whose works we have selected for criticism, would deride on *any other subject*. These writers have indirectly added to the evidence, that the objections of religious scepti-

cism to the records of the Sacred history, like shadowy forms of twilight, acquire a mysterious power chiefly when viewed from a distance, and lose their terrors when closely examined and proved to be futile.

And as for those who, according to the proverb, are "deaf on one ear,"—who attend to all the objections against the *receiving* of a certain system, and utterly disregard all the objections against *rejecting* it—whose mode, in short, of weighing evidences is to calculate carefully the amount of the weights in one scale, and to think not at all of those in the opposite—persons of that habit of mind are not likely to be enlightened by any prolonged discussion. They would look at our arguments, like Lord Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen, with the *blind eye*.

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- ART. V.—1. *Elliott's Poems*. London, 1833.
 2. *Poems of Robert Nicoll*. Third Edition. Edinburgh, 1843.
 3. *Life and Poems of John Bethune*. London, 1841.
 4. *Memoirs of Alexander Bethune*. By W. M'COMBIE. Aberdeen, 1845.
 5. *Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver*. By WILLIAM THOM of Inverary. Second Edition. London, 1845.
 6. *The Purgatory of Suicides*. By THOMAS COOPER. London, 1845.
 7. *The Book of Scottish Song*. By ALEXANDER WHITELAW. Edinburgh, 1848.

FOUR faces among the portraits of modern men, great or small, strike us as supremely beautiful; not merely in expression, but in the form and proportion and harmony of features: Shakspeare, Raffaele, Goethe, Burns. One would expect it to be so; for the mind makes the body, not the body the mind; and the inward beauty seldom fails to express itself in the outward, as a visible sign of the invisible grace or disgrace of the wearer. Not that it is so always. A Paul, Apostle of the Gentiles, may be ordained to be "in presence weak, in speech contemptible," hampered by some thorn in the flesh—to interfere apparently with the success of his mission, perhaps for the same wise purpose of Providence which sent Socrates to the Athenians, the worshippers of physical beauty, in the ugliest of human bodies, that they, or rather those of them to whom eyes to see had been given, might learn that soul is after all independent of matter, and not its creature and its slave. But, in the generality of cases, physiognomy is a sound and faithful science, and tells us, if not, alas! what the man

might have been, still what he has become. Yet even this former problem, what he might have been, may often be solved for us by youthful portraits, before sin and sorrow and weakness have had their will upon the features; and, therefore, when we spoke of these four beautiful faces, we alluded, in each case, to the earliest portraits of each genius which we could recollect. Placing them side by side, we must be allowed to demand for that of Robert Burns an honourable station among them. Of Shakspeare's we do not speak, for it seems to us to combine in itself the elements of all the other three; but of the rest, we question whether Burns's be not, after all, if not the noblest, still the most loveable—the most like what we should wish that of a teacher of men to be. Raffaele—the most striking portrait of him, perhaps, is the full-face pencil sketch by his own hand in the Taylor Gallery at Oxford—though without a taint of littleness or effeminacy, is soft, melancholy, formed entirely to receive and to elaborate in silence. His is a face to be kissed, not worshipped. Goethe, even in his earliest portraits, looks as if his expression depended too much on his own will. There is a self-conscious power, and purpose, and self-restraint, and all but scorn, upon those glorious lineaments, which might win worship, and did, but not love, except as the child of enthusiasm or of relationship. But Burns's face, to judge of it by the early portrait of him by Nasmyth, must have been a face like that of Joseph of old, of whom the Rabbis relate, that he was literally mobbed by the Egyptian ladies whenever he walked the streets. The magic of that countenance, making Burns at once tempter and tempted, may explain many a sad story. The features certainly are not as regular or well-proportioned as they might be; there is no superabundance of the charm of mere animal health in the outline or colour; but the marks of intellectual beauty in the face are of the highest order, capable of being but too triumphant among a people of deep thought and feeling. The lips, ripe, yet not coarse or loose, full of passion and the faculty of enjoyment, are parted, as if forced to speak by the inner fulness of the heart; the features are rounded, rich, and tender, and yet the bones shew thought massively and manfully everywhere; the eyes laugh out upon you with boundless good humour and sweetness, with simple, eager, gentle surprise—a gleam as of the morning star, looking forth upon the wonder of a new-born world—altogether

"A station like the herald Mercury,
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

Bestow on such a man the wittiest and most

winning eloquence—a rich flow of spirits and fulness of health and life—a deep sense of wonder and beauty in the earth and man—an instinct of the dynamic and supernatural laws which underlie and vivify this material universe and its appearances, healthy, yet irregular and unscientific, only not superstitious—turn him loose in any country in Europe, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and it will not be difficult, alas! to cast his horoscope.

And what an age in which to be turned loose!—for loose he must go, to solve the problem of existence for himself. The grand simple old Scottish education which he got from his parents must prove narrow and unsatisfying for so rich and manifold a character; not because it was in itself imperfect; not because it did not contain implicitly all things necessary for his “salvation”—in every sense, all laws which he might require for his after-life guidance; but because it contained so much of them as yet *only* implicitly; because it was not yet conscious of its own breadth and depth, and power of satisfying the new doubts and cravings of such minds and such times as Burns’s. It may be that Burns was the devoted victim by whose fall it was to be taught that it must awaken and expand and renew its youth in shapes equally sound, but more complex and scientific. But it had not done so then. And when Burns found himself gradually growing beyond his father’s teaching in one direction, and tempted beyond it in another and a lower one, what was there in those times to take up his education at the point where it had been left unfinished? He saw around him in plenty animal good-nature and courage, barbaric honesty and hospitality—more, perhaps, than he would see now; for the upward progress into civilized excellencies is sure to be balanced by some loss of savage ones—but all reckless, shallow, above all, drunken. It was a hard-drinking, coarse, materialist age. The higher culture, of Scotland especially, was all but exclusively French—not a good kind, while Voltaire and Volney still remained unanswered, and “*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*” were accepted by all young gentlemen, and a great many young ladies, who could read French, as the best account of the relation of the sexes.

Besides, the philosophy of that day, like its criticism, was altogether mechanical, nay, as it now seems, materialist in its ultimate and logical results. Criticism was outward, and of the form merely. The world was not believed to be already, and in itself, mysterious and supernatural, and the poet was not defined as the man who could see and proclaim that supernatural element. Before it was admired, it was to be raised above nature into the region

of “the picturesque,” or what not; and the poet was the man who gave it this factitious and superinduced beauty, by a certain “*komp-sologia*” and “*meteoroepeia*,” called “poetic diction,” now happily becoming extinct, mainly, we believe, under the influence of Burns, although he himself thought it his duty to bedizen his verses therewith, and though it was destined to flourish for many a year more in the temple of the father of lies, like a jar of paper flowers on a Popish altar.

No wonder that in such a time, a genius like Burns should receive not only no guidance, but no finer appreciation. True, he was admired, petted, flattered; for that the man was wonderful, no one could doubt. But we question whether he was understood; whether, if that very flowery and magniloquent style which we now consider his great failing had been away, he would not have been passed over by the many as a writer of vulgar doggerel. True, the old simple ballad muse of Scotland still dropped a gem from her treasures, here and there, even in the eighteenth century itself—witness Auld Robin Gray. But who suspected that they were gems, of which Scotland, fifty years afterwards, would be prouder and more greedy than of all the second-hand French culture which seemed to her then the highest earthly attainment? The review of Burns in an early number of the *Edinburgh Review*, said to be from the pen of the late Lord Jeffrey, shews, as clearly as anything can, the utterly inconsistent and bewildered feeling with which the world must have regarded such a phenomenon. Alas! there was inconsistency and bewilderment enough in the phenomenon itself, but that only made confusion worse confounded; the confusion was already there, even in the mind of the more practical literary men, who ought, one would have thought, also to have been the most deep-sighted. But no. The reviewer turns the strange thing over and over, and inside out—and some fifteen years after it has vanished out of the world, having said out its say and done all that it had to do, he still finds it too utterly abnormal to make up his mind about in any clear or consistent way, and gets thoroughly cross with it, and calls it hard names, because it will not fit into any established pigeonhole or drawer of the then existing anthropological museum. Burns is “a literary prodigy,” and yet it is “a derogation” to him to consider him as one. And that we find, not as we should have expected, because he possessed genius which would have made success a matter of course in any rank, but because he was so well educated—“having acquired a competent knowledge of French, together with the elements of Latin and Geometry,” and before he had composed a

single stanza, was "far more intimately acquainted with Pope, Shakspeare, and Thomson, than nine-tenths of the youths who leave school for the University," &c., &c.;—in short, because he was so well educated, that his becoming Robert Burns, the immortal poet, was a matter of course and necessity. And yet, a page or two on, the great reason why it was more easy for Robert Burns the cottar to become an original and vigorous poet, rather than for any one of "the herd of scholars and academical literati," who are depressed and discouraged by "perusing the most celebrated writers, and conversing with the most intelligent judges," is found to be, that "the literature and refinement of the age does not exist for a rustic and illiterate individual; and consequently the present time is to him what the rude times of old were to the vigorous writers who adorned them."—In short, the great reason of Robert Burns's success was that he did not possess that education, the possession of which proves him to be no prodigy, though the review begins by calling him one, and coupling him with Stephen Duck and Thomas Dermody.

Now if the best critic of the age, writing fifteen years after Burns's death, found himself between the horns of such a dilemma—which indeed, like those of an old Arnee bull, meet at the points, and form a complete circle of contradictions—what must have been the bewilderment of lesser folk during the prodigy's very lifetime? what must, indeed, have been his own bewilderment at himself, however manfully he may have kept it down? No wonder that he was unguided, either by himself or by others. We do not blame them; him we must deeply blame; yet not as we ought to blame ourselves, did we yield in the least to those temptations under which Burns fell.

Biographies of Burns, and those good ones, according to the standard of biographies in these days, are said to exist; we cannot say that we have as yet cared to read them. There are several other biographies, even more important, to be read first, when they are written. Shakspeare has found as yet no biographer; has not even left behind him materials for a biography, such at least as are considered worth using. Indeed, we question whether such a biography would be of any use whatever to the world; for the man who cannot, by studying his dramas in some tolerably accurate chronological order, and using as a running accompaniment and closet commentary those awe-inspiring sonnets of his, attain to some clear notion of what sort of life William Shakspeare must have led, would not see him much the clearer for many folios of anecdote. For after all, the best biography

of every sincere man is sure to be his own works; here he has set down, "transferred as in a figure," all that has happened to him, inward or outward, or rather, all which has formed him, produced a permanent effect upon his mind and heart; and knowing that, you know all you need know, and are content, being glad to escape the personality and gossip of names and places, and of dates even, except in as far as they enable you to place one step of his mental growth before or after another. Of the honest man this holds true always; and almost always of the dishonest man, the man of cant, affectation, hypocrisy; for even if he pretend in his novel or his poem to be what he is not, he still shews you thereby what he thinks he ought to have been, or at least what he thinks that the world thinks he ought to have been, and confesses to you, in the most *naïve* and confidential way, like one who talks in his sleep, what learning he has or has not had; what society he has or has not seen, and that in the very act of trying to prove the contrary. Nay, the smaller the man or woman, and the less worth deciphering his biography, the more surely will he shew you, if you have eyes to see and time to look, what sort of people offended him twenty years ago; what meanness he would have liked "to indulge in," if he had dared, when young, and for what other meanness he relinquished it, as he grew up; of what periodical he stood in awe when he took pen in hand, and so forth. Whether his books treat of love or political economy, theology or geology, it is there, the history of the man legibly printed, for those who care to read it. In these poems and letters of Burns, we apprehend is to be found a truer history than any anecdote can supply, of the things which happened to himself, and moreover of the most notable things which went on in Scotland between 1759 and 1796.

This latter assertion may seem startling, when we consider that we find in these poems no mention whatsoever of the discoveries of steam-boats and spinning-jennies, the rise of the great manufacturing cities, the revolution in Scottish agriculture, or even in Scottish metaphysics. But after all, the history of a nation is the history of the men, and not of the things thereof; and the history of those men is the history of their hearts, and not of their purses, or even of their heads; and the history of one man who has felt in himself the heart experiences of his generation, and anticipated many belonging to the next generation, is so far the collective history of that generation, and of much—no man can say how much—of the next generation; and such a man, bearing within his single soul a generation and a half of working-men, we

take Robert Burns to have been; and his poems, as such, a contemporaneous history of Scotland, the equal to which we are not likely to see written for this generation, or several to come.

Such a man sent out into such an age, would naturally have a hard and a confused battle to fight, would probably, unless he fell under the guidance of some master mind, end *se ipso minor*, stunted and sadly deformed, as Burns did. His works are after all only the *disjecta membra poetæ*; hints of a great might-have-been. Hints of the keenest and most dramatic appreciation of human action and thought. Hints of an unbounded fancy, playing gracefully in the excess of its strength, with the vastest images, as in that robe of the Scottish muse, in which

"Deep lights and shades, bold mingling, threw
A lustre grand,
[And seem'd to my astonished view
A well-known land."

The image, and the next few stanzas which dilate it, might be a translation from Dante's *Paradiso*, so broad, terse, vivid, the painter's touch.—Hints, too, of a humour, which, like that of Shakspeare, rises at times by sheer depth of insight into the sublime; as when

"Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch
Just like a winking baudrons."

Hints of a power of verbal wit, which, had it been sharpened in such a perpetual word-battle as that amid which Shakspeare lived from the age of twenty, might have rivalled Shakspeare's own; which even now asserts its force by a hundred little never-to-be-forgotten phrases scattered through his poems, which stick, like barbed arrows, in the memory of every reader.—And as for his tenderness—the quality without which all other poetic excellence is barren—it gushes forth toward every creature, animate and inanimate, with one exception, namely, the hypocrite, ever alike "*spiacente a Dio e ai nemici sui*;" and therefore intolerable to Robert Burns's honesty, whether he be fighting for or against the cause of right. Again we say, there are evidences of a versatile and manifold faculty in this man, which, with a stronger will and a larger education, might have placed him as an equal by the side of those great names which we mentioned together with his at the commencement of this Article.

But one thing Burns wanted; and of that one thing his age helped to deprive him,—the education which comes by reverence. Looking round in such a time, with his keen power of insight, his keen sense of humour, what was there to worship? Lord Jeffrey, or who-

soever was the author of the review in the *Edinburgh*, says disparagingly, that Burns had as much education as Shakspeare. So he very probably had, if education mean book-learning. Nay, more, of the practical education of the fireside, the sober, industrious, God-fearing education, and "drawing out" of the manhood, by act and example, Burns may have had more under his good father than Shakspeare under his; though the family life of the small English burgher in Elizabeth's time would have generally presented, as we suspect, the very same aspect of staid manifoldness and godliness, which a Scotch farmer's did fifty years ago. But let that be as it may, Burns was not born into an Elizabethan age. He did not see around him Raleighs and Sidneys, Cecils and Hookers, Drakes and Frobishers, Spensers and Johnsons, Southamptons and Willoughbys, with an Elizabeth, guiding and moulding the great whole, a crowned Titaness, terrible, and strong, and wise—a woman who, whether right or wrong, bowed the proudest, if not to love, yet still to obey.

That was the secret of Shakspeare's power. Heroic himself, he was born into an age of heroes. You see it in his works. Not a play but gives patent evidence that to him all forms of human magnanimity were common and way-side flowers—among the humours of men which he and Ben Jonson used to wander forth together to observe. And thus he could give living action and speech to the ancient noblenesses of Rome and the middle age; for he had walked and conversed with them, unchanged in everything but in the dress. Had he known Greek literature he could have recalled to imperishable life such men as Cimon and Miltiades, Leonidas and Themistocles, such deeds as Marathon and Salamis. For had we not had our own Miltiades, our own Salamis, written within a few years of his birth; and were not the heroes of it still walking among men? It was surely this continual presence of "men of worship," this atmosphere of admiration and respect and trust, in which Shakspeare must have lived, which tamed down the wild self-will of the deer-stealing fugitive from Stratford, into the calm large-eyed philosopher, tolerant and loving, and full of faith in a species made in the likeness of God. Not so with Burns. One feels painfully in his poems the want of great characters; and still more painfully that he has not drawn them, simply because they were not there to draw. That he has a true eye for what is noble, when he sees it, let his "Lament for Glencairn" testify, and the stanzas in his "Vision," in which, with a high-bred grace which many a courtly poet of his day might have envied, he alludes to one and another Scottish worthy of his time. There

is no vein of saucy and envious "banausia" in the man; even in his most graceless sneer, his fault—if fault it be—is, that he cannot and will not pretend to respect that which he knows to be unworthy of respect. He sees around him and above him, as well as below him, an average of men and things dishonest, sensual, ungodly, shallow, ridiculous by reason of their own lusts and passions, and he will not apply to the shams of dignity and worth, the words which were meant for their realities. After all, he does but say what every one round him was feeling and thinking: but he said it; and hypocritical respectability shrank shrieking from the mirror of her own inner heart. But it was all the worse for him. In the sins of others he saw an excuse for his own. Losing respect for and faith in his brother men, he lost, as a matter of course, respect for himself, faith in himself. The hypocrisy which persecutes in the name of law, whether political or moral, while in private it transgresses the very law which is for ever on its tongue, is turned by his passionate and sorely-tempted character into a too easy excuse for disbelieving in the obligation of any law whatsoever. He ceases to worship, and therefore to be himself worshipful,—and we know the rest.

"He might have still worshipped God?" He might, and surely amid all his sins, doubts, and confusions, the remembrance of the old faith learned at his parent's knee, *does* haunt him still as a beautiful regret—and sometimes, in his bitterest hours, shine out before his poor broken heart as an everlasting Pharos, lighting him homewards after all. Whether he reached that home or not, none on earth can tell. But his writings shew, if anything can, that the vestal-fire of conscience still burned within, though choked again and again with bitter ashes and foul smoke. Consider the time in which he lived, when it was "as with the people, so with the priest," and the grand old life-tree of the Scottish Church, now green and vigorous with fresh leaves and flowers, was all crusted with foul scurf and moss, and seemed to have ceased growing, and to be crumbling down into decay; consider the terrible contradiction between faith and practice which must have met the eyes of the man, before he could write with the same pen—and one as honestly as the other—"The Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Holy Willie's Prayer." But those times are past, and the men who acted in them gone to another tribunal. Let the dead bury their dead; and, in the meantime, instead of cursing the misguided genius, let us consider whether we have not also something for which to thank him; whether, as competent judges of him aver from their own experience, those very

seeming blasphemies of his have not produced more good than evil; whether, though "a savour of death unto death," to conceited and rebellious spirits, they may not have helped to open the eyes of the wise to the extent to which the general eighteenth century rottenness had infected Scotland, and to make intolerable a state of things which ought to have been intolerable, even if Burns had never written.

We are not attacking the reviewer, far less the *Edinburgh Review*, which some years after this not only made the *amende honorable* to Burns, but shewed a frank impartiality only too rare in the reviews of these days, by publishing in its pages the noble article on Burns which has since appeared separately in Mr. Carlyle's *Miscellanies*; what we want to show from the reviewer's own words, is the element in which Burns had to work, the judges before whom he had to plead, and the change which, as we think, very much by the influence of his own poems, has passed upon the minds of men. How few are there who would pen now about him such a sentence as this—"He is," (that is, was, having gone to his account fifteen years before,) "perpetually making a parade of his own inflammability and imprudence, and talking with much self-complacency and exultation of the offence he has occasioned to the sober and correct part of mankind,"—a very small part of mankind, one would have thought, in the British isles at least, about the end of the last century. But, it was the fashion then, as usual, to substitute the praise of virtues for the practice of them, and three-bottle and ten-tumbler men had a very good right, of course, to admire sobriety and correctness, and denounce any two-bottle and six-tumbler man who was not ashamed to confess in print the weaknesses which they confessed only by word of mouth. Just, and yet not just. True, Burns does make a parade of his thoughtlessness, and worse—but, why? because he gloried in it? He must be a very skin-deep critic who cannot see, even in the most insolent of those blameworthy utterances, an inward shame and self-reproach, which if any man had ever felt in himself, he would be in no wise inclined to laugh at it in others. Why, it is the very shame which wrings those poems out of him. They are the attempt of the strong man fettered to laugh at his own consciousness of slavery—to deny the existence of his chains—to pretend to himself that he likes them. To us, some of those wildest, "Rob the Ranter" bursts of blackguardism are most deeply mournful, hardly needing that the sympathies which they stir up should be heightened by the little scraps of prayer and bitter repentance, which lie up and down among their uglier brethren, the *disjecta*

membra of a great "De Profundis," perhaps not all unheard. These latter pieces are most significant. The very doggerel of them, the total absence of any attempt at ornament in diction or polish in metre, is proof complete of their deep heart-wrung sincerity. They are like the wail of a lost child, rather than the remorse of a Titan. The heart of the man was so young to the last; the boy-vein in him as perhaps in all great poets, beating on through manhood for good and for evil. No! there was parade there, as of the lost woman, who tries to hide her self-disgust by staring you out of countenance, but of complacency and exultation, none.

On one point, namely politics, Burns's higher sympathies seem to have been awakened. It had been better for him, in a worldly point of view, that they had not. In an intellectual, and even in a moral point of view, far worse. A fellow-feeling with the French Revolution, in the mind of a young man of that day, was a sign of moral health, which we should have been sorry to miss in him. Unable to foresee the outcome of the great struggle, having lost faith in those everlasting truths, religious and political, which it was madly setting at naught, what could it appear to him but an awakening from the dead, a return to young and genial health, a purifying thunder-storm. Such was his dream, the dream of thousands more, and not so wrong a one after all. For that, since that fearful outburst of the nether pit, all Europe has arisen and awakened into manifold and beautiful new life, who can deny? We are not what we were, but better; or rather, with boundless means of being better if we will. We have entered a fresh era of time for good and evil; the fact is patent in every sermon we hear, in every book we read, in every invention, even the most paltry, which we see registered. Shall we think hardly of the man who saw the dawn of our own day, and welcomed it cheerfully and hopefully, even though he fancied the mist-spectres to be elements of the true sunrise, and knew not—and who knows?—the purposes of Him whose paths are in the great deep, and His ways past finding out? At least, the greater part of his influence on the times which have followed him, is to be ascribed to that very "Radicalism" which in the eyes of the respectable around him, had sealed his doom, and consigned him to ignoble oblivion. It has been, with the working men who read him, a passport for the rest of his writings; it has allured them to listen to him, when he spoke of high and holy things, which but for him, they might have long ago tossed away as worthless, in the recklessness of ignorance and discontent. They could trust his "Cottar's Saturday Night;" they could believe that he

spoke from his heart, when in deep anguish he cries to the God whom he had forgotten, while they would have turned with a distrustful sneer from the sermon of the sleek and comfortable minister, who in their eyes, however humbly born, had deserted his class, and gone over to the camp of the enemy, and the flesh-pots of Egypt.

After the time of Burns, as was to be expected, Scottish song multiplies itself tenfold. The nation becomes awakened to the treasures of its own old literature, and attempts, what after all, alas! is but a revival; and like most revivals, not altogether a successful one. Of the twelve hundred songs contained in Mr. Whitelaw's excellent collection, whereof more than a hundred and fifty are either wholly or partly Burns's, the small proportion written before him are decidedly far superior in value to those written after him; a discouraging fact, though not difficult to explain, if we consider the great social changes which have been proceeding, the sterner subjects of thought which have been arising, during the last half century. True song requires for its atmosphere a state rather of careless arcadian prosperity, than of struggle and doubt, of earnest looking forward to an unknown future, and pardonable regret for a dying past; and in that state the mind of the masses, throughout North-Britain, has been weltering confusedly for the last few years. The new and more complex era into which we are passing has not yet sufficiently opened itself to be sung about; men hardly know what it is, much less what it will be; and while they are hard at work creating it, they have no breath to spare in talking of it: one thing they do see and feel, painfully enough at times, namely, that the old Scottish pastoral life is passing away, before the combined influence of manufactures and the large-farm system, to be replaced, doubtless, hereafter by something better, but in the meanwhile dragging down with it in its decay but too much that can ill be spared of that old society which inspired Ramsay and Burns. Hence the later Scottish song writers seldom really sing; their proses want the unconscious lilt and flash of their old models; they will hardly go (the true test of a song) without music—the true test, we say, of a song. Who needs music, however fitting and beautiful the accustomed air may happen to be, to "Roy's Wife of Aldivallach," or "The bride cam' out o' the byre," or either of the casts of "The Flowers of the Forest," or to "Auld Lang Syne" itself! They bubble right up out of the heart, and by virtue of their inner and unconscious melody, which all that is true to the heart has in it, shape themselves into a song, and are not shaped by any notes whatsoever. So with many, most indeed, of Burns's and a few of

Allan Cunningham's; the "Wet sheet and a flowing sail," for instance. But the great majority of these later songs seem, if the truth is to be spoken, inspirations at second hand, of people writing about things which they would like to feel, and which they ought to feel, because others used to feel them in old times, but which they do not feel as their forefathers felt—a sort of poetical Tractarianism, in short. Their metre betrays them, as well as their words; in both they are continually wandering, unconsciously to themselves, into the elegiac—except when on one subject, whereon the muse of Scotia still warbles at first hand, and from the depths of her heart—namely, alas! the barley bree! and yet never, even on this beloved theme, has she risen again to the height of Burns's bacchanalian songs.

But when sober, there is a sadness about the Scottish muse now-a-days—as perhaps there ought to be—and the utterances of hers which ring the truest are laments. We question whether in all Mr. Whitelaw's collection there is a single modern poem, (placing Burns as the transition point between the old and new,) which rises so high, or pierces so deep, with all its pastoral simplicity, as Smibert's "Widow's Lament."

"Afore the Lammas tide
Had dun'd the birken tree,
In a' our water side,
Nae wife was blest like me:
A kind gudeman, and twa
Sweet bairns were round me here;
But they're a' ta'en awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

"Sair trouble cam' our gate,
And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was yet to shear;
When they a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

"I daurna look a-field,
For aye I trow to see,
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and enaw,
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got they ca',
In the fa' o' the year.

"Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The father o' my bairns:
For there his plaid I saw,
As gloamin' aye drew near—
But my a's now awa',
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

"Our bonnie rigs theirsel',
Recn' my ways to mind,

Our pair dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I ha'e tyned;
For whae our wheat will sae,
And whae our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa',
In the fa' o' the year?

"My heart is growing cauld,
And will be cauldier still,
And sair, sair in the fauld,
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' dwined awa',
In the fa' o' the year.

"I tittle whiles to spin,
But wee wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I first maun greet:
I ken its fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

"Be kind, O heav'n abune!
To ane sae wae and lane
An' tak' her hamewards sune,
In pity o' her mane:
Lang ere the March winds blaw
May she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa',
Sin' the fa' o' the year."

It seems strange why the man who could write this, who shews, in the minor key of metre, which he has so skillfully chosen, such an instinct for the true music of words, could not have written much more. And yet, perhaps, we have ourselves given the reason already. There was not much more to sing about. The fashion of imitating old Jacobite songs is past, the mine now being exhausted, to the great comfort of sincerity and common sense. The peasantry, whose courtships, rich in animal health, yet not over pure or refined, Allan Ramsay sung a hundred years ago, are learning to think, and act, and emigrate, as well as to make love. The age of Theocritus and Bion has given place to—shall we say the age of the Cæsars, or the irruption of the barbarians?—and the love-singers of the North are beginning to feel, that if that passion is to retain any longer its rightful place in their popular poetry, it must be spoken of henceforth in words as lofty and refined as those in which the most educated and the most gifted speak of it. Hence, in the transition between the old animalism and the new spiritualism, a jumble of the two elements, not always felicitous; attempts at ambitious description, after Burns's worst manner; at subjective sentiment, after the worst manner of the world in general; and yet, all the while, a consciousness that there was something worth keeping in the simple objective style of the old school, with-

out which the new thoughtfulness would be hollow, and barren, and windy; and so the two are patched together, "new cloth into an old garment, making the rent worse." Accordingly, they are universally troubled with the disease of epithets, these new songs. Ryan's exquisite "Lass wi' the Bonny Blue Een," is utterly spoiled by two offences of this kind.

"She'll steal out to meet her *loved* Donald again,"
and—

"The world's *false and vanishing* scene ;

as Allan Cunningham's still more exquisite "Lass of Preston Mill" is by one subjective figure,—

"Six hills are woolly with my sheep,
Six vales are lowing with my kye."

Burns doubtless committed the same fault again and again; but in his time it was the fashion; and the older models (for models they are and will remain for ever) had not been studied and analyzed as they have been since. Burns, indeed, actually spoiled one or two of his own songs by altering them from their first cast to suit the sentimental taste of his time. The first version, for instance, of the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," is far superior to the second and more popular one, because it dares to go without epithets. Compare the second stanza of each:—

"Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough?
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause love was true."
* * * * *

"Thou'lt break my heart, thou *warbling* bird,
That *wantons* through the *flowery* thorn;
Thou minds me o' *departed* joys,
Departed *never to return*."

What is said in the latter stanza which has not been said in the former, and said more dramatically, more as the images would really present themselves to the speaker's mind? It would be enough for him that the bird was bonnie, and singing; and his very sorrow would lead him to analyze and describe as little as possible a thing which so painfully contrasted with his own feelings; whether the thorn was flowery or not, would not have mattered to him, unless he had some distinct association with the thorn-flowers, in which case he would have brought out the image full and separate, and not merely thrown it in as a make-weight to "thorn;"—and this is the great reason why epithets are, nine times out of ten, mistakes in song and ballad poetry, he never would have thought of "departed"

before he thought of "joys." A very little consideration of the actual processes of thought in such a case, will shew the truth of our observation, and the instinctive wisdom of the older song-writers, in putting the epithet as often as possible after the noun, instead of before it, even at the expense of grammar. They are bad things at all times in song-poetry, these epithets; and, accordingly, we find that the best German writers, like Uhland and Heine, get rid of them as much as possible, and succeed thereby, every word striking and ringing down with full force, no cushion of an epithet intruding between the reader's brain-anvil and the poet's hammer to break the blow. In Uhland's "Three Burschen," if we recollect right, there are but two epithets, and those of the simplest descriptive kind—"Thy fair daughter" and a "black pall." Were there more, we question whether the poet would have succeeded, as he has done, in making our flesh creep as he leads us on from line to line and verse to verse. So Tennyson, the greatest of our living poets, eschews as much as possible, in his later writings, these same epithets, except in cases where they are themselves objective and pictorial—in short, the very things which he wants you to look at, as, for instance,—

"And into *silver* arrows break,
The *sailing* moon in creek and cove."

This is fair enough; but, indeed, after laying down our rule, we must confess that it is very difficult to keep always true to it, in a language which does not, like the Latin and German, allow us to put our adjectives very much where we choose. Nevertheless, whether we can avoid it or not, every time we place before the noun an epithet, which, like "*departed* joys," relates to our consciousness concerning the object, not merely to the object itself; or an epithet which, like "*flowery* thorn," gives us, before we get to the object itself, those accidents of the object which we only discern by a second look, by analysis and reflection; (for the thorn, if in the flower, would *look* to us, at the first glance, not "*flowery*," but "*white*," "*snowy*," or what you will which expresses colour, and not scientific fact)—every time, we repeat, this is done, the poet descends from the objective and dramatic domain of song, into the subjective and reflective one of elegy.

But the field in which Burns's influence has been, as was to be expected, most important and most widely felt, is in the poems of working men. He first proved that it was possible to become a poet and a cultivated man, without deserting his class, either in station or in sympathies; nay, that the healthiest and no-

blest elements of a lowly born poet's mind might be, perhaps certainly must be, the very feelings and thoughts which he brought up from below, not those which he received from above, in the course of his artificial culture. From the example of Burns, therefore, many a working man, who would otherwise have "died and given no sign," has taken courage, and spoken out the thought within him, in verse or prose, not always wisely and well, but in all cases, as it appears to us, in the belief that he had a sort of divine right to speak and be heard, since Burns had broken down the artificial ice-wall of centuries, and asserted, by act as well as song, that "a man's a man for a' that." Almost every volume of working men's poetry which we have read, seems to re-echo poor Nicoll's spirited, though somewhat over-strained address to the Scottish genius:—

- "This is the natal day of him,
Who, born in want and poverty,
Burst from his fetters, and arose,
The freest of the free.
- "Arose to tell the watching earth
What lowly men could feel and do,
To shew that mighty, heaven-like souls
In cottage hamlets grew.
- "Burns! thou hast given us a name
To shield us from the taunts of scorn;
The plant that creeps amid the soil
A glorious flower has borne.
- "Before the proudest of the earth
We stand with an uplifted brow;
Like us, thou wast a toil-worn man,
And we are noble now!"

The critic, looking calmly on, may indeed question whether this new fashion of verse-writing among working men has been always conducive to their own happiness. As for absolute success as poets, that was not to be expected of one in a hundred, so that we must not be disappointed if among the volumes of working men's poetry, of which we give a list at the head of our Article, only two should be found, on perusal, to contain any writing of a very high order, although these volumes form a very small portion of the verses which have been written, during the last forty years, by men engaged in the rudest and most monotonous toil. To every man so writing, the art, doubtless, is an ennobling one. The habit of expressing thought in verse not only indicates culture, but is a culture in itself of a very high order. It teaches the writer to think tersely and definitely; it evokes in him the humanizing sense of grace and melody, not merely by enticing him to study good models, but by the very act of composition. It gives

him a vent for sorrows, doubts, and aspirations, which might otherwise fret and canker within, breeding, as they too often do in the utterly dumb English peasant, self-devouring meditation, dogged melancholy, and fierce fanaticism. And if the effect of verse writing had stopped there, all had been well; but bad models have had their effect, as well as good ones, on the half-tutored taste of the working men, and engendered in them but too often a fondness for frothy magniloquence and ferocious raving, neither morally nor æsthetically profitable to themselves or their readers. There are excuses for the fault; the young of all ranks naturally enough mistake noise for awfulness, and violence for strength; and there is generally but too much, in the biographies of these working poets, to explain, if not to excuse, a vein of bitterness, which they certainly did not learn from their master, Burns. The two poets who have done them most harm, in teaching the evil trick of cursing and swearing, are Shelley and the Corn-Law Rhymer; and one can well imagine how seducing two such models must be, to men struggling to utter their own complaints. Of Shelley this is not the place to speak. But of the Corn-Law Rhymer we may say here, that howsoever he may have been indebted to Burns's example for the notion of writing at all, he has profited very little by Burns's own poems. Instead of the genial loving tone of the great Scotchman, we find in Elliott a tone of deliberate savageness, all the more ugly, because evidently intentional. He tries to curse; "he delights"—may we be forgiven if we misjudge the man—"in cursing;" he makes a science of it; he defiles, of malice prepense, the loveliest and sweetest thoughts and scenes (and he can be most sweet) by giving some sudden, sickening revulsion to his reader's feelings; and he does it generally with a power which makes it at once as painful to the calmer reader as alluring to those who are struggling with the same temptations as the poet. Now and then, his trick drags him down into sheer fustian and bombast; but not always. There is a terrible Dantean vividness of imagination about him, perhaps unequalled in England, in his generation. His poems are like his countenance, coarse and ungoverned, yet with an intensity of eye, a rugged massiveness of feature, which would be grand but for the absence of love and of humour—love's twin and inseparable brother. Therefore it is, that although single passages may be found in his writings, of which Milton himself need not have been ashamed, his efforts of dramatic poetry are utter failures, dark, monstrous, unrelieved by any really human vein of feeling or character. As in feature, so in mind, he has not even the delicate and graceful organization which made

up in Milton for the want of tenderness, and so enabled him to write, if not a drama, yet still the sweetness of masques and idyls.

Rather belonging to the same school than to that of Burns, though never degrading itself by Elliott's ferocity, is that extraordinary poem, "The Purgatory of Suicides," by Thomas Cooper. As he is still in the prime of life, and capable of doing more and better than he yet has done, we will not comment on it as freely as we have on Elliott, except to regret a similar want of softness and sweetness, and also of a clearness and logical connexion of thought, in which Elliott seldom fails, except when cursing. The imagination is hardly as vivid as Elliott's, though the fancy and invention, the polish of the style, and the indications of profound thought on all subjects within the poet's reach, are superior in every way to those of the Corn-Law Rhymer; and when we consider that the man who wrote it had to gather his huge store of classic and historic anecdote while earning his living, first as a shoemaker, and then as a Wesleyan country preacher, we can only praise and excuse, and hope that the day may come when talents of so high an order will find some healthier channel for their energies than that in which they are now flowing.

Our readers may wonder at not seeing the Ettrick Shepherd's poems among the list at the head of the Article. It seems to us, however, that we have done right in omitting them. Doubtless, he too was awakened into song by the example of Burns; but he seems to us to owe little to his great predecessor, beyond the general consciousness that there was a virgin field of poetry in Scotch scenery, manners, and legends—a debt which Walter Scott himself probably owed to the Ayrshire peasant just as much as Hogg did. Indeed, we perhaps are right in saying, that had Burns not lived, neither Wilson, Galt, Allan Cunningham, nor the crowd of lesser writers who have found material for their fancy in Scotch peculiarities, would have written as they have. The first three names, Wilson's above all, must have been in any case distinguished; yet it is surely no derogation to some of the most exquisite rural sketches in "Christopher North's Recreations," to claim them as the intellectual foster-children of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." In this respect, certainly, the Ettrick Shepherd has a place in Burns's school, and, in our own opinion, one which has been very much overrated. But the deeper elements of Burns's mind, those which have especially endeared him to the working man, reappear very little, or not at all, in Hogg. He left his class too much below him; became too much of the mere æsthetic prodigy, and member of a literary clique; frittered away

his great talents in brilliant talk and insincere Jacobite songs, and, in fine, worked no deliverance on the earth. It is sad to have to say this, but we had it forced upon us painfully enough a few days ago, when re-reading "Kilmenny." There may be beautiful passages in it; but it is not coherent, not natural, not honest. It is throughout an affectation of the Manichæan sentimental-sublime, which God never yet put into the heart of any brawny, long-headed, practical Borderer, and which he therefore probably put into his own head, or, as we call it, affected, for the time being; a method of poetry writing which comes forth out of nothing, and into nothing must return.

This is unfortunate, perhaps, for the world; for we question whether a man of talents in anywise to be compared with those of the Ettrick Shepherd has followed in the footsteps of Burns. Poor Tannahill, whose sad story is but too well known, perished early, at the age of thirty-six, leaving behind him a good many pretty love-songs of no intrinsic value, if the specimens of them given in Mr. White-law's collection are to be accepted as the best. Like all Burns's successors, including even Walter Scott and Hogg, we have but to compare him with his original to see how altogether unrivalled on his own ground the Ayrshire farmer was. In one feature only Tannahill's poems, and those later than him, except where pedantically archaist, like many of Motherwell's, are an improvement on Burns; namely, in the more easy and complete interfusion of the two dialects, the Norse Scotch and the Romanesque English, which Allan Ramsay attempted in vain to unite; while Burns, though not succeeding by any means perfectly, welded them together into something of continuity and harmony—thus doing for the language of his own country very much what Chaucer did for that of England.—A happy union, in the opinion of those who, as we do, look on the vernacular Norse Scotch as no barbaric dialect, but as an independent tongue, possessing a copiousness, melody, terseness, and picturesqueness which makes it, both in prose and verse, a far better vehicle than the popular English for many forms of thought.

Perhaps the young peasant who most expressly stands out as the pupil and successor of Burns, is Robert Nicoll. He is a lesser poet, doubtless, than his master, and a lesser man, if the size and number of his capabilities be looked at; but he is a greater man, in that, from the beginning to the end of his career, he seems to have kept that very wholeness of heart and head which poor Burns lost. Nicoll's story is, *mutatis mutandis*, that of the Bethunes, and many a noble young Scotsman more. Parents holding a farm between Perth

and Dunkeld, they and theirs before them for generations inhabitants of the neighbourhood, "decent, honest, God-fearing people." The farm is lost by reverses, and manfully Robert Nicoll's father becomes a day-labourer on the fields which he lately rented: and there begins, for the boy, from his earliest recollections, a life of steady sturdy drudgery. But they must have been grand old folk these parents, and in nowise addicted to wringing their hands over "the great might-have-been." Like true Scots Bible-lovers, they do believe in a God, and in a will of God, underlying, absolute, loving, and believe that the might-have-been ought not to have been, simply because it has not been; and so they put their shoulders to the new collar patiently, cheerfully, hopefully, and teach the boys to do the same. The mother especially, as so many great men's mothers do, stands out large and heroic, from the time when, the farm being gone, she, "the ardent book-woman," finds her time too precious to be spent in reading, and sets little Robert to read to her as she works—what a picture!—to the last sad day, when, wanting money to come up to Leeds to see her dying darling, she "shore for the siller," rather than borrow it. And her son's life is like her own—the most pure, joyous, valiant little epic. Robert does not even take to work as something beyond himself, uninteresting and painful, which, however, must be done courageously: he lives in it, enjoys it as his proper element, one which is no more a burden and an exertion to him than the rush of the strid is to the trout who plays and feeds in it day and night, unconscious of the amount of muscular strength which he puts forth in merely keeping his place in the stream. Whether carrying Kenilworth in his plaid to the woods, to read while herding, or selling currants and whisky as the Perth storekeeper's apprentice, or keeping his little circulating library in Dundee, tormenting his pure heart with the thought of the twenty pounds which his mother has borrowed wherewith to start him, or editing the *Leeds Times*, or lying on his early deathbed, just as life seems to be opening clear and broad before him, he

"Bates not a jot of heart or hope,"

but steers right onward, singing over his work, without bluster or self-gratulation, but for very joy at having work to do. There is a keen practical insight about him, rarely combined, in these days, with the single-minded determination to do good in his generation. His eye is single, and his whole body full of light.

"It would indeed," writes the grocer's boy, encouraging his despondent and somewhat Wer-

terean friend, "be hangman's work to write articles one day to be forgotten to-morrow, if that were all; but you forget the comfort—the repayment. If one prejudice is overthrown, one error rendered untenable; if but one step in advance be the consequence of your articles and mine—the consequences of the labour of all true men—are we not deeply repaid?"

Or again, in a right noble letter to his noble mother:—

"That money of R.'s hangs like a mill-stone about my neck. If I had paid it, I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and fluter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is the gate. . . . If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and Mammon-worship on earth than is. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man."

And yet, there is a quiet self-respect about him withal:—

"In my short course through life," says he in confidence to a friend at one-and-twenty, "I never feared an enemy, or failed a friend; and I live in the hope I never shall. For the rest, I have written my heart in my poems; and rude and unfinished, and hasty as they are, it can be read there."

"From seven years of age to this very hour, I have been dependent only on my own head and hands for everything—for very bread. Long years ago—aye, even in childhood—adversity made me think, and feel, and suffer; and would pride allow me, I could tell the world many a deep tragedy enacted in the heart of a poor, forgotten, uncared-for boy. . . . But I thank God, that though I felt and suffered, the scathing blast neither blunted my perceptions of natural and moral beauty, nor, by withering the affections of my heart, made me a selfish man. Often when I look back I wonder how I bore the burden—how I did not end the evil day at once and for ever."

Such is the man, in his normal state; and as was to be expected, God's blessing rests on him. Whatever he sets his hand to, succeeds. Within a few weeks of his taking the editorship of the *Leeds Times*, its circulation begins to rise rapidly, as was to be expected with an honest man to guide it. For Nicoll's political creed, though perhaps neither very deep nor wide, lies clear and single before him, as everything else which he does. He believes naturally enough in ultra-Radicalism accord-

ing to the fashions of the Reform Bill era. That is the right thing; and for that he will work day and night, body and soul, and if needs be, die. There, in the editor's den at Leeds, he "begins to see the truth of what you told me about the world's unworthiness; but stop a little. I am not sad as yet. . . . If I am hindered from feeling the soul of poetry among woods and fields, I yet trust I am struggling for something worth prizing—something of which I am not ashamed, and need not be. If there be aught on earth worth aspiring to, it is the lot of him who is enabled to do something for his miserable and suffering fellow-men; and this you and I will try to do at least."

His friend is put to work a ministerial paper, with orders "not to be rash, but to elevate the population *gradually*;" and finding those orders to imply a considerable leaning towards the By-ends, Lukewarm, and Facing-both-ways school, kicks over the traces, wisely, in Nicoll's eyes, and breaks loose.

"Keep up your spirits," says honest Nicoll. "You are higher at this moment in my estimation, in your own, and that of every honest man, than you ever were before. Tait's advice was just such as I should have expected of him; honest as honesty itself. You must never again accept a paper but where you can tell the whole truth without fear or favour. . . . Tell E. (the broken-loose editor's lady-love) from me to estimate as she ought, the nobility and determination of the man who has dared to act as you have done. Prudent men will say that you are hasty: but you have done right, whatever may be the consequences."

This is the spirit of Robert Nicoll; the spirit which is the fruit of early purity and self-restraint, of living "on bread and cheese and water," that he may buy books; of walking out to the Inch of Perth at four o'clock on summer mornings, to write and read in peace before he returns to the currants and the whisky. The nervous simplicity of the man comes out in the very nervous simplicity of the prose he writes; and though there be nothing very new or elevated in it, or indeed in his poems themselves, we call on our readers to admire a phenomenon so rare, in the "upper classes" at least, in these days, and taking a lesson from the peasant's son, rejoice with us that "a man is born into the world."

For Nicoll, as few do, practises what he preaches. It seems to him, once on a time, right and necessary that Sir William Molesworth should be returned for Leeds; and Nicoll having so determined, "throws himself, body and soul, into the contest, with such ardour, that his wife afterwards said, and we can well believe it, that if Sir William had failed, Robert would have died on the instant!"—

why not? Having once made up his mind that that was the just and right thing, the thing which was absolutely good for Leeds, and the human beings who lived in it, was it not a thing to die for, even if it had been but the election of a new beadle? The advanced sentry is set to guard some obscure worthless dike-end—obscure and worthless in itself, but to him a centre of infinite duty. True, the fate of the camp does not depend on its being taken; if the enemy round it, there are plenty behind to blow them out again. But that is no reason whatsoever why he, before any odds, should throw his musket over his shoulder, and retreat gracefully to the lines. He was set there to stand by that, whether dike-end or representation of Leeds; that is the right thing for him; and for that right he will fight, and if he be killed, die. So have all brave men felt, and so have all brave deeds been done, since man walked the earth. It is because that spirit, the spirit of faith, has died out among us, that so few brave deeds are done now, except on battle-fields, and in hovels whereof none but God and the angels know.

So the man prospers. Several years of honourable and self-restraining love bring him a wife, beautiful, loving, worshipping his talents; a help meet for him, such as God will send at times to those whom he loves. Kind men meet and love and help him—"The Johnstones, Mr. Tait, William and Mary Howitt; Sir William Molesworth, hearing of his last illness, sends him unsolicited fifty pounds, which as we understand it, Nicoll accepts without foolish bluster about independence. Why not?—man should help man, and be helped by him. Would he not have done as much for Sir William? Nothing to us proves Nicoll's heart-wholeness more than the way in which he talks of his benefactors, in a tone of simple gratitude and affection, without fawning, and without vapouring. The man has too much self-respect to consider himself lowered by accepting a favour.

But he must go after all. The editor's den at Leeds is not the place for lungs bred on Perthshire breezes; and work rises before him, huger and heavier as he goes on, till he drops under the ever-increasing load. He will not believe it at first. In sweet childlike playful letters, he tells his mother that it is nothing. It has done him good—"opened the grave before his eyes, and taught him to think of death." "He trusts that he has not borne this, and suffered, and thought in vain." This, too, he hopes, is to be a fresh lesson-page of experience for his work. Alas! a few months more of bitter suffering and of generous kindness, and love from all around him,—and it is over with him, at the age of twenty-three. Shall we regret him?—shall we not rather

believe that God knew best, and considering the unhealthy moral atmosphere of the press, and the strange confused ways into which old ultra-Radicalism, finding itself too narrow for the new problems of the day, has stumbled and floundered in the last fifteen years, believe that he might have been a worse man had he been a longer-lived one, and thank heaven that "the righteous is taken away from the evil to come?"

As it is, he ends as he began. The first poem in his book is "The Ha' Bible;" and the last, written a few days before his death, is still the death-song of a man—without fear, without repining, without boasting, blessing and loving the earth which he leaves, yet with a clear joyful eye upwards and outwards and homewards. And so ends his little epic, as we called it. May Scotland see many such another!

The actual poetic value of his verses is not first-rate by any means. He is far inferior to Burns in range of subject, as he is in humour and pathos. Indeed, there is very little of these latter qualities in him anywhere—rather playfulness, flashes of childlike fun, as in "The Provost," and "Bonnie Bessie Lee." But he has attained a mastery over English, a simplicity and quiet which Burns never did; and also, we need not say, a moral purity. His "poems, illustrative of the Scotch peasantry," are charming throughout—alive and bright with touches of real humanity, and sympathy with characters apparently antipodal to his own.

His more earnest poems are somewhat tainted with the cardinal fault of his school, of which he steered so clear in prose—fine words; yet he never, like the Corn-Law Rhymers, falls a cursing. He is evidently not a good hater even of "priests and kings, and aristocrats, and superstition;" or perhaps he worked all that froth safely over and off in debating club-speeches and leading articles, and left us, in these poems, the genuine Metheglin of his inner heart, sweet, clear, and strong; for there is no form of loveable or right thing which this man has come across, which he does not seem to have appreciated. Besides pure love and the beauties of nature, those on which every man of poetic power—and a great many of none, as a matter of course, have a word to say, he can feel for and with the drunken beggar, and the warriors of the ruined manor-house, and the monks of the abbey, and the old-mailed Normans with their "priest with cross and counted beads in the little Saxon chapel"—things which a radical editor might have been excused for passing by with a sneer.

His verses to his wife are a delicious little glimpse of Eden; and his "People's Anthem"

rises into somewhat of true grandeur by virtue of simplicity:—

"Lord, from Thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the Poor!
Teach them true liberty—
Make them from tyrants free—
Let their homes happy be!
God save the Poor!

"The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain—
God save the Poor!
Raise Thou their lowliness—
Succour Thou their distress—
Thou whom the meaneast bless!
God save the Poor!

"Give them stanch honesty—
Let their pride manly be—
God save the Poor!
Help them to hold the right;
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all LIFE and LIGHT!
God save the Poor!

And so we leave Robert Nicoll, with the parting remark, that if the "poems illustrative of the feelings of the intelligent and religious among the working-classes of Scotland" be fair samples of that which they profess to be, Scotland may thank God, that in spite of glenclearings and temporary manufacturing rot-heaps, she is still whole at heart, and that the influence of her great peasant poet, though it may seem at first likely to be adverse to Christianity, has helped, as we have already hinted, to purify and not to taint; to destroy the fungus, but not to touch the heart of the grand old Covenant kirk life-tree.

Still sweeter, and, alas! still sadder, is the story of the two Bethunes. If Nicoll's life, as we have said, be a solitary melody, and short though triumphant strain of work-music, theirs is a harmony and true concert of fellow-joys, fellow-sorrows, fellow-drudgery, fellow-authorship, mutual throughout, lovely in their joint-life, and in their deaths not far divided. Alexander survives his brother John only long enough to write his Memoirs, and then follows; and we have his story given us by Mr. McCombie, in a simple unassuming little volume—not to be read without many thoughts, perhaps not rightly without tears. Mr. McCombie has been wise enough not to attempt panegyric. He is all but prolix in details, filling up some half of his volume with letters of preternatural length, from Alexander to his publishers and critics, and from the said publishers and critics to Alexander, altogether of an unromantic and business-like cast, but entirely successful in doing that which a book should do—namely, in showing the world that here was a man of

like passions with ourselves, who bore from boyhood to the grave hunger, cold, wet, rags, brutalizing and health-destroying toil, and all the storms of the world, the flesh and the devil, and conquered them every one.

Alexander is set at fourteen to throw earth out of a ditch so deep, that it requires the full strength of a grown man, and loses flesh and health under the exertion; he is twice blown up in quarrying with his own blast, and left for dead, recovers slowly, maimed and scarred, with the loss of an eye. John, when not thirteen, is set to stone-breaking on the roads during intense cold, and has to keep himself from being frost-bitten and heart-broken by monkey gambols; takes to the weaving trade, and having helped his family by the most desperate economy to save £10 wherewith to buy looms, begins to work them, with his brother as an apprentice, and finds the whole outlay rendered useless the very same year by the failures of 1825-26. So the two return to day-labour at fourteencepence a day. John in a struggle to do task-work honestly over-exerts himself, and ruins his digestion for life. Next year he is set in November to clean out a water-course knee-deep in water, and then to take marl from a pit, and then to drain standing water off a swamp during an intense December frost, and finds himself laid down with a three months' cough, and all but sleepless illness, laying the foundation of the consumption which destroyed him. But they will not give in. Poetry they will write, and they write it to the best of their powers on scraps of paper, after the drudgery of the day, in a cabin pervious to every shower, teaching themselves the right spelling of the words from some "Christian Remembrancer" or other—apparently not our meek and unbiassed contemporary of that name; and all this without neglecting their work a day or even an hour, when the weather permitted—the "only thing which tempted them to fret," being—hear it readers and perpend!—"the being kept at home by rain and snow." Then an additional malady (apparently some calculus one) comes on John, stops by him for the six remaining years of his life. Yet between 1826 and 1832, John has saved £14 out of his miserable earnings, to be expended to the last farthing on his brother's recovery from the second quarry accident. Surely the devil is trying hard to spoil these men! But no. They are made perfect by sufferings. In the house with one long narrow room, and a small vacant space at the end of it, lighted by a single pane of glass, they write and write untiring, during the long summer evenings, poetry, "*Tales of the Scottish Peasant Life*," which at last bring them in somewhat; and a work on practical economy, which is bepraised and corrected by kind

critics in Edinburgh, and at last published—without a sale. Perhaps one cause of its failure might be found in those very corrections. There were too many violent political allusions in it, complains their good Mentor of Edinburgh, and persuades them, seemingly the most meek and teachable of heroes, to omit them; though Alexander, while submitting pleads fairly enough for retaining them, in a passage which we will give, as a specimen of the sort of English possible to be acquired by a Scotch day-labourer, self-educated, all but the rudiments of reading and writing, and a few lectures on popular poetry from "a young student of Aberdeen," now the Rev. Mr. Adamson, who must look back on the friendship which he bore these two young men, as one of the noblest pages in his life.

"Talk to the many of religion, and they will put on a long face, confess that it is a thing of the greatest importance to all—and go away and forget the whole. Talk to them of education: they will readily acknowledge that it is 'a braw thing to be weel learned,' and begin a lamentation, which is only shorter than the lamentations of Jeremiah, because they cannot make it as long, on the ignorance of the age in which they live; but they neither stir hand nor foot in the matter. But speak to them of politics, and their excited countenances and kindling eye shew in a moment how deeply they are interested. Politics are therefore an important feature, and an almost indispensable element in such a work as mine. Had it consisted solely of exhortations to industry and rules of economy, it would have been dismissed with a 'Ou ay, its braw for him to crack that way: but if he were whaur we are, deed he wad just hae to do as we do.' But by mixing up the science with politics, and giving it an occasional political impetus, a different result may be reasonably expected. In these days no man can be considered a patriot or friend of the poor, who is not also a politician."

It is amusing, by the bye, to see how the world changes its codes of respectability, and how, what is anathema one year, becomes trite in twenty more. The political sins in the work were, that "my brother had attacked the corn-laws with some severity; and I have attempted to level a battery against that sort of servile homage which the poor pay to the rich!"

There is no use pursuing the story much further. They again save a little money, and need it; for the estate on which they have lived from childhood changing hands, they are, with their aged father, expelled from the dear old dog-kennel, to find house-room where they can. Why not?—"it was not in the bond." The house did not belong to them; nothing of it, at least, which could be specified in any known lease. True, there may have been associations, but what associations can

men be expected to cultivate on fourteenpence a day? So they must forth, with their two aged parents, and build with their own hands a new house elsewhere, having saved some £30 from the sale of their writings. The house, as we understand, stands to this day—hereafter to become a sort of artisan's caaba and pilgrim's station, only second to Burns's grave. That, at least, it will become, whenever the meaning of the words "worth" and "worship" shall become rightly understood among us.

For what are these men, if they are not heroes and saints? not of the Popish sort, abject and effeminate, but of the true, human, evangelic sort, masculine and grand—like the figures in Raffaele's Cartoons, compared with those of Fra Bartolomeo. Not from superstition, not from selfish prudence, but from devotion to their aged parents, and the righteous dread of dependence, they die voluntary celibates, although their writings shew that they, too, could have loved as nobly as they did all other things. The extreme of endurance, self-restraint, of "conquest of the flesh," outward as well as inward, is the life-long lot of these men; and they go through it. They have their share of injustice, tyranny, disappointment; one by one each bright boy's dream of success and renown is scourged out of their minds, and sternly and lovingly their Father in heaven teaches them the lesson of all lessons. By what hours of misery and blank despair that faith was purchased, we can only guess; the simple strong men give us the result, but never dream of sitting down and analyzing the process for the world's amusement, or their own glorification. We question, indeed, whether they could have told us; whether the mere fact of a man's being able to dissect himself, in public or in private, is not proof-patent that he is no man, but only a shell of a man, with works inside, which can of course be exhibited and taken to pieces—a rather more difficult matter with flesh and blood. If we believe that God is educating, the when, the where, and the how, are not only unimportant, but, considering who is the teacher, unfathomable to us, and it is enough to be able to believe with John Bethune, that the Lord of all things is influencing us through all things; whether sacraments, or sabbaths, or sun-gleams, or showers—all things are ours, for all are His, and we are His, and He is ours;—and for the rest, to say with the same John Bethune:—

"Oh, God of glory! thou hast treasured up
For me my little portion of distress;
But with each draught—in every bitter cup
Thy hand hath mixed, to make its soreness
less,
Some cordial drop, for which thy name I bless,

And offer up my mite of thankfulness.

Thou hast chastised my frame with dire
disease,

Long, obdurate, and painful; and thy hand
Hath wrung cold sweat-drops from my brow;
for these

I thank thee too. Though pangs at thy com-
mand

Have compassed me about, still, with the
blow,

Patience sustained my soul amid its wo."

Of the actual literary merit of these men's writings there is less to be said. However extraordinary, considering the circumstances under which they were written, may be the polish and melody of John's verse, or the genuine spiritual health, deep death-and-devil-defying earnestness, and shrewd practical wisdom, which shines through all that either brother writes, they do not possess any of that fertile originality, which alone would have enabled them, as it did Burns, to compete with the literary savans, who, though for the most part of inferior genius, have the help of information and appliances, from which they were shut out. Judging them, as the true critic, like the true moralist, is bound to do, "according to what they had, not according to what they had not," they are men who, with average advantages, might have been famous in their day. God thought it better for them to "hide them in his tabernacle from the strife of tongues,"—and, seldom believed truism, He knows best. Alexander shall not, according to his early dreams, "earn nine hundred pounds by writing a book, like Burns," even though his ideal method of spending be to buy all the boys in the parish "new shoes with iron tacks and heels," and send them home with shillings for their mothers, and feed their fathers on wheat bread and milk, with tea and bannocks for Sabbath-days, and build a house for the poor old toil-stiffened man whom he once saw draining the hill-field, "with a yard full of gooseberries, and an apple-tree!"—not that, nor even as the world judges, better than that, shall he be allowed to do. The poor, for whom he writes his "Practical Economy," shall not even care to read it; and he shall go down to the grave a failure and a lost thing in the eyes of men;—but not in the eyes of grand God-fearing old Alison Christie, his mother, as he brings her, scrap by scrap, the proofs of their dead idol's poems, which she has prayed to be spared just to see once in print, and when the last half-sheet is read, loses her sight for ever;—not in her eyes, nor in those of the God who saw him, in the cold winter mornings, wearing John's clothes, to warm them for the dying man before he got up.

His grief at his brother's death is inconso-
lable. He feels for the first time in his life,

what a lot his is—for he feels for the first time that—

"Parent and friend and brother gone,
I stand upon the earth alone."

Four years he lingers; friends begin to arise from one quarter and another, but he, not altogether wisely or well, refuses all pecuniary help. At last Mr. Hugh Miller recommends him to be editor of a projected "Non-Intrusion" paper in Dumfries, with a salary, to him boundless, of £100 a year. Too late! The iron has entered too deeply into his soul; in a few weeks more he is lying in his brother's grave—"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths not divided."

"William Thom of Inverury" is a poet altogether of the same school. His "Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver" are superior to either those of Nicoll or the Bethunes, the little love-songs in the volume reminding us of Burns's best manner, and the two languages in which he writes being better amalgamated, as it seems to us, than in any Scotch song writer. Moreover, there is a terseness, strength, and grace about some of these little songs, which would put to shame many a volume of vague and windy verse, which the press sees yearly sent forth by men, who, instead of working at the loom, have been pampered from their childhood with all the means and appliances of good taste and classic cultivation. We have room only for one specimen of his verse, not the most highly finished, but of a beauty which can speak for itself.

"DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED."

"The morning breaks bonny o'er mountain and stream,

An' troubles the hallowed breath of my dream.
The gowd light of morning is sweet to the e'e,
But ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me.

The dull common world then sinks from my sight,

And fairer creations arise to the night;
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,

Then bright are the visions awakened to me!"

"Oh, come, spirit-mother! discourse of the hours
My young bosom beat all its beating to yours,
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell
On ears—how unheeded, proved sorrow might tell!

That deathless affection nae sorrow could break;

When all else forsook me, ye would na forsake;

Then, come, oh my mother! come often to me,
An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee!

"An' then, shrouded loveliness! soul-winning
Jean,

How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!

'Twas kind—for the love that your e'e kindled there

Will burn, aye an' burn, till that breast beat nae mair—

Our bairnies sleep around me, oh bless ye their sleep!

Your ain dark eyed Willie will wauken an' weep!

But blythe through his weepin', he'll tell me how you,

His heaven-hamed mammie, was daunting his brow.

"Though dark be our dwellin', our happin' tho' bare,

An' night closes round us in cauldness and care,

Affection will warm us—and bright are the beams

That halo our hame in yon dear land o' dreams:

Then weel may I welcome the night's deathly reign,

Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then;
The gowd light of morning is lightless to me,

But, oh! for the night with its ghost revelrie!"

But, even more interesting than the poems themselves, is the autobiographical account prefixed, with its vivid sketches of factory life in Aberdeen, of the old regime of 1770, when "four days did the weaver's work—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, were of course jubilee. Lawn frills gorged (?) freely from under the wrists of his fine blue, gilt-buttoned coat. He dusted his head with white flour on Sunday, smirked and wore a cane; walked in clean slippers on Monday; Tuesday heard him talk war bravado, quote Volney, and get drunk; weaving commenced gradually on Wednesday. Then were little children pirn-fillers, and such were taught to steal warily past the gate-keeper, concealing the bottle. These wee smugglers had a drop for their services, over and above their chances of profiting by the elegant and edifying discussions uttered in their hearing. Infidelity was then getting fashionable." But by the time Thom enters on his seventeen years' weaving, in 1814, the nemesis has come. "Wages are six shillings a week where they had been forty; but the weaver of forty shillings, with money instead of wit, had bequeathed his vices to the weaver of six shillings, with wit instead of money." The introduction of machinery works evil rather than good, on account of the reckless way in which it is used, and the reckless material which it uses. "Vacancies in the factory, daily made, were daily filled by male and female workers; often queer enough people, and from all parts—*none too coarse for using.*" The pick-pocket, trained to the loom six months in Bridewell, came forth a journeyman

weaver, and his precious experiences were infused into the common moral puddle, and in due time did their work." No wonder that "the distinctive character of all sunk away. Man became less manly—woman unlovely and rude." No wonder that the factory, like too many more, though a thriving concern to its owners, becomes "a prime nursery of vice and sorrow." "Virtue perished utterly within its walls, and was dreamed of no more; or, if remembered at all, only in a deep and woful sense of self-debasement—a *struggling to forget, where it was hopeless to obtain*. But to us, almost the most interesting passage in his book, and certainly the one which bears most directly on the general purpose of this article, is one in which he speaks of the effects of song on himself and his fellow factory-workers.

"Moore was doing all he could for love-sick boys and girls, yet they had never enough! Nearer and dearer to hearts like ours was the Ettrick Shepherd, then in his full tide of song and story; but nearer and dearer still than he, or any living songster, was our ill-fated fellow-craftsman, Tannahill. Poor weaver chiel! what we owe to you!—your 'Braes of Balquidder,' and 'Yon Burnside,' and 'Gloomy Winter,' and the 'Minstrel's' wailing ditty, and the noble 'Gleneiffer.' Oh! how they did ring above the rattle of a thousand shuttles! Let me again proclaim the debt which we owe to these song spirits, as they walked in melody from loom to loom, ministering to the low-hearted; and when the breast was filled with everything but hope and happiness, let only break out the healthy and vigorous chorus, 'A man's a man for a' that,' and the fagged weaver brightens up. . . . Who dare measure the restraining influences of these very songs? To us they were all instead of Sermons. Had one of us been bold enough to enter a church, he must have been ejected for the sake of decency. His forlorn and curiously patched habiliments would have contested the point of attraction with the ordinary eloquence of that period. Church bells rang not for us. Poets were indeed our priests: *but for those, the last relic of moral existence would have passed away*. Song was the dew-drop which gathered during the long dark night of despondency, and was sure to glitter in the very first blink of the sun. You might have seen 'Auld Robin Gray' wet the eyes that could be tearless amid cold and hunger, and weariness and pain. Surely, surely, *then there was to that heart one passage left*."

Making all allowance for natural and pardonable high-colouring, we recommend this most weighty and significant passage to the attention of all readers, and draw an *argumentum a fortiori*, from the high estimation in which Thom holds those very songs of Tannahill's, of which we just now spoke somewhat depreciatingly, for the extreme importance which we attach to popular poetry, as an agent of incalculable power in moulding the minds of nations.

The popular poetry of Germany has held that great nation together, united and heart-whole for centuries, in spite of every disadvantage of internal division, and the bad influence of foreign taste; and the greatest of their poets have not thought it beneath them to add their contributions, and their very best, to the common treasure, meant not only for the luxurious and learned, but for the workman and the child at school. In Great Britain, on the contrary, the people have been left to form their own tastes, and choose their own modes of utterance, with great results, both for good and evil; and there has sprung up before the new impulse which Burns gave to popular poetry, a considerable literature—considerable not only from its truth and real artistic merit, but far more so from its being addressed principally to the working-classes. Even more important is this people's literature question, in our eyes, than the more palpable factors of the education question, about which we now hear such ado. It does seem to us, that to take every possible precaution about the spiritual truth which children are taught in school, and then leave to chance the more impressive and abiding teaching which popular literature, songs especially, give them out of doors, is as great a *maiserie* as that of the Tractarians who insisted on getting into the pulpit in their surplices, as a sign that the clergy only had the right of preaching to the people, while they forgot that, by means of a free press, (of the license of which they too were not slack to avail themselves,) every penny-a-liner was preaching to the people daily, and would do so, maugre their surplices, to the end of time. The man who makes the people's songs is a true popular preacher. Whatsoever, true or false, he sends forth, will not be carried home, as a sermon often is, merely in heads, to be forgotten before the week is out: it will ring in the ears, and cling round the imagination, and follow the pupil to the workshop, and the tavern, and the fireside, even to the deathbed, such power is in the magic of rhyme. The emigrant, deep in Australian forest, may take down Chalmers's sermons on Sabbath evenings from the scanty shelf; but the songs of Burns have been haunting his lips, and cheering his heart, and moulding him unconsciously to himself, in clearing and in pasture all the weary week. True, if he be what a Scotchman should be, more than one old Hebrew psalm has brought its message to him during these weekdays; but there are feelings of his nature on which those psalms, not from defect, but from their very purpose, do not touch; how is he to express them, but in the songs which echo them? These will keep alive, and intensify in him, and in the children who learned them from his lips, all which is like themselves. Is

it, we ask again, to be left to chance what sort of songs these shall be?

As for poetry written for the working-classes by the upper, such attempts at it as we yet have seen, may be considered *nil*. The upper must learn to know more of the lower, and to make the lower know more of them—a frankness of which we honestly believe, they will never have to repent. Moreover, they must read Burns a little more, and cavaliers and Jacobites a little less. As it is, their efforts have been as yet exactly in that direction which would most safely secure the blessings of undisturbed obscurity. Whether “secular” or “spiritual,” they have thought proper to adopt a certain Tommy-good-child tone, which, whether to Glasgow artisans or Dorsetshire labourers, or indeed for any human being who is “grinding among the iron facts of life,” is, to say the least, nauseous; and the only use of their poematula has been to demonstrate practically, the existence of a great and fearful gulf between those who have, and those who have not, in thought as well as in purse, which must be, in the former article at least, bridged over as soon as possible, if we are to remain one people much longer. The attempts at verse for children are somewhat more successful—a certain little “Moral Songs” especially, said to emanate from the Tractarian School, yet full of a health, spirit, and wild sweetness, which makes its authoress, in our eyes, “wiser than her teachers.” But this is our way. We are too apt to be afraid of the men, and take to the children as our *pis aller*, covering our despair of dealing with the majority, the adult population, in a pompous display of machinery for influencing that very small fraction, the children. “Oh, but the destinies of the empire depend on the rising generation!” Who has told us so!—how do we know that they do not depend on the risen generation? Who are likely to do more work during our lifetime, for good and evil,—those who are now between fifteen and five-and-forty, or those who are between five and fifteen? Yet for those former, the many, and the working, and the powerful, all we seem to be inclined to do is to parody Scripture, and say, “He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still.”

Not that we ask any one to sit down, and, out of mere benevolence, to write songs for the people. Wooden, out of a wooden birthplace, would such go forth, to feed fires, not spirits. But if any man shall read these pages, to whom God has given a truly poetic temperament, a gallant heart, a melodious ear, a quick and sympathetic eye for all forms of human joy and sorrow, and humour, and grandeur—an insight which can discern the outlines of the butterfly, when

clothed in the roughest and most rugged chrysalis-hide; if the teachers of his heart and purposes, and not merely of his taste and sentiments, have been the great songs of his own and of every land and age; if he can see in the divine poetry of David and Solomon, of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and, above all, in the parables of Him who spake as never man spake, the models and elemental laws of a people's poetry, alike according to the will of God and the heart of man; if he can welcome gallantly and hopefully the future, and yet know that it must be, unless it would be a monster and a machine, the loving and obedient child of the past; if he can speak of the subjects which will alone interest the many, on love, marriage, the sorrows of the poor, their hopes, political and social, their wrongs, as well as their sins and duties; and that with a fervour and passion akin to the spirit of Burns and Elliott, yet with more calm, more purity, more wisdom, and therefore with more hope, as one who stands upon a vantage ground of education and culture, sympathizing none the less with those who struggle behind him in the valley of the shadow of death, yet seeing from the mountain peaks the coming dawn, invisible as yet to them. Then let that man think it no fall, but rather a noble rise, to shun the barren glacier ranges of pure art, for the fertile gardens of practical and popular song, and write for the many, and with the many, in words such as they can understand, remembering that that which is simplest is always deepest, that the many contain in themselves the few, and that when he speaks to the wanderer and the drudge, he speaks to the elemental and primeval man, and in him speaks to all who have risen out of him. Let him try, undiscouraged by inevitable failures; and if at last he succeeds in giving vent to one song which will cheer hardworn hearts at the loom and the forge, or wake one pauper's heart with the hope that his children are destined not to die as he died, or recall, amid Canadian forests or Australian sheep-walks, one thrill of love for the old country, and her liberties, and her laws, and her religion, to the settler's heart;—let that man know that he has earned a higher place among the spirits of the wise and good, by doing, in spite of the unpleasantness of self-denial, the duty which lay nearest him, than if he had out rivalled Goethe on his own classic ground, and made all the cultivated and the comfortable of the earth desert, for the exquisite creations of his fancy, Faust, and Tasso, and Iphigenie.

ART. VI.—*The Works of John Owen, D.D.*
 Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM H. GOOLD,
 Edinburgh. Vols. 1, 2, 5, 8, 9, 14, (to
 be completed in Fifteen Volumes.) London
 and Edinburgh. 1850-51.

Two hundred years ago the Puritan dwelt in Oxford; but, before his arrival, both Cavalier and Roundhead soldiers had encamped in its Colleges. Sad was the trace of their sojourn. From the dining-halls the silver tankards had vanished, and the golden candlesticks of the cathedral lay buried in a neighbouring field. Stained windows were smashed, and the shrines of Bernard and Frideswide lay open to the storm. And whilst the heads of marble apostles, mingling with cannon-balls and founders' coffins, formed a melancholy rubbish in many a corner, straw heaps on the pavement and staples in the wall, reminded the spectator that it was not long since dragoons had quartered in All-Souls, and horses crunched their oats beneath the tower of St. Mary Magdalene.

However, matters again are mending. Broken windows are repaired; lost revenues are recovered; and the sons of Crispin have evacuated chambers once more consecrated to syntax and the syllogism. Through these spacious courts we recognise the progress of the man who has accomplished the arduous restoration. Tall, and in the prime of life, with cocked-hat and powdered hair, with lawn tops to his morocco boots, and with ribbons luxuriant at his knee, there is nothing to mark the Puritan,—whilst in his easy unembarrassed movements and kindly-assuring air, there is all which bespeaks the gentleman; but, were it not for the reverences of obsequious beaules and the recognitions of respectful students, you would scarce surmise the academic dignitary. That old-fashioned divine,—his square cap and ruff surmounting the doctor's gown,—with whom he shakes hands so cordially, is a Royalist and Prelatist, but withal the Hebrew Professor, and the most famous Orientalist in England, Dr. Edward Pocock. From his little parish of Childry, where he passes for “no Latiner,” and is little prized, he has come up to deliver his Arabic lecture, and collate some Syriac manuscript, and observe the progress of the fig-tree which he fetched from the Levant; and he feels not a little beholden to the Vice-Chancellor, who, when the Parliamentary triers had pronounced him incompetent, interfered and retained him in his living. Passing the gate of Wadham he meets the upbreking of a little conventicle. That no treason has been transacting, nor any dangerous doctrine propounded, the guardian of the University has ample assurance in the presence of his very good friends, Dr. Wallis the Savilian Professor, and Dr. Wilkins the Protector's

brother-in-law. The latter has published a dissertation on the Moon and its Inhabitants, “with a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither;” and the former, a mighty mathematician, during the recent war had displayed a terrible ingenuity in deciphering the intercepted letters of the Royalists. Their companion is the famous physician Dr. Willis, in whose house, opposite the Vice-Chancellor's own door, the Oxford Prelatists daily assemble to enjoy the forbidden Prayer-Book; and the youth who follows, building castles in the air, is Christopher Wren. This evening they had met to witness some experiments which the tall, sickly gentleman in the velvet cloak had promised to shew them. The tall sickly gentleman is the Honourable Robert Boyle, and the instrument with which he has been amusing his brother sages, in their embryo Royal Society, is the newly invented air-pump. Little versant in their pursuits, though respectful to their genius, after mutual salutations, the divine passes on and pays an evening visit to his illustrious neighbour, Dr. Thomas Goodwin. In his embroidered night-cap, and deep in the recesses of his dusky study, he finds the recluse old President of Magdalene; and they sit and talk together, and they pray together, till it strikes the hour of nine; and from the great Tom Tower a summons begins to sound calling to Christ Church cloisters the hundred and one students of the old foundation. And returning to the Deanery, which Mary's cheerful management has brightened into a pleasant home, albeit her own and her little daughter's weeds are suggestive of recent sorrows, the doctor dives into his library.

For the old misers it was pleasant to go down into their bullion vaults, and feel that they were rich enough to buy up all the town, with the proud Earl in his mortgaged castle. And to many people there is a peculiar satisfaction in the society of the great and learned; nor can they forget the time when they talked to the great poet, or had a moment's monopoly of Royalty. But—

“That place that doth contain
 My books, the best companions, is to me
 A glorious court, where hourly I converse
 With the old sages and philosophers;
 And sometimes for variety I confer
 With kings and emperors, and weigh their
 counsels.”

Not only is there the pleasant sense of property,—the rare editions, and the wonderful bargains, and the acquisitions of some memorable self-denial,—but there are grateful memories, and the feeling of a high companionship. When it first arrived, yon volume kept its owner up all night, and its

neighbour introduced him to realms more delightful and more strange than if he had taken Dr. Wilkins' lunarian journey. In this biography, as in a magician's mirror, he was awed and startled by foreshadowings of his own career; and, ever since he sat at the feet of yonder sacred sage, he walks through the world with a consciousness, blessed and not vain-glorious, that his being contains an element shared by few besides. And even those heretics inside the wires—like caged wolves or bottled vipers—their keeper has come to entertain a certain fondness for them, and whilst he detests the species, he would feel a pang in parting with his own exemplars.

Now that the evening lamp is lit, let us survey the Doctor's library. Like most of its coeval collections, its foundations are laid with massive folios. These stately tomes are the Polyglotts of Antwerp and Paris, the Critici Sacri and Poli Synopsis. The colossal theologians who flank them, are Augustine and Jerome, Anselm and Aquinas, Calvin and Episcopius, Bellarmine and Jansenius, Baronius and the Magdeburg Centuriators,—natural enemies, here bound over to their good behaviour. These dark veterans are Jewish Rabbis,—Kimchi, Abarbanel, and, like a row of rag-collectors, a whole Monmouth Street of rubbish,—behold the entire Babylonian Talmud. These tall Socinians are the Polish brethren, and the dumpy vellums overhead are Dutch divines. The cupboard contains Greek and Latin manuscripts, and those spruce fashionables are Spencer, and Cowley, and Sir William Davenant. And the new books which crown the upper shelves, still uncut and fresh from the publisher, are the last *brochures* of Mr. Jeremy Taylor and Mr. Richard Baxter.*

* In his elaborate "Memoirs of Dr. Owen," (p. 345,) Mr. Orme mentions that "his library was sold in May 1684, by Millington, one of the earliest of our book auctioneers;" and adds, "considering the Doctor's taste as a reader, his age as a minister, and his circumstances as a man, his library, in all probability, would be both extensive and valuable." Then, in a footnote, he gives some interesting particulars as to the extent of the early Non-conformist libraries, viz., Dr. Lazarus Seaman's, which sold for £700; Dr. Jacob's, which sold for £1300; Dr. Bates's, which was bought for five or six hundred pounds by Dr. Williams, in order to lay the foundation of Red Cross Street library; and Dr. Evans's, which contained 10,000 volumes; again subjoining, "it is probable Dr. Owen's was not inferior to some of these." It would have gratified the biographer had he known that a catalogue of Owen's library is still in existence. Bound up with other sale-catalogues in the Bodleian, is the "Bibliotheca Oweniana; sive catalogus librorum plurimis facultatibus insignium, instructissimæ Bibliothecæ Rev. Doct. Viri D. Joan. Oweni (quondam Vice-Cancellarii et Decani Aedis Christi in Academia Oxoniensi) nuperrime defuncti; cum variis manuscriptis Græcis, Latinis, &c., propria manu Doct.

This night, however, the Doctor is intent on a new book nowise to his mind. It is the "Redemption Redeemed" of John Goodwin. Its hydra-headed errors have already drawn from the scabbard the sword of many an orthodox Hercules on either side of the Tweed; and now, after a conference with the other Goodwin, the Dean takes up a ream of manuscript, and adds a finishing touch to his refutation.

At this period Dr. Owen would be forty years of age, for he was born in 1616. His father was minister of a little parish in Oxfordshire, and his ancestors were princes in Wales; indeed, the genealogists claimed for him a descent from King Caractacus. He himself was educated at Queen's College, and, under the impulse of an ardent ambition, the young student had fully availed himself of his academic privileges. For several years he took no more sleep than four hours a-night, and in his eagerness for future distinction he mastered all attainable knowledge, from mathematics to music. But about the time of his reaching majority, all his ambitious projects were suspended by a visitation of religious earnestness. In much ignorance of the divine specific, his conscience grew tender, and sin appeared exceeding sinful. It was at this conjuncture that Archbishop Laud imposed on Oxford a new code of statutes, which scared away from the University the now scrupulous scholar. Years of anxious thoughtfulness followed, partly filled up by his duties as chaplain successively to Sir Robert Dormer and Lord Lovelace, when about the year 1641 he had occasion to reside in London. Whilst there he went one day to hear Edmund Calamy; but instead of the famous preacher there entered the pulpit a country minister, who, after a fervent prayer, gave out for his text—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The sermon was a very plain one, and Owen never ascertained the preacher's name; but the perplexities with

Patricii Junii aliorumq. conscriptis: quorum auctio habebitur Londini apud domum auctionariam, adversus Nigri Cygni in vico vulgo dicto Ave Mary Lane, prope Ludgate Street, vicesimo sexto die Maii, 1684. Per Eduardum Millington, Bibliopolan." In the Preface, the auctioneer speaks of Dr. Owen as "a person so generally known as a generous buyer and great collector of the best books;" and after advertising to his copies of Fathers, Councils, Church Histories, and Rabbinical Authors, he adds, "all which considered together, perhaps for their number are not to be paralleled, or upon any terms to be procured, when gentlemen are desirous of, or have a real occasion for the perusal of them." The number of volumes is 2889. For the knowledge of the existence of this catalogue, and for a variety of curious particulars regarding it, the Reviewer is indebted to one of the dignitaries of Oxford, whose bibliographical information is only exceeded by the obligingness with which he puts it at the command of others, the Rev. Dr. Macbride, Principal of Magdalene Hall.

which he had long been harassed disappeared, and in the joy of a discovered gospel and an ascertained salvation, the natural energy of his character and the vigour of his constitution found again their wonted play.

Soon after this happy change, his first publication appeared. It was a "Display of Arminianism," and, attracting the attention of the Parliamentary "Committee for purging the Church of Scandalous Ministers," it procured for its author a presentation to the living of Fordham, in Essex. This was followed by his translation to the more important charge of Coggeshall, in the same county; and so rapidly did his reputation rise, that besides being frequently called to preach before the Parliament, he was, in 1649, selected by Cromwell as the associate of his expedition to Ireland, and was employed in re-modelling and resuscitating Trinity College, Dublin. Most likely it was owing to the ability with which he discharged this service that he was appointed Dean of Christ Church in 1651, and in the following year Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. It was a striking incident to find himself thus brought back to scenes which, fourteen years before, he had quitted amidst contempt and poverty, and a little mind would have been apt to signalize the event by a vain-glorious ovation, or a vindictive retribution. But Owen returned to Oxford in all the grandeur of a God-fearing magnanimity, and his only solicitude was to fulfil the duties of his office. Although himself an Independent, he promoted well qualified men to responsible posts, notwithstanding their Presbyterianism or their Prelacy; and although the law gave him ample powers to disperse them, he never molested the liturgical meetings of his Episcopalian neighbours. From anxiety to promote the spiritual welfare of the students, in addition to his engagements as a Divinity lecturer and the resident head of the University, along with Dr. Goodwin he undertook to preach, on alternate Sabbaths, to the great congregation in St. Mary's. And such was the zeal which he brought to bear on the studies, and the secular interests of the place, that the deserted courts were once more populous with ardent and accomplished students, and in alumni like Sprat, and South, and Ker, and Richard Cumberland, the Church of England received from Owen's Oxford some of its most distinguished ornaments; whilst men like Philip Henry and Joseph Alleine, went forth to perpetuate Owen's principles; and in founding the English schools of metaphysics, architecture, and medicine, Locke, and Wren, and Sydenham taught the world that it was no misfortune to have been the pupils of the Puritan. It would be pleasant to record that Owen's generosity was reciprocated, and that

if Oxford could not recognise the Non-conformist, neither did she forget the Republican who patronized the Royalists, and the Independent who befriended the Prelatists. According to the unsuspected testimony of Grainger, and Burnet, and Clarendon, the University was in a most flourishing condition when it passed from under his control; but on the principle which excludes Cromwell's statue from Westminster Palace, the picture-gallery at Christ Church finds no place for the greatest of its Deans.

The retirement into which he was forced by the Restoration was attended with most of the hardships incident to an ejected minister, to which were added sufferings and sorrows of his own. He never was in prison, but he knew what it was to lead the life of a fugitive; and after making a narrow escape from dragoons sent to arrest him, he was compelled to quit his rural retreat, and seek a precarious refuge in the capital. In 1676 he lost his wife, but before this they had mingled their tears over the coffins of ten out of their eleven children; and the only survivor, a pious daughter, returned from the house of an unkind husband, to seek beside her father all that was left of the home of her childhood. Soon after he married again; but though the lady was good, and affectionate, and rich withal, no comforts and no kind tending could countervail the effects of bygone toils and privations, and from the brief remainder of his days, weakness and anguish made many a mournful deduction. Still the busy mind worked on. To the congregation, which had already shown at once its patience and its piety, by listening to Caryl's ten quartos on Job, and which was afterwards to have its patience farther tried and rewarded, in the long but invalid incumbency of Isaac Watts, Dr. Owen ministered as long as he was able; and, being a preacher who had "something to say," it was cheering to him to recognise among his constant attendants persons so intelligent and influential as the late Protector's brother-in-law and son-in-law, Colonel Desborough and Lord Charles Fleetwood, Sir John Hartopp, the Hon. Roger Boyle, Lady Abney, and the Countess of Angelsea, and many other hearers who adorned the doctrine which their pastor expounded, and whose expectant eagerness gave zest to his studies, and animation to his public addresses. Besides during all this interval, and to the number of more than thirty volumes, he was giving to the world these masterly works which have invigorated the theology and sustained the devotion of unnumbered readers in either hemisphere. Amongst others, folio by folio, came forth that Exposition of the Hebrews, which, amidst all its digressive prolixity, and with its frequent ex-

cess of erudition, is an enduring monument of its author's robust understanding and spiritual insight, as well as his astonishing industry. At last the pen dropped from his hand, and on the 23d of August 1683, he dedicated a note to his likeminded friend, Charles Fleetwood:—"I am going to him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me, with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but while the great pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible—that he will never leave us nor forsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency." The morrow after he had sent this touching message to the representative of a beloved family was Bartholomew day, the anniversary of the ejection of his two thousand brethren. That morning a friend called to tell him that he had put to the press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it: but, O brother Payne! the long wished for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world." A few hours of silence followed, and then that glory was revealed. On the fourth of September, a vast funeral procession, including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there, in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where, five years later, John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr. Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with undertakers' sheds, and blind brick walls, with London cabs and omnibuses whirling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty Non-conformist.*

Many of our readers will remember Robert Baillie's description of Dr. Twiss, the Prolocutor of the Westminster Assembly: "The man, as the world knows, is very learned in the questions he has studied, and very good—beloved

* A capacious Latin epitaph was inscribed on his tomb-stone, of which Mr. Orme speaks, in 1826, as "still in fine preservation." (*Memoirs*, p. 346.) We are sorry to say that three letters, faintly traceable, are all that can now be deciphered. The tomb of his illustrious colleague, Goodwin, is in a still more deplorable condition: not only is the inscription effaced, but the marble slab, having been split with lightning, has never been repaired.

of all, and highly esteemed—but merely bookish . . . and among the unfittest of all the company for any action." In this respect Dr. Owen was a great contrast to his studious cotemporary; for he was as eminent for business talent as most ministers are conspicuous for the want of it. It was on this account that he was selected for the task of reorganizing the universities of Dublin and Oxford; and the success with which he fulfilled his commission, whilst it justified his patron's sagacity, shewed that he was sufficiently master of himself to become the master of other minds. Of all his brethren few were so "fit for action." To the same cause to which he owed this practical ascendancy, we are disposed to ascribe his popularity as a preacher; for we agree with Dr. Thompson, (*Life of Owen*, p. cvi.) in thinking that Owen's power in the pulpit must have been greater than is usually surmised by his modern readers. Those who knew him describe him as a singularly fluent and persuasive speaker; and they also represent his social intercourse as peculiarly vivacious and cheerful. From all which our inference is, that Owen was one of those happy people who, whether for business or study, whether for conversation or public speaking, can concentrate all their faculties on the immediate occasion, and who do justice to themselves and the world, by doing justice to each matter as it successively comes to their hand.

A well-informed and earnest speaker will always be popular, if he be tolerably fluent, and if he "shew himself friendly;" but no reputation and no talent will secure an audience to the automaton who is unconscious of his hearers, or to the misanthrope, who despises or dislikes them. And if, as Anthony à Wood informs us, "the persuasion of his oratory could move and wind the affections of his admiring auditory almost as he pleased," we can well believe that he possessed the "proper and comely personage, the graceful behaviour in the pulpit, the eloquent elocution, and the winning and insinuating deportment," which this reluctant witness ascribes to him. With such advantages, we can understand how, dissolved into a stream of continuous discourse, the doctrines which we only know in their crystallized form of heads and particulars, became a gladsome river; and how the man who spoke them with sparkling eye and shining face was not shunned as a buckram pedant, but run after as a popular preacher.

And yet, to his written style Owen is less indebted for his fame than almost any of the Puritans. Not to mention that his works have never been condensed into fresh pith and modern portableness by any congenial Fawcett, they never did exhibit the pathetic importunity and Demosthenic fervour of Bax-

ter. In his Platonic loftiness Howe always dwelt apart; and there have been no glorious dreams since Bunyan woke amidst the beatific vision. Like a soft valley, where every turn reveals a cascade or a castle, or at least a picturesque cottage, Flavel lures us along by the vivid succession of his curious analogies and interesting stories; whilst all the way the path is green with kind humanity, and bright with Gospel blessedness. And like some sheltered cove, where the shells are all so brilliant, and the sea-plants all so curious, that the young naturalist can never leave off collecting, so profuse are the quaint sayings and the nice little anecdotes which Thomas Brooks showers from his "Golden Treasury," from his "Box," and his "Cabinet," that the reader needs must follow where all the road is so radiant. But Owen has no adventitious attractions. His books lack the extempore felicities and the reflected fellow-feeling which lent a charm to his spoken sermons; and on the table-land of his controversial treatises, sentence follows sentence like a file of ironides, in buff and rusty steel, a sturdy procession, but a dingy uniform; and it is only here and there where a son of Anak has burst his rags, that you glimpse a thought of uncommon stature or wonderful proportions. Like candidates for the modern ministry, in his youth Owen had learned to write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but then, as now, English had no place in the academic curriculum. And had he been urged in maturer life to study the art of composition, most likely he would have frowned on his adviser. He would have urged the "haste" which "the King's business" requires, and might have reminded us that viands are as wholesome on a wooden trencher as on a plate of gold. He would have told us that truth needs no tinsel, and that the road over a bare heath may be more direct than the pretty windings of the valley. Or, rather, he would have said, as he has written—"Know that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly express the sentiments of his mind, entertains a fixed and absolute disregard of all elegance and ornaments of speech."

True: gold is welcome even in a purse of the coarsest canvass; and, although it is not in such caskets that people look for gems, no man would despise a diamond because he found it in an earthen porringer. In the treatises of Owen there is many a sentence which, set in a sermon, would shine like a brilliant; and there are ingots enough to make the fortune of a Theological faculty. For instance, we open the first treatise in this new collection of his works, and we read:—"It carrieth in it a great condescency unto Divine wisdom, that man should be restored unto the image of God, by Him who was the essential image

of the Father; and that He was made like unto us, that we might be made like unto Him, and unto God through him;" and we are immediately reminded of a recent treatise on the Incarnation, and all its beautiful speculation regarding the "Pattern-Man." We read again till we come to the following remark:—"It is the nature of sincere goodness to give a delight and complacency unto the mind in the exercise of itself, and communication of its effects. A good man doth both delight in doing good, and hath an abundant reward *for* the doing it, *in* the doing of it;" and how can we help recalling a memorable sermon "On the Immediate Reward of Obedience," and a no less memorable chapter in a Bridgewater Treatise, "On the Inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous Affections?" And we read the chapter on "The Person of Christ the great Representative of God," and are startled by its foreshadowings of the sermons and the spiritual history of a remarkably honest and vigorous thinker, who, from doubting the doctrine of the Trinity, was led to recognise in the person of Jesus Christ the Alpha and Omega of his theology. It is possible that Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Chalmers, and Arnold, may never have perused the treatise in question; and it is equally possible that under the soporific influence of a heavy style, they may never have noticed passages for which their own minds possessed such a powerful affinity. But by the legitimate expedient of appropriate language—perhaps by means of some "ornament or elegance"—Jeremy Taylor or Barrow would have arrested attention to such important thoughts; and the cause of truth would have gained, had the better divine been at least an equal orator.

However, there are "masters in Israel," whose style has been remarkably meagre; and perhaps "Edwards on the Will" and "Butler's Analogy," would not have numbered many more readers, although they had been composed in the language of Addison. We must, therefore, notice another obstacle which has hindered our author's popularity, and it is a fault of which the world is daily becoming more and more intolerant. That fault is prolixity. Dr. Owen did not take time to be brief; and in his polemical writings, he was so anxious to leave no cavil unanswered, that he spent, in closing loop-holes, the strength which would have crushed the foe in open battle. No misgiving as to the champion's powers will ever cross the mind of the spectators; but movements more rapid would render the conflict more interesting, and the victory not less conclusive.* In the same way, that

* In his delightful reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers, Mr. J. J. Gurney says, "I often think that particular men bear about with them an analogy to particular

the effectiveness of his controversial works is injured by this excursive tendency, so the practical impression of his other works is too often suspended by inopportune digressions; whilst every treatise would have commanded a wider circulation if divested of its irrelevant encumbrances. Within the entire range of British authorship there exist no grander contributions toward a systematic Christology than the Exposition of the Hebrews, with its dissertations on the Saviour's priesthood; but whilst there are few theologians who have not occasionally consulted it, those are still fewer who have mastered its ponderous contents; and we have frequently known valiant students who addressed themselves to the "Perseverance of the Saints," or the "Justification," but like settlers put ashore in a cane-brake, or in a jungle of prickly pears, after struggling for hours through the Preface or the General Considerations, they were glad to regain the water's edge, and take to their boat once more.

It was their own loss, however, that they did not reach the interior; for there they would have found themselves in the presence of one of the greatest of Theological intellects. Black and Cavendish were born ready-made chemists, and Linnæus and Cuvier were naturalists in spite of themselves; and so, there is a mental conformation which almost necessitated Augustine and Athanasius, Calvin and Arminius, to be dogmatists and systematic divines. With the opposite aptitudes for large generalization and subtle distinction, as soon as some master-principle had gained possession of their devout understandings, they had no greater joy than to develop its all-embracing applications, and they sought to subjugate Christendom to its imperial ascendancy. By itself, the habit of lofty contemplation would have made them pietists or Christian psalmists, and a mere turn for definition would have made them quibblers or schoolmen; but the two united, and together animated by a strenuous faith, made them theologians. In such intellects the seven-

teenth century abounded; but we question if in dialectic skill, guided by sober judgment, and in extensive acquirements, mellowed by a deep spirituality, it yielded an equivalent to Dr. Owen.

Although there is only one door to the kingdom of heaven, there is many an entrance to scientific divinity. There is the gate of Free Inquiry as well as the gate of Spiritual Wistfulness. And although there are exceptional instances, on the whole we can predict what school the new-comer will join, by knowing the door through which he entered. If from the wide fields of speculation he has sauntered inside the sacred enclosure; if he is a historian who has been carried captive by the documentary demonstration—or a poet who has been arrested by the spiritual sentiment—or a philosopher who has been won over by the Christian theory, and who has thus made a hale-hearted entrance within the precincts of the faith,—he is apt to patronize that gospel to which he has given his accession, and like Clemens Alexandrinus, or Hugo Grotius, or Alphonse de Lamartine, he will join that school where Taste and Reason alternate with Revelation, and where ancient classics and modern sages are scarcely subordinate to the "men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." On the other hand, if "fleeing from the wrath to come," through the crevice of some "faithful saying," he has struggled into enough of knowledge to calm his conscience and give him peace with Heaven, the oracle which assured his spirit will be to him unique in its nature and supreme in its authority, and, a debtor to that scheme to which he owes his very self, like Augustine, and Cowper, and Chalmers, he will join that school where Revelation is absolute, and where "Thus saith the Lord" makes an end of every matter. And without alleging that a long process of personal solicitude is the only right commencement of the Christian life, it is worthy of remark that the converts whose Christianity has thus commenced have usually joined that theological school which, in "salvation-work," makes least account of man and most account of God. Jeremy Taylor, and Hammond, and Barrow, were men who made religion their business; but still they were men who regarded religion as a life *for* God rather than a life *from* God, and in whose writings recognitions of Divine mercy and atonement and strengthening grace are comparatively faint and rare. But Bolton, and Bunyan, and Thomas Goodwin, were men who from a region of carelessness or ignorance were conducted through a long and darkling labyrinth of self-reproach and inward misery, and by a way which they knew not were brought out at

animals; Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion; Wilberforce is like a bee." Dr. Owen often reminds us of an elephant: the same ponderous movements—the same gentle sagacity—the same vast but unobtrusive powers. With a logical proboscis able to handle the heavy guns of Hugo Grotius, and to untwist withal the tangled threads of Richard Baxter, in his encounters with John Goodwin he resembles his prototype in a leopard-hunt, where sheer strength is on the one side, and brisk agility on the other. And, to push our conceit no further, they say that this wary animal will never venture over a bridge till he has tried its strength, and is assured that it can bear him; and, if we except the solitary break-down in the Waltonian controversy, our disputant was as cautious in choosing his ground as he was formidable when once he took up his position.

last on a bright landing-place of assurance and praise; and, like Luther in the previous century, and like Halyburton, and Whitefield, and Jonathan Edwards, in the age succeeding, the strong sense of their own demerit led them to ascribe the happy change from first to last to the sovereign grace and good Spirit of God. It was in deep contrition and much anguish of soul that Owen's career began; and that creed, which is pre-eminently the religion of "broken hearts," became his system of theology.

"Children, live like Christians; I leave you the covenant to feed upon." Such was the dying exhortation of him who protected so well England and the Albigenes; and "the covenant" was the food with which the devout heroic lives of that godly time were nourished. This covenant was the sublime staple of Owen's theology. It suggested topics for his parliamentary sermons;—"A Vision of Unchangeable Mercy," and "The Steadfastness of Promises." It attracted him to that book of the Bible in which the federal economy is especially unfolded. And, whether discoursing on the eternal purposes, or the extent of redemption—whether expounding the Mediatorial office, or the work of the sanctifying Spirit—branches of this tree of life re-appear in every treatise. In such discussions some may imagine that there can be nothing but barren speculation, or, at the best, an arduous and transcendental theosophy. However, when they come to examine for themselves they will be astonished at the mass of Scriptural authority on which they are based; and, unless we greatly err, they will find them peculiarly subservient to correction and instruction in righteousness. Many writers have done more for the details of Christian conduct; but for purposes of heart-discipline and for the nurture of devout affections, there is little uninspired authorship equal to the more practical publications of Owen. In the *Life* of that noble-hearted Christian philosopher, the late Dr. Welsh, it is mentioned that in his latter days, besides the Bible, he read nothing but "Owen on Spiritual-Mindedness," and the "Olney Hymns;" and we shall never despair of the Christianity of a country which finds numerous readers for his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ," and his "Exposition of the hundred and thirtieth Psalm."

And here we may notice a peculiarity of Owen's treatises, which is at once an excellence and a main cause of their redundancies. So systematic was his mind that he could only discuss a special topic with reference to the entire scheme of truth; and so constructive was his mind, that, not content with the confutation of his adversary, he loved to state and establish positively the truth impugned: to which we may add, so devout was his disposi-

tion, that, instead of leaving his thesis a dry demonstration, he was anxious to suffuse its doctrine with those spiritual charms which it wore to his own contemplation. All this adds to the bulk of his polemical writings. At the same time it adds to their value. Dr. Owen makes his reader feel that the point in debate is not an isolated dogma, but a part of the "whole counsel of God;" and by the positive as well as practical form in which he presents it, he does all which a disputant can to counteract the sceptical and pragmatistical tendencies of religious controversy. Hence, too, it comes to pass that, with one of the commonplaces of Protestantism or Calvinism for a nucleus, his works are most of them virtual systems of doctrino-practical divinity.

The alluvial surface of a country takes its complexion from the prevailing rock-formation. The *Essays* of Foster, and the *Sermons* of Chalmers excepted, the evangelical theology of the last hundred years has been chiefly alluvial; and in its miscellaneous composition the element which we chiefly recognise is a detritus from Mount Owen. To be sure, a good deal of it is the decomposition of a more recent conglomerate, but a conglomerate in which larger boulders of the original formation are still discernible. The sermon-makers of the present day may read Cecil and Romaine and Andrew Fuller; and in doing this they are studying the men who studied Owen. But why not study the original? It does good to an ordinary understanding to hold fellowship with a master mind; and it would greatly freshen the ministrations of our pulpits, if, with the electric eye of modern culture, and with minds alive to our modern exigency, preachers held converse direct with the prime sources of British theology. We could imagine the reader of Boston producing a sermon as good as Robert Walker's, and the reader of Henry producing a commentary as good as Thomas Scott's, and the reader of Bishop Hall producing sketches as good as the "*Horæ Homileticæ*;" but we grow sleepy when we try to imagine Scott or diluted Walker desiccated, and from a congregation top-dressed with bone-dust from the "*Skeletons*," the crop we should expect would be neither fervent Christians nor enlightened Churchmen. And, even so, a reproduction of the men who have repeated or translated Owen, is sure to be commonplace and feeble; but from warm hearts and active intellects employed on Owen himself, we could expect a multitude of new Cecils and Romaines and Fullers.

As North British Reviewers, we congratulate our country on having produced this beautiful reprint of the illustrious Puritan; and from the fact that they have offered it at

a price which has introduced it to four thousand libraries, we must regard the publishers as benefactors to modern theology. The editor has consecrated all his learning and all his industry to his labour of love; and, by all accounts, the previous copies needed a reviser as careful and as competent as Mr. Gould. Dr. Thomson's memoir of the author we have read with singular pleasure. It exhibits much research, and a fine appreciation of Dr. Owen's characteristic excellencies, and its tone is kind and catholic. Such reprints, rightly used, will be a new era in our Christian literature. They can scarcely fail to intensify the devotion and invigorate the faculties of such as read them. And if these readers be chiefly professed divines, the people will in the long-run reap the benefit. Let taste and scholarship and eloquence by all means do their utmost; but it is little which these can do without materials. The works of Owen are an exhaustless magazine; and, without forgetting the source whence they were themselves supplied, there is many an empty mill which their garner could put into productive motion. Like the gardens of Malta, many a region, now bald and barren, might be rendered fair and profitable with loam imported from their Holy Land; and many is the fair structure which might be reared from a single block of their cyclopean masonry.

ART. VII.—*On the Kawi Language in the Island of Java, with an Introduction on the Difference of Structure observable in the Languages of Mankind, and its Influence on the Intellectual Development of the Human Race.* By WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT. 3 vols. Berlin, 1836. (*The Introduction is re-printed in the Collected Works of WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT. Vol. 6. Berlin, 1848.*)

THE comparative study of language is of quite modern date. It was hardly known in Europe thirty years ago; for that unscientific comparison of single words, without principle or analogy, which made itself so often ridiculous in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, does not deserve the name. We will just mention two reasons for its tardy appearance amongst the number of the sciences. In the *first* place, it requires the possession of a considerable amount of materials drawn from the most various sources, and these, either from want of opportunity of collecting them, or want of interest in the pursuit, have not been very

long within our reach. It implies, *secondly*, a particular temper of mind.

The Roman Empire included under its vast dominion people speaking an immense number of different languages, but their scientific men felt very little interest in these languages, just because they felt very little interest in the men by whom they were spoken. The great difficulty of intercommunication partly produced this result, but not altogether. The Romans had a clear idea of what is high and noble in the individual character, and a full appreciation of it; but the idea of looking with interest upon men, and what concerned them, *on the grounds of a common humanity*, had not risen before them with any distinctness, still less had it convinced them of the duty of endeavouring to raise their fellow-men with themselves. In their colonies, the Romans rather drove back the original inhabitants than mixed themselves up with them. We may see, however, from the well-known anecdote, of the effect produced in the theatre by Terence's glorious sentiment, that the idea of which we speak was not wholly wanting amongst the Romans. It was absorbed, however, in the strong feeling of their own nationality. The nearest approach to the wider contemplation of man, in the writers of the ancient world with which we are acquainted, is to be found in the introduction to the history of Polybius. That author there speaks of nations as being constituted like the members of a body, and declares his opinion, that the history of one nation cannot be understood without taking that of others into account.

Christianity first gave the conviction of the real value of man as an individual, and implanted the idea of humanity as distinct from nationality. It therefore most pointedly recognised the value and existence of individual character and national character, whilst it provides means for the true development of each, so that both persons and nations may form members of one great whole. The endeavour after a false uniformity, the cowardly fear of following out their individual vocation, this seems to have been the sin of the builders of Babel, who would not go out and replenish the earth; but their self-devised material unity fell to pieces under God's own hand, as a witness that such unity never could continue, and the nations were forced to pursue their proper course of development, in order that they might eventually be gathered into a higher and spiritual unity in the Kingdom of Christ.

But though this is the true spirit of Christianity, we cannot say that it has hitherto pervaded either our plans of colonization, or

those departments of science in which man and his works are the objects of research. The Church of the middle ages regarded the individual too little. The Reformation restored his rights to the individual, stimulated the mind to search into man and nature, and awakened the feeling of the sacredness of the national tongues, but its effects on science were long one-sided. It required the *true* Catholic spirit, the perception of unity amidst difference, to induce a large survey and a bold and hopeful comparison of things which seem at first sight to have nothing in common. There are, however, many indications in the expressions and writings of the present age of a more correct feeling in this respect. The experience of the last few years has taught us, that as the world grows old, the feeling of race and the distinctions of race are not extinguished, but are perhaps more strongly felt than ever, and that as races rise in the scale of humanity, their peculiar characteristics are magnified also: at the same time, we trust (and we would take the Exhibition of the works of industry and art of all nations this year as a proof of it) that the nations, though they feel their distinctness most as they exercise their peculiar gifts most successfully, are not on that account more separate, but more deeply assured that they are complementary to each other, that they are designed to work together as an organic whole.

That the universal is manifested in the particular, and cannot be realized apart from it, is perhaps the leading principle of the higher philosophy of our day. By encouraging the exercise of critical analysis in a hopeful and reconciling spirit, it has been most useful in its application to the study of the Languages of mankind. The concurrence indeed of this critical philosophy, with the increased stock of materials which the spread of the Saxon race (in the English nation especially) has brought within our reach, is the proximate cause of the rise of that linguistic school which reckons the illustrious William von Humboldt as one of its chief leaders, if not its head.

No nation has done so much as the English in the way of amassing materials for the comparative study of language. Our widely extended colonies and commerce have afforded us great opportunities, and the spirit of intelligent and faithful observation which characterizes our nation, has led us to make the most of them. Merchants and missionaries, soldiers and civilians, as well as men of science, have all rendered good service in this work; and our literary and philological societies established at home, have sifted the materials collected, and stored them up for use. But if we want to see what scientific use may be made of these materials, what methods of scientific compari-

son must be followed, what general results may be deduced from them for the understanding of language as a *whole*, we hardly know where to look at home either for a manual or an orderly collection. For these we must turn especially to our German neighbours, and the names of Bopp and Grimm, of Pott and—last, but not least—Humboldt, rise before our minds.

The work whose title stands at the head of our present Article is no doubt known to most of our professed linguists; for in spite of its want of method, and the occasional obscurity of the diction, which render it exceedingly difficult to understand, there is in it a depth of research, a range of information, a felicity of illustration, a subtlety of analysis, a boldness of connexion, and a poetic glow of language and thought, which render it as instructive and suggestive as it is stirring and delightful. But it is because its results are capable of a practical application, and afford hints for guidance in many branches of human endeavour and scientific research, that we wish to bring it before a larger class of readers, and to give an account of it which we hope will convince them, that the comparative study of language is not only useful but interesting. We will briefly mention one or two points of view in which we regard that study as of deep practical importance.

Such a study, or at all events an acquaintance with the results which it brings out, can alone convince us practically of the intimate connexion that exists between the character of a nation and its language, and help us to understand the former from the latter. For the language of a people reveals depths of individual character to an exercised and reflective mind, which even their practical works, their institutions and customs, cannot unfold. If, therefore, the Christian missionary desires to follow the example of the great apostle, St. Paul, and to meet the heathen nations whom he wishes to convert to the faith of Christ, as St. Paul met the Athenians, upon their own standing ground, in order to destroy the falsehoods they have built up thereon without cutting *all* grounds of belief from under their feet,—so that he may apply wisely that one remedy for human sin and woe with which he is entrusted,—surely it is desirable that he should have, not a mere empirical acquaintance with their language, but such an acquaintance with it as will enable him to understand those hereditary modes of thought and feeling and contemplation, which discover themselves by the peculiar modes of their expression in language. If the warm-hearted and benevolent man who goes out into foreign lands not merely to secure room for himself to work and thrive, but also

to benefit his fellow-men by raising them in the scale of humanity and civilisation, desires to produce something more than a tame uniformity, and seeks to preserve the institutions of the country in which he finds himself by giving them as much efficiency as possible, (as it is evident the excellent Sir J. Brooke wishes to do,) as well as to cultivate and develop in a right direction the individuality which he values, because he regards it as the stamp of God, ought he not to appreciate a study which may lead to results enabling him more fully to penetrate into the spirit of the nation which he wishes to improve? Again, if that philosophical method which belongs especially to Englishmen, which is founded upon a reverence for facts and a reference of them to a higher law in which they find their meaning, their reason, and their unity, is to find its consistent application to man's mind and spirit; if the philosophy of Bacon and Butler is to be developed amongst us, surely it is important that we should pay the utmost attention to a branch of study which presents us with a collection of facts belonging to that region of man where mind and body especially manifest themselves as one, with the products of the inmost laboratory of man's being. For it is only by the *comparison* of these *facts* that we can understand and weigh any one of them accurately. We cannot help thinking too, that human language is a main witness to the truth, that there is an order for man which he does not make for himself, but in which he finds himself, that he cannot *live* out of this order, that in conformity to it lies the secret of his strength and of his freedom. For it is by using the language of the nation in which God has placed him, that man learns to know his brethren and himself, as well as to understand the world around him. But to this we must return, as it may perhaps throw light upon some of the great social questions of the day.

Now in this scientific study of language the work of Humboldt presents us with most valuable rules and land-marks. To use the words of Chevalier Bunsen, his successor in the Prussian legation at Rome, "it claims an eminent rank as the concentration of the thoughts and researches of a man of excellent judgment, and profound learning, who had dedicated a great part of his active life, partly to speculations on languages in general, partly to a critical and detailed analysis of a variety of tongues. Its researches belong to the *calculus subtilis* of linguistic theory, and it places Wilhelm von Humboldt's name in universal comparative ethnologic philology, by the side of that of Leibnitz,"—who, we may add, possessed the philosophic spirit, but not the supply of languages for such a work.

Humboldt's mind, like that of his illustri-

ous brother, is marked by a great reverence for *facts*. His method in this is like that of the Father of our English philosophy. Bacon teaches us to wrest from nature her secret by observing her operations in general, and then to use her secret as the standard or the rule by which to measure her particular effects. Man is not merely to be the observer, but the judge of facts, and is to deduce from them a method by which to try them again. And it is only in so doing that he fulfils his vocation, which is to look not merely *at*, but *through* the phenomena of the universe, by the power of his mind, and this reverently, because he believes that God has ordained them as means for his education. We find Humboldt constantly applying this principle, and sometimes enunciating it.*

The course of Humboldt's investigations we will now endeavour to trace, in as much detail as our limits will permit, sometimes presenting his meaning, sometimes giving his words in a translation, and sometimes adding our own observations and illustrations from other sources. Our readers must pardon us if the train of thought and research along which we desire to conduct them is necessarily sometimes intricate, or not very clearly marked, for in this article we are pursuing *principles* rather than details.

Nations considered as members of the human race differ just as members of the same family differ, that is, within certain limits; and these limits expand as we rise from the tribe to the nation, and from the nation to the stock. We have thus a succession of individualities, each bearing a certain character, which becomes more definite as we descend in the scale. It is not, however, Humboldt's purpose to inquire into the origin of nations, and of national character, but into the causes and effects of the actual differences which may be observed in their languages. He finds men gathered into communities, bound together by other ties than mere juxtaposition, and, above all, united by using the same language as a means of understanding themselves and communicating with one another. He justly regards this

* In his essay, entitled, "Die Aufgabe des Geschichtschreibers," he says, "All that the historian can do in order to bring *with him* the form under which the complicated incidents of history can appear in their only true connexion, (Hegel's creative pure thought,) is to *extract* that form *from them*." Again, "He must take especial care not to attach his own independently formed ideas to the facts, or even in seeking the connexion of the whole to sacrifice anything of the living riches of the particular; for nothing is entirely separate from the general connexion." This tendency makes one of his Hegelian commentators observe,—"It is a great pity that such a man as Humboldt should shudder and shrink when he approaches the *snow-line* of pure thought."

common language as the most telling mark of a nation, as a proof that a peculiar cast of mind belongs to it, of which the language itself is the clearest exponent.

But the questions naturally arise, what is a language?—how is it distinguished from the dialect on the one side, and the family or stock of languages on the other?—what constitutes its identity amidst the changes which time introduces? Now, to describe the character of a language, so as to present it as an individual, is just as difficult as to describe an individual man. No mere measuring of parts nor description of outlines can convey an impression of him to another. It depends principally upon the expression of the countenance, upon the mind which is revealed more or less distinctly in those outward forms. It is this that gives unity to the whole. So, in the delineation of a language, we cannot indeed be too particular in noting individual peculiarities; we must mark the different forms of words, and the rules which determine their application; but we must, above all, get at the law of the formation of the language itself, at that constitutive idea which moulds it from within. To perceive the *form* of each language (as Humboldt terms this, as distinguished from its *grammatical forms*) will alone enable the linguist to appreciate the varieties of human language, and save him from bewilderment amidst the endless stock of materials which demands his attention.

Now, all *form* implies *materials*, and the materials of a language, corresponding to the above comprehensive sense of the word *form*, lie beyond the limits of language itself, consisting on the one side of *sound* in general; on the other, of all that is or can be presented to the mind as the object of thought. The formative power of speech peculiar to the nation knits these two elements together, according to its own laws, into a unity, and it is this organic unity which renders a language capable of being transmitted from generation to generation, and of preserving its identity at different periods. The form, too, of a language, decides to what stock or family it belongs; since the forms of several languages may be collected under some more general form, and this again under one still more comprehensive. For "nowhere," observes Humboldt, "is individual character of different degrees, within the bounds of universal correspondence, so remarkable as in the languages of the earth, so that one may say with equal justice, that mankind speak but one language, and that every man has a language of his own."

In order that we may trace the sources as well as the degrees of these differences, and the ground of this correspondence, it is ne-

cessary that we should understand the relation of the two materials of language, already mentioned, to each other, as well as their separate effects. The vocation of man is to be the mediator between mind and matter, and his nature is constituted to answer this end. As by his body he is brought into contact with the material world, so by his mind and spirit he can subdue this to himself, hold converse with minds and spirits akin to his own, and even maintain communion with the Creator of the universe. As an embodied spirit man cannot but *embody* whatever his mind receives or produces. Thoughts must find an *utterance*, an outward expression, and find it in several ways. But there is no mode of utterance so universal, so immediate, so directly proceeding from the man, and appealing to the man, as language. None finds him at greater depths, because none proceeds from greater depths of his own being. The outward mode of conveying his thoughts is symbolical of the inwardness of the source of language, and the comprehensiveness of its possible effects in the world. Man moulds the breath of life into the expression of his thoughts, and makes the all-embracing atmosphere to vibrate with his mind. We cannot view the connexion between mind and speech as too close and necessary. Speech is as much a function of thinking man as breathing. It is necessary to him not merely for communication with others, but as a means of understanding himself. Man is set amidst a world of sights and sounds and objects pressing upon the senses in various ways. But these objects do not pass before the mind as images before a mirror. The mind is not a mere passive recipient. The man compares what he sees and passes judgment upon it. He observes that the objects before him have some marks that belong only to themselves, and learns to *distinguish*. He perceives that they have marks in common, and learns to *combine*. The mere outward object is converted in the living mirror of man's mind into an inward picture. But the instinct of utterance, inseparable from thought in man, impels him to give a body to this inward representation. It is already to him a *new* object, because it bears the stamp of mind—"hues of its own, fresh borrowed from the heart;" but he desires to increase its objectivity, to connect it once more with matter, without suffering it to lose the stamp of mind. The means are at hand. The voice admits of an indefinite number of modifications, susceptible of combination without confusion, of difference without discord. The mental effort finds a way for itself through the lips, and the inward picture assumes an outward form in sound. The outward object is translated in language into a new object, bearing the stamp

of the subject, in the shape of words. How important this act of utterance is to our minds we may judge from the fact, that we never really think without unspoken words, and that we sometimes speak to ourselves in order to give increased objectivity to our thoughts and to enable us to analyze them better. Thus man surrounds himself with a world of *sounds* corresponding to the world of things and persons, but bearing the impress of mind, and therefore forming a link between mind and matter.

But by the faculty of speech man is declared not only to be a thinking being, but a social being. Speaking implies hearing, as well as understanding, on the part of others. It follows, of course, that the individual is limited in the choice of his words, for, unless persons represent to themselves the same things by the *same* words, mutual understanding is impossible. Moreover it is necessary to dwell upon what we may call the objective character of language for other reasons. The formed and uttered word is a *new object*, bearing the stamp of man's mind, yet not of man merely as an individual, but of man as the *member of a certain nation*. The word which the individual utters belongs to him, inasmuch as it has proceeded from him, (and then it may be far more full of meaning to him than to his immediate hearer,) but it belongs likewise to the nation, because it has proceeded from the heart of the nation. It is this which renders language not merely a means of communication with others, but a spiritual bond of union, and in itself a means of education, connecting the individual with the past and the future, laying upon him a restraint, but a restraint which, like all true law, limits only his license, and secures his freedom. "All speech," says Humboldt, "from the very simplest, is a connexion of that which is felt individually with the common nature of humanity." We can imagine times of less developed individuality, when the brighter consciousness of some great man might flash into word whilst his fellow-men were silent, and this vocal act be so distinctly felt as the utterance of the intellectual wants of the community, as to be at once quietly but unanimously adopted into the language of the people. In the ante-historical times, in which the original languages had their formation, we can imagine this to have been the usual course. But this *seer* and *poet* (for such he would be) could only be borne on by the conviction that he was understood by those to whom he spoke, that he was bringing to the birth that which was struggling in their minds. The feeling that he was a member of a body would prompt his utterance. We would go further, and say, that in every fresh word brought into the lan-

guage there would be a proof that that God who brought the animals to Adam, to see what he would call them, was awakening the consciousness of men to understand the world and themselves. The work of the formation of language would be, therefore, a continually repeated act of *introduction* of words on the part of individuals, who, from understanding the unspoken thoughts of their brethren, were best fitted to be their spokesmen, and of *adoption* on the part of those whose hearts and minds responded to them. The same thing takes place now, though new words are introduced but seldom, and only gradually find their way into use; for still it is true that that word only *lives* which bears the stamp of the *nation and age*, and *not of the individual*.

In nothing that we have said above, do we wish to imply that there is such a thing as *concert* in the formation of language. Language is a birth, and not a production. Concert implies consciousness, and there is no act of consciousness interposed in language between the distinct mental view and the appropriate word. We do not believe that in our selection of words out of the common stock any conscious act intervenes. Men are eloquent from clearness of insight, and the power of realizing the connexions of things, and not by forethought or memory. No doubt, language is a most wonderful example of combined effort; but those engaged in it were unconscious of working on any plan, towards any end to be attained in the far future. If, then, we observe amongst the languages of the earth some more advanced than others, we must not attribute their pre-eminence to any high ideal which the people set before themselves, but to the harmonious development of their powers of thought and utterance. We cannot overlook the fact that there is a plan and also a progress towards an end, but the plan and progress are in higher hands than man's. As Humboldt has well said in another place—"Universal history implies a Governor of the universe."

Since all language is in direct connexion with man's restless mind, it can never stand still, at least in nations which play any part on the stage of history. "There is no time," says Humboldt, "in which it is not undergoing some change, though it may be imperceptible. But the more advanced a language is in its grammatical structure, the less is choice admissible, the more does the word-creating power slumber, the more does the mass of extant matter restrain the individual and the age." In considering the development of a language, therefore, both the subjective stamp of the national mind, by which the original direction was determined, and the mass of materials produced, (the objective independent

power of language,) must be taken into account. The sum of former effects, which may have been one-sided, exerts, so to speak, a *vis inertiae* in the present, which the vigour of a single generation can seldom overcome. Humboldt lays great stress upon this objective power in many passages of his work, and we think justly. "But since all and each," he says, "work uninterruptedly on the language, every generation produces on it some effect, not always obvious. For the change does not always lie in words or forms, but in the use that is made of them, and where writing and literature are wanting, it is difficult to discover this."

After having treated these general and abstract questions connected with national languages, Humboldt proceeds to his more immediate subject. Since the differences in languages depend on the physical and mental peculiarities of the nations to which they severally belong, he examines these two points separately. He treats first of the *vocal* element or the forms which sound takes. That the peculiar sounds which man utters can be formed by him at all, is a proof of his intellectual nature. Homer justly considered the epithet *μέρορες*, "dividing the voice into parts," as containing the chief outward characteristic of man. Man would never have had the power of uttering *articulate* sounds, (*i. e.*, sounds capable of forming the members of an organic whole,) if he had not possessed also the inward faculty of distinguishing objects from one another, and combining them—perceiving their points of difference and their relations to one another as portions of the universe.* The power of articulation rests, in fact, on the power of the mind to subdue the organs of speech to its own purposes. The number of sounds which different nations are able to produce varies within very narrow limits. The sounds themselves, although on the whole alike, differ in quality and distinctness; and not, unfrequently, secondary sounds, such as the aspirate, sibilant, and nasal, lose the subordinate character which they possess in languages of a higher class. The objects for which sound is to be employed in language generally determine the relative excellencies of alphabets.† In order, therefore, that a system of articulate sounds may be perfect, the sounds must admit of accurate distinction, and complete combination with others without losing

their independence. Not only must there be abundance of sounds, shewing a happy organization of the voice that utters them and the ear that receives them, (which in a nation go together,) but likewise a perception of the relations of sounds, and, consequently, delicately marked gradations, with regularity in the manner of arranging them. It is not, however, only abundance of means that is needed, but a certain sobriety in the use of them, arising, as it were, from an instinctive presentiment of its wants. The mind ought to shew itself master of the outward element. It must not suffer its purposes in language to be thwarted by an over-luxuriant growth of sound. It must rather do some gentle violence to the organs of speech than hide the clue by which meanings are audibly connected. No transformation of sound, for instance, ought to obscure the connexion between the derived word and the root, the inflexion and the word to which it is applied.

But, farther, the comparative advantages which a language possesses, as regards the vocal element, may consist in the nature of the relation of the sound to the sense. "To explain," says Humboldt, "in what manner objects which appeal to all the senses at once, or the inward emotions of the heart, are represented by impressions on the ear alone, is in most cases impossible. That there is a connexion between the sound and the sense appears certain, although the nature of this connexion can seldom be accurately described. It must often be only obscurely felt, and much oftener be altogether undiscoverable. Confining ourselves, however, to simple words, Humboldt thinks we may assign three reasons which have determined the choice of sounds for the expression of particular conceptions. 1st, Objects are represented by certain sounds, because the object itself produces those sounds; *i. e.*, so far as inarticulate sounds can be rendered by articulate. Sometimes too much of the inarticulate sound is introduced into the word; sometimes so much of the articulate that the imitation is scarcely apparent. This mode gives a rude character to the language, and words of this class often disappear as it receives higher cultivation. Such words in English, in which there is a great number, are *boom* (of cannon,) *hiss*, *pop*, *twang*. Some belong partly to this class, partly to the next, such as *gush*, *gasp*, in which the *g* is *symbolical*. 2d, An object is designated by a sound which produces on the ear (often from the place in which it is formed by the organs of speech) a sensation akin to that which the object produces on the mind. Thus the sound *st* is used in many languages as well as the English, to form words having such meanings as *stand*, *staunch*, *stiff*, *stern*: it is obvious

* The tendency to articulate observable in deaf and dumb persons, which has never been awakened by hearing the sounds corresponding to the motion of the organs of speech, is a remarkably proof of this.

† Alphabets are the result of analysis; syllables are really the units of sound. The Chinese, and, we believe, the Mandschur, have really only syllabaries, the former significant, and the latter phonetic as well.

that the sound requires for its pronunciation a certain determination in the organs of speech. It is easy to perceive why the liquid *l* should be used in such words as the Sanscrit *li*, in the Latin *solvo*, and the English *melt*, which have all the same meaning. The sharp dividing *n* is used in many such words as *nip*, *gnaw*, *not*; *strain*, *strenuous*, *strong*, are examples. It is easy to perceive that on this principle objects producing the same impressions may be represented by words containing the same sounds. Such, for instance, besides some of the above, are *wind*, *wave*, *wish*. This mode of designation was unquestionably much employed in the earliest structure of language, and may have produced a similarity of structure where there is no historical connexion. If it had been thoroughly carried out, the similarity would have been greater, since the same objects would everywhere produce the same impressions, and these impressions would stand in pretty much the same relations to the various sounds. 3d, Conceptions are represented by similar sounds when they stand in certain relations to each other. Words, likewise, whose meanings lie close together receive similar sounds, but without that regard to the quality of the sounds themselves which marked the former method. This mode, which is called the *analogical*, is in the most extensive use; the analogy of conceptions and of sounds proceeds in it *pari passu*, and it is most useful in pointing out the connexion of conceptions.

The extent to which this last and most refined method is carried out, depends, of course, very much upon the facility with which the language admits combinations of sound. Sometimes a change in relation is marked *symbolically*. Thus, in Arabic a very common mode of forming collectives is by the insertion of a lengthened vowel. This could only be done in a language in which the sense of articulation was highly cultivated: for some of the ruder tongues express this modification by pausing between the syllables, or by gesture, both evidently material fashions. Other examples of symbolical expression might be accumulated.

And we may further remark how the vocal and intellectual powers of nations influence each other. If the intellect of the nation is clear, and it realizes to itself distinctly the relations of objects, it will make a happy use of the articulate sounds which it possesses and seek to multiply them. As the power of distinction and combination in the mind is the condition of the articulation of the voice in general, so the desire to distinguish the finest shades of meaning and relation will induce variety and gradation of sound. The Arabic language, as compared with the Hebrew, is a proof that a nation favoured with inward light

and outward advantages at a particular period, might not only apply extant forms of sound to the purposes of language, but develop these forms into greater variety. Only, whatever development takes place is always in analogy with what Humboldt calls the *form* of the language, or of the stock to which it belongs.*

On the other hand, some languages, from the very abundance of their vocal varieties, arising from a happy organization, and a delicate sense of relation and gradation in sound, may possess far more beautiful and ingenious forms than they are able to use, for distinguishing those relations which their intellect has enabled them clearly to represent to themselves. This is the case with the Semitic tongues. The Sanscrit, with its subtle analysis, has, from the perfection of its vocal system, several forms for the same relation. But those forms which are chiefly produced in the joyful utterance of an early stage of the language, lie ready for more discriminating use, even by other families of the same stock. Thus the Greek *plusquamperfectum* is formed from the superfluous form of a Sanscrit aorist.†

A very remarkable instance, as it appears to us, (though Humboldt does not adduce it,) of the way in which a love of euphony may almost raise a language of a lower form to a higher, from agglutination to inflexion, is afforded by that of Finland, the Suomi tongue, as the people themselves call it. This language is perhaps the most refined of the Tartar stock: there seems, indeed, to be a constant improvement as we proceed from the east towards the west in these languages.‡ The Finlanders have, from their love of fuller sounding forms, a dislike to monosyllabic roots, and add, even to those words which they adopt from foreign tongues, an unaccented vowel termination, giving the language that trochaic rhythm which distinguishes it. Thus the Magyar words *hal*, a fish; *kéz*, the hand; *él*, to live, are in Finnish respectively *kala*, *käsi*, and *elä*; the German words *rath*, counsel, and *hut*, a hat, become *raati*, and *hattu*. Now the root itself, as in all

* Thus the Malay languages have increased their prefixes in number, but prefixes their remain.

† "Even in Greek," says Humboldt, "especially in Homer's language, there are considerable marks of the same tendency. But generally a remarkable difference between the Greek and the Sanscrit shews itself in this, that the Greek marks out its forms more exactly according to grammatical conceptions; whilst the Sanscrit glories more in the use of her technical means to produce abundance of forms." Humboldt compares this richness of sound in another place (p. 92) to colour in painting.

‡ Thus in dealing with the annexed substantial words which are used to express relation, the Mandeschur and Mongol separate them in writing from the principal word, the Turkish does this less frequently, whilst the Finnish and Magyar languages mould the words more into an inseparable whole.

agglutinating tongues, is unchangeable, internally, (this is their principal mark of distinction from the inflexional,) but the final consonant may be changed, as well as the above mentioned phonetic increment; as, therefore, this vowel increment likewise promotes the addition of consonants to the root itself, (for instance, the Mag. *fel* becomes in Finn. *pelke*, to fear; and the Mag. *hú* or *hul* becomes *kylmä*, cold,) it tends in two ways to multiply and improve forms. The phonetic element may in this way not only produce a certain resemblance to inflexion, but bear along the inward formative power of the language, compelling it to cast away the coarse material supports it has hitherto used, and to content itself with the slight indications of relation which the remains of the original elements present.

But if delight in sound, and a tendency to distinct articulation, may induce an inward change and improvement in language, a lack of these advantages, accompanied by want of energy in the nation (depressed perhaps by outward circumstance) to overcome this lack, and wrest from the outward *all* that it is able to supply, may occasion a degeneration in speech. When means of outward expression are thus rendered difficult, the nation is likely to rest satisfied with imperfect vocal formations. "Then it is unable to behold its whole being in all its depth and distinctness, by giving it objectivity in sound, thus losing itself and even here and there falling back into the deviations of lower languages."*. Such was actually the case with the Egyptian language. The inward formative principle of the old Egyptian is high. It belongs to the inflexional languages; it manifests a clear view of the laws of thought and the relations of things, it marks the distinction between meaning and relation, and recognises the importance of the verb in the sentence; but the power of articulation is weak, and there is no appreciation of euphony. This, in combination with other causes, has produced a degradation of the language which is well described by Bunsen in his linguistic dissertation read at the meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1847, and published in their Report for that year, (pp. 282, 283.)

We have next to consider how the *mental* peculiarities of nations influence the structure of their language. Such peculiarities manifest themselves in many ways, in their social institutions, their domestic habits, their manners, their gestures, their costume, for instance, as well as in their works and their words:—

"It might seem," says Humboldt, "as if all nations must be alike in the intellectual part of

the process of language. We can understand that in their *vocal* forms there must be an immense variety corresponding to the individual characteristics of their bodily and physical conformation. But when we come to consider the *intellectual* side of language, which rests on the independent action of the mind, it appears as if the similarity of ends proposed, and of means afforded, must render it the same. No doubt this part of language presents a greater amount of likeness, but there are here, too, from many causes, important differences. These depend partly on the manifold degrees in which the general inward power of speech resides in different nations, as well as on the relation which exists between the various powers active in its production. On the other hand, we must remember, that there are in this domain faculties engaged whose operations cannot be measured by the formulæ of the understanding. Imagination and feeling produce individual forms in which the character of the nation especially discovers itself." "But even in those parts of language which depend on the connexions of the understanding, differences are discernible, which almost always proceed from faulty or defective combinations." "The nature of human speech encourages indeed these inaccuracies, because it presents so many methods of getting round a difficulty, so that as far as the immediate practical object of language is concerned, they are harmless." "The fault of want of completeness," he says, in another place, "rests either upon the fact that the laws of thought are not distinctly realized in the mind, or upon the insufficient flexibility of the systems of sounds belonging to the language. Failure in one domain, however, reacts upon the other."

There are three points in which languages, from these causes, differ,—1st, The formation of their separate words; 2dly, The mode of adapting them to form parts of a sentence; 3dly, The manner of gathering them into a sentence. *First*, as to the formation of words, we must recur to a principle of general application before mentioned, on which Humboldt lays considerable stress, namely, that words are not the outward signs of things, but of our conceptions of them. One reason why the designations of things differ in different languages is, that the national manner of thinking is different. Nations take different views of things, and therefore they express them differently. Even the same object is designated differently in the same language, according to the characteristics of it, which strike the mind at the time the word is formed. Thus the elephant in Sanscrit is called the "twice drinking," the "two-tusked," the "hand possessing." It is the designation of simple inward and outward objects which exhibits most distinctly the mode of contemplation, the imagination, the fancy, and the feeling, the whole character, indeed, peculiar to nations. "Into the particular designation," says Humboldt, "enter plainly, in one case,

* Steinthal, *Classification der Sprachen*, p. 77.

imagination and feeling, guided by the loving contemplation of the outward world ; in another, the acutely distinguishing understanding ; in a third, the boldly connecting reason.* In their words we may perceive that some nations have lived more face to face with nature, that others have pried more into the secrets of their own being. Some seem more to wish to keep distinctly before the mind the fact, that there is a connexion between the outward and the inward, and the things that are seen are patterns of the things that are not seen ; whilst others obliterate in their words the original marks of the connexion which was perceived between the two. A difference is plainly discernible in the first of these respects between the Greek and the German languages.* The stamp of the national mind is further discovered by the predominance of classes of words belonging to a particular department of thought or life ; thus the Sanscrit abounds in religious and philosophical words.

But in order fully to enter into this subject, we must endeavour to look at the vocabulary of a language as a connected whole. There are two things which language has to express, *meaning and relation*, corresponding to substance and form. Now, it is plain that some nations may have a much keener sense of the relations of things than others, viewing the universe more as a connected whole, and seeing its analogies more clearly, and that this must shew itself in the structure of their languages. Some of these analogies would be seen to exist between sensible things, some would be felt as existing between things seen and unseen. The Indian grammarians boasted that their vocabulary could be explained out of itself, and though this might not be the fact, it shewed in them a true sense of the nature of language. They did not however imply that this structure was the result of reflection, but only of a happy genial mode of looking at the universe. Language has to make an infinite use of finite means, and the only way in which an approach can be made to this, is by a continual combination of those finite means. It cannot have altogether separate sounds for separate objects ; and it is well that it cannot, for it might lose the opportunity of expressing the connexions of things by an analogical mode of treating sounds. The very necessity of the case then suggests an analogical mode of treatment. What we mean will be plainer in an example. The

flight of a bird brings two views before the mind, that of a motion produced by wings, and that of a quickly passing action. The former particularizes the action, and distinguishes it from others ; the second presents a feature by which it may be classed with others. Language takes advantage of this, and uses the radical sound *f* to represent the more general conception, adding another sound to express the particular. It thus multiplies its forms, and expresses the likeness which exists between the act of flying, for instance, and the conceptions contained in *flow, flame, fling, flash, &c.** Thus a very few radical sounds, expressing very general conceptions, may, in a highly organized language, form the foundation of an extended vocabulary, formed by means of successive additions and modifications. The conception attached to the radical sound may often be rather felt than expressed, for it is by no means necessary that the *roots* of a language, in this sense, should be actual words. (This is strikingly the case in the Semitic languages, in which the roots cannot even be pronounced without a sound indicating relation, for the roots consist only of consonants.) Now, these roots are of two kinds, which Humboldt calls *objective* and *subjective* ; Bopp, *verbal* and *pronominal*. "The former," he says, "are principally descriptive, and denote motions, qualities, and objects, without reference to any person, assumed or perceived ; the others, on the contrary, have no meaning at all without such reference, and refer altogether to the person. They are the personal pronouns. As the former are the origin of the *substantial* words in the language, so do the latter give rise to the *formal* words, other pronouns, prepositions, and conjunctions." Indeed, it is a mark of perfection in a language when these parts of speech are not derived from substantial words, but from *subjective* roots. Yet these roots are not only the foundation of many formal words, but also of many of the inflections in language.

But before we begin to speak of these inflections in language, we must mention a class of words nearly connected with them, in the formation of which the same principle of analogy may be perceived. With the act of denoting the conception is associated, according to Humboldt, an act of the mind, by which this conception is referred to a particular category of thought or speech, and the full sense of the word proceeds from that expression of conception, and the accompanying indication which modifies it together. Thus the conception which lies at the foundation of the mean-

* Humboldt directs the attention in another part of his work to the pictorial character of the Delaware language, which endeavours to congregate as many outward marks as possible into their names of objects. Thus they call the acorn "the nut of the leaf hand," in allusion to the shape of its leaves. The number of signs comprehended within a word is of great importance to the impression, of which the unity is impaired when the word is developed into a sentence.

* Without going so far as India, we may see a specimen of this structure of language in the German. Becker, following Grimm, has developed the fact very beautifully.

ing in the words *fly, flight, fier, flies*, is referred by the mind to the logical categories of existence, action, &c. These two elements lie, therefore, in entirely different spheres. In the operation of connecting them the independent action of the mind is exhibited in combination with its more receptive faculty. If in the designation of the conception we may see more of the character of the people, in the indication of the relation, (either to a class of objects, or to the other words in the sentence,) we may learn more of their modes of thought, and of the degree to which the national intellect has been developed; "for all depends here upon the depth of insight, and upon the liveliness with which the categories of thought present themselves to the mind."

We believe that Humboldt has rendered good service to grammatical science by the earnestness with which he insists on the distinction (too often overlooked) between the logical and grammatical categories. It is most necessary to observe this, if we would understand some of the most important differences between the languages of the earth; for just as different national minds may take different views of the same objects and designate them differently, so also may they represent to themselves differently those relations of things and laws of thought which must be the same for all men. There is, in fact, an universal logic, but there can be no universal grammar; for there is no universal system of grammatical categories. The more complete and pure the grammatical categories are, the more they will correspond with the *logical*, but they are not convertible terms. The latter are scientific expressions, the former are popular expressions, derived from the national mode of representation. "Every individual grammar," it has been observed, "is a system of popular logic." Thus, the noun and the verb are grammatical categories; they correspond to a certain extent with the logical categories of existence and action, but they are not the same. The latter are determined by the meaning of the words, the former by their form. The infinitive, *e.g.*, belongs logically to the category of existence, grammatically to that of the verb. The grammatical subject of a sentence and the logical are, we know, frequently different. Every passive form inverts the logical relation, the sufferer being represented as the subject and not the object.* So too we are able to express the relations of cause and effect in language with the greatest clearness, and yet there is no necessary grammatical form for them. In

logic one member is necessarily subordinate to the other, not so in grammar.

Let us now observe how these general relations are denoted grammatically by different nations. According to the mode in which this is effected, we speak of the *isolation* of words, their *agglutination*, and their *inflexion*. In the first, relation is not expressed by sound at all; in the second, the combination of the parts is mechanical, and the mode of representation often very material; in the third, the combination of the parts is organic.

The Chinese employ no vocal means at all to indicate the relation of words, but mark this almost altogether by position; but as we shall characterize the Chinese language and mind hereafter, we shall not now dwell upon this point. By far the largest class of languages employ either objective roots or else subjective, and some both, to express relation, continuing to use the added words more or less in their independent meaning, and keeping the two parts more or less asunder, or at most connecting them rather by assimilation of sound than by genuine synthesis. Other languages, again, use either subjective or objective roots, but strip the latter of their meaning, and alter both, completely fusing them with the root, and allowing the root itself to undergo a change.

With respect to the agglutinating class, a distinction may frequently be observed in the *meaning* of the substantial words used to express relation. In the designation of inward realities and feelings we saw that the character of the nation manifests itself in the selection of metaphors, and also in the way in which these are either dwelt upon and preserved, or else speedily forgotten; and so it is also with respect to the metaphorical representation of relations. Of these relations some nations may take a more material view than others.* Of course,

* For instance, a nation may view genus not in the light of logical subordination, but merely as a means for helping to name a particular object; in the latter case we find the generic term merely attached to the individual. The Burman language forms a number of names of fishes by putting the word signifying fish before another syllable. Compare with this the higher view taken of natural distinctions (of sex for instance) by several Indo-European languages. The distinction of sex is regarded as the expression of activity in the male, and receptivity in the female, and is indicated symbolically by corresponding vowels, with and without consonants, *e.g.*, dominus, domina. The distinction of subject and object, again, may not be realized in any general point of view, but be represented to the mind as a person standing or lying, working or resting, (as in the Basque language.) Relation may only appear as mechanical connexion; thus the languages of South-West Africa give the same prefix to all words that are connected. Thus, too, some languages have no real verbal forms, and though they have many ways of expressing material differences, have nothing but participles; the Bar-

* The Sanscrit treats the passive verb after the same manner as the purely subjective verb, p. 265. The Hebrew seems to regard the accusative as the grammatical form of suffering, and puts the grammatical subjects of passive verbs in this case.

the more material the view taken, the more material are the means used. The inhabitants of higher Asia express the locative and dative (which we express by means of the prepositions *in* and *to*) by a root which means "to stand, to abide."* They, with many other nations, express plurality by means of the words *plurality*, *totality*, or the like. Instead of the symbolical way in which past time is expressed by reduplication in Sanscrit and Greek and Maeso-Gothic, it is expressed metaphorically in the Yarura tongue by a word *ri* which denotes distance.†

In languages which express formal relations by means of substantial words, it is plain that there can be no such thing as inflexion; the word which ought to be subordinate is too weighty and inflexible to admit of its being so treated by the tongue as to form a real affix to the word which it is to define. The meanings of both words stand equally independent before the mind, therefore they cannot be fused into that inseparable unity which constitutes the essence of inflexion. The mouth cannot amalgamate what the mind keeps apart. The formation is at best a compound word. But there is an ingenious process to produce unity of word used in the Tartaric stock, especially in its nobler languages, belonging, as far as we know, to them alone, which, though Humboldt does not mention it, may be worthy of our attention. We mean the law of vocal harmony. The vowels of the formal syllables must, according to this law, harmonize with those belonging to the substantial part of the word. In this manner, the formal parts are subordinated to the latter and more important part, which is the more necessary, as in these languages, (for instance in the Turkish verb,) there may be a long

string of formal syllables tending to obscure the root.*

But we must discuss more fully the subject of inflexion, and speak of the alteration which the word undergoes in the highest class of languages, in order that it may come under a particular category, or be fitted to take its place in a sentence. It may be altered in two ways: by inward change and external addition. Where internal change is practicable, and is even, as in the case of the Semitic languages, favoured by the structure of the words, the distinction between the indication of the category and the designation of the object is easily secured. The substantive identity of the word is preserved whilst its form is changed; just as in the conception the substance is unchanged, whilst the formal relation is added. On the other hand, addition from without is a kind of composition, but with this difference the *simplicity* of the word is not to be impaired, two conceptions are not to be combined into a third—one is to be viewed in a specific relation. Therefore, that part of the word which indicates the relation is to be put on a different line, so to speak, from that which designates the conception; its clearness of sound is not to be impaired, but we are to be made to understand that its significance has departed and its independence is lost. Composition tends to preserve the integrity of the syllables, that their significance may not be lost: inflexion tends to destroy the significance of the part added. We are not, then, to regard inflexion as mechanical, as a conjunction of what was in itself separate, and a subsequent obliteration of the marks of union. The inflexion grows out of the word, and is as much one with it as the various parts of an opening bud. However plainly the pronouns may be recognised as forming the inflexional parts of the persons of the verb, they are not merely attached to it. The verb was presented to the mind in its individual forms, and each of these forms burst through the lips one and indivisible.

"There is this difference," says Humboldt, "between inflexion by inward change and by the suffix, that the former is always, whether or not we can enter into the feeling, *symbolical*; the latter has, in most cases, at some time, had an independent meaning."‡ The suffixes, we would add, may be *symbolical* too, and indeed contain a symbolism deeper

man, for instance, (p. 351,) which has not even a substantive verb, as the American languages have, (p. 270, &c.) They cannot say *amo*, *amas*; but only *ego amans*, *tu amans*. The Mandschur and Mongol languages rise somewhat above this. They cannot say *amo*, *amas*, as the Latin, only *amans*, *amatus*, but they distinguish these participles from such nominal forms as *amator*, *amatorius*. But here we have nothing corresponding to the grammatical categories of noun and verb, because the mind of this people does not perceive the distinction between existence and action, but only between that which is inherent and that which is transitory. Steinthal, *Classification*, p. 81. Again, in the Kawi language the plurality of the active subject is marked in the verb by the use of the frequentative form of the verbal root, an ingenious but very material mode of representation; an action done by several persons is regarded as done several times over; *dicat*, *dicant*, are represented by words corresponding to *dicens*, *dicitans*.

* Schott's *Versuch über die Tatarische Sprachen*, p. 56.

† It is scarcely necessary to mention that the representation of time under the form of space is very general.

* Thus in Turkish *aghâ* = lord, has *aghâlar* in the plural; *er* = man, *er-ler*; in Magyarish, *kert* = garden, *kert-esz-nek*, to the gardener. In Finnish, *teräs* or *teräkes* = steel, *teräksellä*, from the steel.

‡ On the original meanings of the Sanscrit, &c., suffixes, see some excellent observations in Dr. M. Müller's Paper in the Report of the British Association for 1847.

than that which lies in the analogy of sounds. If the researches of Bopp and others have left it unquestionable that not only in Sanscrit, but also in other languages, the suffixed syllables are more or less derived from those roots which refer immediately to the speaker—the so-called subjective roots—then their symbolical meaning rests upon this very fact. The categories of thought and speech cannot be more fitly pointed out than by sounds which refer exclusively to the thinking speaker. The *sounds*, however, in some of these suffixes may be symbolical. Bopp has well remarked, that in the pronoun of the third person the clear sound of *s* is assigned to the living person—the dull sound of *m* to the neuter; the same sounds being likewise used to distinguish severally the active subject, (the nominative case,) and the passive object of the action, (the accusative.)

Humboldt points out well how a highly-organized language, such as the Sanscrit, from which he draws his examples, secures two things of great importance in speech—the unity of words in themselves, and their suitable distinction as definite members of a sentence. These two different, though nearly connected objects, the Sanscrit accomplishes by using different means, and by so doing distinguishes the objects themselves. Letters at the ends of words, and those in the interior of words, are, in fact, treated on different principles. By the first mode the word is kept separate from the other words, and made an individual *member* of the sentence; by the second it is knit together in itself—*i.e.*, the inward unity of the signs of conception and relation is secured. Hence, though the Sanscrit marks the conjunction of the words, more closely than any other language, there is no risk of the unity of the separate words being sacrificed—the analysis is as complete as the synthesis. But, further, it points out the different *degrees* of unity in words by a different treatment of their component parts. No less than five degrees are marked. Compound words belong to the lowest class; the grammatical forms of declension and conjugation form the highest. The compound words are treated more according to the rules just alluded to, which hold in the case of separate words—the three highest classes by the rules which determine combinations of letters in a word. Besides the changes which take place in consonants when they come together, changes still more important for the unity of the word take place in the vowels. All the cases in which such changes occur are treated with the greatest attention to logical consistency and euphony. Thus, in order to maintain the root in its integrity, its vowel is not assimilated to the suffix—it is expanded or altered in a way

not qualitative but quantitative; so that the radical vowel is easily traced, because it is amplified according to rule.* The difference between rude natural sounds and graduated tones is more apparent still in what is called reduplication, a process which tends greatly to ensure unity of word. The repetition of the first syllable of a word to denote its increased importance is variously used amongst uncivilized nations, to mark plurality, frequency, &c.; but in Sanscrit this is managed with such delicacy and variety that five or six forms of it might be mentioned.

We must now turn to the consideration of the various means which are in use in different nations, to secure the unity of the sentence. "This is a higher unity," Humboldt remarks, "not only because it embraces more, but because it is more intellectual, more independent of the element of sound." The origin of the sentence itself gives the reason for this unity. We may be sure that man from the first associated a proposition with every word he uttered. Every name implies a judgment on the object designated; and in the early stages of languages, the reason why a particular name was given was probably manifest in the term itself. It expressed qualitative existence, though not in a developed form. The next step would be the division of this whole into its parts by an act of analysis. But the perception of this, as a whole, would not be lost; the object produces a total impression upon the mind, and the sentence must have *unity*.† Now this unity may be either that of singleness, as that of the word in its undeveloped state, or that of an aggregate, (*i.e.*, a mechanical unity, implying an imperfect distinction of parts,) or that higher unity which presupposes the recognition of difference, the unity of the body and its members, all distinct, but all designed for each other, all co-operating. Such an unity as the last is the sentence of the inflecting languages, which is formed out of words, bearing mostly in themselves the marks of their relation to the sentence. In the Chinese language the parts are distinct enough, (monosyllables, without the slightest tendency to coalesce,) but there are no signs of their being intended for each other beyond their position, and the unity of the sentence is

* Thus, though the vowel is amplified not in one degree, but in two (in what are called Guna and Wridhhi,) the original vowel is readily detected, and to the ear the effect seems to proceed from the depth of the original syllable, and conveys all the feeling of a development. This raising the vowel to a higher power, (to use a mathematical expression,) is only in one case symbolical in Guna, *viz.*, in that of *intensive* verbs. Wridhhi, which is related to Guna as superlative to comparative, is more frequently so.

† That the same word may either be substantive, adjective, or verb, is plain from the Chinese.

feebly marked, just as the unity of magnetized iron-filings is not so high as that of a body.* The unity of the Mexican sentence is the inorganic unity of an aggregate; in order to mark the unity of the whole, which cannot be perceived from the adaptation of the parts, it heaps it up into a single word. The Mexican language, however, rightly considers the verb to be the centre of the sentence, and annexes to it the governed and governing parts, giving to this combination by vocal contrivances the stamp of a connected whole. Thus, *ni-naca-qua* means, I flesh eat. But how does this differ from such a word as $\chi\mu\epsilon\omega\gamma\alpha\gamma\omega$? In this, that the Mexican is bent upon giving the scheme of a whole sentence in his word; and therefore, if the governed substantive is not incorporated, he inserts the pronoun of the third person. The substantive is placed afterwards, as we should say, in opposition—thus, *ni-c-qua in nacatl*, I it eat, the flesh. Even if no definite object is added, an indefinite is inserted, having a double form for persons and things, *ni-te-tlama*, I somebody something give. This language is interesting, because in its construction of the sentence it bears the type of an early stage of development. It is like a recollection of the time when men represented their meanings in a single word, but were beginning to feel that more definite expressions were necessary, and therefore added these, whilst they still clung to the original unit of expression, and put it first. Some languages, much like these in character, do not, however, go so far as to let the verb absorb the noun, but allow it to take this liberty with the pronouns both governing and governed. As the appetite may grow with what it feeds on, so here; for when this method has acquired full sway in a language, several pronominal objects are admitted into the conjugation of the verb. This is the case in some of the North American languages, and remarkably so in the singular language of that mysterious tribe which occupies its stronghold at the very western extremity of Europe.† In all these so-called incorporating languages, the connexion has suffered from want of distinction of the parts. But though they are content to embrace their impressions as a whole, “because the different points of contact between the object and the feelings are not clearly represented to the mind, they show not only ingenuity and freshness, but also a right view of relation.” The personal pronouns are very prominent, and they make use of them symbolically to express

the most general relations. This speaks plainly of an early but genuine mode of representation, of a stage in man's education when he was learning to understand things, by seeing how they were related to his own being. It is only at a more advanced period of culture that men learn to restrict this reference to cases in which it is necessary.*

But, after all, that which constitutes the chief characteristic of the noblest class of languages, and gives to the Sanscrit stock that permanence and fruitfulness which has distinguished it, is what Humboldt calls their synthetic power. It is this, employed on other materials, which enables the artist to wed together mind and matter in the painting or the statue, the lack of this attribute of genius being marked rather by the feebleness of the total impression than by defect in details. In language this power is manifested, in the formation of the word, in giving the impress of mind to the outward sound; but its importance is still more apparent, though its action is better felt than described, in the higher act of forming the sentence. It is well to have the parts clearly distinguished; it is well to have them shaped so that their correspondence may be at once perceived; but the principal thing is to knit them together into a whole. The presentiment of this organic whole is indeed the condition of the right construction of the parts.

The synthetic power of a language discovers itself in three points—in the verb, the conjunction, and the relative pronouns. We can only refer to the first, as an illustration of what has just been said. The verb is unquestionably the most important part of the sentence, because to it alone belongs that power of synthesis by which the sentence is established, we might say created. This part of speech has itself started into life, just as the noun, by an act of synthesis, involving a fusion of the sound indicating relation with that designating the general conception, but only in order that it may exercise the same function towards the whole sentence. In this point of view the other parts are as inorganic matter. The verb is the centre of life and order. The great question, then, in determining the character of a language is,—how is this peculiar function expressed by sound? The number of moods, tenses, voices, &c., which the verb possesses, is comparatively unimportant; these are more the externals of language, and languages which possess these in abundance, as the Malay, may have little synthetic vigour.

* We select this illustration from a recollection of an expression of Bunsen's in his linguistic dissertation before quoted.

† There are in the Basque no less than 206 conjugations arising from the cause above mentioned.

* The Malay tongues scarcely belong to the incorporating languages, but bear a certain resemblance to them, as they heap a number of significant prefixes upon the verb, in order to supply the lack of inflexions and mark the course of the sentence.

Now, in Sanscrit this organizing power of the verb is distinctly expressed by its grammatical treatment. For, 1st, The verb has nothing in common with the noun; *e.g.*, though verbs may be derived from nouns, the noun in this case is treated like a root, and undergoes considerable alteration. 2d, Since the verb, from its nature, never rests, the language represents it in continual change. The noun represents an object; as such it may enter into relations, but may itself be viewed apart. The verb, on the other hand, represents a momentary passing act; we cannot fix it, or regard it apart from its relations; whilst, therefore, the noun may have a fundamental form first, to which the marks of relation are annexed, the verb cannot exist apart from these, for the infinitive does not partake of the nature of a verb, but is an abstract noun derived from the root. 3d, The vocal unity of the Sanscrit verbal forms is much closer than that of the nominal, and this is expressed symbolically, which is the only adequate mode. When this function of the verb is not properly recognised, it very commonly happens that the lines of demarcation between the noun and the verb are weakened. Then the same word may be used for both parts of speech; any word may, by very slight changes, be turned into a verb; the marks attached to the verb rather point out its own meaning than its function in the sentence; the signs of the moods and tenses wear an independent look; the connexion of the pronoun with the verb is so loose, that the substantive verb must be understood; and, lastly, the forms of the noun and verb are often interchanged. Of all these defects the Malay languages present the most striking examples.

With all their excellencies Humboldt considers that in some points the Semitic languages have diverged from the true course. "This stock of language," he observes, "manifestly belongs to the inflexional class, indeed, inflexion in its most proper sense, as opposed to significant addition, is here especially indigenous. Looking at them, in respect of the *means* they employ, we may say, that their organization in strict consistency, artistic simplicity, and ingenious adaptation of the sound to the meaning, is not only second to none, but perhaps superior to all. Yet these tongues have peculiarities which language scarcely allows, and certainly does not demand. They require, at least in their present form, that every root should contain three consonants; and, secondly, the consonants and vowels do not together express the meaning of the word, but the designation of the meaning is assigned to the consonants, the indication of the relation is left to the word. The first of these peculiarities lays a constraint upon the construction of words, the second makes it difficult to form inflexions

with due regard to the subordination of sounds." Notwithstanding their excellencies, it appears to Humboldt that these languages betray a want of necessary clearness in distinguishing between substantial meaning and formal relation in the minds of the people who speak them.* It is plain, from the second peculiarity above mentioned, that there can be no pronounceable roots in these tongues. Therefore, though the connexion between the two parts of the word is more intimate, and the suitability of the sounds for the purpose more striking than in any other language, they fail in the highest point.† The unity of the word is not obvious enough. For the necessary unity of the word is most plainly felt when the two elements can be recognised separately; this mode is most in harmony with the objects of language and the nature of thought, which demand perpetual distinction and combination.

The effect which a highly organized language may have on the minds of the people who use it can scarcely be over-rated; much as language receives from the mind, let us not forget what it restores to it. The national mind has been acting upon it for ages, and it has thereby assumed a distinct objective existence in constant contact with the mind of every particular generation. The most powerful and the most sensitive, the most penetrating and the most contemplative minds have poured into it their strength and their tenderness, their depth and their inward being; the language has stored up all this, and by its tones awakens the like qualities in the minds of the people of after times. The insight and the feeling of the few have become, in a measure, the inheritance of the many. For, by its very nature, language acts as an absolute barrier to none, is a stay and a guide to most, and is the instrument of thought to all. An evident connexion exists, therefore, between success in the formation of language, and in all other branches of intellectual endeavour. "A happily constructed language," observes Humboldt, "not only adds power to the understanding, but awakens a feeling of the existence of something deeper than what mere dialectics can exhaust, with a desire to fathom it, and a presentiment

* They stand, for instance, in striking contrast with the Sanscrit, in that the nominal and verbal forms which imply so intimate an union of meaning and relation, are constructed in a way which reminds one of agglutination, whilst those derived words which imply a material change of meaning, receive a formal expression.

† Ewald has remarked that the more intellectual function is assigned to the lighter, more inward, more flexible vowels, the more material function to the sturdier consonants; and Grimm has well said of the difference between these two classes of letters, "the consonant shapes the word, the vowel lights it up and defines it."

of a correspondence between the seen and the unseen, the world of sense and the world of spirit." The effect it must have upon the intellect is easily understood. For, consider how much depends here upon the logical arrangement of conceptions, the clearness of their separation, and the definite indication of their relations to one another; these form, indeed, the indispensable foundation of all, even the highest exercises of mind. But how much of this depends upon our language. With a rightly ordered language accurate thought can proceed easily and naturally; the very instrument which it uses almost forces just distinctions and natural connexions upon the mind; whilst inferior languages present actual difficulties for the mind to overcome, or at all events afford it no assistance.

In order, however, that a language may be really helpful, it must occupy, so to speak, a central position. Particular excellencies may no doubt tend to cultivate particular sides of the intellect, but the real merits of a language must be estimated by the harmonious and comprehensive nature of its influence. Those only are truly elevating which accompany the mind helpfully and encouragingly in every direction. The birth of such a language as this forms an epoch in the history of humanity; the possession of such a language as this marks out a nation for the accomplishment of great things, is a kind of prophecy of future eminence, both because it is an evidence of the vigour of the national mind, and a powerful instrument of progress. Such a nation may be long depressed, but in its language it inherits a vehicle for high thoughts, a lever, so to speak, by which it may remove obstacles on its onward march, when the impulse is once given. Moreover, because such a language has a living principle in it, it may undergo manifold changes, and yet retain its original form and vigorous character. The Romanic *toïgues* afford an excellent example of the way in which the formative principle cleaves to the nobler languages in their disorganization and reconstitution. The grammatical characters of the Latin were shattered, but the *form* of the language remained, and the characters were therefore re-constructed out of materials which the old language afforded.*

But how are we to reconcile what has been said about the permanence and fruitfulness of the inflexional character, with the fact, that inflexions are always more abundant in the earliest ages of a language, and gradually decrease as time advances? Let us hear Humboldt:—

"Is it not strange, that the conservative princi-

* A short but comprehensive account of the rise of the Romanic languages will be found in Bensen's linguistic treatise before referred to, pages 274, 275.

ple should be that which is sacrificed? The wearing down of inflexions is an undeniable fact. That inward sense which determines the language of a nation, at one time allows them to drop off unnoticed, at another time intentionally gets rid of them; and it is more correct to view the phenomenon in this light, than to attribute the effect to time alone. It makes, *e.g.*, more liberal concession to euphony, and avoids an accumulation of significant parts, where one is sufficient to preserve the form from being confounded with others." "If my observation does not deceive me, these vocal changes attributed to time take place much less in the ruder than in the more civilized languages, and this is very easily explained. Of all the influences that act upon language the most active is the human mind itself, and it is from its most lively action that language experiences the greatest alterations. It is just what we should expect from the progress of the national mind, and its increasing confidence in the stability of its inward views, that it should exercise less watchful care over the modification of outward sounds. As the mind becomes more conscious of its maturity it handles with more boldness its own combinations, and casts away the bridges which language has constructed for the understanding. With this temper, an imperfect appreciation of that poetic charm which resides in sound may often be associated. Poetry itself, in this case, adopts more inward ways, in which it may lay aside the outward advantage with less risk. It is therefore by the transition from a more sensuous to a more intellectual tone of mind that language is here transformed. But the originating influences may not have been of so noble a character. Coarse organs of speech, and an ear little susceptible by nature, and unimproved by exercise in music, may lay the foundation for indifference to the euphonic elements in language. In the same way a predominant practical tendency may introduce abbreviations, omissions of relational words, and ellipses of all kinds, because, when to be understood is the only object, everything which does not directly tend to this end is despised." "But, in general, we may observe that the relation of the national mind to the language is altogether different when the latter is in the fermentation of its first formation, and when already constructed it is serving the purposes of daily life. In that early stage the elements of the language are recognised in their very root, and stand out distinctly before the mind, which is engaged in their combination; and she then takes pleasure in the construction of this instrument of her future triumphs, and lets nothing fall to the ground which is associated with any shade of feeling. In after times, comprehensibility becomes a more prominent object, the significance of the elements of words is obscured, and the very customariness of usage makes the mind less careful about the details of construction and the exact preservation of sound. The imagination, which delighted in the felicitous connexion of the marks of meaning with a resounding peal of syllables, gives way to the understanding, which consults its convenience, and resolves the inflexions into auxiliary verbs and prepositions. No doubt this analytical method diminishes the exertion required of the understanding, and even

in some cases increases the determinateness of the meaning; but from the use of these auxiliary grammatical words the inflexions are more easily dispensed with, and lose their importance as regards the formation of language, so that in particular parts genuine inflexional languages come to resemble those which belong to an entirely different stock and adopt a different principle of formation.*

Of this process our own language affords a striking example; at the same time, it shews that though a language may be scanty in its technical arrangements, it may be a mighty instrument of human thought, and be perfectly adapted to all the purposes of social and political life.

We have now traced the formation of language by mankind in various phases; we have noted the excellencies and defects of different languages, and have endeavoured to trace them to their cause in the *physical* and *mental* constitution of the various nations; we have likewise mentioned some of the alterations which the inflexional languages undergo, as the fortunes of nations change, and their practical life becomes more engrossing. We have reserved to the end the mention of a language, perhaps the most remarkable of all, belonging to a nation of historic importance, civilized for ages, and possessing a literature which stretches back for thousands of years—the Chinese. We have done so, because it stands at the opposite pole of language to that at which the inflexional languages are found, and forms a most striking contrast in its means, objects, and requirements, to those of the modern languages already mentioned. For instead of assisting the understanding as much as possible, it keeps it upon the constant stretch; instead of multiplying the means of formal distinction, it almost entirely neglects them.

First, as regards the means used to express conceptions, its words are narrow in compass and scanty in number. The distinct sounds in the language are but 450 in number, which by the addition of tones and accents are multiplied to 1203. But these do not admit of combination so as to form a larger number of words, for the compound words in Chinese are not really united in sound; so that the number of words in the spoken language is but little more than 1200. For practical purposes this number would of course be very insufficient, if the meaning were not helped out by gestures, repetitions, &c. As in the written language such an explanation would be impossible, all obscurity is obviated by adding to the signs of sound certain conventional signs, (of which there are about 50,000,) not intended to express sound, but suggest the particular meaning. Secondly, as regards the means used to mark relation, the Chinese scarcely

express it at all by sound, but by the *position* of the words in the sentence, and thus draw a distinction between the meaning and the relation, which some languages overlook. This is, however, but a negative virtue. The modern Chinese uses a few particles like our conjunctions, but these are all, to use the very happy terminology of their grammarians, *full roots*, i.e., have, or have had, a substantial meaning. They are, in fact, conventional expressions for that which the old language did not express at all. No affixes or suffixes, much less inflexions, exist. There is, therefore, no etymological part of grammar in Chinese: it is all syntax; and this of the simplest description. Thus, the word which determines another precedes it if the latter is inactive; follows it if it is *active*. (Hence the attributive precedes the substantive, the adverb the verb, the subject the predicate, but the object of the verb comes after it.) The words themselves admit of manifold interpretation, according to their place in the sentence. Bunsen well compares each word to a magnetized mineral, capable of presenting a nominal or verbal pole according to its position relatively to other words. Position elicits its polarity. The words, in fact, bear marks of a time when every word contained within itself an undeveloped proposition. Now position determines what part of this latent proposition is to become prominent. In consequence of this structure of the language, many relations are expressed by most ingenious periphrases, which shew plainly that the true relation was present to the mind of the people.*

"All this would lead us," says Humboldt, "at first sight to pronounce the Chinese tongue, that which departed most widely from the natural demands of language—the most imperfect of all. But this view will vanish on close inspection. The Chinese possesses, on the contrary, a high degree of excellence, and exerts a mighty, though partial influence on the mental faculties. In the first place, the consistency of its structure cannot be denied. All other inflexionless languages, even though they may put forth strenuous efforts in the direction of inflection, stop short of the mark.

* Thus, to express the instrument in such a phrase, as with the people's strength, they employ the term *ti*, to use: *ti* *mini* = to use the people's strength. The superlative is formed in a similar manner, thus *pe*, *fu tchi-te* = hundred man good, i. e., the best of all men. They are even ready to adopt formal expressions from other nations; and having made them concrete, to employ them for the indication of relations, &c. Thus, in the sea-port towns of China, where the natives have become acquainted with many English expressions, we are informed that they have adopted the sign "A 1," which denotes our ships of the first class, and apply it for marking a high degree of excellence. An A 1 bird's nest would mean a very prime one.

The Chinese, entirely abandoning this method, carries out its own principle to the end. The very nature of the means which the Chinese employ for the designation of all that is formal, without the support of significant sounds, drove them to a more exact observation of the different formal relations, and a systematic arrangement for them." The distinction between substantial meaning and formal relation becomes the more clear to the mind as the difference in their expression in language is one, not of degree, but of kind.*

After even so partial a survey as the above, of the various forms of human language, the question naturally rises to the mind—Can such a variety have proceeded from one common root? Our limits forbid us to enter into this subject; but we would gladly point out, in conclusion, how the researches of William von Humboldt seem to us to bear upon it. So far from deliberately entertaining the question, he appears to have carefully kept clear of it; and, at all events, it did not necessarily enter within the range of his Introduction. His object was to analyse and describe languages, not to trace their history. Believing, however, that the correct understanding and limitation of their differences, is the first step towards the perception of that unity which underlies them, we value this work very highly, because it develops a method by which we may estimate these differences, and trace them in some measure to their cause in the physical and mental constitution of man. If the varieties are at first sight startling to those who believe in the unity of the race and an original language, they become less so, when the numerous causes which combine to produce these particular effects are more deeply considered.

But Humboldt's researches in the last

* We cannot help remarking, how entirely this coincides with what we know of the character of this singular people, in other ways. Unity, without distinction, marks their practical life as well as their language. "The general will," says Hegel, "declares what the individual is to do, and he does it without reflection and without self." A patriarchal emperor represents this general will, and so his law is the rule of action—the very morality of the body. He is the high priest of science and religion, as well as the head of the state, declaring what is, as well as what ought to be. The same character, too, which marks their language belongs to their art. The man who cuts with the simplest tools toys so artfully constructed, that we, with our turning-lathes, can hardly execute them, handles the materials of speech, words, with wonderful dexterity likewise, and adapts them to the most subtle purposes, shewing, in both cases, an equal mastery over matter, and contempt of means. But their art is, after all, mere ingenuity and dexterity, external trivial imitation, without any idea to elevate it. There is, indeed, in the nation little power of generalization or deduction, and therefore there is little or no progress.

chapter of his work carry us further in the view they give of the original capacity of language to undergo change. They tend to prove that all languages bear evidence of having been at one period of their career monosyllabic, and must have been so. We may conclude *a priori* that the earliest languages were so. The unit of sound would correspond to the unit of conception. Now, a monosyllabic language would be more susceptible of change than another, from additions, reduplications, composition, &c., and syllables at one time the same might, in distinct courses of development, be so altered as to bear little trace of their original identity. The great merit of this part of the work is, that the author lays down some outlines of a method for detecting cognate roots, and reducing disyllabic roots to monosyllabic in different languages; and it is in this line, as Bunsen has well shewn, that comparative linguists must proceed, if they are to establish scientifically more distant affinities than those between languages of the same stock, for which the consideration of their grammatical forms is the main thing.

On the point, whether there has been a gradual development of the higher languages from the lower, Humboldt is not explicit. The truth appears to be, that different languages have, so to speak, been *petrified* at different stages of development, because the national mind did not advance, and we thus have a consecutive system of formations, a history of human language, recorded in specimens belonging to many different stages. But it does not at all follow that the most highly developed was the latest in time, or that the connexion between every two steps should be demonstrable in the way of cause and effect. A connexion may be traced in some cases, but there are other changes which seem to be separated by an impassable chasm. It seems that, as great individuals are able, by the force of their genius, to give a new impulse to the human mind, and lift it above obstacles which have before impeded its course, so there are nations which are qualified to construct higher forms of language. Such a *lift* as that, from agglutination to inflexion, seems to us to require the rise of a new nation, or at least an entirely new form of national life. And, after all, great nations, like great men, are not made, but born: we cannot reckon upon them, or predict their appearance, or explain it: they are the gifts of God to the world, the fulfillers of His purposes.

ART. VIII.—*History of the War in Afghanistan. From the Unpublished Letters and Journals of Political and Military Officers employed in Afghanistan, throughout the entire period of British Connection with that Country.* By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. 2 vols. London, 1851.

AMONGST the features by which our Indian rule is specially distinguished, one of the most conspicuous is the peculiar difficulty to which we are exposed in the maintenance of the frontier. In order to preserve the territory we hold, it has been judged necessary to keep up alliances, to interpose between rival powers, or to plunge into costly wars upon the borders. British India cannot be marked out on the map; and governed like other countries by the ordinary machinery of a domestic system. In the close neighbourhood of numerous races who are at once divided against themselves by antagonistic interests, and united against us by a common faith, the government of India is as much a matter of intricate policy from without as of control and organization from within. To this curious position of an empire won and sustained in the midst of jealous and hostile tribes, may be ascribed the fact of its rapid and still increasing extension. This extension is considered, in fact, an inevitable condition of its existence. It was necessary to advance our dominions farther and farther for the mere protection of what we already possessed. Feuds on the border must be subjugated as a safeguard against the infection of rebellion at home.

When protection was repaid by treachery or insult, the exaction of punishment or compensation was literally a measure of self-preservation. To have submitted to a wrong, or betrayed a fear, would have been to invite a danger, the remote issues of which might have perilled the fruits of a thousand victories. And thus, through a series of complicated transactions, in which we see the ally, with few exceptions, become transformed into the foe, and the mediator into the master, our Indian Empire presents the singular spectacle of a country deriving its internal safety from external agitation, and its strength and unity from the compulsory extension of its territories, elsewhere a source of weakness and disaster. Even the broad line of the Indus no longer limits our dominion, and the natural boundaries of empire have been swept away before the onward course of our standards. Of all the events that have arrested the attention of the world, in that history of progressive acquisitions, exhibiting in the most remarkable light the energy, skill, and courage of our countrymen in the East, that long train of baffled negotiations and harrowing carnage

which is related in the volumes before us, may be considered, if not the most important, certainly the most profoundly interesting—especially at the present moment, when similar scenes appear to be in preparation on the same battle ground. That the interest of this narrative, however, and its direct influence upon the future, should be truly understood, it is necessary to trace back its springs to earlier incidents than the retreat from Caubul or the havoc of Jugdulluck.

Some fifty years ago, there was a vast region in India called the Douranee Empire, comprehending the whole country of Afghanistan, Cashmere, and the Derajat—a wild, haggard country, thinly populated by turbulent and barbarous races, and haunted by the ghoules and spectres of their superstitious imaginations. At that time this Empire was utterly unknown in England, and even the European residents in Hindostan knew little more of it than the fact of its existence. The best way of describing the mode of life of the people who wandered over the surface, or clustered in the solitary towns of imperial Douranee, will be by analogy with another form of animal economy. Whoever has seen a drop of New River water under the lens of a microscope, and observed the sanguinary activity and frightful contortions of the animalcula there developed in a coil of eternal strife, may form some estimate of the domestic and social characteristics of the Douranee population. Fighting was not to say merely the ghastly trade of this people, it seems to have been their pastime. The Afghans, who appear to have been famous for their hospitality and their ballads, and who delighted in a little innocent gossip and gentle love-making at evening-tide in their villages, or the Fakir's gardens, were as fond of civil-war, although not so ferocious in their dispositions, as the Rohillas. No vocation was exempt from this universal passion; even the pastoral classes were as belligerent as the trained soldiers. "Their very shepherds," says Mr. Kaye, "were men of strife. The predatory and the pastoral character were strangely blended; and the tented cantonments of the sheep-drivers often bristled into camps of war."

At the time we speak of, this remote kingdom was governed by a prince whose mind was possessed by one large misty idea—that of extending his possessions to the banks of the Ganges. This prodigious design so entirely engrossed him, that in the panoramic language of our author, he was "continually marching an army upon the frontier." The phrase is a good one, and expresses with a peculiar descriptive force the uneasiness of the monarch. In India, however, it is not always safe for governors to be marching armies on

their frontiers, for the moment they go away out of their own territories, the chances are one hundred to one that some younger brother, or fifteenth cousin, or irritated minister, will take advantage of their absence, and start up in their place; so that when a sovereign makes a speculative excursion of this kind, he may consider himself the most fortunate of men if he do not find his throne occupied on his return.

It was under the operation of some apprehension of this kind that Zemaun Shah, the then monarch of the Douranee, kept "continually" advancing upon the frontier, and as "continually" marching back again in a great fright to his Balla Hissar at Caubul. His movements were calculated to awaken curiosity and wonder, rather than to produce alarm, wherever the actual extent of his resources was known; but the people of British India were so ill-informed respecting him and his dominions, that when a rumour came floating into the Council Chamber of Calcutta, announcing the threatened descent of this fluctuating Sovereign upon Hindostan, we cannot be much surprised to find that it created a strong sensation, which penetrated even to the Governor-General himself. The danger was, of course, magnified by ignorance of the real poverty of a ruler, who, if he could have raised the enormous levies with which he was accredited by report, must have immediately disbanded them again from want of money to pay them. Had they been aware that his menaced invasion bore a close resemblance to the celebrated exploit of the French king and his numerous followers up and down a certain historical hill, they would have given themselves very little trouble at Calcutta about the flourishes of his chivalry.

But the fact of an invasion from that quarter was one of the most probable things in the world. It was the centre of a movement and a hope to which the aspirations of every tribe and race in the east were directed. The re-establishment of Islamism, and the rescue of Hindostan from the hands of the Franks, were objects for the accomplishment of which all eyes were turned to Caubul, and all hands were ready to lend their aid. "Every Mahomedan," said Lord Wellesley, speaking of the threatened expedition, "even in the remotest regions of the Deccan, waited with anxious expectation for the advancement of the champion of Islam." The most sagacious statesman of the day recognised the likelihood of such an attempt; and the reputed enthusiasm of Zemaun Shah, for the recovery of the ancient land of the faithful, gave a strong colouring of feasibility to the rumours which, day after day, supplied fresh speculations for the political circles of Calcutta. But his Majesty's phantom

appearances and disappearances at various points, created so many groundless alarms that the English grew tired of the cry of "wolf!" His name, and the vague terrors associated with it, were at last very nearly forgotten; indeed, the whole empire of the Douranee must have sunk into total oblivion, if sundry ominous reports of French intrigues in Central Asia had not suddenly revived an interest in its existence, and given an importance to its affairs which they could not otherwise by any possibility have acquired.

The French were said to be carrying on secret plots in Persia, with a view to the ultimate subversion of our power in the East: and as Persia was the grand frontier and high road to India in that direction, these rumours no sooner reached us in an authentic shape, than we resolved to send a mission to the Court of Teheran. The agitation produced by the apprehension of a French demonstration on the borders of our Oriental empire, and the treaty negotiated by Captain, afterwards Sir John Malcolm, with the Persian monarch, by the provisions of which the French were literally prohibited from entering the country upon any pretext whatever, are matters of history familiar to all readers. But an allusion to them is indispensable to the completeness of the narrative. Having thus secured ourselves against the only real danger that threatened us, a season of indifference succeeded. The internal convulsions of Central Asia went on as usual—the Douranee Empire continued to cultivate insatiable domestic feuds, and to threaten its neighbours with flying hostilities; but from the date of the Malcolm treaty we took no further notice of these exterior races. Prince after prince was deposed, imprisoned, or put to death. It was no affair of ours. Even the formidable Zemaun Shah, while he was actually advancing on one of his chimerical invasions of Hindostan, was stopped short by the rebellion of his brother Mahmoud, ignominiously beaten, cast into prison, and for ever incapacitated from reigning, by having his eyes punctured and blinded by a lancet. Mahmoud in his turn was driven out by a younger brother, Shah Soojah; but these fluctuations in the royal drama exercised no disturbing influence over our repose. So long as we kept the French off the Persian border, and maintained our amicable relations with the Court of Teheran, the population of Afghanistan might play at soldiers in any fashion they pleased. We had other business to attend to. A change had passed over our whole system of policy. We no longer displayed the bravery of our wealth to dazzle the imagination or bribe the friendship of the native powers; we no longer stepped in amongst them as guardian or arbitrator. A spirit of the strictest economy per-

vaded our internal regulations, and our new external policy was that of rigid non-interference. We were to govern India by its own resources alone, at a time when these resources were reduced to the lowest ebb, and to abstain from all demonstration of activity on our frontiers, while we were pursuing measures of retrenchment that betrayed our weakness within. Nor was the inexpediency of this change the only grave objection against it. Coming suddenly after the brilliant administration of the Marquis Wellesley, its effects were the more keenly felt, and its poverty the more glaringly exhibited. That such a system could not have been long sustained without endangering the whole framework of our Indian administration soon became sufficiently obvious; and even if the disaffection that it engendered in the army, and the death of Lord Cornwallis, had not brought it to a close, the new and portentous events that were looming upon us from the west must have rendered its abandonment inevitable.

Russia was ravaging Persia; and the Persian monarch, in the last emergency, had applied to France for assistance—to that very France who not very long before was not to be allowed to plant her foot on Persian ground. And to increase the perils of this situation, Napoleon and Alexander were just about this time meeting in a raft at Tilsit to parcel out the world between them. The policy of Persia in seeking the help of France at this juncture was evident, and not a moment was to be lost in the effort to re-establish an influence in the Court of Teheran, or, in the event of failure, to stir up into hostility the intermediate races that lay upon our border. The domestic system was given up all at once. A voice had gone abroad, from one end of India to the other, to warn us that Russia was striding over the adjacent provinces, and that nothing short of a miracle could save us from impending destruction. The rapidity of our action under the pressure of these terrible omens was equal to the occasion. We despatched missions to every quarter from which we could draw an advantage, or neutralize a danger—to the Afghans, to the Ameers of Sindh, to Teheran, and to the Sikhs, “a strange new race of men,” as Mr. Kaye calls them, who, in the interval that had elapsed since our attention had at last been attracted to that neighbourhood, had “erected a formidable power on the banks of the Sutlej by the mutilation of the Douranee Empire.” Our main object was to wean Persia from the French alliance, and to recover our influence in that country: failing in that, it was our design to set up Afghanistan and Sindh as barriers against encroachments from the west, and to strengthen our frontier still more

directly, by uniting the Sikhs with us against the French and Persian confederacy. If we have made these projects intelligible, the reader has now the whole state of things as in a map before him up to 1808.

The missions were successful, without a single exception. An extraordinary embarrassment hung over the negotiations with Persia, arising from a circumstance unprecedented in the history of diplomacy—that of two ambassadors, with different powers, and what was still worse, with different views, being accredited at once from the same government. But a treaty was executed in spite of this singular stumbling-block. The reverses of Napoleon in the Peninsula greatly facilitated the progress of our envoys; and even the Sikhs, at first discourteous and almost contemptuous, entered into a friendly alliance with us on our own terms. In the treaties with Sindh and Caubul, special provision was made for the contingency of a French invasion; but the caution was unnecessary, for while these very instruments were being drawn up, all doubts and fears about France were extinguished in the victories of Wellington.

In the mean time the interior of the Douranee Empire was torn by distractions, out of the fury of which rose Dost Mahomed to supreme power. The life of this man forms a remarkable episode in Indian history, and is strikingly characteristic of the accidents that conduct to eminence amongst Oriental nations, and of the qualities most available for taking advantage of them. The English reader should be apprised, as a key to Dost Mahomed's career, that the Douranee population is mainly divided into two principal clans or tribes—the Populzyes and the Barukzyes. The Suddozye, or Royal race, of which the poor blind Zemaun Shah and his insurgent brothers were members, and therefore legitimately entitled in their illegitimate way to ascend the throne, was a branch of the former. These are hard names to read and remember; but he who would understand Indian history must make up his mind to difficulties of this kind. One of the most powerful chiefs, or Sirdars, of the Barukzye tribe, was Futteh Khan, who, after having served and betrayed several masters, occupied at this period the influential post of Wuzeer. With this introduction, the reader will be prepared for what follows:—

“Among the twenty brothers of Futteh Khan was one many years his junior, whose infancy was wholly disregarded by the great Barukzye Sirdar. The son of a woman of the Kuzzilbash tribe, looked down upon by the high-bred Douranee ladies of his father's household, the boy had begun life in the degrading office of a sweep-er at the sacred cenotaph of Lamech. Permitted, at a later period, to hold a menial office

about the person of the powerful Wuzeer, he served the great man with water, or bore his pipe: was very zealous in his ministrations; kept long and painful vigils; saw everything, heard everything in silence; bided his time patiently, and when the hour came, trod the stage of active life as no irresolute novice. A strippling of fourteen, in the crowded streets of Peshawur, in broad day, as the buyers and the sellers thronged the thoroughfares of the city, he slew one of the enemies of Futteh Khan, and galloped home to report the achievement to the Wuzeer. From that time his rise was rapid. The neglected younger brother of Futteh Khan became the favourite of the powerful chief, and following the fortunes of the warlike minister, soon took his place among the chivalry of the Douranee Empire.

"The name of this young warrior was Dost Mahomed Khan. Nature seems to have designed him for a hero of the true Afghan stamp and character. Of a graceful person, a prepossessing countenance, a bold frank manner, he was outwardly endowed with all those gifts which most inspire confidence and attract affection; whilst undoubted courage, enterprise, activity, somewhat of the recklessness and unscrupulousness of his race, combined with a more than common measure of intelligence and sagacity, gave him a command over his fellows and a mastery over circumstances, which raised him at length to the chief seat in the empire. His youth was stained with many crimes, which he lived to deplore. It is the glory of Dost Mahomed that in the vigour of his years he looked back with contrition upon the excesses of his early life, and lived down many of the besetting infirmities which had overshadowed the dawn of his career. The waste of a deserted childhood and the deficiencies of a neglected education he struggled manfully to remedy and repair. At the zenith of his reputation there was not, perhaps, in all Central Asia a chief so remarkable for the exercise of self-discipline and self-control; but he emerged out of a cloudy morn of vice, and sunk into a gloomy night of folly."

We give this sketch in full, because Dost Mahomed was one of the chief actors in the war that followed, and because our author evidently holds his character in the highest estimation. That Dost Mahomed is well entitled to the honourable vindication he has received at the hands of Mr. Kaye, we entirely believe; judging from the whole tenor of his conduct, so long as it was possible for him to propitiate or secure the British alliance, and also from the regard with which he inspired Sir Alexander Burnes, whose residence at Caubul, under circumstances in the last degree unpropitious for the development of favourable impressions on either side, afforded him the amplest opportunities of studying his temper and disposition. When we find Burnes always ready to proclaim his reliance on Mahomed's integrity, and congratulating himself, at the opening of the war, that he was to be sent in another direction, and that "Dost Mahomed was to be

ousted by another hand than his," we may be assured that the Douranee usurper deserved nobler treatment and a better fate than he received. But we are anticipating the course of events.

We need not trace the steps by which Dost Mahomed rose upon the ruins of his brother Futteh Khan, and finally expelled Shah Soojah from his throne. Such wonderful transitions are common slides in the magic lantern of the East. But in this case there was an element that distinguished the expulsion and usurpation from most of the dynastic changes which agitate the phantasmagoria of Indian royalties. In the majority of instances it is a younger brother, or a nephew, or an uncle, or, at least, some remote cousin or relation of the royal family who drives out the possessor of the Crown; but in this instance it was a member of an inferior tribe that had never enjoyed royal privileges, so that the movement was not merely a successful rebellion against the monarch, but the revolution of one clan against another. The Barukzye race was triumphant over Afghanistan in the person of Dost Mahomed, while the Suddozye, or Royal race, were prostrate in the person of Shah Soojah, who was taken under the protection of the English at Loodhianah, where he had the satisfaction of enjoying the society of his blind brother Zemaun Shah, himself an outcast from the same throne, and a pensioner upon the same liberal power. Shah Soojah, afterwards the antagonist puppet who was to confront Dost Mahomed throughout the war, was a man of a different stamp from his great rival. He was totally unfit for the troublous times in which he was cast, and during the period he held the reins of power, he betrayed an incapacity for government which ought to have operated as a warning against his restoration. "His resources were limited," observes Mr. Kaye, "and his qualities were of too negative a character to render him equal to the demands of such stirring times. He wanted vigour; he wanted activity; he wanted judgment; and, above all, he wanted money." He wanted money, because he had bribed his way to the throne by promises which it impoverished him to fulfil and because he had not ability enough to organize a sufficient revenue to enable him to discharge them. Mr. Kaye, speaking in another place of his incompetent royalty, says, "he wanted the art to inspire confidence and to win affection." In short, his character was made up of negations, and was distinguished more by lack of the qualities which his position urgently demanded, than by the presence of their opposite vices or weakness. If we may believe the autobiography he left behind him, these defects were associated with an amiable and gentle spirit very

rare indeed amongst his countrymen; but we apprehend that he mistook the feebleness of his nature for benevolence, and that, when he takes credit to himself every now and then for pardoning an enemy, he is unconsciously describing the same mental idleness and lethargy of resolution which so often made him neglect his friends, and fail to conciliate his rivals. The conduct he pursued in exile shewed the fatuous folly and shallow vanity of his character in their true colours. Having obtained the perfect ease and security best adapted to a man of his incapacity, he could not be happy unless he was engaged in the dissensions for which nature and circumstances had so especially disqualified him. Two years of repose were lost upon his uneasy spirit. Again and again, an instrument in the hands of wily politicians, he attempted the recovery of his empire; but the means employed were so inadequate, and the results were invariably so ludicrous, that his efforts and his expectations ceased to excite any other feeling than that of contempt and derision. Yet this was the prince, under the mask of whose cause the Governor-General of India issued a formal manifesto, by which he declared war upon the Douranee Empire! It is unnecessary to speculate about the verdict which future times will pronounce upon this measure. The fiat of posterity is anticipated in the able and luminous volumes before us, which, written with an impartiality and discrimination that reflect the highest honour on the author, shew that this war was begun without a shadow of justification, that it was carried on through a series of unprecedented disasters, and that it terminated in a loss of life, treasure, and glory, which cannot be otherwise regarded than as the fitting retribution for a proceeding at once impolitic and iniquitous.

The two prominent actors in this war—the Barukzye chief who had discovered a vigour and integrity in his government of the country which had never been imparted to it before, and the exiled Shah, whose inability became more and more evident as the difficulties of his position increased—are now fairly on the stage before us. We are afraid that the attitude of our Government in relation to them was as undignified as it was anomalous. With the internal revolutions of border kingdoms we had no concern, so long as they did not in any way affect our own interests; it was, therefore, a matter properly of no importance to us whether a Barukzye or a Suddozye occupied the throne of Afghanistan. Such, indeed, was the view taken of the subject by the authorities at Calcutta, who suffered the reigning sovereign to be expelled without interference or remonstrance, and received him, with their habitual hospitality, as a pensioner on their bounty.

Had we drawn the line at this point, no very serious objection could be taken against our policy. To grant a pension to an unfortunate prince, and allow him to live under our protection, was nothing more than had been done in former cases, in the exercise of a large generosity, which seems to be one of the most graceful functions our civilisation and ascendancy in India call upon us to discharge. But we did not stop here. Without espousing the cause of Shah Soojah, or openly exhibiting any interest in him beyond that of compassion, we suffered him to project on our own soil one expedition after another—as contemptible in resources, no doubt, as they were harmless in execution—against the victorious Dost Mahomed. If we did not actually sanction these acts, we allowed them to derive a certain weight from our tacit acquiescence in them. This sufferance might possibly, however, be set down to our perfect neutrality; and, for our own parts, we should be quite willing to give the Government credit for having been guided throughout by the strict principle of non-interference, if they had not finally assisted Shah Soojah in a shape which admitted of no evasion, while they still professed a course of policy which they indirectly violated by that very proceeding. Looking back dispassionately on the events of that period, we do not hesitate to assert, that the first great error committed by the English Government was that of granting to Shah Soojah, in 1832, an advance of four months of his pension, by which he was enabled to raise a considerable force, and to cross the Indus into Sindh, at its head. The Barukzye king had treated the former hostile spasms of Shah Soojah with ridicule; but this was a more formidable demonstration,—so formidable that there was not the vestige of an excuse on the part of the authorities at Loodhiana for affecting ignorance of its object, or of the uses to which the four months' stipend was applied under their eyes. The transaction was every way discreditable to us. It looked exactly as if we had secretly urged Shah Soojah to assert his claims without committing ourselves to support them, so that we might be ready to take advantage of the results let the expedition terminate as it might. That we did not, at that time, consider ourselves called upon to espouse the fallen fortunes of the stipendiary Shah, is sufficiently proved by the fact, that it was not till six years afterwards the British Government made the discovery announced by Lord Auckland, in the famous Simlah manifesto, "that a pressing necessity, as well as every consideration of policy and justice, warranted us in espousing the cause of Shah Soojah-ool-Moolk, whose popularity throughout Afghanistan had been proved to his Lordship

by the strong and unanimous testimony of the best authorities!"

Notwithstanding the indirect help, however, of the British Government, the expedition failed. Shah Soojah was ignominiously beaten, and made his escape with his life only by the forbearance of Most Mahomed, who overruled the eager desire of the Candahar chiefs to give chase to the fugitive. He was not long allowed to enjoy the fruits of his clemency and his triumph, and had scarcely succeeded in crushing one enemy when another appeared at his gates. Runjeet Singh, the chief of the Sikhs, who had recently defrauded poor Shah Soojah of the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond, had penetrated the Douranee Empire, and taken possession of Peshawur. In this extremity, Dost Mahomed proclaimed a religious war against the Sikhs, knowing that upon that pretext he could get together a much larger force than upon any other; and presented himself before Peshawur with so powerful an army, that Runjeet Singh, afraid to encounter him in the open field, had recourse to an act of the basest treachery by which the whole of that vast concourse of soldiers melted away in a single night. The incident is very striking, and as it is related on the authority of the agent, a Mr. Harlan, an American adventurer, who had no reluctance to take the whole disgrace upon himself, the statement may be relied upon. Runjeet dispatched him as an envoy to the Afghan camp, and when he got there he employed himself in corrupting the followers of Dost Mahomed. He divided his brothers against him by exciting their jealousy, and prevailed upon one of them (of all others, too, the lately deposed chief of Peshawur) to withdraw suddenly from the camp about night-fall, with 10,000 retainers. "The chief," says Harlan, "accompanied me towards the Sikh camp, whilst his followers fled to their mountain fastnesses. So large a body retiring from the Ameer's control, in opposition to his will, and without previous intimation, threw the general camp into inextricable confusion, *which terminated in the clandestine rout of his forces without beat of drum, or sound of bugle, or the trumpet's blast, in the quiet stillness of midnight.* At daybreak no vestige of the Afghan camp was seen, where six hours before 50,000 men and 10,000 horses, with all the busy host of attendants, were rife with the tumult of wild emotion." The picture is startling. We cannot recall any similar incident of so surprising and even appalling a character.

Falling back upon Caubul with the remnant of his forces, Dost Mahomed shut himself up in his palace, and plunged deeply, says Mr. Kaye, into the study of the Koran. What consolation or wisdom he drew from its pages does not appear; but, ranking under the loss

of territory, and the disaffection of his natural allies, and apprehending nothing less than an ultimate movement against the capital, he turned his thoughts upon the necessity of calling in foreign aid. His desire lay between Persia and the British; and while he was debating this problem in his mind, two new events, equally alarming from their strangeness, although totally opposite in their complexion, arrested his attention—the appearance of an English Envoy at Caubul, and the advance of a Persian army against Herat. In each case the avowed purpose concealed a sinister design. Captain Burnes was despatched to the Afghan capital for the ostensible object of negotiating a treaty of commerce, but with the secret object of political diplomacy; and Herat was besieged by the Persians avowedly because it was a depot for kidnapping and selling Persian subjects into slavery, but really to gratify the ambition of the young Shah, fostered and urged on by Russia, who had her own ends to achieve by establishing the Persian power in that quarter. These two events, which occurred in the autumn of 1837, laid the seeds of the Afghan war. The recent death of the Khan of Herat gives additional interest to these details at the present moment, since there is reason to believe that a similar intrigue is going forward at the present moment in Central Asia, with the ascendancy of Russian influence in the background, pointing at no distant day to a Russian descent upon Hindostan.

The mission of Captain Burnes had been in some sort invited by Dost Mahomed. Upon Lord Auckland's accession to the office of Governor-General in 1836, Dost Mahomed addressed a letter of congratulation to his Lordship, asking his advice at the same time as to the course he ought to take in reference to the Sikhs. Lord Auckland's reply expressed the most friendly wishes for the prosperity of the Afghan nation, urged the expediency of opening the Indus, and hinted at a mission for the discussion of "commercial topics." As to the Afghans, his Lordship declared that it was not the practice of the British Government to interfere with the affairs of other independent states. Well may Mr. Kaye give vent to astonishment and regret that these repeated avowals of a policy of neutrality were so soon followed by a declaration of war. "With what feelings, three years afterwards," he exclaims, "when a British army was marching upon his capital, the Ameer must have remembered these words, it is not difficult to conjecture."

Captain Burnes' mission failed. Success was impossible for a negotiation which was intended merely as a cloak for ulterior designs. The envoy had a task to perform which no

diplomatic ingenuity could accomplish with credit. To talk politics, as a representative of the British Government, with the Ameer of Caubul, without being invested with the power to come to any definite conclusion, placed Burnes in a dilemma both painful and humiliating. Actuated personally by the most sincere desire to cultivate a friendly alliance with the Ameer, but constantly checked in his impulses, and defeated in his views, by the restrictions imposed upon him from headquarters, we can hardly regard him as fulfilling a much more honourable office than that of a sort of authorized and authenticated spy. Dost Mahomed sought assistance from the British Government in the matter of Peshawur and the Sikhs; but the British Government, acting through Captain Burnes, would give him nothing but good advice—or advice, whether it was good or not. For a long time, much longer than the pride of a European power could have preserved its amicable dispositions in the face of such discouragements, the Ameer continued true to his desire to cultivate our alliance; kept off the agents of Persia and Russia, who were besieging him with temptations; treated the most flattering offers coldly; and all in the hope of securing friendly relations with the English, which it was our interest as well as his own to cultivate. And it was not until Burnes received his final instructions to reject the Ameer's proposals, that Dost Mahomed reluctantly, but as a matter of necessity, turned his face, as the Easterns say, towards the masked enemies of England. The causes of Captain Burnes' failure are thus ably summed up by Mr. Kaye:—

“His mission failed. What wonder? It could by no possibility have succeeded. If utter failure had been the great end sought to be accomplished, the whole business could not have been more cunningly devised. Burnes asked everything, and promised nothing. He was tied hand and foot. He had no power to treat with Dost Mahomed. All that he could do was to demand on one hand, and refuse on the other. He talked about the friendship of the British Government. Dost Mahomed asked for some proof of it; and no proof was forthcoming. The wonder is, not that the Ameer at last listened to the overtures of others, but that he did not seek other assistance before.

“No better proof of his earnest desire to cement an alliance with the British Government need be sought for than that involved in the fact of his extreme reluctance to abandon all hope of assistance from the British, and to turn his eyes in another direction. It was not until he was driven to despair by resolute refusals from the quarter whence he looked for aid, that he accepted the offers so freely made to him by other States, and set the seal upon his own destruction. ‘Our Government,’ said Burnes, ‘would do nothing;

but the Secretary of the Russian Legation came with the most direct offers of assistance and money, and as I had no power to counteract him by a similar offer, and got wigged for talking of it at a time when it would have been merely a dead letter to say Afghanistan was under our protection, I was obliged of course to give in.’ What better result Lord Auckland could have anticipated it is hard to say. If the failure of the mission astonished him, he must have been the most sanguine of men.”

While this unpropitious mission was working in vain at Caubul, our other agent, Mr. McNeill, who had proceeded to the Persian camp before Herat, was exposed to a result still more disastrous. We considered the siege of Herat as a proceeding that involved a direct violation of existing treaties. Our language, on this point at least, was explicit, and Mr. McNeill's instructions were clear and peremptory. He distinctly announced the views of the British Government to the Shah in the camp; and the message was afterwards repeated in unmistakeable terms, when a naval armament was despatched to the Persian Gulf. But in spite of all our menaces and expostulations, the English agent was treated with open disrespect. Finding that his position entailed nothing but disgrace, he repeatedly applied for his dismissal, and at last was compelled to leave without it. “The Russians,” observes Mr. Kaye, “were exalted at the Persian Court—the British were slighted and humiliated. There was not a tent-pitcher in the camp who did not know that the British mission was treated with intentional disrespect. It was time, therefore, to bring matters to a crisis.” And the crisis came in a shape the Shah had scarcely anticipated.

“Reluctant as he was,” says our author, “to terminate our diplomatic intercourse with Persia, Mr. McNeill, on the 7th June, took his departure from the Persian camp. From the ramparts of Herat they looked out upon the striking of the English ambassador's tents, and a large party of horsemen were seen making their way across the plain. The rupture was now complete. Persia was no longer an ally of Great Britain.”

The whole account of the siege of Herat given in this work, and derived in great part from unpublished sources, is one of the most vivid and animated pieces of historical writing with which we are acquainted. The sketch of the old city, seated with solid earthen walls, surrounded by a wet ditch, with its poor and oppressed population dirty and ill-clad, and going about in a hurried and anxious manner, “each man looking with suspicion into his neighbour's face,” where few women were to be seen, and it was dangerous to be abroad after sunset, from the fear of being seized and

sold into slavery,—a fear which prevailed so universally that the shops were shut before dark, and the stillness of the night was scared with uproars, and challenges, and cries for help—brings the terrible scene in its ordinary state under the rule of terror of Prince Kamran palpably before us. This Prince Kamran, the son of Shah Mahmood, was the last remnant of the Suddozye race that retained a hold of power: an old and feeble man, broken down by long years of debauchery, whose sovereignty was little better than a ghastly pageant. The portrait of this bandit and sensualist is painted to the life; and the account of his return to Herat, upon the rumour of the advances of the Persians, “the streets lined with eager thousands, and the house-tops alive with gazers,” is one of the many faithful pictures of Eastern life, which abound in these volumes, and in which the author brings his descriptive powers to bear with the happiest effect upon his intimate knowledge of the habits and manners of the country.

Shah Kamran had been absent upon a campaign in Seistan, when the intelligence reached him of the advance of the Persians upon Herat. He immediately returned home at the head of his troops, accompanied by his Wuzer, Yar Mahomed Khan, an individual who afterwards became so prominent in the entangled web of Afghan politics, and whose recent death has so unfortunately rekindled the old feuds and rivalries, that we must pause for a moment over Mr. Kaye's sketch of his character. This Yar Mahomed, he tells us, was a “stout, square-built man, of middle height, with a heavy, stern countenance; thick negro-like lips; bad, straggling teeth; an overhanging brow, and an abruptly receding forehead.” The outward appearance of the repulsive Wuzer is not very promising; but, bad as it is, the qualities it conceals are worse. Of unquestionable courage and ability, affable and even serene and courteous in his bearing, this hideous man seems to have concentrated in his nature the most revolting attributes of the national character, rendered additionally dangerous by an amount of energy, tact, and knowledge, not very common amongst races distinguished rather by the extremes of languor and ferocity, than by constancy of purpose and mental activity.

“Of all the unscrupulous miscreants in Central Asia, Yar Mahomed was the most unscrupulous. His avarice and his ambition knew no bounds, and nothing was suffered to stand in the way of their gratification. Utterly without tenderness or compassion, he had no regard for the sufferings of others. Sparing neither sex nor age, he trod down the weak with an iron heel; and, a tyrant himself, encouraged the tyranny of his retainers. As faithless as he was cruel, there was no obligation which he had not violated, no

treachery that had not stained his career. If there was an abler or a worse man in Central Asia, I have not yet heard his name.”

While this sanguinary and unprincipled minister was accompanying through the gates of Herat the master whose seat he was destined to leap into soon afterwards, a stranger, of whose presence they were unconscious, and whose influence upon subsequent events invests every step of his progress with interest, was gazing down upon the cortege.

“Among the many who went forth on that September morning to witness the entrance of Shah Kamran into his capital, was a young European officer. Riding out a mile beyond the city walls, he picketed his horse in the courtyard of a deserted house, and joined a party of Afghans, who, sitting on the domed roof of the building, were watching the procession as it passed. He had entered Herat about a month before, after an adventurous journey from Caubul, through the Imauk and Hazareh countries. The name of this young officer was Eldred Pottinger.”

Pottinger, at that time a lieutenant in the Bombay Artillery, was there in no official capacity, having been merely sent by his uncle, Colonel Pottinger, to explore Afghanistan with the view to the collection of information. Travelling at one time as a Cutch horse-dealer, and at another as an Indian syud, he mixed freely with the people, and was seldom recognised as a European. The morning after the king's arrival, Eldred Pottinger sent a messenger to the Wuzer offering to wait upon him as a stranger and a traveller; a proposal which was most graciously received. Mr. Kaye shall sum up for us the results of this accidental appearance of an Englishman in the beleaguered Afghan city—one of those chance circumstances which sometimes exercise an extensive influence over subsequent events in these Indian campaigns.

“Little did Shah Kamran and Yar Mahomed, when they received that unassuming traveller, think how much, under Providence, the future destinies of Herat were in the hands of that young Englishman. The spirit of adventure was strong in Eldred Pottinger. It had brought him to the gates of Herat, and now it kept him there, eager to take a part in the coming struggle between the Heratees and their Persian invaders. And when the day of trial came—when the enemy were under the walls of the city—he threw himself into the contest, not merely in a spirit of adventure, as a young soldier rejoicing in the opportunity thus afforded him of taking part in the stirring scenes of active warfare, but as one profoundly impressed with the conviction that his duty to his country called upon him, in such a crisis, to put forth all his energies in aid of those who were striving to arrest a movement

threatening not only the independence of Herat, but the stability of the British Empire in the East."

To the hitherto unpublished journal of Eldred Pottinger, crowded with the most exciting details of the protracted siege, during which he not only acted as a negotiator on behalf of the besieged, but by his valour and presence of mind may be said to have sustained the city at moments when it must otherwise have fallen into the hands of the Persians, we are indebted for the materials out of which, chiefly, Mr. Kaye has constructed a narrative that will be read for its own intrinsic interest long after the events it records shall have ceased to act upon the destinies of the country. Into these details we cannot enter, but must hasten onwards to the war that grew out of them.

The siege of Herat lasted ten months. It ended in considerable loss on both sides to no purpose. How or why the Persians failed is not very clear, for they had the power in their hands to carry the works of that mud-built city, if they had only used them effectively. It was the opinion, says Mr. Kaye, of Eldred Pottinger, that Mahomed Shah might have taken Herat by assault in four-and-twenty hours, had his operations been properly directed; but there was no unity of action; the chiefs were jealous of each other, and each, thinking only of his own laurels, was gratified rather than chagrined at the discomfiture of the rest. And so, finding themselves in the month of September without forage for their troops, and awed by our hostile demonstrations, they struck their tents, and with broken spirits commenced their retrograde march to Teheran.

We now turn to the state of affairs and councils in British India during the period we have been describing. It was evident that some measures were necessary for the security of our own dominions, but it was not easy to determine what these measures were to be. With a Persian camp before Herat, directed by Russian diplomatists and engineers; with one ambassador exposed to indignities, and another failing from the evasiveness of his instructions; with the Barukzye Sirdars intriguing with the court of Teheran, and, in the distance, a great northern power moving down like a black cloud upon our frontiers, we could no longer look on with indifference, or trust to that famous chapter of accidents to which, under Providence, we are such heavy debtors in the East. The position was undoubtedly one of great difficulty; and, although, at this distance of time, enlightened by subsequent knowledge, we can see our way clearly enough through the imbrolio, reasonable allowances must be made for any special errors of judgment that might have been committed in the

management of the crisis. But no such apology can be extended to the adoption of a general line of policy, which was not only based upon injustice, but indefensible even on the meaner grounds of expediency or necessity. There were not wanting men well acquainted with the true condition of Central Asia—such men, for example, as Burnes and Wade—and had their views been carried out, much disgrace and calamity might have been avoided. But the Governor-General, betaking himself to the cool mountain range of the Himalayah with three clever civilians,—Mr. William Macnaghten, Mr. Henry Torrens, and Mr. John Colvin, who, being capital linguists, possessed excellent qualifications for interpreters, but were hardly otherwise qualified, although men of undoubted ability and repute, for the very responsible councils to which they were called at this time,—sat down to plan the operations of a war by which, under the transparent pretence of espousing the claims of Shah Soojah, we committed ourselves at once to a great wrong and a profligate expenditure.

It is distinctly shewn in these volumes that Lord Auckland suffered himself to be guided by the advice of men whose brilliancy and youthful enthusiasm carried away his judgment. The gradual progress of their influence over his mind, for, naturally, Lord Auckland was a man of peace, calm, slow, and amiable, is distinctly exhibited. Macnaghten was distinguished as an Oriental scholar; Torrens shone with the lustre of many accomplishments, and, says Mr. Kaye, "could amuse the ladies of Lord Auckland's family with as much felicity as he could assist the labours of that nobleman himself;" while Colvin, who was the most confidential adviser of the three, appears to have possessed an ambition and a resolution somewhat too rash and eager for a juncture so serious. Nor was this all; Lord Auckland had other advisers.

"About him also clustered the common smaller staff of military *aides-de-camp*, and not very far in the background were the two sisters of his lordship—ladies of remarkable intelligence and varied accomplishments—who are supposed to have exercised an influence not wholly confined to the social amenities of the vice-regal camp. Lord Auckland was possessed of a clear judgment, and his integrity of purpose is undoubted; but he wanted decision of character—he too often mistrusted his own opinions, and yielded his assent to those of irresponsible advisers, less single-minded and sagacious than himself. There was no want of capacity in Lord Auckland's camp. The men by whom he was surrounded were among the ablest and most accomplished in the country; but it was for the most part a dangerous kind of cleverness that they possessed—there was too much presumption in it. These secretaries, especially the two younger

ones, were too ardent and impulsive—they were of too bold and ambitious a nature to be regarded as anything better than perilous and delusive guides. But Lord Auckland entrusted himself to their guidance."

And under their guidance was issued that memorable proclamation, in which his Lordship, tracing, with a marvellously partial pen, the history of the negotiations with Dost Mahomed—frustrated, as we have seen, by the indecision, if not by the insincerity, of the Supreme Government—takes occasion to state the necessity, arising therefrom, of arresting the rapid progress of foreign intrigue and aggression, of espousing by a remarkably strained corollary, the legitimate claims of a banished sovereign, to whom we had hitherto afforded a friendly asylum, without ever troubling ourselves to interfere on his behalf, but, on the contrary, distinctly declining to meddle in his affairs! By sending a mission to Dost Mahomed, we officially recognised his sovereignty; with what shew, then, of common honesty could we afterwards undertake to depose him as an usurper? That is a dilemma from which no diplomatic logic can rescue Lord Auckland. It is undoubtedly a very suspicious circumstance, and throws a dark shadow over our subsequent proceedings, that we never discovered the justice of Shah Soojah's claims, or the propriety of taking up arms on his behalf, until we had quarrelled with his successor.

If the relief of Herat had been our avowed object, the expedition "would have been addressed," Mr. Kaye judiciously observes, "to the counteraction of a real or supposed danger, and would have been plainly justifiable as a measure of self-defence." But it was by no means so obvious, because Persia had made war upon Herat, that England should therefore make war on Dost Mahomed. "With all his own and his secretaries' ingenuity," says Mr. Kaye, "his Lordship could not contrive, any more than I have contrived in this narrative, to make the two events hang together by any other than the slenderest thread."

But the most curious feature in the case is, that the Persians had raised the siege of Herat before the Simlah manifesto, to use Mr. Kaye's phrase, was "barely incubated." The legitimate object of the expedition was at an end before the proclamation had obtained general currency. Political consistency demanded that, the pretext for the invasion of Afghanistan being removed, the expedition itself should be abandoned. Lord Auckland had placed the siege of Herat in the foreground, as the main cause and justification, of drawing the sword;—the siege was over, and, upon his

lordship's own showing, the sword ought to have been returned to the scabbard. Yet, in the face of these broad facts, a vast army was collected, with loud and pompous preparation, the Indus was crossed, and an independent kingdom invaded, under the pretence of averting a danger which no longer existed!

It was stated in the newspapers of the day, that the war was approved by Burnes and Wade, than whom no men in India were better acquainted with the true condition of Central Asia; and one of the essential services rendered to Indian history by this publication consists in clearing away this misapprehension, along with a great many more of a like kind. The war was undertaken against the advice of Burnes, Wade, McNeill, and, indeed, of all the men who were most competent to decide upon the course proper to be taken. But once it was undertaken, their line of conduct as individuals, was clear and unmistakable. They were responsible, not for the resolutions of the Supreme Government, but for the discharge of the duties personally assigned to them, which they fulfilled with a zeal and heroic perseverance worthy of a service that, in the worst and most perilous times, has always acquitted itself with honour. By the following passage, we learn also that the highest authorities, at home and abroad, were equally opposed to this unjustifiable expedition: and here we must expressly direct attention to Mr. Kaye's panegyric on the administrative policy of the East India Company, a tribute dictated by that upright feeling and good faith which invariably distinguish his criticisms, and which derives increased force and value from the honesty and independence so conspicuously displayed in this work:—

"The oldest, the most experienced, and the most sagacious Indian politicians were of opinion that the expedition, though it might be attended at the outset with some delusive success, would close in disaster and disgrace. Among those who most emphatically disapproved of the movement and predicted its failure, were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wellesley, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Mr. Edmonstone, and Sir Charles Metcalfe. The Court of Directors of the East India Company were strongly opposed to the war, and had no part in its initiation beyond the performance of such mechanical duties as are prescribed by Act of Parliament. The members of the Secret Committee are compelled to sign the despatches laid before them by the Board of Control: and the President of the Board of Control has unreservedly admitted that, beyond the mere mechanical act of signing the papers laid before them, they had no part in the recommendation or authorization of the war. The policy of the East India Company is a policy of non-interference. They had seldom lost an opportunity of inculcating upon their governors the expediency of refraining from intermeddling with

the Trans-Indian states. The temper, indeed, of this great body is essentially pacific; all the instructions which emanate from them have a tendency towards the preservation of peace and the non-extension of empire; and when the merits and demerits of their government come to be weighed in the balance, it can never be imputed to them that they have been eager to draw the sword from the scabbard, or have willingly squandered the resources of India upon unjust and unprofitable wars."

Mr. Kaye notes another very remarkable discordance in the enunciation of the declaration of war. The manifesto states that the war was undertaken with the concurrence of the Supreme Council. The historian *proves* that it was undertaken in spite of a remonstrance from the Supreme Council against it. The office of the contemporary historian is always difficult, and often delicate and embarrassing; but it seldom exacts so painful a duty as that of exposing a perversion of truth in public documents. The writer who executes such functions with strict independence, must be armed with a moral courage as rare as it is valuable; and we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of observing, that by no single quality is this history more honourably distinguished than by its fidelity to truth, irrespective of power or party. Nor is this quality less worthy of commendation for its own sake, than for the judicial integrity and dispassionate temper with which it is exercised.

The grand gathering of the army destined for the occupation of Afghanistan took place at Ferozepore in the month of November. Every step taken from the very commencement of this inauspicious war, involved us in fresh breaches of faith, or infractions of our own declared policy. The expedition was literally inaugurated by a violation of the very plan of operations which Lord Auckland had himself laid down in the first instance. It was originally intended to construct an alliance between Runjeet Singh and Shah Soojah, for the recovery of the dominions of the latter, guaranteed by England, or, as Mr. Kaye more accurately describes her position, England "remaining in the background jingling the money bag." For this express purpose a tripartite treaty was entered into in the month of June. Had this view been carried out, the onus of the war, with all its failures and disgraces, would have been transferred to the Sikhs and the Shah. But the treaty had scarcely been executed when Lord Auckland, worked upon, it is supposed, by his intemperate advisers, took a more expanded view of the enterprise, and abandoning the passive part to which he was in a measure pledged by the treaty, committed the Government to the whole responsibility of the war. The very

first scene in the calamitous drama was a ceremonial meeting between his Lordship and Runjeet Singh, at which the troops of the two nations were paraded before them. The crush and confusion that marked this memorable interview ominously shadowed forth the disasters that followed. In the meantime, what became of the treaty which this meeting practically nullified? We commend the reader to Mr. Kaye's picturesque account of the galantie show; but we must hasten on.

It is impossible, within our limits, to follow the events of the war, which are here detailed with a vivid minuteness that will gratify to the amplest extent the curiosity of the military reader, while they supply a narrative of such fierce excitement and romantic adventure as rarely sheds its glare upon the pages of history. Some of the most remarkable passages in this war have been chronicled by two or three of the actors in them; but beyond these isolated statements, confined to particular scenes and personal observations, nothing more complete or satisfactory has been given to the public. The history of the whole war, embracing the entire field of operations, and taking up every point of action, is here, for the first time, accomplished upon a scale worthy of the magnitude of the undertaking. The masses of unpublished documents, correspondence, and manuscript journals to which Mr. Kaye has had access, have not only enabled him to execute his task with a comprehensiveness and precision in the details, but with an authenticity of statement that confers the highest historical value upon the work. The judgment, diligence and literary ability displayed throughout these volumes, shew that the confidence which, from so many quarters, committed such important papers to Mr. Kaye's discretion, could not have been reposed in abler or more judicious hands.

Glancing at some of the principal incidents, without observing any chronological order or sequence in our extracts, we will give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits and interest of the publication.

The character of Sir Alexander Burnes, who fell under the murderous knives of the Afghans in the first movement of the outbreak at Cabul, has never been properly estimated, either in what was due to his merits, or in the errors which were ascribable to his impulsive and mercurial temperament. Something of his failures is justly attributed by Mr. Kaye to the anomalous position in which he was placed.

"It was the hard fate of Alexander Burnes to be overrated at the outset, and underrated at the close of his career. It may be doubted whether justice has yet been rendered him—whether, on the one hand, what was innately and intrinsically good in him has been amply recognised, and

whether, on the other, the accidental circumstances of his position have been sufficiently taken into account. From the very commencement of the Afghan expedition Burnes was placed in a situation calculated neither to develop the better nor to correct the worse part of his character. In his own words, indeed, he was in 'the most nondescript of situations.' He had little or no power. He had no supreme and independent control of affairs; nor had he, like other political assistants, any detached employment of a subordinate character; but was an anomalous appendage to the British mission, looking out for the chance of succession to the upper seat. In such a position he felt uneasy and unsettled; he lived rather in the future than in the present; and chafed under the reflection that whilst, in all that related to the management of public affairs, he was an absolute cipher at the Afghan Court, much of the odium of unpopular acts descended upon him; and that much of the discredit of failure would attach to him if the measures, which he was in nowise permitted to shape, were not crowned with success. There is reason to think that if fairer scope had been allowed for the display of his abilities, and a larger amount of responsibility had descended upon him, he would have shone with a brighter and a steadier light, and left behind him a more honourable name. His talents were great; his energies were great. What he lacked was stability of character. Power and responsibility would have steadied him. He would have walked with a firmer step and in a straighter course under a heavier burden of political duties. As it was, all the environments of his life at Caubul were too surely calculated to unbalance and unbalance even a more steadfast mind. It is right that all these things should be taken into account. It is right, too, that it should never be forgotten by those who would form a correct estimate of the character and career of Alexander Burnes, that both have been misrepresented in those collections of State papers, which are supposed to furnish the best materials of history, but which are often in reality only one-sided compilations of garbled documents—counterfeits which the ministerial stamp forces into currency, defrauding a present generation, and handing down to posterity a chain of dangerous lies."

Through the numerous characters thus depicted, with the immediate surrounding influences acting upon them, we obtain clearer views of the actual nature of Indian policy than the most elaborate analysis of mere events could supply. The work abounds in portraits of this kind, drawn with skill and vigour, and imparting to the busy scene that life and movement which constitute the true elements of the historical narrative.

The murder of Sir Alexander Burnes was the melancholy presage of all the horrors that followed. We had succeeded in placing Shah Soojah on the throne, and sending Dost Mahomed and his family into captivity. But we had no sooner achieved this object than our troops, surrounded by savage enemies,

under the very walls within which Shah Soojah sat in his new state which we had won for him, were exposed not merely to the basest perfidies, but to open hostilities, beginning with the assassination of our Envoy. Caubul was in a state of insurrection against the hated Feringhees. Shah Soojah did nothing but look on at the humiliation and slaughter, and our position grew worse and worse every day. There is no doubt that a vigorous demonstration in the first instance would have saved us; but throughout the whole of this most disastrous war, an invincible panic seems to have struck down the courage and self-possession of our soldiers and their commanders. The curse which had fallen on Sir Giles Overreach might be applied with too much truth to the army of Caubul. Orphans' tears had, indeed, glued their swords to the scabbards, and undone widows sat upon their arms and paralyzed them!

Elphinstone, who commanded at Caubul, was mentally and physically incompetent to grapple with the difficulties of the situation. His frame was paralyzed with disease—his mind clouded with suffering. He knew nothing of the country, and appears to have combined in a strange mixture the opposite qualities of obstinacy and credulity. The result was perpetual oscillation. To increase the misfortunes of the crisis, he insisted upon the maintenance of an authority which he either abused or suffered to lapse into inaction. When Brigadier Shelton, a brave rough soldier, was brought into the camp to help him, instead of availing himself of his services, he did nothing but thwart him and annihilate his utility. Everything was against us. Even the cantonments in which our troops lay, exposed to daily harassing assaults, were injudiciously chosen; and when it was proposed to take refuge in the Balla Hirsar, where, at least, the safety of Shah Soojah would have been compromised with our own, it was negatived. The same doom brooded over us on all occasions. The destiny of the Greek drama was not more clear, certain, and fatal, than the awful retribution which tracked in disgrace and ruin the whole tragedy, or series of tragedies, of this most unrighteous war.

At last the whole country rose up in insurrection. It was evident that, independently of their own differences, the entire population was resolved to exterminate the invaders. The incidents of suffering in masses, and of individual heroism, under these appalling circumstances, are probably unparalleled. Many such illustrations might be accumulated; but the larger calamity of a whole army of British troops, defeated at all points, disgraced, and insulted, and perishing in the snows of a wild

country, or cut to pieces in its savage passes, reduces these individual miseries to absolute insignificance. Meanwhile, Shah Soojah was gazing down from the windows of his palace upon the daily decimation of our troops by starvation and the knives of the Afghans. He was infected not only by the general panic, but by special fears for himself.

Some faint notion may be formed of the scenes he witnessed from a scrap out of the description of one of the numerous straggling actions our troops were compelled to fight in self-preservation. The enemy had swept down upon a village from whence our commissariat had been drawing supplies of grain. It was necessary to drive them out of the village. As usual, councils were divided as to what ought to be done, and, as usual, the wrong advice was taken. A weak detachment was sent out to occupy, and, adds Mr. Kaye, "with a fatuity only to be accounted for by the belief that the curse of God was upon these unhappy people, they had taken out a single gun!" The battle had raged for some time, our regiments broken and disordered, now flying, and now re-forming only to be scattered again; and now follows a scene of degradation to the British soldiers, such as we believe to be strange to our annals, and which, we trust, we shall never have occasion to record again:—

"The artillerymen were falling fast at their gun; and Shelton, thinking it insecure, withdrew it to a safer position. Emboldened by this, the enemy continued the attack with increased vigour; and again the British troops began to cower beneath the fire of their assailants.

"For now was seen again that spectacle which had before struck terror into our ranks, and scattered our fighting men like sheep. A party of the enemy, headed by a band of furious Ghazees, emerged from the gorge, and crawling up the hill, suddenly burst upon our wavering battalions. The British troops had been losing heart before this; and now it needed little to extinguish the last remaining spark of courage that warmed them. At this inauspicious moment, Shelton, who had been ever in the thickest of the fire, and who escaped by very miracle the balls which flew about the one-armed veteran, and struck him five times with no effect, fell back a few paces to order some more men to the front. Seeing the back of their commander towards the enemy, our front-rank men gave way; and, in a minute, infantry and cavalry were flying precipitately down the slope of the hill. The Afghan horse, seizing the opportunity, dashed upon our retreating force; and presently friend and foe were mixed up in inextricable confusion. The artillerymen alone were true to themselves and their country. Thinking only of the safety of their gun, they dashed down the steep ascent, and drove into the very midst of the Afghan horsemen. But they could not resist the multitudes that closed around them; and the gun, so nobly served and

so nobly protected, fell a second time into the hands of the enemy.

"The rout of the British force was complete. In one confused mass of infantry and cavalry—of European and native soldiers—they fled to the cantonment walls. Elphinstone, who had watched the conflict from the ramparts, went out, in firm as he was, and strove, with all the energy of which, in his enfeebled state, he was master, to rally the fugitives. But they had lost themselves past recovery; they had forgotten that they were British soldiers. The whole force was now at the mercy of the Afghans."

Baffled, beaten, mocked, and hunted, we attempted to negotiate, but even here we failed; and at this crisis there suddenly appeared upon the scene to give increased efficiency and consolidation to the rebellion, a young Barukzye chief, Akbar Khan, the son of that Dost Mahomed, the enterprising and intelligent ruler whom we had driven from his seat, to make room for a king who possessed neither the resolution nor the power to protect his generous allies from the vengeance of his own people.

We need not pursue the story; the treaty, ignominious in more aspects than that of its insulting dictation, entered into with Akbar Khan, and the disastrous retreat from Caubul. It was here that poor Macnaghten perished, and no man was ever placed in a more difficult strait; with the military authorities always opposed to him, his advice always set aside or evaded, or not acted upon till it was too late; his manly hopes dragged down at last to the desperate conviction that nothing more could be done by engaging the enemy in the field, and that the last resource lay in a game of dexterous diplomacy; it is matter of wonder, as Mr. Kaye observes, not that he was pressed down by "the tremendous burthen of anxiety which had sat upon him throughout seven weeks of unparalleled suffering and disaster, but that he had borne up so long and so bravely under its weight." It would be well to draw a veil for ever over the horrible scenes that ensued, if it might not be hoped that the relation of them would serve as a warning to the future. In the last extremity, Macnaghten consented to give a meeting to Akbar Khan to negotiate terms. He was warned of intended treachery, but, like poor Burnes, he would not believe in it. Accompanied by his friends Lawrence, Trevor, Mackenzie, and a few horsemen, he rode out of the cantonments; but, remembering a beautiful Arab horse of his own which Akbar Khan had much coveted, he sent back for it that he might present it to the Sirdar.

"Near the banks of the river, midway between Mahmood Khan's fort and the bridge, about 600

yards from the cantonment, there were some small hillocks, on the further slope of which, where the snow was lying less thickly than on other parts, some horse-cloths were now spread by one of Akbar Khan's servants. The English officers and the Afghan Sirdars had exchanged salutations and conversed for a little while on horseback. The Arab horse, with which Mackenzie had returned, had been presented to Akbar Khan, who received it with many expressions of thanks, and spoke also with gratitude of the gift of the pistols which he had received on the preceding day. It was now proposed that they should dismount. The whole party accordingly repaired to the hill-side. Macnaghten stretched himself at full length on the bank; Trevor and Mackenzie, burdened with presentiments of evil, seated themselves beside him. Lawrence stood behind his chief until urged by one of the Khans to seat himself, when he knelt down on one knee, in the attitude of a man ready for immediate action. A question from Akbar Khan, who sat beside Macnaghten, opened the business of the conference. He abruptly asked the Envoy if he were ready to carry out the proposals of the preceding evening? "Why not?" asked Macnaghten. The Afghans were by this time gathering around in numbers, which excited both the surprise and the suspicion of Lawrence and Mackenzie, who said, that if the conference was to be a secret one, the intruders ought to be removed. With a movement of doubtful sincerity some of the chiefs then lashed out with their whips at the closing circle; but Akbar Khan said that their presence was of no consequence, as they were all in the secret with him.

"Scarcely were the words uttered, when the Envoy and his companions were violently seized from behind. The movement was sudden and surprising. There was a scene of terrible confusion, which no one can distinctly describe. The officers of the Envoy's staff were dragged away, and compelled each to mount a horse ridden by an Afghan chief. Soon were they running the gauntlet through a crowd of Ghazees, who struck out at them as they passed. Trevor unfortunately slipped from his insecure seat behind Dost Mahomed Khan, and was cut to pieces on the spot. Lawrence and Mackenzie, more fortunate, reached Mahmood Khan's fort alive.

"In the meanwhile, the Envoy himself was struggling desperately to the ground with Akbar Khan. The look of wondering horror that sat upon his upturned face will not be forgotten by those who saw it to their dying days. The only words he was heard to utter were, '*Az barae Khoda*,' ('For God's sake.') They were, perhaps, the last words spoken by one of the bravest gentlemen that ever fell a sacrifice to his erring faith in others. He had struggled from the first manfully against his doom, and now these last manful struggles cost the poor chief his life. Exasperated past all control by the resistance of his victim, whom he designed only to seize, Akbar Khan drew a pistol from his girdle—one of those pistols for the gift of which only a little while before he had profusely thanked the Envoy—and shot Macnaghten through the body. Whether the wretched man died on the spot—or whether he was slain by the infuriated Ghazees,

who now pressed eagerly forward, is not very clearly known—but these miserable fanatics flung themselves upon the prostrate body of the English gentleman, and hacked it to pieces with their knives."

It is almost incredible that this treacherous and bloody deed, committed in the open daylight, should have been permitted to pass, not only unrevenged, but without even an attempt to revenge it. The same had happened in the case of Burnes. General Elphinstone was paralyzed by worse disabilities than rheumatic gout.

Then came the retreat—the crowning retribution of all. It is impossible to convey any adequate impression of the narrative Mr. Kaye has collected, for the first time, into a complete whole of these dreadful scenes. After sixty-five days of such humiliation as had never before been borne by a British force, they prepared to consummate the work of self-abasement by abandoning their position, and "leaving the trophies of war in the hands of an insolent enemy." The snow was deep upon the ground, the elements as well as man were against them, and, to aggravate their misfortunes, the rush of camp-followers that overwhelmed the soldiery, prevented the possibility of maintaining anything like military order.

"Not a mile of the distance had been accomplished before it was seen how heavily this curse of camp-followers sate upon the doomed army. It was vain to attempt to manage this mighty mass of lawless and suffering humanity. On they went, struggling through the snow—making scant progress in their confusion and bewilderment—scarcely knowing whether they were escaping, or whether they were rushing on to death."

When they had advanced farther in their dismal route, attacked by the enemy who harassed them at every step, these camp-followers, clustering about the fighting men, literally paralyzed their movements. They hoped to shake off the incubus by moving on lightly under cover of the night—but in vain.

"It was a bright frosty night. The snow was lying only partially on the ground. For some miles they proceeded unmolested. But when, at Seh-Baba, the enemy again opened a fire upon their rear, the camp-followers rushed to the front; and when firing was heard a-head of the column, again fell back on the rear. Thus surging backwards and forwards—the ebb and flow of a great tide of people—these miserable camp-followers, in the wildness of their fear, overwhelmed the handful of soldiers who were still able and willing to show a front to the enemy, blocked up the road, and presented to the eyes of the Afghan marksmen a dark mass of humanity, which could

not escape their fire even under cover of the night."

The tragedies of the Koord-Caubul, and the Jugdulluck passes, are yet distinctly remembered by all readers of these campaigns. We hasten to the sequel. Perishing by the worst varieties of death, the whole army melted away, until at last out of a total multitude of 16,500 human beings, 4500 of whom were fighting men, but one individual, Dr. Brydon, escaped alive to tell the tale of slaughter to his fellow-countrymen at Jellalabad.

At Jellalabad and Candahar, the miserable enterprise had fared somewhat better. Still it was a disgraceful failure; and when Lord Auckland, who remained in office long enough to witness the total frustration of his magnificent project, staggering and reeling under the ruin he had so rashly invoked, relinquished the government of India into the hands of Lord Ellenborough, we can readily believe that it was the only moment of respite he had felt from the blast of the first trumpet to the close of his Vice-royalty.

In the history of the world there never was a great undertaking in which the hand of Providence punishing the injustice of a powerful state was so visible. Nor did the injustice fall upon Afghanistan alone. It was an injustice, most grievous and oppressive, to ourselves. The attempt to sustain Shah Soojah on the throne had drained the resources of the East India Company to the dregs. The people of Hindoostan suffered as deeply as the people of Afghanistan. They not only expended vast treasures, but offered up the flower of their troops, and some of the bravest and most accomplished men, and best blood they possessed, as sacrifices to a policy which was vainly attempted to be forced upon an independent nation. And in the end, we had the satisfaction of seeing the monarch we had restored, entering into an alliance with the race we had ousted to make way for him, and by whom, upon the very first occasion of his shewing himself among them, he was afterwards murdered, stripped of his jewels, and cast into a ditch.

The narrative of these ruinous campaigns is followed up by a detailed account of the retributive operations of Pollock and Nott, terminating with the restoration of Dost Mahomed, and the declaration by Lord Ellenborough, on the 1st October 1842, of the utter failure of the policy enunciated by Lord Auckland on the 1st October 1838. And thus, after an expenditure of thousands of lives, and millions of money, we sent back the man we had forcibly removed, with the bitter memory of his wrongs upon him to make him our enemy, when we might have made him

our friend, in the first instance, at very little cost of money, and none at all of life; and thus one Governor-General publicly reversed the policy of his predecessor, writing his proclamation, by a singular and signal coincidence, in the same room at Simlah from which the manifesto of the war had been issued exactly four years before!

The work to which we are indebted for a comprehensive chronicle of this war, is a valuable contribution to Indian history. The details are full, accurate, and impartial; and are entitled to additional confidence from the authentic and hitherto unexplored sources drawn upon in the relation of them. Mr. Kaye belongs to no party, and the fearlessness with which he traces the policy of the Government and the conduct of individuals, exhibits an independence of all influences highly creditable to his integrity and his courage. The period embraced in this war was peculiarly open to unconscious predilections. Of the two Governors-General, who presided over the affairs of India during the occupation of Afghanistan, one was a Whig and the other was a Tory; but it is impossible from the perusal of these volumes to determine with which party Mr. Kaye's political sympathies are bound up.

It is written with ability and sound judgment, developing an intimate acquaintance with the interior of the country and the life of the people. Its appearance at this moment is peculiarly opportune. Herat is again threatened by rival claims and Persian intrigues; while, if the German journals may be relied upon, we are menaced by a renewal of Russian interference in that quarter. Central Asia is likely to become once more the scene of dynastic revolutions and foreign invasion, in which Dost Mahomed will take a prominent part, having already, it is said, placed his son Hydu Khan (who is strengthened in his title to the throne of Herat by his marriage with the widow of his brother Akbar Khan, a daughter of Yar Mahomed) at the head of a large army, for the purpose of descending upon Herat by the route of Balk. If these rumours be well founded, and there is no reason to doubt them, Mr. Kaye's history will be a horn-book for our political and military servants in that distracted region.

ART. IX.—1. *The Tragedies of Æschylus*.

Literally translated by THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford. London, 1849.

2. *The Lyrical Dramas of Æschylus*, from

the Greek. Translated into English verse by JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Latin Literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen. 2 vols. London, 1850.

THAT every civilized modern nation ought to possess a complete series of translations of all the Greek and Latin Classics, is an assertion that will be universally admitted. Whether the English language may not already be in possession of something professedly equivalent to such a complete series of translations, our knowledge of what has been done in this department since the commencement of our literature, does not permit us to affirm; we can unhesitatingly say, however, that no such series of translations from the classical writers as *ought* to exist in the English language, does exist in it. A large proportion of what our literary men and scholars have done in this way has been irrecoverably vitiated by the false method according to which it was done—that method, namely, of loose and elegant paraphrase, in lieu of accurate and literal rendering, which was so prevalent among English translators during the whole of the last and the early part of the present century, and of which Pope's version of the *Iliad* is the most splendid example. All translations executed according to this method are, we hold, to be simply discarded—to be treated as if, in their character as translations, they did not exist. They may be read for their independent merits, if people choose; but they ought not to be counted in any catalogue that may be drawn up to exhibit what amount of Greek and Roman literature has been really translated into English. And were this subtraction made from the list of our professed translations from the Classics—were no translations counted but those executed, however imperfectly, on right principles—we are convinced that the blank would be very large.

Now, this blank ought, most decidedly, to be filled up; and that as soon as possible. As far as one could hope, by any declaration beforehand of what is desirable, to determine the labours of our literary practitioners in a given direction, one would be disposed to say to them, "Give us, as soon as possible, a good and complete series of translations of the classic master-pieces; we will dispense with as much else as may be necessary, till you have provided us with *that*." It is to our *literary practitioners*, we say, that we would address this demand; for this is precisely one of those cases which shew how convenient it would be to have part (not the whole) of the literary faculty of the country organized and maintained after some fashion or other in the public service. Certain exercises of mind, certain species of literary effort, indeed, there

are, which never can and never will be submitted to any such system of control—compatible as they are only with the immense resolve, the unshared inspiration, or the golden whim of the individual; and however the State may deal with these in the way of honour and reward after they are accomplished, it certainly cannot deal with them as contractor and paymaster. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that, at the present day, when there is so much respectable talent and so much practised literary skill actually lost in the country for want of proper work, it might be advantageous to employ scholars and authors collectively in certain departments of professional exertion under public auspices, even though this should have to be done in the face of an objection that we were thereby introducing an Erastian taint into literature. Besides the making of dictionaries, and the compilation of blue-books and state-papers on contemporaneous subjects of social interest, the business of translating from the dead or from foreign languages is one of the most obvious departments in which such a plan would be, to some extent, applicable. Translation, indeed, as we shall have yet to remark, may, in some cases, rise into the rank of an art requiring genius; on the whole, however, the kind of translation of which we are at present speaking is quite within the range of the accomplished literary practitioner. Nor in the demand we make, that part of the scholarly and literary faculty of the country should be rendered compulsorily available for the purpose of translation from the classical languages, including the Oriental, do we ask anything which our existing academic apparatus might not very easily be made to supply. The country has a right to look to Oxford and Cambridge for the filling up of that blank in our literature to which we have alluded—a complete and trustworthy translation, suitable for the popular English reader, of all the works that the genius and learning of antiquity have bequeathed to us. We are not of those that complain that Oxford and Cambridge are doing nothing for their living; nor are we ignorant how much individual scholars of these Universities have done in that very branch of literary service of which we are making mention; we see no grounds for concluding, however, that the Universities, as such, have done all in this department that might be expected from them, or that, without the slightest detriment to those more erudite exercises of hermeneutis and exegesis by which their scholars have been accustomed to prepare the text of the Classic authors for the more exact appreciation of other scholars, they might not also be made compulsorily to take part in the better and greater work of putting

the treasures of these authors systematically within the reach of the mass of Englishmen. Considering what materials there already are in the shape of existing translations more or less perfect, it would not be difficult for Oxford and Cambridge soon to present us with all that could be desired in this respect. Probably the thing could be effected by some simple arrangement, according to which contributions to a complete English version of the Classics should be exacted in return for University preferments; and, if so, care should certainly be taken to include the Oriental authors in the arrangement, so that our notorious deficiencies in regard to them might also have a chance of being gradually supplied.

And with what kind of translations is it that, under such an arrangement, the ordinary scholarship of Oxford and Cambridge, or the similarly educated talent throughout the country, might be fairly expected to provide us? With this, surely, at the least,—good literal prose translations of all the Greek and Latin Classics, accompanied with such illustrative notes as would make the text thoroughly intelligible to the careful English reader. The prime and essential characteristic of such translations ought to be rigid and punctilious literality. Not the slightest deviation from the *ipsissima verba* of the original text ought, by rule, to be permitted. We cannot too strongly insist upon this. To us what are called free translations are an abomination. So-called “freedom” of translation we regard as, in most cases, proceeding from nothing else than a defect of conscientiousness, a weakness of moral principle. As to report a man’s words exactly as he uttered them indicates strictness of conscience as well as strength of memory; so to render a passage from a foreign or classical author with a rigorous reproduction of every term and particle employed, indicates sound moral habit as well as a command of vocables. All schools where the art of translating the Classics is not taught on literal principles, whatever else may be superadded for the sake of easy exercise in the vernacular, are seminaries of inaccuracy and a life-long laxness of mind to the pupil. The character even of a nation may be judged from its translations. The superior conscientiousness, for example, of the Germans over the French appears in nothing more conspicuously than in the superior closeness of their translations from other languages. Literal exactness, therefore, word for word fidelity to the original text, ought to be the first condition of such prose translations from the Classics as we are now speaking of. All attempts to escape this, all pretensions about giving the “spirit” of the original, but not the exact words, we would treat as dishonest subterfuges. There is no security that

we see for giving the spirit of the original, unless by giving an exact version of the words. Some exception may, indeed, be allowed in respect of occasional passages, where a too close rendering of the words of a classic author would unnecessarily offend against established moral proprieties; but this exception is one the limits of which are sufficiently defined by the nature of the case. The other reason so frequently alleged as an excuse for free translations, namely the peculiar genius of the English language, is one for which we would make no allowance. To reconcile closeness to the original with a due regard for whatever is established in the vernacular idiom, is simply the translator’s difficulty: which if he cannot overcome, he is not fit to be a translator. A translation, we hold, may be literally exact and yet be good English; the burthen of fulfilling both conditions is what the translator undertakes; if he fails in either, he must bear the blame; but if we are to let him off one of the conditions at all, it should certainly be the second rather than the first. If the genius of the English language will not permit of a literal translation of any piece of classical composition, then, if that piece of classical composition is to be translated at all, the genius of the English language must just submit to the strain. For, after all, is not a certain quaintness and foreign aspect of speech one of the characteristics essential and proper to a translation—representing to the reader as it were in a form so palpable that he must notice it, the difference between the mode of thinking of his own country or time, and the mode of thinking of the country or time which he is striving to study? It is in accordance with this, at least, that the difficulty of executing a translation that shall be at once close and idiomatic increases as we go back from the contemporary foreign to the dead languages. It is more easy by far to translate a passage from a French or a German author literally, and yet into good English, than it is to perform the same feat with a passage from the Latin or the Greek.

But ought we to be content with good literal prose translations of the classical masterpieces, edited and illustrated as we have supposed? This is what the ordinary scholarship and literary talent of the country can undoubtedly supply us with; and this, in any case, we ought certainly to have; but ought we to rest here? We do not think so. A great deal more may be done to popularize the Classics than this; and the work of popularizing the Classics is, as a whole, sufficiently high and laudable to justify the expenditure of a greater quantity of modern labour upon it than this would amount to. Both as regards matter and form there are many of the compositions of Greece and Rome, to the task of repro-

ducing which, and illustrating them in the best possible manner, England could well afford to set apart a considerably higher class of her literary functionaries than would be required for the mere business of accurate prose translation with accompanying elucidations. This is true even of the *prose* writers among the Classics. It might be sufficient, for example, to have an accurate prose translation of Herodotus, such as an ordinary Oxford scholar could give, illustrated by such antiquarian and geographical notes as he would easily have at command; a similar process, with more of knowledge of the military art, might be enough for the Commentaries of Cæsar; even less might serve for a good translation of Plutarch; nor, if we supposed our Oxford man to have, in addition to his scholarship, a tolerable amount of taste and philosophic culture, should we despair of obtaining from him in good English the vast sense of the Staggyrite, or the actual meaning which makes the sublimity of Plato. But, in certain cases, one would willingly consent to a larger outlay of native talent and skill in the interpretation even of the prose authors. The man who, himself inspired by the soul of Plato, should devote years to the preparation of an English version of Plato's writings, conveying, along with their actual meaning, some worthy idea of their beauty of form, would not be thought to have lost his time in the undertaking; and that translator were surely entitled to be called a man of independent genius that could make Demosthenes stand before us again in the cadence and thunder as well as in the thought and clearness of his own orations. We omit here any detailed allusion to those literary undertakings wherein the functions of the translator, and those of the independent author or artist, might well be blended. One undertaking of this kind, which we have heard proposed, we will but mention as an example—a Life of Demosthenes, or an account of the Life and Times of Demosthenes, in which all the speeches of the orator should be embodied *verbatim*, the remainder of the work consisting of a connecting narrative. This is but one out of the many similar undertakings whereby the literary genius of the present might honourably work for the artistic reproduction, in the point of view of strictly modern interest, of all that is grandest in the classic past. Only here, too, wherever the work should consist of translation, we would insist upon the condition of literal exactness. Of that canon we would never abate one jot. Give us more, if you like; but give us that, at least.

It is with regard to the *poetry* of antiquity, however, that the greatest difficulty is felt. How shall we translate the Greek and Latin

poets; or with what kinds of translations of these must we, by force, be content? On this point Professor Blackie speaks as follows, in the preface to his translation of *Æschylus*:—

"Some men of literary note, in the present day, observing the great difficulties with which poetical translators have to contend, especially when using a language of inferior compass, have been of opinion that the task ought not to be attempted at all—that all poetical translations, from the Greek at least, into English, should be done in prose; and, in confirmation of this opinion, they point to the English translation of the Hebrew Bible as a model. But if, as Southey says, 'a translation is good precisely as it faithfully represents the matter, manner, and spirit of the original,' it is difficult to see how this doctrine can be entertained. Poetry is distinguished from prose more by the manner than by the matter; and rhythmical regularity, or verse, is precisely that quality which distinguishes the manner of poetry from that of prose. In one sense, and in the best sense, Plato and Richter and Jeremy Taylor, are poets; in another sense, and in the best sense, *Æschylus*, and Dante, and Shakespeare, are philosophers; but that which a poet as a poet has, and a philosopher as a philosopher has not, is verse; and this element the advocates of a prose translation of poetical works are content to miss out! That the argument from the English translation of the Bible is not applicable to every case, will appear plain to any one who will figure to himself Robert Burns, or Horace, or Beranger, in a prose dress. * * I consider, therefore, that prose translations of the Greek dramatists will never satisfy the just demands of a cultivated taste, for the plain reason, that they omit that element which is most characteristic of the manner of the original.

"I am persuaded that the demand for prose translations of poets has arisen, in this country, more from a desperate reaction against certain vicious principles of the old English school of translation, than from a serious consideration, either of the nature of the thing, or of the capacity of our noble language. In Germany I do not find that this notion has ever been entertained, plainly because the German poetical translations did not err, like our English ones, in conspiring, by every sort of fine flourishing, and delicate furbishment, to obscure or to blot out what was most characteristic in their originals. The proper problem of an English translator is not how to say a thing as the author would have said it, had he been an Englishman; but how, through the medium of the English language, to make the English reader feel both what he said, and how he said it, being a Greek. Now, any one who is familiar with the general run of English rhythmical translations of which Pope's *Iliad* is the pattern, must be aware that they have too often been executed under the influence of the former of these principles, rather than the latter. * *

"I at once admit that a good prose translation—that is to say, a prose translation done by a poet, or a man of poetical culture—of such an author as Homer, is preferable, for many purposes, to a poetical translation so elegantly de-

faced as that of Pope. A prose translation, also, of any poet, done accurately in a prosaic style by a prosier, however much of a parody or a caricature in point of taste, may not be without its use, as a ready check on the free license of omission or inoculation which rhythmical translators are so fond to usurp. But it is a mistake to suppose, because Pope, under the influence of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne, could not write a good poetical translation of Homer, that therefore such a work is beyond the compass of the English language. I believe that, if Alfred Tennyson were to give to the world a translation of the *Iliad* in the measure of *Locksley Hall*, he would cut Pope out of the market of the million, even at this eleventh hour. We are, in the present epoch of our literary history, arrived at a very favourable moment for producing good translations. A band of highly original and richly gifted minds has just left the stage, leaving us the legacy of a poetical language, which, under their hand, received the degree of rhythmical culture, of which it had been before considered incapable. The example of the Germans, also, now no longer confined to the knowledge of a few, stands forth to shew us how excellent poetical translations may be made, free, at least, from those faults which we have suffered. There is no reason why we should despair of producing poetical versions of the classics, which shall be at once graceful as English compositions, and characteristic as productions of the Greek or Roman mind. I, for one, have already passed this judgment on my own attempt, that if I have failed to bring out what is Greek and what is *Æschylean* prominently, in combination with force, grace, and clearness of English expression, it is for lack of skill in the workman, not for want of edge in the tool."

Now, while we substantially agree with this clear expression of opinion, from so competent an authority as Professor Blackie, we feel that it leaves many points in the main question unsettled. Let us investigate the question a little more closely, so as to ascertain, with some precision, its possibilities, laws, and likelihoods.

If I wish to execute such a translation of a piece of verse in a foreign language, as shall be in all respects a *fac-simile*,—as shall make my translation exactly the same thing to the minds of my readers, as the original was to the minds of those in whose native tongue it was written,—I must be prepared to accomplish three things.

In the first place, I must thoroughly and exactly reproduce the whole matter of the original passage, its whole amount and intricacy of purely intellectual meaning. The only secure means, as we have already said, whereby I can accomplish this, is by a rigorous adherence to the *ipsissima verba* of the original; the slightest liberty in this respect being either a loss of somewhat of the original matter, or an addition to it. Now this degree of success in rendering a poetical passage from

another language is perfectly within the power of a faithful prose translator. Nor are we disposed to rate this kind of achievement so low as Professor Blackie seems to do. It may seem an atrocious thing to say, but we are convinced that in all good poetry of a high order, the most essential part, and that which carries the largest proportion of the whole effect with it, is the *meaning*. In other words, we do not believe, with Professor Blackie, that poetry, as such, is chiefly distinguished from prose, as such, by its metrical or rhythmical manner; we believe, on the other hand, that poetry is distinguished from prose in a very great measure by the nature of its characteristic matter. Let us not be mistaken. We advance this statement not because we undervalue the function of metre, or rhythmical cadence, but, because we assign it a function far higher than is usually assigned to it. Verse, song, or metre, we regard as almost a divine device, if even that word is not too degrading—a device for carrying the thought of man into regions it could never otherwise reach. The man to whom by nature this mode of expression is necessary, or with whom by art it has been made customary, differs in his whole intellectual bearing and attitude from other men, walks in a remoter field and atmosphere, sees things which they do not see, steps from crag to crag at viewless heights where they would become dizzy. But the great end of all this is, that he should fetch home from these aerial excursions matter more grand, special, and exquisite; meanings not otherwise conceivable or attainable. And hence, though rhythm or metre may have been the necessary mode according to which his invention worked in seizing these meanings, it may not, once that they are seized, be a mode absolutely indispensable for their recollection and secondary apprehension. The poet himself, of course, speaks them forth in rhythm, for the act of speech with him is the act of invention; but, if all this rhythmic care and phrenzy of his has been really worth much, the meaning which he has brought back with him should in any case be such that, if it is but fairly rendered to the intellect in its quality as a piece of intellectual matter, the exclamation of the reader should be—"There speaks a Poet." We tread here on delicate ground, and we would fain dispose of all objections by anticipation. We do not mean that the sense of a poet suffers nothing by being dissociated from the rhythm to which he has set it. It suffers sometimes incalculably. The man who misquotes a verse in his own language—the Englishman who, in quoting a line of Tennyson, substitutes a word of his own for the word actually used—is guilty of a barbarism, and would murder the woman he loves. Even here, however, it will be observed, much of the fault

lies in treachery to the precise intellectual meaning of the poet. And what we contend for is, that the intellectual meaning of all good poetry of a high order forms so large a proportion of that which is great and impressive in it, that a faithful representation of the same in prose will, when nothing better can be had, convey by no means an inconsiderable portion of the whole effect which the poetry is calculated to produce. Good poetry! we say; for we would offer this very circumstance as a test for discriminating between superior and inferior poetry, that, if the former is either transposed or translated into faithful prose, its substance will still be grand enough or rare enough to astonish and delight, whereas, if the latter is served in the same way, its substance becomes rapid or evanishes. The thoughts of Shakespeare, in prose or in verse, still seem more than human; in Milton, too, the matter, though filched from above, in the first place, by the power of rhythm, is in itself a sufficient reliance; and whether the bards of the Bible have not a strength and a beauty that can outlast their native metre, is a question of which all can judge. Our belief is, that the same is true of Homer, and still more of the Greek tragic poets. In them, too, the meaning, the matter of invention, is such, that though the verse may have been the necessary mould for its production, it will remain solid and admirable when the mould is broken. Not so with inferior poetry. We could name poets of high name in the present day whose poetry, if subjected to this test, would turn out to be mere fifth-rate thought made wonderful to the undiscerning by being put into metre. With lyric poets, or song-writers, indeed, such as Horace, Burns, or Beranger, much more is lost when the measure is dispensed with; but even as regards them, we believe that the capacities of a good prose translation would be somewhat greater than Professor Blackie supposes. Whatever of the ludicrous there might seem to be in a bald translation of some of the verses of such poets, would arise, we are convinced, not much less from inadequate intellectual rendering of their matter, than from the loss of their peculiar rhythmical manner, in any sense in which that rhythmical manner could be preserved by a poetical translator. And the truer the poet, in most cases, the less the loss. Strip Horace of his polished and compacted verse, and what remains in your hands is often a mere strong sagacious sort of matter, such as worldly old *dilettanti* like over their walnuts; treat the lines of Catullus by never so cruel a process of prose-transmutation, and still, provided the meaning reaches you at all, it will reveal itself as the product of a genius wild, fitful, and exquisite.

It remains true, nevertheless, that no mere

intellectual rendering of a poetical passage, however faithful, can equal the force and intention of the original; and hence we are prepared to say, in the second place, with Professor Blackie, that, in every case where it is possible consistently with entire faithfulness to the meaning, the translation of a poetical passage ought to be in verse. Here, however, a rule suggests itself, so obvious that, were it not more frequently transgressed than kept, it might seem unnecessary to mention it. It is this, that every poetical translation of a poetical passage should, wherever it is possible, be in the same metre as the original. That very appreciation of the value of metre which makes one insist upon having a metrical rather than a prose translation, ought also to point out the positive duty on the part of the translator to retain the metre chosen by the poet whom he translates. For the choice of that particular metre, whether made deliberately or unconsciously, was certainly no mere accident destitute of significance. In the *Faust* of Goethe, for example, the varieties and alternations so extensive that the poem almost exhausts the combinations of German prosody—have evidently a most studied meaning; so that, when the poet passes from the long line to the short line, or from the Iambic to the Anapaestic march, it is clear that he must have done so from a necessary feeling of art. In the very nature of things Mephistopheles must speak in a different rhythm from Raphael. Yet, strangely enough, most of the poetical translators of the *Faust* have made no attempt to preserve the original metres—content, as it would seem, to have turned the poem into any kind of verse that came most easily, or that satisfied their own metrical ear. This, it appears to us, is an offence of the most signal kind, shewing a lamentable want of conscience, or a lamentable want of perception; and perfectly inexcusable, too, in such a case as that of the *Faust*, seeing that the metres of that poem, and even the feminine rhymes with which many of the lines end, are, with but a little care, perfectly transferable into English. We will not say absolutely that a prose translation of such a poem as the *Faust* is preferable to a metrical translation executed in a different verse from the original, for the translator himself, in such a case, might make a good choice of verse; but we certainly believe that in such a case the translator runs the risk of doing greater violence than the most incompetent prose translator could, to the genius and form of the composition he is trying to reproduce. Goethe would have infinitely preferred the baldest prose translation of his Margaret's song to a translation of it in the measure of Gray's "Elegy," or of Scott's "Marmion;" and yet

this is precisely what poetical translators are perpetually doing with him and other poets. As a general rule then, it may be affirmed that all poetical translations from one language to another should be made in the metre of the original. Nor, when the translation is out of one modern language into another—as from German into English, or from Italian into German—is there, in most instances, any excuse, except that of culpable laziness, for deviating from this rule. But how are we to act in the more difficult business of translating the ancient poets, whose metres are for the most part obsolete? Here, at best, our procedure must be in a spirit of compromise. We may manage to preserve an occasional measure, such as the Sapphic; we may skewer words together, and persuade our stubborn ears that we have produced English hexameters; but, on the whole, we are defied. A metrical *fac-simile* in English, of the Odes of Horace, would be about as pleasant a spectacle as a box of corkscrews; and even Homer would be intolerable in English, whatever he is in German, hexameters. And then, the choruses of the Greek dramatists, those puzzles even to the masters of prosody!—how are we to act with regard to them? The Germans, indeed, Professor Blackie tells us, have attempted exact metrical reproductions of even the Greek choruses; but Germans are Germans. In short, if still we resolve that our translations shall be metrical, (and though the impossibility of adhering to the original metre is one argument the more for being content with plain prose, we allow that it is not necessarily a conclusive argument,) we have clearly but one resource—namely, to exercise our own taste and ear in finding metres which shall satisfy, as nearly as possible, all the demands of the original, at the same time that they fulfil all native conditions. And this is what Professor Blackie professes to have done with *Æschylus*. One distinct effect such an attempt, even if unsuccessful in other respects, must certainly have—that of keeping before the reader's mind the fact, that what he is reading was written in verse, and intended to be sung or chanted; and this is of some consequence. We agree also with Professor Blackie, that to translate such poetry as that of *Æschylus* into mere blank verse, whether the uniform heroic measure, or the various blank patronized by Southey, would be but a poor device. The ordinary heroic blank verse for the dialogue, and various English rhyme, with perhaps an occasional blank—such is probably the best arrangement in any English version of the Greek dramatists.

Supposing, however, that we have accomplished these two feats with regard to a piece of poetry in a foreign language—given an

exact and literal version of the meaning, and preserved the very metre of the original—is our translation after all a *fac-simile*? It is not. There is a third element in every piece of poetry in any language, which it is absolutely impossible to transmute by translation into any other—that aroma, so to speak, of invisible associations which clings to each word, considered not as an intellectual symbol merely, but also as a sound. We have met with this remark, if we mistake not, in one of the critical papers of Mr. G. H. Lewes; and it is important. To take an example:—Here is the passage in the prologue to *Faust*, where Mephistopheles first gives his impression of *Faust's* character.

“Fürwahr! er dient euch auf besondere Weise.
Nicht irdisch ist des Thoren Trank noch Speise.
Ihn treibt die Gährung in die Ferne,
Er ist sich seiner Tollheit halb bewusst;
Vom Himmel fordert er die schönsten Sterne
Und von der Erde jede höchste Lust,
Und alle Näh' und alle Ferne
Befriedigt nicht die tiefbewegte Brust.”

We find this passage rendered with tolerable exactness of meaning, and the metre preserved, in the following translation:—

“Forsooth! he serves thee, then, in strangest
guises.
No earthly drink nor food the booby prizes.
His yearning spurs him to the Far,
His madness to himself is half-confest;
From Heaven covets he its fairest star,
And from the Earth demands each highest
zest,
And all the Near and all the Far
Calm not the craving of his deep-moved
breast.”

Yet, were this translation more exact in all respects than it is, it would not be perfect as a representation of the original. *Ferne* and *far*, for example, have precisely the same meaning intellectually; but they differ in sound, and *far* to an Englishman has not precisely the same emotional effect as *ferne* to a German. And so universally. *Love* is the English for the Latin *amor*, and yet *amor* is not *love*; and *gold* in English is a much more mouth-filling and soul-filling word than *aurum* in Latin, as if the Englishman had a greater and more solemn sense of the grandeur of the thing meant. There are, therefore, natural limitations to the powers of translation, in any case, from one language into another. And though this remark may seem overstrained, it deserves to be taken into account whenever the question of the value of translations in general is treated. It affects also the special question as to the propriety in some cases of being content with

a prose translation. Thus, while it is undoubtedly true that a literal prose translation of two such lines as these:—

“The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gowd for a’ that,”

would be miserably jejune as compared with the original; the advocate of a prose translation might ask, in reply, how much of this comparative jejuneness would be owing to the fact of the version being in prose, and how much to the equally undeniable though less obvious fact, that in any translation whatever, whether in prose or in verse, the identical associations which make the foregoing words, “stamp,” “gowd,” &c., so weighty to the Scottish ear, must inevitably perish. In short, this consideration makes it clear, that though the poetical translator, by adhering to the rhythm of the original, may convey *much*, even he cannot convey *all*, of that force of the original which lies in the sound. His means of representing the original are in this respect less imperfect than those of the prose translator; and if he can manage the meaning equally well, he has of course the advantage by a two-fold merit; but even his representation must remain defective, and far from the exactitude of a *fac simile*.

In the two works before us—the one a literal prose translation of the plays of *Æschylus* by an Oxford scholar; the other a poetical translation of the same plays by one who is both a scholar and a man of genius—the question as between prose translations and poetical translations of poetry of such a kind and of so ancient a date, is brought to a practical issue. No author could be named, in translating whose works all the difficulties of translation in general could be more signally present than in those of *Æschylus*; and none with regard to whom effort towards overcoming these difficulties could be better bestowed. What we call the works of *Æschylus*, are seven plays, or, as Professor Blackie names them, seven Lyrical Dramas, surviving out of some seventy or eighty, composed by a literary man of Athens, in the early part of the fifth century before Christ, and performed, under his superintendence, by trained actors and singers, in the presence of vast audiences assembled for the purpose at stated Athenian festivals. They consist each of two parts of nearly equal dimensions—the one *dialogue*, properly so called, spoken or declaimed with a loud voice by actors, dressed so as to appear of gigantic stature, who moved slowly about the stage, representing the divinities or heroic personages of some sacred Greek story; the other *song*, properly so called, sung either in solo by those actors, or by a large band of other assistants, called the chorus, ranged on a

particular part of the stage, and usually intended to represent the mythic and sympathizing public in the midst of which the events of the drama were supposed to have taken place. Such was the favourite form of literary activity among the Greeks at the time when *Æschylus* lived, *i.e.*, at and immediately after the Persian invasion, and the great battles of Marathon and Salamis; and such was the form of literary activity in which *Æschylus*, devoting himself to it as his special calling or profession, became an acknowledged master. The true counterpart of this kind of literary activity in the present time would rather be, as Professor Blackie remarks, the preparation of *libretti* for sacred operas, if we had such things, than the preparation of tragedies in the modern sense. As an ancient Athenian—as a free citizen of that wonderful commonwealth, which, though it never contained a population, slaves included, of more than 400,000 souls, has bequeathed to the world so large a proportion of the intellectual wealth it can now exhibit—*Æschylus* had to take part in other occupations besides that of sacred play-writing. In politics he was known as a conservative, a man who revered the old and somewhat aristocratic institutions of his native city, and saw them with grief disappearing; and, as a soldier, he was one of those who had hewn with his sword at the Persian backs on Marathon, and stood all night on the anxious deck at Salamis. These, however, were but episodes in his career; and his true profession was that of preparing lyrical dramas which might win the prize, and be performed with applause at the great festivals in honour of the god Bacchus or Dionysos. He was famous even in the mechanical minutiae of this art. Not only did he enlarge the drama itself beyond its original scope, by introducing a second, and afterwards a third actor, in addition to the solitary actor who had till then declaimed all the dialogue—thus permitting a larger variety of parts in the piece; he was also a notable improver of the stage-scenes and decorations, and he took more pains than any contemporary dramatist in teaching the actors, and training the dancers. During his life he had many competitors, some of whom occasionally beat him and carried off the honours of the festival; and, in his old age, he saw himself surpassed in popular estimation by his young fellow-townsmen, Sophocles. After his death, however, which took place in Sicily, *b. c.* 456, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, the Athenians showed their respect for him by permitting his dramas to be reproduced as new ones—an unusual honour, inasmuch as, after a piece had been once performed at the festival of Dionysos, it was, as a general rule, never performed in Athens again, but handed over to be performed, if there was a demand for it, in the minor

theatres of the other Grecian towns. And that judgment which the ancient Athenians pronounced, posterity in all lauds has ratified. The man's business in life was but to prepare spectacles to form part of the ceremonial at the festivals of the Bacchic god of Greek imagination; and yet when we moderns of the Christian world seek among the great men of the past for the one that may best stand as the type of nature's extreme in one of her grandest forthgoings, we find ourselves constrained to dwell by preference upon the name of old *Æschylus*.

Mr. Buckley's prose translation of *Æschylus*—forming one of that series of cheap translations from the Classics, for which, whatever defects criticism may detect in them, the public owes a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Bohn—is certainly done on the principle of literal exactness. We cannot say much, however, in favour of Mr. Buckley's power of reconciling literal exactness with other qualities. The literalness of his translation is frequently of that helpless kind which ends in unintelligibility; not a few of the passages in his version looking like the efforts of a faithful but somewhat dull schoolboy, who, after annexing to every word in a sentence its dictionary meaning, remains without the slightest glimpse of the sense which the words convey as a whole. This, for aught we know, may arise from the fact that the translation was intended to be used as a key by pupils engaged in reading Greek; the result, however, is, that the reader is often left totally in the dark as to what a sentence may mean—and this not merely where there is an obscurity in the original text, but quite as often where there is none. Nor can we say much for Mr. Buckley in his additional capacity as an annotator. Many of his notes are a mixture of pedantry and flippancy, got up apparently for no purpose whatever but that the translator might seem to be annotating busily.

Professor Blackie's translation of *Æschylus* belongs, of course, by its very nature, to a far higher order of performances than Mr. Buckley's. And, in that order, it is infinitely better done. The translation of the great tragic poet has evidently been to Professor Blackie a labour of love. Every line of the original has been conscientiously gone through by the translator, and the meaning rendered in a manner thoroughly intelligible to the English reader. Here, also, we have spirit, strength, large command of language, and abundant proof of a mind not only of original literary faculty, and native poetical tendency, but also richly cultured in classic lore. The preliminary dissertations, too, the introductions to the several plays, and the notes, are all admirable—exhib-

iting a fine combination of thought and scholarship, and serving to increase the reader's insight into the meaning of the poet, and to give a more vivid idea than he could otherwise have, of the manner in which the dramas were originally put upon the stage. Altogether, we do not think it likely that the English language will ever possess a poetical translation of *Æschylus* of superior merit, or in which the duty of adhering faithfully to the original shall be more successfully harmonized with a free flow of verse. Possibly Professor Blackie might have more fully carried out his own views of what a translation of *Æschylus* should be, if he had dispensed with blank verse altogether in the choruses, and translated them from first to last in rhyme; but it would be ungrateful to urge this or any similar criticism very forcibly, where so much difficulty has already been so unsparingly undertaken, and so patiently overcome. The book, as it exists, is a worthy addition to English literature.

And yet, if, passing from the consideration of the merit of Professor Blackie's translation, as a general literary feat, we view it specially with relation to the question, how far this large amount of the labour of one of our really able men has contributed to bring *Æschylus*, in all his force and all his peculiarity, more closely and vividly before the minds of modern British readers than could have been possible without such help, we shall be forced to confess that, judging according to such a mode, we should have preferred being left with but a bald literal version, enjoying, at the same time, the pleasure of seeing so large a surplus of talent judiciously laid out on some independent performance. True, there are some points in which Professor Blackie's translation does enable us to pourtray the real spectacle of an *Æschylean* drama far more truly and powerfully than any prose translation could. Here, for example, is an extract from his translation of the first chorus in the *Agamemnon*, which, partly because it is in verse, partly because the verse is so good, seems to teach us with quite a new light, what a Greek chorus was. The chorus is rehearsing the song of the Greek seer, as he interpreted to the hosts going to Troy an omen of two eagles, the one black and the other silver-tipped, that were seen chasing a hare big with young.

"The wise diviner of the host beheld,

And knew the sign;

The hare-devouring birds with diverse wings,

Typed the Atridan pair,

The diverse-minded kings;

And thus the fate he chanted:—'Not in vain

Ye march this march to-day;

Old Troy shall surely fall, but not

Till moons on moons away
 Have lingering rolled. Rich stores by labour
 massed,
 Clean-sweeping Fate shall plunder. Grant the
 gods,
 While this strong bit for Troy we forge with
 gladness,
 No heavenly might in jealous wrath o'ercast
 Our mounting hope with sadness!
 For the chaste Artemis a sore grudge nurses
 Against the kings; Jove's winged hounds she
 curses,
 The fierce war-birds that tore
 The fearful hare with the young brood it bore.
 Sing, wo and well-a-day! but still,
 May the good omens shame the ill!
 "The lion's fresh-dropt younglings, and each
 whelp,
 That sucks wild milk, and through the forest
 roves,
 Live not unfriended; them the fair goddess
 loves,
 And lends her ready help.
 The vision of the birds shall work its end
 In bliss, but dashed not lightly with black
 bane;
 I pray thee, Pean, may she never send
 Contrarious blasts, dark-lowering, to detain
 The Argive fleet.
 Ah! ne'er may she desire to feast her eyes
 On an unblest, unholy sacrifice,
 From festal use abhorrent, mother of strife,
 And sundering from her lawful lord the wife:
 Stern-purposed awaits the child-avenging
 wrath
 About the fore-doomed halls,
 Weaving dark wiles, while with sure-memored
 sting,
 Fury to fury calls."

"Thus hymned the seer the doom, in dubious
 chant,
 Bliss to the chiefs, dark-mingling with the
 bane,
 From the way-haunting birds; and we,
 Responsive to the strain,
 Sing wo and well-a-day; but still,
 May the good omens shame the ill!"

There are various other passages, both in the choruses and in the dialogue, rendered by Professor Blackie with equal poetical feeling; so that, if we were to regard these alone, we could not say that, even from the point of view to which we are at present restricting ourselves—namely, that of the question how *Æschylus* might be best represented to the English mind in his integrity and individuality—the labour spent on this metrical translation could have been better applied. But, on the whole such is the value of literal adherence to the very words of a poet like *Æschylus*, and so inevitable are the deviations from this absolute literality in even the most painstaking poetical translator, that we are not sure whether, if we desired to give an intelligent English reader a clear and exact idea of the

old Greek bard, we should not put Mr. Buckley's prose translation, with all its faults, into his hands, rather than Professor Blackie's poetical translation, with all its merits—only advising him to read Professor Blackie's translation afterwards, or to keep it by him at the time, in order to read his fine renderings of some of the grander and more difficult passages. To put this somewhat bold saying to the test, we appeal to any reader whose imagination is strong enough to work under a little difficulty, whether Mr. Buckley's helpless prose in the following extract from the opening scene in the *Agamemnon*, does not piece out as vivid a picture of what it is meant to describe—namely, the watchman gazing at night from the battlements of Clytemnestra's palace for the signal-light which is to announce the fall of Troy—as the far more flowing and spirited version which we shall subjoin to it, from Professor Blackie's work.

"Watchman, on the roof of the palace, *loquitur*."

(*Mr. Buckley's Translation.*)

"I pray the gods a deliverance from these toils—a remedy for my year-long watch, in which, couching on my elbows on the roofs of the Atreidæ, like a dog, I have contemplated the host of the nightly stars, and the bright potentates, that bear winter and summer to mortals, conspicuous in the firmament. And now I am watching for the signal of the beacon, the blaze of fire that brings a voice from Troy, and tidings of its capture; for thus strong in hope is the woman's heart, of manly counsel, (Clytemnestra.) And whilst I have a night bewildered and dew-drenched couch, not visited by dreams,—for fear, in place of sleep, stands at my side, so that I cannot firmly close my eyelids in slumber,—and when I think to sing or whistle, preparing this the counter-charm of song against sleep, then do I mourn, sighing over the sad condition of this house, that is not, as of yore, most excellently administered. But now may there be a happy release from my toils, as the fire of joyous tidings appears through the gloom! [*He sees the beacon-light.*] Oh hail! thou lamp of night; thou that displayest a light like as the day, and the marshalling of many dances in Argos, on account of this event. Ho! ho!"

Professor Blackie's Translation.

"I pray the gods a respite from these toils—
 This long year's watch that, dog-like, I have
 kept,
 High on the Atreidæ's battlements, beholding
 The nightly council of the stars, the circling
 Of the celestial signs, and those bright regents,
 High-swung in Ether, that bring to mortal
 man
 Summer and Winter. Here I watch the torch.
 The appointed flame that wings a voice from
 Troy,

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ART. I.—*The Works of John Milton.* A New Edition. London, Pickering, 1851.

WE do not know how far our readers may share the feeling, but we confess to an occasional sense of irritation at that necessity which we seem to be under, in these latter times, of perpetually naming and referring to some five or six dead men, the acknowledged glories of the literature of the past. Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Burns, Goethe—shall we never be able to pass an agreeable intellectual evening without calling one or another of these names to our aid, never be able to indite a paper of thirty pages without requiring the printer to put one or another of these names more than once into type? Are subjects for thought and talk so scarce round about us that we must for ever weave our best conversations out of the matter of these suggestive memories; or are we such timid sailors on the great sea of innumerable things as not to know how to quit the neighbourhood of these familiar bays and shores? The evil, if it be such, daily increases. Not only do we never have done with naming and alluding to those well-remembered few; but we shall never have done, it would also appear, with writing and reading express commentations on their lives and works. Perpetually, on opening a new number of a Review, we find a new essay on Goethe or on Byron; perpetually, on glancing at a new sheet of advertisements, we see announced some new volume of literary portraits, done by a cis-atlantic or a transatlantic pen. Is this but a passing phase of our literary activity, a fashion recommended by the example of one or two eminent contemporary writers that one could name, and destined to run its course and cease? We do not know; we

only note the fact, and confess again that the observation of it sometimes tempts us to the wish that there could be a decree of society forbidding, for some time, all reference to Shakespeare and his companions, and compelling us, both in our conversation and in our authorship, back to that miscellaneous world of substances, passions, and events, whence Shakespeare himself, the greatest niggard known of illusions to preceding writers, drew the materials for a not deficient literature.

That we do not exaggerate this view of the case, ought to be evident from the fact that, in the present paper, we deliberately perpetrate an offence against it. Milton is one of the writers that have been most frequently, most variously, and, we may add, most splendidly written about; and yet here we venture upon a new essay on Milton. It is needless, therefore, to say that we have sympathies also with the other view of the case, and that we hold that there is something right, beautiful, and full of use in this practice of visiting again and again the same ancestral tombs, this tendency of writer after writer to scan for himself those characters which tradition has bound him to revere, and to attempt such new portraiture of them as may present, if not the whole men, at least some of their lineaments, more vividly to the world. How we can reconcile this belief with the sentiment before expressed, we shall not stop to inquire. The Duke of Wellington's mode of proceeding in such cases is as good as any that we know. When he wishes to reconcile two apparently contradictory propositions, he simply asserts them both as strongly as he can. Content to adopt this plan, we shall leave the matter in question to the consideration of our readers, and go on, without

farther preface, to the task which we have appointed to ourselves, of saying something about Milton and his writings which, whether new or not, may be appropriate to the temper and circumstances of these grave times.

Never surely did a youth leave the academic halls of England more full of fair promise than Milton, when, at the age of twenty-three, he quitted Cambridge to reside at his father's house amid the quiet beauties of a rural neighbourhood some twenty miles distant from London. Fair in person, with a clear fresh complexion, light brown hair which parted in the middle and fell in curls to his shoulders, clear grey eyes, and a well-knit frame of moderate proportions—there could not have been found a finer picture of pure and ingenuous English youth. And that health and beauty which distinguished his outward appearance, and the effect of which was increased by a voice surpassingly sweet and musical, indicated with perfect truth the qualities of the mind within. Seriousness, studiousness, fondness for flowers and music, fondness also for manly exercises in the open air, courage and resolution of character, combined with the most maiden purity and innocence of life—these were the traits conspicuous in Milton in his earlier years. Of his accomplishments it is hardly necessary to take particular note. Whatever of learning, of science, or of discipline in logic or philosophy the University at that time could give, he had duly and in the largest measure acquired. No better Greek or Latin scholar probably had the University in that age sent forth; he was proficient in the Hebrew tongue, and in all the other customary aids to a biblical theology; and he could speak and write well in French, Italian, and Spanish. His acquaintance obtained by independent reading, with the history and with the whole body of the literature of ancient and modern nations, was extensive and various. And, as nature had endowed him in no ordinary degree with that most exquisite of her gifts, the ear and the passion for harmony, he had studied music as an art, and had taught himself not only to sing in the society of others, but also to touch the keys for his solitary pleasure.

The instruments which Milton preferred as a musician, were, his biographers tell us, the organ and the bass-viol. This fact seems to us to be not without its significance. Were we to define in one word our impression of the prevailing tone, the characteristic mood and disposition of Milton's mind, even in his early youth, we should say that it consisted in a deep and habitual

seriousness. We use the word in none of those special and restricted senses that are sometimes given to it. We do not mean that Milton, at the period of his early youth with which we are now concerned, was, or accounted himself as being, a confessed member of that noble party of English Puritans with which he afterwards became allied, and to which he rendered such vast services. True, he himself tells us, in his account of his education, that "care had ever been had of him, with his earliest capacity, not to be negligently trained in the precepts of the Christian religion;" and in the fact that his first tutor, selected for him by his father, was one "Thomas Young, a Puritan of Essex who cut his hair short," there is enough to prove that the formation of his character in youth was aided expressly and purposely by Puritanical influences. But Milton, if ever, in a denominational sense, he could be called a Puritan, (he always wore his hair long, and in other respects did not conform to the usages of the Puritan party,) could hardly, with any propriety, be designated as a Puritan in this sense, at the time when he left college. There is evidence that at this time he had not given so much attention, on his own personal account, to matters of religious doctrine, as he afterwards bestowed. That seriousness of which we speak was, therefore, rather a constitutional seriousness ratified and nourished by rational reflection, than the assumed temper of a sect. "A certain reservedness of natural disposition, and a moral discipline learnt out of the noblest philosophy"—such, in Milton's own words, were the causes which, apart from his Christian training, would have always kept him, as he believed, above the vices that debase youth. And herein the example of Milton contradicts much that is commonly advanced by way of a theory of the poetical character. Poets and artists generally, it is held, are and ought to be distinguished by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called the moral part of man. A nature built on quicksands, an organization of nerve languid or tempestuous with occasion, a soul falling and soaring, now subject to ecstasies and now to remorse—such, it is supposed, and on no small induction of actual instances, is the appropriate constitution of the poet. Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture or resolution through all moods—this, say the theorists, is the essential thing

in the structure of the artist. Against the truth of this, however, as a maxim of universal application, the character of Milton, as well as that of Wordsworth after him, is a remarkable protest. Were it possible to place before the theorists all the materials which exist for judging of Milton's personal disposition as a young man, without exhibiting to them at the same time the actual and early proofs of his poetical genius, their conclusion, were they true to their theory, would necessarily be, that the basis of his nature was too solid and immovable, the platform of personal aims and aspirations over which his thoughts moved and had footing, too fixed and firm, to permit that he should have been a poet. Nay, whosoever, even appreciating Milton as a poet, shall come to the investigation of his writings, armed with that preconception of the poetical character which is sure to be derived from an intimacy with the character of Shakespeare, will hardly escape some feeling of the same kind. Seriousness, we repeat, a solemn and even austere demeanour of mind, was the characteristic of Milton even in his youth. And the outward manifestation of this was a life of pure and devout observance. This is a point that ought not to be avoided or dismissed in mere general language; for he who does not lay stress on this, knows not and loves not Milton. Accept then, by way of more particular statement, his own remarkable words in justifying himself against an innuendo of one of his adversaries in later life, reflecting on the tenor of his juvenile pursuits and behaviour. "A certain niceness of nature," he says, "an honest haughtiness and self-esteem either of what I was, or what I might be, (which let envy call pride,) and lastly that modesty whereof, though not in the title-page, yet here I may be excused to make some beseeeming profession; all these, uniting the supply of their natural aid together, kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself that can agree to saleable and unlawful prostitutions." Fancy, ye to whom the moral frailty of genius is a consolation, or to whom the association of virtue with youth and Cambridge is a jest—fancy Milton, as this passage from his own pen describes him at the age of twenty-three, returning to his father's house from the university, full of its accomplishments and its honours, an auburn-haired youth beautiful as the Apollo of a northern clime, and that beautiful body the temple of a soul pure and unsoiled! Truly, a son for a mother to take to her arms with joy and pride!

Connected with this austerity of character, discernible in Milton even in his youth, may be noted also, as indeed it is noted in the passage just cited, a haughty yet modest self-esteem, and consciousness of his own powers. Throughout all Milton's works there may be discerned a vein of this noble egotism, this unbashful self-assertion. Frequently, in arguing with an opponent, or in setting forth his own views on any subject of discussion, he passes, by a very slight topical connexion, into an account of himself, his education, his designs, and his relations to the matter in question; and this sometimes so elaborately and at such length, that the impression is as if he said to his readers,—Besides all my other arguments, take this also as the chief and conclusive argument, that it is *I*, a man of such and such antecedents, and with such and such powers to perform far higher work than you see me now engaged in, who affirm and maintain this. In his later years Milton evidently believed himself to be, if not the greatest man in England, at least the greatest writer, and one whose *egomet dixi* was entitled to as much force in the intellectual Commonwealth as the decree of a civil magistrate is invested with in the order of civil life. All that he said or wrote was backed in his own consciousness by a sense of the independent importance of the fact, that it was he, Milton, who said or wrote it; and often, after arguing a point for some time on a footing of ostensible equality with his readers, he seems suddenly to stop, retire to the vantage-ground of his own thoughts, and bid his readers follow him thither, if they would see the whole of that authority which his words had failed to express. Such, we say, is Milton's habit in his later writings; in his early life, of course, the feeling which it shews existed rather as an undefined consciousness of superior power, a tendency silently and with satisfaction to compare his own intellectual measure with that of others, a resolute ambition to be and to do something great. Now we cannot help thinking that it will be found that this particular form of self-esteem goes along with that moral austerity of character which we have alleged to be discernible in Milton even in his youth, rather than with that temperament of varying sensibility which is, according to the general theory, regarded as characteristic of the poet. Men of this latter type, as they vary in the entire mood of their mind, vary also in their estimate of themselves. No permanent consciousness of their own destiny, or of their own worth in comparison with others, belongs to them. In their

moods of elevation they are powers to move the world; but while the impulse that has gone forth from them in one of these moods, may be still thrilling its way onward in wider and wider circles through the hearts of myriads they have never seen, they, the fountains of the impulse, the spirit being gone from them, may be sitting alone in the very spot and amid the ashes of their triumph, sunken and dead, despondent and self-accusing. It requires the evidence of positive results, the assurance of other men's praises, the visible presentation of effects which they cannot but trace to themselves, to convince such men that they are or can do anything. Whatever manifestations of egotism, whatever strokes of self-assertion come from such men, come in the very burst and phrenzy of their passing resistlessness. The calm, deliberate, and unshaken knowledge of their own superiority is not theirs. True, Shakespeare, the very type, if rightly understood, of this class of minds, (for we are total dissenters from that theory of Shakespeare which defines him as a kind of William the Calm,) is supposed in his sonnets, to have predicted, in the strongest and most deliberate terms, his own immortality as a poet. It could be proved, however, were this the place for such an investigation, that the common interpretation of those passages of the sonnets which are supposed to supply this trait in the character of Shakespeare, is nothing more nor less than a false reading of a very subtle meaning which the critics have missed. Those other passages of the sonnets which breathe an abject melancholy and discontentment with self, which exhibit the poet as "cursing his fate," as "bemoaning his outcast state," as looking about abashedly among his literary contemporaries, envying the "art" of one, and the "scope" of another, and even wishing sometimes that the very features of his face had been different from what they were and like those of some he knew, are, in our opinion, of far greater autobiographic value. Nothing of this kind is to be found in Milton. As a Christian, indeed, humiliation before God was a duty the meaning of which he knew full well; but as a man moving among other men, he possessed in that moral seriousness and stoic scorn of temptation which characterized him, a spring of ever-present pride, dignifying his whole bearing among his fellows, and at times arousing him to a kingly intolerance. In short, instead of that dissatisfaction with self which we trace as a not unfrequent feeling with Shakespeare, we find in Milton, even in his early youth, a recollection firm and habitual,

that he was one of those servants to whom God had entrusted the stewardship of ten talents. In that very sonnet, for example, written on his twenty-third birth day, in which he laments that he had as yet achieved so little, his consolation is, that the power of achievement was still indubitably within him—

"All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever, in my great Task-Master's eye."

And what was that special mode of activity to which Milton, still in the bloom and seed-time of his years, had chosen to dedicate the powers of which he was so conscious? He had been destined by his parents for the Church; but this opening into life he had definitively and deliberately abandoned. With equal decision he renounced the profession of the law; and it does not seem to have been long after the conclusion of his career at the university, when he renounced the prospects of professional life altogether. His reasons for this, which are to be gathered from various passages of his writings, seem to have all resolved themselves into a jealous concern for his own absolute intellectual freedom. He had determined, as he says, "to lay up, as the best treasure and solace of a good old age, the honest liberty of free speech from his youth;" and neither the Church nor the Bar of England, at the time when he formed that resolution, was a place where he could hope to keep it. For a man so situated, the alternative, then as now, was the practice or profession of literature. To this, therefore, as soon as he was able to come to a decision on the subject, Milton had implicitly, if not avowedly, dedicated himself. To become a great writer, and, above all, a great poet; to teach the English language a new strain and modulation; to elaborate and surrender over to the English nation works that would make it more potent and wise in the age that was passing, and more memorable and lordly in the ages to come—such was the form which Milton's ambition had assumed when, laying aside his student's garb, he went to reside under his father's roof. Nor was this merely a choice of necessity, the reluctant determination of a young soul, "Churchouted by the prelates," and disgusted with the chances of the law. Milton, in the Church, would certainly have been such an archbishop, mitred or unmitred, as England has never seen; and the very passage of such a man across the sacred floor would have trampled into timely extinction all that has since sprung up among us as Puseyism and what not,

and would have modelled the ecclesiasticism of England into a shape that the world might have gazed at, with no truant glance backward to the splendors of the Seven Hills. And, doubtless, even amid the traditions of the law, such a man would have performed the feats of a Samson, albeit of a Samson in chains. An inward prompting, therefore, a love secretly plighted to the Muse, and a sweet comfort and delight in her sole society, which no other allurement, whether of profit or pastime, could equal or diminish,—this, less formally perhaps, but as really as care for his intellectual liberty, or distaste for the established professions of his time, determined Milton's early resolution as to his future way of life. On this point it will be best to quote his own words. "After I had," he says, "for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, (whom God recompense!) been exercised to the tongues and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers both at home and at the schools, it was found that, whether ought was imposed upon me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice, in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live." The meaning of which sentence to a biographer of Milton, is, that Milton, before his three-and-twentieth year, knew himself to be a poet.

He knew this, he says, by "certain vital signs," discernible in what he had already written. What were these "vital signs," these proofs indubitable to Milton that he had the art and faculty of a poet? We need but refer the reader for the answer to those smaller poetical compositions of Milton, both in English and in Latin, which survive as specimens of his earliest muse. Of these, some three or four which happen to be specially dated—such as the *Elegy on the Death of a Fair Infant*, written in 1624, or in the author's seventeenth year; the well-known *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, written in 1629, when the author was just twenty-one; and the often quoted *Sonnet on Shakespeare*, written not much later—may be cited as convenient materials from which, whoever would convince himself minutely of Milton's youthful vocation to poetry rather than to anything else, may derive proofs on that head. Here will be found power of the most rare and beautiful conception, choice of words the most exact and exquisite, the most perfect music and charm of verse. Above all, here will be found that ineffable something—call it imagination or what we will—wherein lies the intimate and

ineradicable peculiarity of the poet; the art to work on and on for ever in a purely ideal element, to chase and marshal airy nothings according to a law totally unlike that of rational association, never hastening to a logical end like the schoolboy when on errand, but still lingering within the wood like the schoolboy during holiday. This peculiar mental habit, nowhere better described than by Milton himself when he speaks of verse—

"Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,"

is so characteristic of the poetical disposition, that, though in most of the greatest poets, as, for example, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare in his dramas, Chaucer, and almost all the ancient Greek poets, it is not observable in any extraordinary degree, chiefly because in them the element of direct reference to human life and its interests had fitting preponderance, yet it may be affirmed that he who, tolerating or admiring these poets, does not relish also such poetry as that of Spenser, Keats, and Shakespeare in his minor pieces, but complains of it as wearisome and sensuous, is wanting in a portion of the genuine poetic taste.

There was but one "vital sign," the absence of which in Milton could, according to any theory of the poetical character, have begotten doubts in his own mind, or in the minds of his friends, whether poetry was his peculiar and appropriate function. The single source of possible doubt on this head could have been no other than that native austerity of feeling and temper, that real though not formal Puritanism of heart and intellect, which we have noted as distinguishing Milton from his youth upward. The poet, it is said in these days, when, by psychologizing a man, it is supposed we can tell what course of life he is fit for—the poet ought to be universally sympathetic; he ought to hate nothing, despise nothing. And a notion equivalent to this, though by no means so articulately expressed, was undoubtedly prevalent in Milton's own time. As the Puritans, on the one hand, had set their faces against all those practices of profane singing, dancing, masquing, theatre-going, and the like, in which the preservation of the spirit of the arts was supposed to be involved, so the last party in the world from which the reputed devotees of the arts in those days would have expected a poet to arise, were the Puritans. Even in Shakespeare, and

much more in Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and other poets of the Elizabethan age, may be traced evidences of an instinctive enmity to that Puritanical mode of thinking which was then on the increase in English society, and in the triumph of which these great minds foresaw the proscription of their craft and their pleasures. When Sir Toby says to Malvolio, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" and when the Clown adds, "Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too," it is the Knight and the Clown on the one side, against Malvolio the Puritan on the other. That the defence of the festive in this passage is not borne by more respectable personages than the two who speak, is indeed a kind of indication that Shakespeare's personal feelings with regard to the austere movement which he saw gathering around him, were by no means so deep or bitter as to discompose him; but if his profounder soul could behold such things with serenity, and even pronounce them good, they assuredly met with enough of virulence and invective among his lesser contemporaries. That literary crusade against the Puritans, as canting, sour-visaged, mirth-forbidding, art-aborring religionists, which came to its height at the time when Butler wrote his *Hudibras*, and Wycherley his plays, was already hot when the wits of King James's days used to assemble, after the theatre, in their favourite taverns; and if, sallying out after one of their merry evenings in their most favourite tavern of all, the Mermaid in Bread Street, leaving, as Beaumont used to say, an atmosphere in the room they had quitted sufficient to make witty in spite of themselves the next two companies that sat in it, these assembled poets and dramatists had gone in search of the youth who was likeliest to be the poet of the age then beginning, they certainly would not have gone to that modest residence in the same street where the son of the Puritanic scrivener, then preparing for college, was busy over his books. Nay, if Ben Jonson, the last twenty-nine years of whose life coincided with the first twenty-nine of Milton's, had followed the young student from the house where he was born in Bread Street to his rooms at Cambridge, and had there become acquainted with him and looked over his early poetical exercises, it is probable enough that, while praising them so far, he would have constituted himself the organ of that very opinion as to the requisites of the poetical character which we are now discussing, and declared, in some strong phrase or other, that the youth would have been all

the more hopeful as a poet if he had had a little more of the *bon vivant* in his constitution.

This, then, is a point of no little importance, involving, as it does, the relations of Milton as a poet to the age in which he lived—that splendid age of Puritan mastery in England, which came between the age of Shakespeare and Elizabeth, and the age of Dryden and the Second Charles. Milton was the poet of that intermediate era; that his character was such as we have described it, made him only the more truly a representative of all that was then deepest in English society; and, in inquiring, therefore, in what manner Milton's austerity as a man affected his art as a poet, we are, at the same time, investigating the *rationale* of that remarkable fact in the history of English literature, the interpolation of so original and isolated a development as the Miltonic poems between the inventive luxuriousness of the Elizabethan epoch, and the witty licentiousness that followed the Restoration.

First, then, it was not *humour* that came to the rescue, in Milton's case, to help him out in those respects wherein, according to the theory in question, the strictness and austerity of his own disposition would have injured his capacity to be a poet. There are and have been men as strict and austere as he, who yet, by means of this quality of humour, have been able to reconcile themselves to much in human life lying far away from, and even far beneath, the sphere of their own practice and conscientious liking. As Pantagruel, the noble and meditative, endured and even loved those immortal companions of his, the boisterous and profane Friar John, and the cowardly and impish Panurge, so these men, remaining themselves with all rigour and punctuality within the limits of sober and exemplary life, are seen extending their regards to the persons and the doings of a whole circle of reprobate Falstuffs, Pistols, Clowns, and Sir Toby Belches. They cannot help it. They may and often do blame themselves for it; they wish that, in their intercourse with the world, they could more habitually turn the austere and judicial side of their character to the scenes and incidents that there present themselves, simply saying of each, "That is right and worthy," or, "That is wrong and unworthy," and treating it accordingly; but they break down in the trial; suddenly some incident presents itself which is not only right but clumsy, or not only wrong but comic, and straightway the austere side of their character wheels round to the back, and judge, jury, and wit-

nesses are convulsed with untimely laughter. It was by no means so with Milton. As his critics have generally remarked, he had little of humour, properly so called, in his composition. His laughter is the laughter of scorn. With one unvarying judicial look, he confronted the actions of men, and, if ever his tone altered as he uttered his judgments, it was only because something roused him to a pitch of higher passion. Take, as characteristic the following passage, in which he replies to the taunt of an opponent who had asked where *he*, the antagonist of profane amusements, had procured that knowledge of theatres and their furniture, which certain allusions in one of his books shewed him to possess:—

“Since there is such necessity to the hearsay of a tire, a periwig, or a vizard, that plays must have been seen, what difficulty was there in that, when in the colleges so many of the young divines, and those in next aptitude to divinity, have been seen so often upon the stage, writhing and unbending their clergy limbs to all the antic and dishonest gestures of Tricucloes, buffoons, and bawds; prostituting the shame of that ministry which either they had or were nigh having, to the eyes of courtiers and court-ladies, with their grooms and mademoiselles? There, whilst they acted and overacted, among other young scholars, I was a spectator:—they thought themselves gallant men, and I thought them fools; they made sport, and I laughed; they mispronounced, and I disliked; and, to make up the atticism, they were out, and I hissed.”—*Apology for Smectymnus*.

Who can doubt that to a man, to whom such a scene as this presented itself in a light so different from that in which a Shakespeare would have viewed it, Friar John himself, if encountered in the real world, would have been simply the profane and unendurable wearer of the sacred garb, Falstaff only a foul and grey-haired iniquity, Pistol but a braggart and coward, and Sir Toby Belch but a beastly sot?

That office, however, which humour did not perform for Milton, in his intercourse with the world of past and present things, was in part performed by what he did in large measure possess—intellectual inquisitiveness; respect for intellect, its accomplishments, and its rights. If any quality in the actions or writings of other men could have won Milton's favourable regards, even where his moral sense condemned, that quality, we believe, was intellectual greatness, and especially greatness of his own stamp, or marked by any of his own features. Hence that tone of almost pitying admiration which pervades his representation of the ruined Archangel;

hence his uniformly respectful references to the great intellects of Paganism and of the Catholic world; and hence, we think, his unbounded, and, so far as we can see, unqualified reverence for Shakespeare. As by the direct exercise of his own intellect, on the one hand, applied to the rational discrimination for himself of what was really wrong from what was only ignorantly reputed to be so, he had kept his mind clear, as Cromwell also did, from many of those sectarian prejudices in the matter of moral observance which were current in his time—justified, for example, his love of music, his passion for natural beauty, his habits of cheerful recreation, his devotion to various literature, and even, most questionable of all, as would then have been thought, his affection for the massy pillars and storied windows of ecclesiastic architecture; so, reflexly, by a recognition of the intellectual liberty of others, he seems to have distinctly apprehended the fact that there might be legitimate manifestations of intellect of a kind very different from his own. A Falstaff in real life, for example, might have been to Milton the most unendurable of horrors, just as, according to his own confession, a play-acting clergyman was his abomination; and yet, in the pages of his honoured Shakespeare, Sir John as mentor to the Prince, and Parson Hugh Evans as the Welch fairy among the mummers, may have been creations he would con over and very dearly appreciate. And this accounts for the multifarious and unrestricted character of his literary studies. Milton, we believe, was a man whose intellectual inquisitiveness and respect for talent would have led him, in other instances than that of the College theatricals, to see and hear much that his heart derided, to study and know what he would not strictly have wished to imitate. Ovid and Tibullus, for example, contain much that is far from Miltonic; and yet that he read poets of this class with particular pleasure, let the following quotation prove:—

“I had my time, readers, as others have who have good learning bestowed upon them, to be sent to those places where, the opinion was, it might be soonest attained; and, as the manner is, was not unstudied in those authors which are most commended:—whereof some were grave orators and historians, whose matter methought I loved indeed, but, as my age was, so I understood them: others were the smooth elegiac poets whereof the schools are not scarce, whom, both for the pleasing sound of their numerous writing (which, in imitation, I found most easy, and most agreeable to nature's part in me) and for their matter (which, what it is, there be few who know not), I was so allured to read that no recreation

came to me more welcome—for, that it was then those years with me which are excused, though they be least severe, I may be saved the labour to remember ye.”—*Apology for Smectymnus*.

That Milton, then, notwithstanding his natural austerity and seriousness even in youth, was led by his keen appreciation of literary beauty and finish, and especially by his delight in sweet and melodious verse, to read and enjoy the poetry of those writers who are usually quoted as examples of the lusciousness and sensuousness of the poetic nature, and even to prefer them to all others—is especially stated by himself. But let the reader, who may think he sees in this a ground for suspecting that we have assigned too much importance to Milton's personal seriousness of disposition as a cause of affecting his aims and art as a poet, distinctly mark the continuation.

“Whence, having observed them” (the elegiac and love poets) “to account it the chief glory of their wit, in that they were ablest to judge, to praise, and by that could esteem themselves worthiest to love, those high perfections which, under one or other name, they took to celebrate, I thought with myself, by every instinct and pre-sage of nature, (which is not wont to be false,) that what emboldened them to this task might, with such diligence as they used, embolden me; and that what judgment, wit, or elegance was my share would herein best appear, and best value itself, but how much more wisely, and with more love of virtue I should choose (let rude ears be absent!) the object of not unlike praises. For, albeit these thoughts to some will seem virtuous and commendable, to others only pardonable, to a third sort perhaps idle, yet the mentioning of them now will end in serious. Nor blame it, readers, in those years to propose to themselves such a reward as the noblest dispositions above other things in this life have sometimes preferred; whereof not to be sensible, when good and fair in one person meet, argues both a gross and shallow judgment, and withal an ungente and swainish breast. For, by the firm settling of these persuasions, I became, to my best memory, so much a proficient, that, if I found these authors anywhere speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled, this effect it wrought in me:—From that time forward, their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored; and, above them all, preferred the two famous renowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never wrote but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime and pure thought, without transgression. And long it was not after when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem—that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he has in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy.”—*Apology for Smectymnus*.

Here, at last, therefore, we have Milton's own solution of the matter of our inquiry. He had speculated himself on that subject; he had made it a matter of conscious investigation what kind of moral tone and career would best fit a man to be a poet, on the one hand, or would be most likely to frustrate his hopes of writing well, on the other; and his conclusion, as we see, was dead against the “wild oats” theory. Had Ben Jonson, according to our previous fancy, proffered him, out of kindly interest, a touch of that theory, while criticising his juvenile poems, and telling him how he might learn to write better, there would have descended on the lecturer, as sure as fate, a rebuke, though from young lips, that would have made his old face blush. “*He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem*:—fancy that sentence—an early and often pronounced formula of Milton's, as we may be sure it was—hurled, some evening, could time and chance have permitted it, into the midst of the Elizabethan wits at the Mermaid! What interruption of the jollity, what mingled uneasiness and resentment, what turning of faces towards the new speaker, what forced laughter to conceal consternation! Only Shakespeare, one thinks, had he been present, would have fixed on the bold youth a mild and approving eye, would have looked round the room thoroughly to observe the whole scene, and, remembering some passages in his own life, would mayhap have had his own thoughts! Certainly, at least, the essence of that wonderful and special development of the literary genius of England, which came between the Elizabethan epoch and the epoch of the Restoration, and which was represented and consummated in Milton himself, consisted in the fact that then there was a temporary protest, and by a man able to make it good, against the theory of “wild oats,” as current before and current since. The nearest man to Milton in this respect, since Milton's time, has undoubtedly been Wordsworth.

It has not been without purpose that we have thus presented our readers with what may be called, though with some allowance for occasional anachronism, a study of the character of Milton in his early manhood. In fixing our attention upon him so closely at a period of his life when as yet he had not produced those works which are the cause why the world now attends to him at all, we but imitate his own example in those passages of his writings where he instructs us how he may be best appreciated. “With me it fares now,” he says, referring to his hostile critics, “as with him whose outward

garment (i.e. books) hath been injured and ill-bedighted; for, having no other shift, what help but to turn the inside," (i.e. the man, as anterior to, and apart from, his books,) "outward—especially, if the lining be of the same, or, as it sometimes is, much better." Let us now, however, glance at the facts of his subsequent career, so as to see, preparatory to such a general view of his genius as can only be attempted in connexion with his writings, how the character which we have sketched as Milton's from the first, and which substantially remained with him through life, became modified by external influences as he passed on through manhood to old age.

Milton, his academic studies being over, and his resolution against entering the Church already taken, remained an inmate of his father's house at Horton, Buckinghamshire, for a period of six years,—that is, from 1632 to 1638, or from his twenty-fourth to his thirtieth year. Walks amid the rich English scenery of the neighbourhood, sometimes for the mere pleasure of exercise and meditation, sometimes in his special character as a student of botany; more lengthened excursions to Oxford and other places in or out of Buckinghamshire, particularly the pretty village of Forest Hill, some three miles from Oxford, where there resided a Squire Powell, an acquaintance of his father's; occasional visits to London for books, lessons in mathematics, and the like; indoor conversations and musical concertoes with such friends or relatives as might from time to time join the family circle, including a married sister older than himself, and a younger brother engaged in the study of the law—such was the quiet nature of the poet's life, at a time when most men are plunged in the cares of worldly business. His father, himself a scholarly old gentleman and a musical composer, "equal in science, if not in genius, to the first musicians of the age," was probably glad that his own position as a retired attorney, living on a small estate, enabled him to afford his son the means of such manly leisure. Nor was Milton idle. Devoting the main part of his time to a course of new reading, which embraced all the most celebrated classical writers, and had special reference to those Greek philosophers whose works he felt himself more capable of appreciating now than in his college days, he produced at intervals during these years those exquisite minor poems—*Arcades*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and others, which the reader, when not disposed for the severer grandeurs of his later muse, turns to with delight. The style of those poems, blending so beautifully the grace of the clas-

sic model, and the spirit of classic thought with the rich beauty of the English pastoral, indicates clearly enough that his early taste for the sweet and sensuous compositions of the elegiac and descriptive school of poets had not as yet declined. As clearly, however, does the loyal and strict tone of these poems, the chivalrous and sustained purity of purpose which appear in them, and most observably of all in the *Comus*, indicate the perfect truth of his assertion that he had early come to the resolve that in all his own attempts in the art he admired, the fair should serve only the good and honourable. In these poems, too, sensuous in conception and full of fantastic imagery as they are, there are genuine individual flashes of the sterner Miltonic spirit. Such, for example, is the invective in *Lycidas* against the hireling shepherds of the Christian fold. Such also is this, among other passages that might be quoted from *Comus*—

"Against the threats

Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm—
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not intrahled;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when, at last
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed; If this fail
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble."

And thus, we see, underneath the flowers and the beauty, there ever lay in Milton all manly strength. If his art by preference still worked most in the sensuous and the idyllic, it was but as a young athlete, his symmetry not yet injured by much experience in the gymnasium, might be the gentlest of all the guests at a classic entertainment, might recline most gracefully on the embroidered couch, and wear most fitly the garland of festive roses.

Milton's poems, composed during his residence in his father's house, were not written for publication. The *Comus* was a gift to the ladies and younger branches of the family of the Earl of Bridgewater, meant as a kind of innocent play or mask to be performed in the family-circle of Ludlow Castle; and though Lawes, who composed the airs for the mask, published it in 1637, three years after it was performed, he speaks of the authorship as not openly acknowledged. In the following year *Lycidas* appeared in a collection of Cambridge verses. Milton's reputation as a poet can, therefore, have been but of a very private character

when, in the year 1638, his mother being then just dead, he left England for a tour on the Continent. From Paris, where he became acquainted with Grotius, he went to Italy. He resided there about a year, visiting all the chief towns, and seeing many of the eminent Italian men of the time—among others, Galileo, then in his old age, and a prisoner to the Inquisition on account of his astronomical heresies. From Italy he meant to extend his tour to Sicily and Greece; but the gathering political tempest at home brought him back to England in the summer of 1639.

In consequence either of some change in the circumstances of his father, or of some change in his own views as to his way of life, Milton now took up household in London. "He took him a lodging," says his earliest biographer, "in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street, at the house of one Russell, a tailor." Probably one of the reasons that led to this arrangement is indicated in the fact that he took to board with him, as pupils, two nephews, sons of his sister Mrs. Philips, the one about ten, the other about eight, years of age. "He made no long stay," however, in St. Bride's Churchyard, "necessity of having a place to dispose his books in, and other goods fit for the furnishing of a good handsome house, hastening him to take one; and accordingly, as pretty garden-house he took in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, by the reason of the privacy, besides that there are few streets in London more free from noise than that." Here he took a few more boys as boarders, all the sons of intimate friends.

But it was not solely with his pupils that Milton's mind was occupied in his new residence in his garden-house in Aldersgate Street. His journey to Italy and the encouragement he had met with there had but confirmed his ambition to be a great name in the literature of his country. The following passage, written close upon the period we are now arrived at, will exhibit more aptly than any words of ours, the thoughts as to the future employment of his time and powers, which secretly filled Milton for months and months after his first settlement in London. The passage is in every way remarkable:—

"But, much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout, (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit and learning there,) met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and con-

veniences, to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men on this side the Alps—I began thus far to assent both to them and to divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that, by labour and intense study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave some thing so written to after-times as they should not willingly let die.

"These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other—that, if I were certain to write, as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard to be sooner had than to God's glory by the honour and instruction of my own country. For which cause and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo—to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end, (that were a toilsome vanity,) but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and wisest things among mine own citizens throughout this island in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, and modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old, did for *their* country, I, in proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for *mine*, not caring to be once named abroad, (though, perhaps, I could attain to that,) but content with these British islands as my world, whose fortune has hitherto been that, if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

"Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting—whether the *epic* form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the Book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, (which, in them that know art and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art;) and, lastly, what king or knight, before the Conquest, might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. . . . Or whether those *dramatic* constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. . . . Or, if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnificent *odes* and *hymns*, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy; some others in their frame judicious; in their matter most and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets beyond all those not in their divine argument alone, but in the very

critical art of composition, may be easily made to appear, over all the kinds of lyric poetry, to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though by most abused) in every nation;—are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to embrace and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship."—*Reasons against Prelacy.*

It was not destined, however, that Milton should then, or for many years to come, carry these great schemes into execution. Work of a very different, and far less congenial kind, was for the present required of him. That great era in English history, which nothing in English history has paralleled since, was then opening. Vanquished by the spirit of his subjects, Charles I. had been compelled, in 1640, to summon his fifth Parliament, the famous "Long Parliament" of England, and to commit himself reluctantly to the tide of reform in Church and State which flowed out of its deliberations. Never was there such a time of hope and promise in the political world. Gathering round the new Parliament, and looking to it as the instrument by which, with the blessing of God, such changes would be wrought in the entire system of the country as would make England, though still under a regal head, the pattern of free and well-governed Commonwealths, all men of mark for their liberal opinions were eager to contribute their quota to the new movement. Of this Milton was one. Always, by temperament, by education, and by speculative conviction, a man of the progressive party which since the days of Elizabeth had been gaining strength in England, but debarred hitherto like the rest of his countrymen from speaking his mind in any distinct manner on public affairs—he was now kindled to a pitch of enthusiasm such as made his whole past life seem tame, and thoughts that had till then lain in his mind only as vague dream and aspiration, nourishing his own sense of personal dignity, rushed at once into form, and struggled for utterance. Perhaps at no time in his whole life could Milton's character have been seen to greater advantage than about the year 1640–41, when the spirit of polemical activity first caught and mastered him. The

promise of his earlier years then ripened into firm yet fair maturity; his consciousness of power rather increased than abated by his intercourse with the world; his mind, too, as we think, more exercised than before in solemn personal thoughts of God, religion, and revelation—he was no longer the mere serious youth meditating among flowers and books, and keeping his soul chaste by the worship of virtue as a grace or goddess of some heathen shrine, but a practical and fully assured Christian man, conversant with usages and cities, and regarding his own faculty and virtue but as so much energy sent down by God to mould humanity to a higher rule. The word *loftiness*, or the word *magnanimity*, rather than the word *seriousness*, or the word *austerity*, might be used to describe the habitual state of Milton's mind at this epoch, when, ceasing, as it were, to be occupied with its own culture and regulation, it turned, like a lion about to leave its den, to the survey of the world without. His heart swelled within him when he saw what was to be done by a soul like his in the concourse of other men; and, if he hesitated at all to begin the work of action, it was only because he doubted whether in so vast a crowd he ought first to carry his royal presence.

Abandoning, then, for the time, all his great schemes of literary preparation and performance, Milton, in the year 1641, plunged into the tumult of political controversy. Disdaining smaller topics, he struck at once at what he, in common with many others, regarded as the radical evil, the cause, so far as any one theory or institution could be the cause, of all that was wrong and reactionary in English society—the theory and institution of Prelacy. That Prelacy, or the rule of the Church by bishops and archbishops, should be root and branch abolished, not merely modified and improved by dissociation from peerage and the like; and that the Long Parliament and other legislative powers in the country should be stirred up and incited, by every possible means, to this work, and to speedy change of the ecclesiastical system of England to the Presbyterian form, or some form even beyond that—such was Milton's notion of the greatest political duty of the time. Give him this, he thought, and he would return to his books and his leisure; until this were attained, books and leisure were luxuries he would forego. Hear his own words:—

"And the accomplishment of them" (his literary schemes) "lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more

studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall—that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend, and if but the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of Prelacy, under whose inquisitorial and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish."

When, by his own labours, and those of others, the land should have, by the abolition of Prelacy, been put into such a state as that "a free and splendid wit" could flourish in it, then it would be time for him to resume his literary aspirations; meanwhile, for a few years, he would be content to go on trust with his readers for the payment of his debt, and, "leaving a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark on a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes," doing battle against Episcopacy in the face of the people and the Parliament of England. Accordingly, for two years, or from 1641 to 1642, he seems to have been incessantly engaged (his duties to his pupils excepted) on this one topic. He handled it in five separate treatises or pamphlets; the first, an elaborate historical essay *On the Causes that have hindered the Reformation in England*—in other words, arrested it at the stage of Episcopacy; the second, a treatise *On Prelatical Episcopacy*, containing an examination of arguments in favour of its antiquity and apostolic origin, advanced at the time by Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher; the third, a more comprehensive treatise, entitled, *The Reason of Church-government urged against Prelacy*; the fourth, *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus*, the remonstrant being Bishop Hall, and Smectymnuus a designation for five Presbyterian ministers who had attacked him, and the initials of whose names, put together, made up the uncouth word; the fifth and last, a farther *Apology for Smectymnuus*, drawn out by an answer to the preceding.

The controversy, however, to which Milton had so courageously lent himself, was soon snatched away from the hands of writers and clergymen, and appealed, with many other, and even graver questions, to the decision of a ruder reasoning. The final rupture between Charles and the Parliament had at length taken place, and all England was a scene of military strife. The fate, not only of Episcopacy, but of Royalty itself, depended on the issue of an uncertain war. Surrendering over, then, to the sword and the battle-field the continuation of his favourite argument, and taking no more active part in the politics of the time than that of praying for the success of the party

which represented his hopes, Milton would now probably have returned to his private projects had not Providence prepared him for a new and far more miserable controversy in the state of his own household. His father, driven from his own residence by the disturbed condition of the country, had just come to live with him and his pupils at Aldersgate Street, when, about Whitsuntide 1643, Milton, to use the words of his nephew Philips, "took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was more than a journey of recreation, till, after a month's stay, home he returns a married man that went out a bachelor." The wife thus unexpectedly brought home by Milton, then in his thirty-fifth year, was Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Powell, the Oxfordshire squire formerly mentioned.

Never was a worse match made. The young wife had hardly been a month in town with her husband, when, in a fit of longing to see her parents and friends, she asked and obtained leave to go and spend part of the summer with them, promising to return at Michaelmas. When that time came, however, she positively refused to go back; and, her mother abetting her, she left Milton's repeated letters unanswered, and, when a messenger came with a peremptory message, had him turned out of the house. The reasons for this extraordinary occurrence, as given by Philips, are, that her "relations being generally addicted to the Cavalier party, and some of them possibly engaged in the King's service, (who by this time had his headquarters at Oxford, and was in some prospect of success,) they began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion, and thought it would be a blot in their escutcheon whenever that court should come to flourish again." There may be something in this; but the account given by the old gossip Aubrey, confirmed, too, by what Philip himself says, is far more to the point. The bride, according to Aubrey, had been "brought up and bred where there was a great deal of company and merriment, as dancing, &c.; and when she came to live with her husband, she found it solitary, no company came to her, and she often heard her nephews cry and be beaten. This life was irksome to her and so she went to her parents." There are hints also that, during her month in town, she had shown some stubbornness—accepting invitations from her relations against her husband's will, and going about with them to theatres and the like. In short, one sees the whole case but

too easily. Here was a gay, self-willed country girl, whose highest happiness it had been to dance with a King's officer at Oxford or elsewhere, married to a man whom she did not love, whom she could not understand, and whose books and austere ways were a terror to her. How Milton had been led to commit such a blunder as to marry a girl so totally unsuited to be his wife, can only be explained by the reasons he himself hints at—the inexperience of even the soberest man in these affairs, the very haste of men who have lived strictly in youth “to light the nuptial torch,” the “persuasion of friends,” the want of sufficient opportunities “for a perfect discerning” till too late, and the known fact that “the bashful muteness of a virgin,” so romantically interpreted by the lover, may often “hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth” which constitutes sheer stupidity. *Stupidity*, if we may judge from Milton's allusions, was the quality which, after his eyes were opened to the real character of his wife, he found most unendurable in her. “A mute and spiritless mate,” “a mind to all due conversation inaccessible,” such are the phrases in which he seems evidently to refer to his own case; and “what a solace,” he adds, “what a fit help such a consort would be through the whole life of a man, is less pain to conjecture than to have experience.” No sensible man, he even says in another place, but would rather forgive actual unfaithfulness in a woman than this sullen incompatibility of tastes and temper.

At first, Milton's rage at the insult and scandal of his wife's desertion of him seems to have been something tremendous. Afterwards, bitterly making up his mind to the worst, and having determined that in no circumstances could he honourably take her back, he directed all his thoughts to the single purpose of getting rid of her. And, as it was not in his nature to put a fair face on the matter to the world, and secretly compensate himself by being other than he seemed, he pursued his object in the most open and public manner. In the course of the years 1644 and 1645, he put forth a series of four treatises on divorce—the first entitled *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce restored from the bondage of the Canon Law*; the second, *The Judgment of Martin Bucer touching Divorce*, being extracts in point from that Reformer's writings; the third *Tetrachordon*; or *Expositions of the four chief passages of Scripture which treat of Marriage*; and the fourth, *Colasterion*, being a reply to an anonymous answer to the first treatise. The doctrine which pervades all these treatises and which they try to enforce, partly by reason, but chiefly by the authority

of Scripture, is that the guardianship of marriage ought to belong solely to the civil magistrate, and that divorce ought to be allowed not only in the cases recognised by the canon law, but also in any case of moral incompatibility between the parties immediately interested. Without entering into a consideration of Milton's views on this important subject—views which really signified “divorce at pleasure,” though Milton repudiated that phrase—we may observe that hardly in the whole history of human speculation will there be found a more remarkable instance than these treatises furnish, of how a man of the most sober and austere life may be led, by the felt misery of a personal experience, to investigate and tear up the settled maxims on which society has based itself, and to trouble a deaf world with importunate theorizings. That Milton, when the circumstances of his wife's family and the report of his intended marriage with a Miss Davis, induced them after about two years to attempt a reconciliation, did then take back his wife, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, is well known. But, though this put an end to his open warfare on the subject, it would be a mistake to suppose that so sad a passage of his life left no permanent effects. Externally, it made a decided breach between him and the Presbyterians who had been the most resolute opponents of his theory of divorce, and had even caused the House of Lords to take the matter up as an offence against sound morals; inclining him at the same time more and more to those extremest sects whose increasing numbers had perhaps given him hope that his views might obtain legislative sanction, and among whom he actually did gain over not a few to avow his doctrine under the name of Miltonists. But the secret effects on his mind and character were far more momentous. He had already described by anticipation that “drooping and disconsolate household captivity” which results from an ill-assorted marriage, and had spoken of that “continual sight of one's deluded thoughts” which the forced association with an unloved partner supposes, as a thing “to drive a man to atheism,” or at least “to abase the mettle of a generous spirit, and sink him to a low and vulgar pitch of endeavour in all his actions.” And if the effects upon himself of his seven years of legal union with his wife after their reconciliation fell short of this, their detrimental nature may at least be traced in a tone of increased harshness and bad temper discernible in most of his subsequent writings. And the poor wife all this time! One cannot help remembering that, though Milton could *speak* his

wrongs in the case, she may have felt hers; and none the less keenly that people told her that her austere husband was a great scholar. Indeed, what was that act of hers which so offended Milton, but a practical assertion on the woman's side of that liberty which he claimed for the man?

During the stormy period of his controversy on the subject of divorce, Milton found time to publish the short tract *On Education* before alluded to, and also his noble *Areopagitica*, or *Speech to the Parliament of England for the liberty of Unlicensed Printing*. In the year 1645, he likewise published for the first time, in a collected form, his juvenile poems in English and Latin. From that time, probably owing to the disturbed state of the public mind, he published nothing for three or four years. During these years he removed his residence twice—first from Aldersgate Street to Barbican, where besides his wife, his pupils, and his own father, he had his wife's father and mother to live with him; and then to a smaller house in Holborn, which had an opening at the back into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. In 1647 his father died; and about the same time his father-in-law. As his father's property, which does not seem to have been very large, was shared by him with his sister and his younger brother, now a lawyer of known royalist opinions, Milton was not yet exempted from the necessity of earning his own livelihood. A marriage portion of £1000 which should have come to him on his father-in-law's death, remained unpaid in consequence of the confused state in which that gentleman left his affairs.

The triumph of the Puritan party was an epoch in the life of Milton. Scarcely was the Commonwealth inaugurated by the death of Charles I., (January 1648-9,) when, breaking his long silence, he published a justification of that act against the Presbyterians and others, in the form of an essay on *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, one of the ablest arguments ever penned in favour of the *jus populi*. This piece of service probably contributed to his appointment, in 1649, to the office of Latin Secretary to the Government, with a salary of £288 a year. As Latin Secretary, his duties were multifarious and somewhat onerous. In the first place, as it had been resolved that all the Government correspondence with foreign princes and states should be in Latin, he had daily to attend at Whitehall to lend his services as a compiler and translator. A collection of the letters written by him in this capacity, both for the Council of State and for Cromwell,

is published among his prose works. But besides these strictly official duties, others naturally devolved upon him in consequence of his general literary abilities. Thus, when the Government wished to print a collection of papers relative to the proceedings of the Royalists in Ireland, Milton contributed (1649) some critical *Observations on the Articles of Peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish rebels*; and, again, in the same year, he was persuaded by the Government to write his *Eikonoclastes*, in answer to the famous "Eikon Basilike," the supposed literary relic of Charles I. But the most important of these polemical writings which Milton's position as a literary servant of the government of the Commonwealth induced him to undertake, was the celebrated *Defensio pro populo Anglicano*, published in 1651, in reply to the Latin Defence of Charles I., put forth by the Frenchman, Claude de Sau-maise, who, under his Latinized name of Salmasius, was then one of the most renowned scholars of Europe. Milton appears to have thrown his whole strength into this production, which was regarded as a triumphant demolition of his antagonist, and procured him applauses and encomiums from all quarters.

On his appointment to the Secretaryship, Milton, who seems now to have given up his pupils, had removed from Holborn to apartments in Scotland Yard. It was while residing here, in the year 1652, that he was visited by the crowning calamity of his life, his blindness. His sight had been gradually failing for ten years; and at last it completely gave way under the serious labours in which he involved himself when preparing his great work against Salmasius. His own description of the manner in which the blindness came on is worth quoting:—

"On the left side of my left eye (which began to fail some years before the other,) a darkness arose that hid from me all things on that side: if I chanced to close my right eye, whatever was before me seemed diminished. In the last three years, as my remaining eye failed gradually some months before my sight was utterly gone, all things that I could discern, though I moved not myself, appeared to fluctuate, now to the right, now to the left. Obstinate vapours seemed to have settled all over my forehead and temples, overwhelming my eyes with a sort of sleepy heaviness, especially after food, till the evening; so that I frequently recollect the condition of the prophet Phineus in the *Argonautics*:

Him vapours dark

Enveloped, and the earth appeared to roll
Beneath him, sinking in a lifeless trance.

But I should not omit to say that, while I had

some little sight remaining, as soon as I went to bed I reclined on either side, a copious light used to dart out from my closed eyes;—then, as my sight grew daily less, darker colours seemed to burst forth with vehemence and a kind of internal noise; but now, as if everything lucid were extinguished, blackness, either absolute, or chequered and interwoven as it were with ash-colour, is accustomed to pour itself on my eyes; yet the darkness perpetually before them, as well during the night as in the day, seems always approaching rather to white than to black, admitting, as the eye rolls, a minute portion of light, as through a crevice.”—*Letter to Philaras of Athens, Sept. 28, 1654.*

Even when totally blind, Milton continued to hold his office as Latin Secretary; latterly, however, a colleague was appointed, who did the most of the work, and received about half of the salary. For the sake of his health Milton, one of whose peculiarities it seems to have been never to be satisfied with the house he lived in, removed to a house in Petty France, Westminster, opening into St. James's Park. Here he remained for about eight years, or till the Restoration of Charles II. compelled him to seek a less public place of residence. These eight years produced not a few changes in his household. In 1652 his wife died, leaving him, a widower and blind at the age of forty-four, with three infant daughters, the oldest of whom was not more than six years old. In 1656 he married a second wife, who did not survive the marriage, however, more than a year. Her death was probably a misfortune to the poor children of the former wife, who, left thereafter to the care of their blind and austere father, seem to have grown up in a kind of horror of him, increased rather than diminished by the efforts he appears to have made from time to time to impart to them some portions of his linguistic learning. As they were not old enough yet to act as his amanuenses, the various works written by him at this period must have been dictated either to his nephew Philips, or to some other of his grown-up pupils. Among these works were several in continuation of his answer to Salmasius—such as the *Defensio secunda pro Populo Anglicano*, published in 1654, as a reply to a work written by Peter du Moulin, but advertised under the name of Alexander More; and the *Defensio pro se* called forth by More's rejoinder. These, however, were but incidental exercises of his pen; and the greater part of his time after the year 1654 appears to have been devoted to several great literary projects which he had resolved upon as appropriate work for his now advancing years and disabled condition—such

as the composition of a large History of England, the compilation of an Elaborate Thesaurus or Dictionary of the Latin language, and the preparation of a Body of Systematic Divinity out of the Bible.

Once more the retired man of letters tried to make his voice heard amid the concerns of a world shut out for evermore from his bodily view. It was during that brief period after the death of Cromwell, the man after Milton's own heart, when the nation, torn by all manner of new distractions, saw no hope of rest but in the restoration of the monarchy of the Stuarts, with all its miserable chances. Grieved, alarmed, and indignant, the blind Republican did all he could to avert the catastrophe and arouse his countrymen to a better faith and a more enduring courage. In a treatise *Of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*, and in another *On the Means of removing Hirelings out of the Church*, both published in 1659, he endeavoured to mainiain the waning spirit of political reform, and to direct it on to new triumphs which would secure, as he thought, the dear-bought liberties of the nation; and finally, in *A Letter to a Friend concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth*, a tract entitled, *A Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth*, and a short criticism on a Royalist sermon preached in March 1660, he addressed himself directly to the question of a continuation of the Commonwealth as against the recall of the Stuarts. All in vain. “No blind guides” was the only answer his appeals elicited; Charles II. sat upon the throne of his fathers; and Milton, hardly escaping the death awarded to so many others for the part they had acted under the Parliament and the Protectorate, sought a refuge in silence and privacy.

Milton survived the Restoration fourteen years, residing first in a house he had taken in Holborn; next in Jewin Street, Aldersgate; then as a lodger in the house of Millington, a well-known auctioneer of books; and last of all in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields. During four years of this period he remained unmarried; but in 1664, or when he was in his fifty-sixth year, he married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshul, daughter of a Cheshire baronet. She appears to have been a rather elderly person, who had been recommended by one of his friends as a fit house-keeper for him in his old age; and the evidence seems to say that he would not have married again at all but for the undutiful conduct of his daughters. The three girls—the eldest of whom, Anne, was now about eighteen years of age, the second,

Mary, about sixteen, and the youngest, Deborah, about fourteen—used “to combine together,” it is said, “and counsel his maid-servant to cheat him in his marketings;” they used also to pawn and sell his books; and on one occasion, shortly before his third marriage, when the maid-servant told the second daughter, Mary, that she heard her father was to take another wife, “the said Mary replied to the said maid-servant, that it was no news to hear of his wedding, but if she could hear of his death, that would be something.” With the exception of the youngest, Deborah, the daughters appear scarcely to have lived with their father after his third marriage. The eldest, Anne, who was somewhat deformed, set up in business as a gold and silver lace maker, and afterwards married a master-builder; and her sister Mary seems to have gone with her. So long as they lived with him, all the three daughters appear to have acted as his amanuenses; after his marriage, however, this species of work devolved sometimes on the wife, sometimes on the daughter Deborah, until she also escaped by marriage with a weaver in Spitalfields, and sometimes on any stray boy that could be induced by love or money to lend his services to the imperious old man. It was in this way that he composed and made ready for publication the numerous writings which formed his sole occupation and delight during the fourteen years that intervened between his retirement into private life in 1669, and his death in 1674. Of these the following were in prose:—*Accidence, or Commenced Grammar of the Latin tongue*, published in 1661; a *History of Britain to the Norman Conquest*, first published in 1670, as a contribution to the larger work he found himself unable to complete; a tract published in 1673, and entitled, *Of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery*; a Latin treatise on logic, published about the same time, and entitled, *Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio ad Petri Ramî methodum concinnata*; a collection of his *Familiar Latin Epistles*, published with a few other academic trifles, in the last year of his life; a *Brief History of Muscovy and the Countries beyond Russia*, left by him in manuscript, and not published till 1682; his materials for a *Thesaurus of the Latin Authors*, also left in manuscript for the use of subsequent lexicographers; and, finally, the celebrated Miltonian system of theology, or Latin *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, the manuscript of which, after having been lost for a century and a half, was accidentally dis-

covered in the State-paper office, and edited in English by the present Archbishop of Canterbury in 1825. Laborious as these latest prose writings of Milton were, however, they were but the severer amusements of a mind which had at last, after so many years, returned to its first and most enduring love. Never, amid all the turmoil and harsh controversial warfare of his middle life, had Milton forgotten his early promise, from the performance of which he had but requested the indulgence of a few years less congenially spent; and when at last, after not a few but many years so spent, time and sore chance threw him aside from worldly ties, and assigned to him a career of aged loneliness, with death as its welcome close, then the old aspiration came back, and with it the ease of a readier choice and the faculty of a more seer-like song. The *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes* were given in succession to the world. And so, if when the time came for him to die, and to exchange the earthly vacancy in which his eyes had so long rolled, for the visible splendours and illuminations of the world he had preconceived, he then left not behind him a heritage of that kind in which most men place their boast—weeping friends, dutiful and well circumstanced children, and the fructifying deeds of a prosperous civil life; if, instead of all this, he saw from his dying pillow children scattered, rebellious, and mechanically matched, (doubtless in part his own blame,) a wife greedy for his remnant of household goods, and a State which had rejected and cast out all his counsels; yet this he could even at that last moment be sure of, that his life had not been spent in vain, and that whenever the men of future ages should look back to the times foregone, they would pronounce, and pronounce truly, that the soul then ebbing away had been the soul of one of the noblest of God's Englishmen.

Some particulars of interest are recorded of Milton, as he was seen and conversed with in his later years. Even in old age he preserved his comeliness, so as to seem much younger than he was. His eyes never betrayed their loss of sight by any outward speck or blemish, but remained clear and perfect, so that it was only by observing them closely that one could perceive that he was blind. “An aged clergyman of Dorsetshire,” says the novelist Richardson, “found John Milton (in his house in Artillery Walk) in a small chamber, hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black, pale, but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk-stones. He used

also to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill-fields in warm weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality." He had some intimate friends who came to see him almost daily, chiefly bookish men of the graver sects, whose opinions agreed with his own. After his blindness and other infirmities prevented him from walking much about, he had a machine made to swing in for the sake of exercise. He used to rise about four or five o'clock; dictate or have books read to him all morning; spend part of the afternoon in playing on the organ or bass-viol, sometimes singing, and sometimes making his wife sing, who, he said, had a good voice but no ear; then study again for an hour or two; then have a few friends about him till supper-time, when, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, he went to bed. One curious little glimpse of his household habits is obtained from the deposition of the witnesses who were examined before the Prerogative Court after his death, on the matter of a nuncupative or unwritten will, which he was alleged to have made. By this will, his widow maintained he had left all his property to her, with the exception of the £1000 still due to him out of the estate of his first wife's father—which £1000, and nothing more, he left to his three daughters by that wife, "they having been very undutiful to him," and he "having already spent the greater part of his estate in providing for them." The daughters, however, contested the will, and gained the suit. One of the witnesses was a maid-servant, Elizabeth Fisher, who deposed thus:—

"That, on a day happening in the month of July last (1674), the time more certainly she remembereth not, this deponent being then in the deceased's lodging-chamber, he, the said deceased, and the party producent in this cause, his wife, being then also in the said chamber at dinner together, and the said Elizabeth Milton, the party producent, having provided something for the deceased's dinner which he very well liked, he, the said deceased, then spoke to his said wife these or the like words, as near as this deponent can remember,—'God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live; and when I die, thou knowest I have left thee all'; there being nobody present in the said chamber with the said deceased and his wife but this deponent: And the said testator at that time was of perfect mind and memory, and talked and discoursed sensibly and well, but was then indisposed in his body by reason of the distemper of the gout which he had upon him."

Milton's chief favourites. There was something special in his liking for Euripides, a fact which ought to go to the credit of that poet, whom it is now too much the fashion to depreciate. In Italian he preferred Dante and Petrarch. In English his favourite poets were Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley; Dryden, who used sometimes to visit him, but who had not then done his best, he called a rhymist, but no poet. It was noted of Milton by his friends that he pronounced the letter *v* very hard in speaking, not mincing it as most Englishmen do—a characteristic circumstance, shewing his true and judicious ear. In reading Latin, too, he followed the foreign and not the English plan of pronouncing the vowels; and when the young Quaker Ellwood came to read Latin to him, he made him get rid of the English mode of pronunciation as a bad habit. His ear was so nice, that he knew when Ellwood understood the Latin sentence he was reading and when he only read by rote.

The retrospect of Milton's literary life gives us the following as the facts most proper to be remembered by those who would study his works in their biographical connexion;—that from his 17th to his 33d or 34th year, his chief literary exercises were in poetry; that from his 34th year, however, on to his 52d, he laboured almost exclusively as a controversialist and prose-writer, producing during this long period scarcely anything in verse besides a few sonnets; and, finally, that in his old age he renewed his allegiance to the muse of verse, and occupied himself in the composition of those greater poems, the *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and the *Samson Agonistes*, which he intended more especially as his bequest to the literature of England.

Of the style and texture of Milton's earlier poems we have already spoken. They are characterized, in a remarkable degree, we have said, by those peculiar qualities which distinguish, in an intimate and essential manner, the compositions of the poet, as such, from the compositions of the man of thought or the man of mere persuasive utterance—extreme sweetness and musical charm of expression; delight in sensuous imagery; absolute or almost absolute indifference to what is known, usual, rational, or real; and a kind of holiday leisureliness of motion through and amid the labyrinths of occult and luxuriant allusion. These poems are like the precious gum of certain forest trees, small and exquisite in production rather than impressive by reason of intellectual quantity; and yet they are the gum precisely of one of these great forest

Of the classical authors, Homer, Euripides, Demosthenes, Sallust, and Ovid, were

trees, elaborated out of its whole substance, leaf, trunk, bark, and root. There are millions of conceivable pieces of writing, for example, any one of which would, as an effort of general intellectual power, be more notable and difficult than the following passage from the *Penseroso*; and yet the most intellectual man in the world, not being a poet, or not being exactly such a poet as Milton, would have toiled in vain to write it:—

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears from Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek:
Or call up him that left half told,
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar King did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
To sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute drops from off the eaves!

Such was the earlier Miltonic muse; the muse of rich and sensuous fancy, shunning the human world, placid even in its melancholy, and rarely or never perturbed by the intrusion of the social passions.

But the progress of a poet as he lives on from youth to old age, does not, and cannot, consist merely in the greater ease he acquires in the practice of an art already definite and fixed. The poet is a man; and as a man, he goes on, like other men, assuming into himself, and depositing as it were, day by day, in his character, feelings, wishes, hopes, preferences, according to it is true with the capacities and tendencies originally born with him, but yet requiring to be self-imported out of the experience of life, before those capacities and tendencies attain their predestined power, or can perform their highest work. Deep in the foundations of his character, like the immovable blocks whereon great edifices repose, each man has to lay down for himself certain thoughts, sooner or later, of pass-

ing consequence, got out of secret and manifold communings regarding the vast mystery of here and hereafter; and on these thoughts again, and the more happily and grandly as these thoughts are strong, there will still base and pile themselves, in some loose order or other, conclusions, sentiments, and diverse predilections, extracted painfully or otherwise out of the experience that is gone through of life and its ways, and then employed back again in the scrutiny and contemplation of all that the world presents. Hence, though there is a formal peculiarity, so to speak, in the poet's mind from the beginning, and though this formal peculiarity will always remain, the general intellectual conditions amid which that peculiarity must work cannot through life continue the same. Let a poet pursue his art from first to last as a recluse from all that can agitate or perplex him, still in the retrospect of his works there will be discernible a transition from the earlier to a middle, and from the middle to a later muse. If he who erewhile sang of loves and flowers may not in the end sing of wars and heroes, compelled thereto by the spirit of his time, yet old age itself and its gentlest meditations will originate other and sadder themes for him than the damsels and the lilies. Sometimes, indeed, a true poet, either from unusual fervour of character, or from premature experience of what is bitter in life, seems to pass altogether over that first stage in which the poetic organ or quality exhibits itself acting, so to speak, for the mere pleasure of its own sole exercise; and from such poets the world receives from the first, not rich fantasies of occult and ideal conception, not leisurely creations of the cold imagination, but strains piercing the heart by direct and powerful reference, songs pregnant with the lyric fire. Sometimes, on the other hand, but more rarely perhaps, a true poet, after giving evidence that he is such precisely by those vagaries in the pure ideal that prove it best, may suddenly abjure the poetic art and devote himself to labours of a harsher kind. In this case it is because (to use Milton's own figure) Fancy or Imagination, the second faculty of the soul, no longer adequately serves by itself the growing requirements of the Reason. Most frequently, however, the poet persists, not relinquishing his art as he advances in life, but only using it so that it may still suffice his demands; and then the fancy, not weaker than before, but bold and competent as ever, only works under the pressure of a higher and more complex rule. Thus it was that he who wrote *Venus and Adonis* at length wrote *Hamlet*; and thus, also, after a few years, the poet of *Endymion* was able to produce *Hyperion*.

That which, after our refining modern habit, we are now used to distinguish from Fancy under the name of Imagination, is but the same power as Fancy leased to the tenure of a more human and more impassioned service.

In Milton's case, the diversity between the poetry of earlier and the poetry of later life, and the causes to which that diversity is to be attributed, are rendered more obvious by the fact, that there was a large intervening period during which the poet all but ceased to exercise his art, and became in the main an active citizen and prose writer. During this period the reason of the poet, till then occupied in framing and putting into serious, yet gay and pleasant form, the sensuous imaginations with which his teeming fancy supplied him, retired, as it were, into another cell, there to employ itself in new ways and more strenuous investigations; and when, at length, the opportunity and the disposition for this rougher species of work being over, reason came forth once more to resume its former and more congenial avocation, fancy found it a changed and more exacting master. All, in short, that happened to Milton as a man from his thirtieth year to his fiftieth year—the misfortune of his repeated marriage; his more earnest and personal attention to matters of religious doctrine; his vehement conflicts in the character both of politician and theologian; his connexions with statesmen and state affairs; his blindness; his very thoughts as to what poetry was, and what he should do and attempt as a poet—acted to modify his later poetry as compared with his earlier. Just as different as Milton at fifty years of age was from Milton at thirty, was the theory and art of poetry brought to the composition of *Paradise Lost*, from the theory and art of poetry that displayed itself in the composition of *Lycidas*. The only question is whether we can seize the points of difference so as to specify them clearly.

The first and most important exercise of an artist's invention Goethe has well said, is in his choice of a subject. Very much of all that the artist is or can do is involved and indicated in this. Sometimes the choice of a subject is apparently a simple act of the judgment, first looking deliberately about for a variety of subjects, and then, after balancing their respective merits, deciding upon one. By some such process Wordsworth, as he himself informs us, decided at last on that meditative and philosophical poem of which the *Excursion* was an instalment; rejecting in its favour various schemes of a British or Scandinavian epic. Even in such a case, however, both the

prior and more extensive search, and the subsequent selection, are determined by a kind of instinct compounded out of all that is peculiar in the poet's character and past experience. And more particularly still in this connexion between the actual life of a poet and the nature of his poetical productions made evident in those cases where the poet either, like Goethe, habitually converts striking scenes and incidents in his own biography into subjects and suggestions for his art, or, like Dante, carries about with him for years and years the burthen of one weighty and laborious conception. How Milton chose the subjects of his later poems is not easy to say with certainty. In the prime of his early manhood, as we have seen, he was in a state of perplexity, similar to that of Wordsworth, as to what species of composition would best suit his genius and best answer his preconceived scheme of an immortal English work. Waverling between the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric, his thoughts on the whole seemed to tend towards an epic to be derived from British history. The subsequent events of his life probably assisted to conclude his doubts and point him decisively to one or two themes. *Samson Agonistes*, for example, was clearly a direct inspiration of his experience of blindness, aided and confirmed by his fondness of Scriptural subjects in general, and his bitter relish for the opportunity of handling such a secondary character as Delilah. *Paradise Regained* was but a natural and obvious sequel to *Paradise Lost*. The great question is, therefore, how the conception of this last originated? Dismissing the impertinent myth of the fair unknown lady who admired Milton in his youth as he lay on a summer's day asleep under a tree, and whom he followed all over the world as his lost paradise, we can imagine but one probable explanation suiting the case. Milton, we imagine, retaining his desire to bequeath to the literature of England some one immortal work, and continuing from time to time his search through history for a proper subject, gradually went back through the ages, weighing the claims of one heroic epoch after another, and in turn rejecting all, till at length he found himself at that primeval point of time where human history was but at its commencement, and all the fate of nations, heroic or unheroic, lay concentrated in two sole beings moving over the face of the new-made globe. As the capabilities of this subject flashed upon his view, his soul, we will suppose, exulted, and there was no need for farther search. In the conception and completion of such a theme as that presented in the creation and

the fall of man, there was not one of his manifold faculties and tendencies, small or great, but might be fully satisfied—his bent towards theology; his familiarity, traceable even in his prose-writings, with the idea of supernatural agency; his delight in imaginations of the physically vast and spacious; his exquisite sense of minute beauty; his stern moral temper; his lofty ideal of free manhood; and even his cherished belief in woman's weakness. In one negative respect also, his instinct guided him aright in leading him to such a theme. The dramatic faculty, the faculty of depicting men and woman individually peculiar and distinct, was not Milton's. In those cases, indeed, where the impression of individuality could be conveyed in the one circumstance of sheer vastness, or by the representation, on a colossal scale, of Miltonic qualities of soul, no poet could delineate better. His Satan and his Samson are creations as clear and definite as any ever imagined by ancient or modern poet. In the old Greek of *Æschylean* drama, therefore, Milton would probably have been a master. But a dramatist in the modern or *Shakspearian* sense, peopling ideal worlds with men and women as distinct as real life—*Hotspurs*, *Hamlets*, scholars, courtiers, clowns; this he could never have been. There was in this respect, also, then, a deep reason in Milton's choice of a subject for his great work. In selecting a period of the world's history where there were but two human beings that could be objects of description, he avoided the necessity of any recondite delineation of character. An Adam with any marked peculiarity of character, or an Eve featured like one of her cultured daughters of the nineteenth century, would have been an absurdity. The great primitive father of our race did not walk in the garden of Eden inculcating on himself, as we moderns do, the duty of being earnest, firm, or specially true to this or that ideal; nor was his spouse a woman of highly intellectual tendencies. That the first man and woman should be delineated simply as man and woman, fully proportioned in all human qualities, but not unusually featured in any, was a necessity of the subject chosen. And this Milton could do. Whether, indeed, his Adam and his Eve are such splendid creatures as they might have been, even under the conditions of the case, is an open question.

As the matured condition of Milton's mind, at the time when he resumed his poetical activity, was revealed in the nature of the subjects which he then chose, so it was revealed in his mere style and manner of writing. Far less than formerly does he

indulge, in his later poems, in those occult and labyrinthine windings, those delays of sensuous imagery, those bouts of linked sweetness, which were the early proofs of his poetical genius. Occasionally, indeed, there still occurs a passage conceived according to this mysterious law of the purely poetic intellect. For example in the description of Sin and her brood at the gate of hell—

"Far less abhorred than these
Vexed Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when called
In secret, riding through the air she comes
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms."

But for the most part the style is direct and obvious; each sentence marching on with a steady progressive motion towards the complete evolution of what is necessary in meaning, and nothing more. The opening of *Paradise Regained*, for instance, is as bald and terse as a piece of prose narrative; and had a prose-writer undertaken to convey precisely the same sense, he could not have conveyed it in less space. And this, in so genuine a poet as Milton, is felt to be a positive merit. To begin telling a story simply, baldly, and weightily; and to let the wealth and profusion of words, and the full organ-blow of sound, come as the story enlarges and the imagination of the speaker works more vehemently with the contending element—this is what is best in the poet of an epic theme. And this is what we find in Milton. Grand, gorgeous, and sonorous as he is throughout his *Paradise Lost*, it will be found that all his grandeur, all his gorgeousness, and his majesty of sound, are expended strictly and judiciously in the evolution of the transcendent tale he had undertaken to narrate in English verse.

No reader of the *Paradise Lost* by parts and sections, no mere admirer of its select passages, can appreciate at half its value the greatness of this sublime poem. That which is most marvellous in it, and which gives significance and proportionate excellence to all its parts, is the clear and consistent conception of scene and of plot which pervades the whole. As in the case of Dante, whose physical conception of the three regions of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, is felt to constitute so large a portion of the merits of his poem, that diagrams and pictures have been made to illustrate and explain it; so, in the case of Milton, fully to understand and admire the *Paradise Lost*, it is necessary that the reader should represent to himself, as distinctly as

in a diagram or drawing, the physical universe, infinitely more vast than that of Dante, in which the story is made to enact itself. There is this difference, too, between the poem of Dante and the poem of Milton, that whereas in the one there is no plot properly so called, no progressive march of story, other than what is involved in the poet's own experience of the successive visions; in the other there is a true epic narration, a series of connected incidents, a story conducted through a tract of time.

Chronologically the poem begins within the bounds of the great universe antecedent to our system. In that measureless primeval space there were, as the poet maps it out, two huge regions or hemispheres, an upper and a lower, the one all light, the other all darkness. The upper or luminous half was Heaven, the variously-prolonged abode of the angelic hierarchies, then the sole creatures that had been called into existence. The under half was Night or Chaos, a thick, black, turbid abyss, a limitless sea or marsh of elemental pulp. No beings resided in it. But a strange event befell which changed in an unimaginable manner, the aspect and destiny of this part of space. There arose a rebellion among the celestial hierarchies; Lucifer and his proud companions, listless of their monotonous service through the ages, dared to dispute the Almighty supremacy. Hurlled out of heaven, and pursued by hissing fire which burned after them like a resistless pressure, the rebel angels were driven down through the blackness and marsh of Chaos to its uttermost pits and depths. Here, under the name of Hell, was allotted them a special region for their new abode. And now the Deity, according to his eternal counsels with his only-begotten Son, resolved to create that new system of which Man is Chief. By a motion of the golden compasses there were marked out in the upper part of Chaos, where it adjoined Heaven, the limits and range of the new experiment. A huge cavity was scooped out into which the Light rushed down, contending with the Darkness. Into this cavity the creating word implanted a new principle, the principle of gravitation; and straightway all the matter within the swoop of this principle forsook the vague chaotic form, and sprang together into balls and planets. Thus arose the human universe with its stars, its galaxies, and its firmament of azure; within which universe, one central star, begirt with its related luminaries, was chosen for the particular home of Man and his lineage. Meanwhile the rebel angels in their Hell of torment underneath Chaos were scheming their revenge. Satan, their chief and leader,

proposed his elaborate device. It was that abandoning for the time all efforts to regain their lost place in Heaven, they should turn their attention to that one point of space where God had planted his new and favoured creation. To impregnate this new universe with the venom of their rebellious spirit, to vitiate the Maker's purpose with regard to it, and thus to work out a compensation of their own fall by at least dragging down the new race to their fellowship, if indeed something more splendid might not occur in consequence—such was the Satanic plan. Charged with the task of its execution, Satan passed through Hell-gate; toiled his way upward through the turbid depths of the superincumbent Chaos; and, emerging into the light of day, gazed through the balmy ether towards the sapphire floor of his former home. For a moment he forgot his errand; then, selecting our Sun from amid the myriads of luminaries that glittered in the peaceful concave, winged his flight towards it to obtain the fell intelligence. Thence, marking for his prey our one unconscious star sleeping in the distance with the small attending moon, he hastened to end his voyage. As he neared it, and neared the planet, its shining mass grew larger to the view; the features of the sea and continent came forth to sight; and at last alighting on its rotund surface, he trod the sward of Eden in the neighbourhood of the fated pair. Here lying in wait, and weaving his wiles, he consummated his proposed design; the forbidden fruit was eaten; Sin and Death entered the new-made world; and Satan, rejoining his expectant companions, filled Hell with the joyful tidings.

The poem is, in fact, a *Sataniad*. Five-sixths of it treat of transactions done among the great infinitudes of space while our earth was either non-existent, or recognised but as a starry point selected for attack. Only in the remaining sixth do we walk amid terrestrial landscapes and vegetation, and see events transpire earthly in kind, and amenable to the laws of human mode and sequence. If we regard Satan as the hero, then the poem is the story of that portion of the existence of this being, when, not yet the devil of our universe, he determined, by free act of will, to become such, renouncing with his dignity of archangel all concern or intercourse with the larger realms of space, and deliberately narrowing the sphere of his activity to our finite and corruptible world. In this point of view the Mephistopheles of Goethe might be considered as a prolongation of the same being, an appended representation of his character when six thousand years of labour in his

restricted vocation had despoiled him of his sublimer satanic traits, and reduced him to one unvarying aspect of shrewd and scoffing malevolence. And intermediate between the two, though nearer to Mephistopheles than to Satan, might be placed the Tempter of *Paradise Regained*.

Conceiving, as we do, that all the incidents, whether of internal or of external history, that befell Milton in that middle period of his life which intervened between his earlier and his later poetical labours, formed conjointly but the necessary preparation for the composition of his final master-piece, we are disposed to assign quite a peculiar importance in this respect to the one incident of his blindness. The blindness of Milton was an actual qualification for the writing of the *Paradise Lost*. We do not allude merely to such general effects of his blindness as consisted in the habit of serene and daring contemplation to which it must have given rise, or in the habit of mental versification and subsequent oral dictation which it imposed. We allude to effects more signal and specific. The fundamental conception of *Paradise Lost*, so far as that conception is physical, is precisely that conception of opposed light and darkness which is easiest and most natural to a blind man. Light against a background of blackness—light in masses; light in belts or zones; light in extended discs or spheres; light in glittering star-points; light in bursts and conflagrations; light in gleams, streaks, waves, or coruscations; light in diffused mist or powder, is the prevailing material image, and necessarily so throughout five-sixths of *Paradise Lost*. When the rebel angels are thrust down into hell, God's wrath pursues them through the darkness like a lurid funnel of descending fire. When Satan alights on the sun he is like a spot on its surface seen through a telescope. When Raphael wings his way from star to star, his path through the interspaces is a track of radiance. When Gabriel and the rest of the angelic host, provoked by Satan's defiance, begin to hem him round, the figure is, that they shape their phalanx like a crescent-moon. When Satan, couched like a toad at the ear of Eve, is touched by the spear of Ithuriel, his rise is like the explosion of a powder-magazine. Had a poet with the full use of his sight undertaken the subject which Milton sets forth by such recurring images as these, he would have been obliged to have recourse to images of exactly the same kind, just as in our conceptions of heaven light is felt to be the only adequate medium of visual description. We question, however, if the visual contrast between

light and darkness could have been so consistently maintained, and so wondrously varied, by any other than a man whose daily thoughts about each and every subject were, and seemed to himself but as so many lucid phantasms in a chamber of extended gloom.

If however, Milton's blindness was a positive qualification in these five-sixths of the poem, where the scene lies in the celestial spaces, it was surely a disadvantage, it may be said, in that remaining portion of the poem where the descriptions are of the terrestrial paradise. And this is, to some extent, true. Luscious and rich as are Milton's descriptions of Eden, a comparison of these parts of the *Paradise Lost* with his earlier poems will shew that his recollections of the flowers had faded. The hearse of Lycidas is more beautifully garnished with flowers than the nuptial bower of Eve.

Of Milton as a prose-writer we have not room to speak. Suffice it to say, that both as regards style and matter, his prose-writings are among the most magnificent and powerful in the English language, and that if ever there was a time when they should be read and studied, that time is the present. That Milton was both a great poet for all time, and a vehement controversial prose-writer among his contemporaries, is a fact in itself worthy of more attention than we have been able to bestow upon it. It is perhaps the most splendid practical contradiction there can be cited of the theory made current by Goethe, that the poet must hold aloof from the polemics of his generation. And yet, as Milton himself said, it was but his left hand that he gave to this kind of work. Some men or other must do this kind of work, however; and surely better great men than little.

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- ART. II.—1 *New Zealand and its Aborigines*. By W. BROWN. London, 1851.
 2. *The Otago Journal*. Edinburgh, 1851.
 3. *The Canterbury Papers. Information concerning the Settlement of Canterbury, New Zealand*. London, 1851.

AMONG the internal influences which have affected our social atmosphere during the last fifteen years, few have proved of greater moment to our national prosperity than the progress of colonization. The subject has been evaded by our Cabinets, and only slightly alluded to in the Houses of Parliament; but the people of these islands have

themselves been seriously discussing the matter. The consequence has been that not merely the surplus population, but a considerable portion of those who are the very strength and sinew of the country, have gone forth across the Atlantic, and to the far Antipodes, to an extent that threatens seriously to weaken the body politic at home. It is not our province in the present Article to refer further to this great subject than is required, while we seek to contribute some information concerning New Zealand, or rather certain parts of it, which may be added to what is already easily attainable from other sources.

However anomalous the circumstance may appear, it is a fact in the history of British emigration, that upwards of 25,000 of our fellow-subjects, located at the Antipodes upon the New Zealand group of islands, are "living there," as the phrase goes, without any apparent exportable wealth. In the period of the increase of that scattered European community which has elapsed since 1839, when they numbered but a few hundreds, they have been eating, drinking, and otherwise consuming the commodities of this and other countries, probably without a tithe in value of natural products to give in exchange for them. We know that a large number of these colonists dwell in towns, and that they occupy habitations built after the model of our own, many of them comfortably and luxuriously furnished: their towns have streets, squares, public edifices, wharfs, and market places, constructed at great expense. A busy population daily throngs their thoroughfares. But although its occupants are busy in the hive, the comb seems almost empty. Their time is mainly occupied in consuming. Their neighbours on the Australian shores live much in the same manner as regards their domestic and political condition; but in this matter of accounting for the balance of trade on the creditor side of the colony, they shew a very different result. Scarcely a week passes without several ships entering our ports from those rich lands laden with wool, tallow, copper, and other natural products. But we rarely meet a *homeward* bound vessel at the chops of the channel with its pennant from New Zealand fluttering in the breeze; and when it does appear from the mast-head of some monthly visitor, it probably betokens a paltry cargo of timber, of no greater value on the export sheet of the colony than about one-fourth its freight to England.

Notwithstanding this apparent deficiency in its internal resources, this, the youngest and pet colony of Great Britain, has hither-

to "paid its way," and seems to stand in as good credit with the mercantile and emigrating community of this country as any one of her fifty sisters. Whence then have the means come to support these outward signs of prosperity, and are they likely to continue to maintain the credit of New Zealand? We may not be able to solve those questions satisfactorily to all concerned, but we shall examine impartially the facts before us, and endeavour to show the groundwork of some errors committed by the Government in legislating for this colony, and by the New Zealand Company in their schemes, comparing truthfully, as far as we can, the advantages and disadvantages presented by that country, especially those parts of it with which we are familiar, as a field for colonization.

Previous to the year 1839, the condition of the few European settlers who had taken up their abode amongst the aborigines on the north island of New Zealand, was, comparatively speaking, comfortable and prosperous. They had abundance of the necessaries of life, with many of the luxuries to be found in civilized communities, and their persons and property were safe. They were composed almost exclusively of missionaries and traders. The former were pursuing zealously the high objects of their mission, supported in their vocation by liberal contributions from the Church and Wesleyan Missionary Societies: the latter, besides trafficking with the natives for timber, flax, pigs, and potatoes, pursued a lucrative trade with the South Sea whalers, who frequented the harbours on the east coast to refit and provision their ships, bartering oil for the necessary supplies. Although widely apart in their interests and occupations, there existed among those heterogeneous elements of a new community wonderful confidence and good will. And if there was one party more satisfied than another, it was the aborigines, who were abundantly gratified with the many new and agreeable articles of food and clothing those peaceful strangers had brought for distribution and barter. In their simplicity they looked upon them as chiefs of unbounded wealth, when, in their estimation, a musket, a blanket, or a hatchet, was considered a treasure, and they freely gave not only the produce of their lands but full possession of the land itself in exchange for the coveted trifles.

The accounts transmitted to this country from time to time concerning that distant region and its native inhabitants were exceedingly vague. The public mind associated the horrors of cannibalism with the very name of New Zealand, and the coun-

try was assumed, without evidence, to be rich and fertile. The favoured few who had the means of ascertaining the true state of affairs were incited to prosecute the formation of an association for emigration purposes on an extensive scale. Out of several failures the materials of the New Zealand Company emanated. At the same time the attention of the Government was drawn to the favourable reports brought by vessels of war visiting that coast. The result was a resolution, on their part, to establish a settlement in New Zealand, and to proclaim the Crown's right of pre-emption to all lands purchased from the aborigines by British subjects or foreigners in that territory. Many noble and influential friends of colonization joined the New Zealand Company, bringing considerable means to aid them in carrying out their views. They proposed a sale of lands at a uniform price, and the employment of a large portion of the purchase money as an emigration fund. These proposals were sanctioned by Government in June 1839. In the same year these rival projects were carried into effect by despatching authorized agents and surveyors to purchase from the natives conveniently situated lands. The result was the establishment of Auckland on the "Waikmata" by the Government, and Wellington in Port Nicholson by the Company.

The cry among these colony-mongers was "Land! land! who will buy land! here it is cheap; one, two, three pounds an acre. Till the ground, sow and reap, we are rich, and your adopted country shall become mighty among the nations of the earth." Were these acres only one or two days' journey distant from the great maw of a London, or the lank jaws of a Manchester, these promises might be fulfilled; but, when we consider that our ships have to disappear on the horizon of waters for ten long and weary months, circumnavigating the great globe itself ere they can return from that land, such a market as Europe is beyond profitable supply. Nor is it likely that the adjacent colonies will hold out better prospects for their sanguine expectations, seeing that they at present ship their own surplus stores of flour to New Zealand and California. And it is not unreasonable to predict that Van Dieman's Land, South Australia, and Victoria, may be independent of foreign supplies of grain for centuries to come. But is there not a greater principle in political economy to maintain on this matter of prosperous emigration, of true colonization, than mere belly-filling? Is it not necessary to rear a product bearing

some intrinsic value in a foreign market? Do not the colonists require a medium of exchange to barter for the products and manufactures of other lands—a currency of acknowledged standard amongst other nations, instead of the local debentures of wheat and oats? The histories of other colonies teach us the general fact that without an export to equalize the balance of trade they cannot flourish, as this fact, as we believe, is illustrated in the anomalous condition of New Zealand. Although the produce exhibited on its annual export-sheet for the last twelve years, would not have bought "salt to its broth," much less have paid for its large importation of foreign commodities, yet it has maintained its position, in a great measure, by continued supplies of extraneous wealth, in the shape of individual savings of British capital, a large outlay of British money by the missionaries, and an extravagant expenditure of the hard earnings of our home population, in maintaining an army of soldiers and ships of war for the protection of the colony.

The story of the planting of these cuttings from the parent tuber is an instructive fact in the modern history of nations. A small band of emigrant pioneers were landed upon the coast where a settlement was intended to be established. Their hearts were full of high hopes, great purposes, and good intentions. They had abundance of means to conciliate the good-will of the savages, and a store of arms to protect themselves in case of need. They likewise brought spades and ploughs to till the ground, with pots and kettles to cook their food. The ground they neglected in the immediate necessity of foraging for the food. Their wishes were readily responded to by the friendly aborigines, who supplied them with pigs and potatoes, receiving in exchange blankets and gew-gaws with which they were delighted. The neighbouring colonists arrived with ship-loads of beef and bread, for which they obtained high prices, receiving the hard cash that the emigrants had brought with them in payment. And thus they lived while negotiations were pending for the purchase of land. Meanwhile other vessels which had followed on their track, reached the newly found harbour and cast anchor in safety, landing great cargoes from "the workshop of the world," and conveying new bands of emigrants, possessed of money and credit, to the embrace of their delighted friends who had gone before them. The dangers of the passage, and the novelty of their position, soon

gave way to the bustle and excitement consequent on "settling," and that spirit, inherent in the British character, of making a "home" even in the wilderness, spurred them on to the task. Land was soon obtained, surveyed, and portioned off to the several claimants. Fencing and building proceeded. Houses were erected and multiplied into streets, and a township was formed almost with the rapidity of a Bartholomew fair. The newly-born city resounded loudly amongst the silent forests of the Maori, whilst the wondering savage looked with a jealous eye upon the giant child.

A year passed away, yet scarcely a ploughshare had entered the soil. All were trading and none producing. So much profit was realized in selling the provisions that were imported, that few capitalists could wait for the slow returns of an annual crop; and as the consumption increased prices rose, for there was no appearance of a harvest in the land. Speculation was rife in the towns; houses and land sold at enormous prices, and credit was freely given; so that money became plentiful, as the holders of it looked up their principal in the security of landed property. Then the people began to live extravagantly; luxuries in eating and drinking were abundantly supplied by the flour and cattle ships from the adjacent colonies, which were draining them fast of the real wealth they possessed. The short-sighted inhabitants deemed this state of things prosperity, and there was a continuous stream of new comers, whose means swelled the purses of the shipowners and land companies.

Among this motley crowd there were a few prudent men who turned their attention to ascertain the much vaunted resources of the colony. They were disappointed to find the soil poor and scanty. Where they expected to meet with grassy pasture lands, there was little but fern and brushwood, and withal a troublesome native population to oppose their right of occupation. The New Zealand Company were perpetually at variance with the vacillating local government, while the grievances of the unfortunate settler were unattended to amidst the din of contention. During the two following years, accordingly, the influx of emigrants diminished, trade slackened, and money became scarce. The revenue failed, and government issued a paper currency to pay their salaried officers and maintain their credit.

It is difficult to conceive the effect of all this rushing to and fro, this coming and going of men and merchandize, upon the

minds of the aborigines. Here were thousands of *Pakehas* (foreigners) come to dwell amongst them, eating strange food, drinking strange drinks, building fine houses to live in, dressing themselves in gay garments, and shewing great anxiety to be possessed of their lands. They could scarcely understand the motives of that large body of strangers from their previous experience of the good missionaries. Consequently they became suspicious; and as they had heard of, and a few had seen, the lands where the white man had exterminated races akin to their own, they concluded that a similar fate awaited themselves. Yet they were fully alive to their own immediate interests, and received readily the gold and property of the Europeans in exchange for the much coveted land. As it is natural to suppose that in their rude savage state they could have no fixed boundaries exact enough to satisfy the nice distinctions of our surveyors, so their claims to the possession of lands were clashing, contradictory, and confused. Meanwhile large bodies of settlers had arrived from England, and demanded possession of lands in the colony they had bargained and paid for at home; but the lands were withheld by the natives, probably through misapprehension of the technicalities of the Company's negotiations. At all events, quarrels ensued between them and the settlers, and they disputed the power of the surveyors in measuring their land. The melancholy catastrophe of the Wairau massacre ensued. Troops were brought into the field, and the demon of war and bloodshed stalked through the devoted land. Many of the affrighted settlers fled the country for safety, whilst others who had not the means to follow sat down in despair and wept, cursing the land in which they had been ruined and deceived.

The period of reaction after this feverish time soon arrived. And what had the immigrants achieved, or wherein had they provided for the future? Scarcely one fifth of them were to be found in the interior; the remainder were located in the townships of Auckland, Wellington, Nelson, and Russell, peddling with the natives and amongst each other, like hawkers at a fair. Instead of having advanced in circumstances by their emigration, the majority had retrograded. The savings that had been accumulated in the mother country, with which to commence a new life of labour in this "land of promise," were gradually dwindling away, and it soon became difficult to obtain the means of subsistence: this was the condition of families who were accustomed to labour for their

bread. Still more distressing was the case of the small capitalists who had conjured up visions of independence on those distant shores. This class included retired officers in the army and navy, who had commuted their pensions; younger sons from the higher classes, packed off by their relatives, after receiving their passage and outfit-money, with a few hundred pounds besides; and a numerous class of adventurers, from all parts of the United Kingdom. Obligated to work with their hands when their purses became empty, they had in some instances to perform menial offices, while their want of skill in any trade placed them in the social scale below the mechanics. Among them might be found college-bred men working as labourers to builders, and sons of country gentlemen acting as sawyers to carpenters. Many a tale of suffering these helpless emigrants could divulge, if their pride would brook the disclosure.

Apart from this distress of the white men, the friendly tribes of aborigines lived in their usual style, comfortable and contented. They fattened their pigs, planted and gathered their potatoes and kumeras, having abundance to gratify their limited wants. They presented an enviable condition of life to the impoverished settler. Human nature could stand it no longer. Many of the young colonists abandoned the society of their fellow-countrymen and became domesticated amongst the Maories, adopting their savage habits of living, and cohabiting with their women.

The news of the sanguinary affray at Wairau created a feeling of insecurity among the Europeans in the north as well as the south of New Zealand. They called upon the Governor, Captain Fitzroy, to protect them and punish the murderers; but he, from mistaken motives of humanity, dealt leniently in all cases of Maori aggression, carrying out a pre-conceived theory of mediation and non-interference. The consequence was that bitter recriminations passed between him, the New Zealand Company, and the people; while the hostile native tribes took advantage of the imbecile measures of the Governor and Council, and the disaffection of the settlers, to renew their insults and depredations. In the north that notorious turbulent chief Honi Heki, now gathered to his fathers, committed repeated outrages at the Bay of Islands, sacked the town of Russell, treated the women and children in the grossest manner, and, finally, with the greatest deliberation, cut down the British flag-staff. Governor Fitzroy could no longer temporize with this savage and his myrmidons. He summoned the available naval and

military forces in the Australasian seas to his aid. The sanguinary engagements which followed between our troops and those warlike Indians, with the temporary subjugation of the latter, at the expense of much British life and money, are now matter of Colonial history. The Imperial Parliament, on hearing of the state of the colony, without delay despatched frigates and war steamers, with fresh detachments of troops to succour our forces. Governor Fitzroy was recalled, and Captain Grey, Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia, superseded him, with unlimited powers to quell the insurrection that threatened to ruin the Colony.

These momentous occurrences hushed the internal dissensions of the Colonists for the time. All were busily engaged in assisting to preserve the general safety of the community. After the lapse of years of dire foreboding, during which the settlers had called upon the Executive in vain for protection, it inspired their despairing hearts with renewed confidence to find their appeal to the Imperial Parliament so quickly responded to, and that their relations with the parent country were not entirely forgotten. Many an eye glistened with joy on seeing the "wooden walls" of Old England once more guarding their deserted harbours, while the echoes of the spirit-stirring life and drum thrilled through their gloomy souls, sending forth a welcoming shout of enthusiasm which seemed to shake the standard of the British empire as it fluttered in the breeze.

The arrival of so many mouths that *must* be fed, so many bodies that *must* be lodged at all hazards, roused the colonists from their lethargy. Here were new customers for their merchandise, and customers who were able to pay. For old mother country, in the height of her indignation at the insult offered to her children and to her flag, was determined to spare no expense in chastising those rebellious savages. "To business, we have been idling," was now the order of the day among the colonists. The commissariat staff had issued notices for tenders to furnish this host with provisions and accommodation. Contracts were entered into for more than the poverty stricken land could supply; so they invited the corn growers of Tasmania, and the beef and mutton feeders of Australia, to come to their assistance; and never were ship-loads of oxen, sheep, and flour, so many and so great, known to have crossed the New Zealand seas before. The peaceably disposed Maories swelled the bill of fare, by adding pork, potatoes, and vegetables, and there was as much squeaking and grunting in Auckland as might have rivalled Donnybrook on a fair day. Me-

chanical labour could not be had in sufficient abundance to supply the timber, bricks, stone and lime for building purposes, or even to erect them into tolerable dwellings. Amateur labourers were therefore pressed into the service. Thus merchants, shipmasters, shopkeepers, tradesmen, and Maories, worked late and early, as they never had done before. Adversity had taught them to "make hay while the sun shone," for the season of plenty might soon pass away. Their gains were large as trade became brisk, and all were delighted once more to hear the chink of gold as it rattled freely from the military chest.

So evident was the cause of this gust of prosperity, that the inhabitants of Auckland felt a momentary gratefulness towards Heki, and many repeated the joke that he "should be presented with a piece of plate," less in jest than earnest. Whether this show of strength on the part of the government overawed the natives into a peaceful treaty, or that being poor and having neglected their crops they thought it unwise to continue on the defensive without provisions, we cannot determine. Perhaps the consideration of both circumstances induced them to submit to reasonable terms. Accordingly, by the spring of 1848 a general cessation of hostilities took place throughout the colony.

The pacific result of these negotiations was attributed to the energetic measures pursued by Captain Grey on the capitulation of the Maories. He was subsequently appointed Governor-General of the New Zealand colonies, with a resident Lieutenant-Governor at Wellington and another at Nelson. His administration had been looked forward to with interest by all parties—the Colonial Office, the New Zealand Company, and the settlers. As he obtained the appointment over the heads of older men on account of his successful management of affairs in South Australia, great things were expected from him. He made changes in the legislative and also in the executive departments;—whether or not for the better it is difficult to say. Being a soldier by profession, his ordinances for the suppression of the Maori war were carried into effect with more decisive energy than had been done by his predecessor who was apparently a good-natured sailor. But with all his tact and shrewdness, he could not mend the constitution of New Zealand so successfully as he had mended that of South Australia. Here was a proud and powerful race of aboriginal proprietors on the one hand, with the Government and the New Zealand Company acting as "middle men;"

and on the other, the broken down, dispirited, and duped settlers, who had parted with their money without securing an equivalent in land. It was in vain that the governor passed new acts, renewed and annulled ordinances, cajoled and threatened by turns; it was all to no purpose; there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark." Yet his administration placed the local government on a more secure and organized basis, and soothed for a time the murmuring spirit of the colonists, who no longer annoyed the British Parliament with their petitions. His policy towards the interests of the New Zealand Company was likewise favourable. It was confidently supposed by them and the southern settlers, that he was using all his endeavours to remove the seat of government to Wellington, which of course raised the ire of the northern colonists, who saw the injury they must sustain by the withdrawal of so much government expenditure. But any expression of their sentiments on this subject which was conveyed to him he answered with disdain. He assumed the tone of a Dictator more than that of a responsible British Governor, passing bills through his "packed" council with unseemly rapidity. Three readings in one day without any previous notice, and next day's Government Gazette announced that the proposed measure was a law of the land. So that the inhabitants of Auckland and the surrounding district, in the year 1848, expected every day to see the announcement issued, that the head quarters of the Government would be removed on the morrow to the South. If there was any truth in this surmise, the probability of carrying it into effect was suddenly thwarted in the November of that year, by the dreadful visitation, at the town of Wellington, of an earthquake which levelled nearly all the stone and brick erections with the ground. The Governor had just time to dub himself Sir George Grey, when he hurried off to the scene of destruction: all was consternation and distress there; many of the affrighted settlers had packed up what articles they could conveniently carry, and got on board the few vessels in the harbour, to take their departure for the shores of Australia. To add to the misfortunes of one ship-load of these refugees, they were wrecked in the harbour before the vessel could get clear of the heads. No lives were lost, but the poor creatures were left penniless.

Meanwhile the colonial minister, in conjunction with the local government, had organized a protective force on an economical scale, in lieu of the regular troops, whose

maintenance in New Zealand was more than double what it would have been in the Australian colonies. A body of military pensioners, bearing the name of the New Zealand Fencibles, was formed. They were located in three separate divisions, within six and nine miles of Auckland, to be ready at all times to perform military duty in defence of the colony. Hitherto they have not been employed on active service. We hope that the day is far distant when the settlers shall have to place their lives and properties under the protection of that infirm and unsteady corps, against the assaults of young and able bodied warriors, such as are to be found amongst their antagonists. The result of these measures has been the withdrawal of two regiments of infantry, a company of artillery, and a large commissariat staff from the colony. The expenditure of these troops, during upwards of seven years, was the mainstay of the northern settlements. This fact, coupled with a decreasing revenue, has already crippled the government, who are continuing to issue debentures for local disbursement; and should they fail to realize the means of redeeming them, we see nothing but bankruptcy staring the colony in the face.

The limits of an Article like the present preclude us from commenting upon the foregoing narrative. We can only add, as a sequel to our imperfect sketch of the history of British colonization in New Zealand, some remarks upon its present condition. And here, at the outset, we maintain that there is not an individual of competent knowledge in all that territory, who, if giving an unbiased opinion, would deny that the attempts to colonize New Zealand have hitherto proved in a great degree failures. The explanation of this fact may be found in a complication of circumstances, which ought to be studied by those who are interested in the future welfare of that and the other colonies of the British empire. Let us glance at the physical and moral aspect of this country and its inhabitants from Nelson to the Bay of Islands. Was there ever a more heterogeneous combination of elements gathered together in any country in possession of resources so feeble for resolving themselves into a well organized and prosperous colony? Had they possessed the wealth and slave-labour of ancient Carthage, or even the purse and prison-labour of modern Tasmania, then some advance towards permanent and successful colonization, even on the fern lands of New Ulster, might have been achieved. Instead, we find an assemblage of aristocratic idlers, with slen-

der means; a mass of nondescript adventurers; with only a small group of professed labourers and artificers. Have the means not shadowed forth the ends? If the results had not been so tragical, we could have smiled at the bubbles blown by those colonizing empirics, who think they can mould the human soul to their purposes as easily as the tailor shapes his coat for the body? Where are those boyish schemes they planned of robbing nests and eating sugar plums in that promised land of holidays? The eternal laws which prompt man's nature to good and evil purposes, have prostrated their futile fireside calculations, adding another chapter to the experiences of "mice and men." Unless, therefore, a new leaven is mingled with this ill-organized community, to raise them to a level with Victoria, and other colonies of equal growth, we predict for at least the greater part of New Zealand a gradual decline to a condition probably not more prosperous than that presented by her barren sister in Western Australia.

When we turn our eyes to the map of the southern hemisphere, and measure the length of this group of islands from the 34th to the 48th degree of south latitude, we find that it exceeds eight hundred miles, and that the average breadth, which is very variable, is about one hundred miles. The surface is estimated at 95,000 square miles, or about sixty millions of acres. Now, it is a startling fact that no indigenous quadrupeds are to be found upon that soil. With the exception of a bat and a mouse, which latter is said to exist there, but which has not yet been sent to this country, the most highly organized animal hitherto discovered, either fossil or recent, is a bird, while the low organization of the botany of the country is indicated by the remarkable absence of fruit-bearing trees, cereals. There are no pleasing associations of a natural green-sward with animals bounding upon it, in the contemplation of this fact. The scientific agriculturist will say, "What! no natural animal manure—no decayed turf, then the alluvial deposits cannot be very plentiful, or, at all events, the soil must be soon impoverished by culture." And such is the case throughout the north island, in most of the natives' plantations, for they invariably leave them fallow for three or four years after they have been cultivated for a like period of time. And although much has been said of the fertility of the land in Wairop Valley on the banks of the "Hutti," "Waikato," "Thames," and other rivers, which we do not deny, yet there is not that depth of soil we are led to expect from the

virgin lands of all new countries, such as has been found, without travelling further, in the valleys of Van Dieman's Land, Port Philip, and South Australia. Without referring to the inexhaustible "Lothians" of the former island, we adduce as a fact illustrative of the superior natural advantages possessed by the two latter colonies that not only are they independent of foreign supplies of grain, but they export largely to Sydney and the Mauritius. Yet neither of them has been two years in advance, while each has a European population at present more than double that of New Zealand.

The peculiar features of New Zealand vegetation to which we have adverted, consist not so much in the dissimilarity of its botany as compared with other islands in Australasia, but from the paucity of species amongst the higher orders of plants, and the abundant distribution of the lower. Flora has strewed her beauteous offerings to mother Earth on these isles with a niggard hand. In our rambles a flower is rarely to be met with. Two-thirds of the plants around us are cryptogamic. Hence in botanical geography the country is classed as the region of acrogens, analogous to the carboniferous era in geology. Thus Dieffenbach, in allusion to this fact, says that we have attempted to colonize New Zealand a thousand years before its time. The forests, however, serve to maintain the beauty and grandeur of its mountain scenery, at the same time that they yield abundance of valuable timber for ship-building and all ordinary purposes, and as an article of export the Kauri pine forests are of the first importance. These are to be met with only on the northern section of the north island. Mercury Bay and the Bay of Islands on the east coast, and Hokianga and Kaipara on the west, are the principal localities. These forests are nearly all retained possession of by the Maories, who cut down the trees and square them into logs in a tradesman-like manner. These logs the European and American timber-traders residing amongst them purchase, bartering all kind of merchandise in payment, and then ship them off to the Australian colonies, India, and England. The value given to the New Zealanders for it is at the rate of 15s. to 30s. per load of 50 cubic feet, while the freight is respectively 42s., 75s., and £5. As probably not more than forty ships leave annually, averaging a cargo of 200 loads each, the wealth created in the colony by this article of export does not exceed at the utmost £10,000.

One prevailing character of these forests which strikes the traveller, is the network

of roots that covers the surface of the ground, rendering walking inconceivably fatiguing, as the pedestrian has to spring from root to root to avoid stepping into the puddles which collect between them. Few of the trees apparently have tap-roots, for when one is blown down, which is a frequent circumstance, the roots clogged with earth stand like a cake, laying bare the rock or clay subsoil beneath, and causing the observer to marvel how soil so poor could rear their gigantic trunks. But as there is no fall of the leaf, the trees being perennial and the climate moist, we conclude that they obtain more nourishment from the air than from the earth. The consequence is that when a Kauri forest takes fire it is utterly consumed; not a stump is left; the only vestige that remain to mark the spot are molten pieces of resinous gum, where the trees once stood. And if we consider that the present "fern land," as it is named by the colonists, whereon were collected the "Kauri gum" of commerce several years ago, had at one time been woodlands, this valuable timber must have covered four times the extent of ground that it now does. The aspect of this open country displays a poverty-stricken land to the gaze of the traveller; instead of grassy pastures nothing meets the eye but tea tree (*Leptospermum scoparium*) and fern brake (*Pteris esculenta*), Fern, fern, fern, dingy brown fern, with scarcely a shade of green to vary the tint of the landscape; and woe betide the luckless wight who loses the beaten track and gets entangled in its maze. Once we were so situated, and it certainly put our usual equanimity of temper out of joint. We laboured for hours, pushing aside the dry fronds with our hands as a man does in the act of swimming, making no more progress than a mile an hour, until we were fairly tired out, after having fallen into a deep bog, hidden by the fern. Occasionally on this open country the traveller crosses extensive patches of marshy ground, where the flax plant (*Phormium tenax*) grows in tufts, like the Iris on the banks of our lakes, its leaves measuring two, four, six, and frequently eight feet in length, the fibres of which form the well-known New Zealand flax. Many plans have been adopted by the settlers, and expensive machinery erected, to dress flax in a more expeditious manner than the tedious hand-process of stripping it from the parenchyma with a shell, as adopted by the Maories, but hitherto they have failed in producing a sample equal to that furnished by the natives. Mercuration in water has no effect in rotting the pulp from the fibre; even beating

does does not separate them; hence this valuable product, worth about a sixpence per lb. to rope-makers, and capable of being woven into a fabric not much inferior to silk, is obtained in very small proportion to the quantity that could be had where the plant grows wild and in the greatest abundance. In the first years of colonization this article was produced more plentifully than it is now; for the acute aborigines find it more profitable and agreeable employment to rear pigs and potatoes to barter with the Europeans for their blankets—a more comfortable wear in that moist climate, (although not so healthy,) than their cold mats.

Among other products worth mentioning as articles of export is copper ore, which has been discovered in small nodules of Pyrites amongst volcanic debris on the Great Barrier island in the Houraki gulf and elsewhere, but scarcely in sufficient quantities to pay the working. Black oxide of manganese, iron sand, sulphur, and a few other minerals, which are to be found in trifling quantities, have been added by the sanguine colonists to swell this list of natural productions. But we might almost as well say that Scotland is a gold country, because a labourer could earn the sum of fourpence a-day by picking up a few grains of the precious metal on the Braid hills or the Ochils, as has been done in former times, as speak of the “mineral wealth” of New Zealand on account of such slender resources.

That this group of islands is of recent igneous formation is evident from the existence of volcanoes and earthquakes, together with the scantiness of animal life and the small amount of debris and alluvial deposits to be seen on them. In a geological point of view everything is in a state of infancy. Instead of the carboniferous series of rocks, we have a friable sandstone with seams of lignite, and a plutonic cavernous basalt. Likewise there is traditionary and scientific evidence on which to base the inference that the Maori race have not occupied the country from any very remote date. Their language and customs are almost the same with the aborigines of Tahiti and other islands in the South Seas which have been peopled from the continent of America.

As these Maori savages form the bulk of the population on the north island, variously estimated at 80,000 to 120,000, and as their presence has great influence upon the success of the settlers, we shall be excused if we enter a little into detail respecting their social condition.

The majority of books written upon New

Zealand have two-thirds of their pages filled with desultory accounts of its *Aborigines*, including drawings and descriptions of their war dances, tattooing, paint, dresses, and hideous carvings on huts and canoes. Few, with the exception of Mr. Brown's work, now before us, give us any insight into the native character. It is in their homely everyday guise that we want to know the Maori man and woman; for, in their fantastic habits and gross mechanical structures, they are but children compared with Europeans. But, in the scale of mental intelligence and practical common sense, they are not inferior to any race of men in the world. If the absence of pilfering and robbery, honesty in dealing, and safety of person and property in a community, are types of social excellence, they are in this respect superior to the peasantry of many civilized kingdoms. The honourable policy pursued by their chiefs in warfare might be an example to the belligerent powers of these northern nations. Their strict adherence to faith in treaty, and their independent principles, presented a contrast to the pusillanimous conduct of the local government during the protracted negotiations which followed the outbreak. The unconquerable spirit of the present generation will never be subdued by force; it is the slow march of civilisation working upon their offspring that alone can bring them under subjection or eventually extirpate the race.

That there are dark features in the Maori character is abundantly evident from all authorities. The Maori still bears the brand of the savage. His friendly disposition towards the white man is very much the result of his indulging in luxuries that the white man alone can furnish. Self-gratification of the lowest sort is apt to govern his actions. He is industrious no further than will gratify his several wants. His temperament prompts him to be strong and active when roused by his passions, and to sink into the extreme of laziness and dirt when they subside.

A proud and powerful race, such as these New Zealanders appear to be, numbering five to one of the European settlers at present among them, must necessarily influence the social condition of the colonists, and in some respects give a tone to society similar to that of the Hindoos upon our more aristocratic countrymen in India. Keen and close at a bargain, they screw the utmost penny out of the purchaser of their produce, asking generally twice as much as they expect to get, while they higgie and banter for an hour cheapening a coat or blanket. The consequence is that this trading system,

hard-bargaining and close-fistedness, has influenced more or less the whole community. And all this pettifogging trade is conducted in the high-flown language peculiar to savage nations, each exaggerating their own importance by assertions not at all consonant with the truth. Hence the expression, "New Zealand talk," has become a bye-word amongst travellers in these colonies for anything savouring of Captain-Bobadilism.

Before leaving this part of our subject, there is one propensity which, common alike to savage and civilized man, we are bound to refer to, however delicate its nature may be, for we have known its baneful influence exerted in an unhappy degree amongst the immigrants in these colonies. We allude to the unblushing intercourse that prevails between the male settlers and the Maori women, encouraging the most debased mercenary spirit amongst the chiefs, parents, and husbands of these women, and creating a deplorable laxity of moral feeling among the young emigrants. From the times of the early navigators the absence of female virtue among the New Zealanders has been observable even in contrast with other aborigines. This feature in their character is particularly noticed by Captain Cook.* Seventy-eight years have elapsed since Cook's visit, and the "traffic" to which he refers has continued in an increasing ratio to the present day. The consequence is, that many young colonists, of respectable origin, have abandoned themselves to the indolence and sensuality of a Maori life. Ashamed to write to their friends at home, they lead a degraded life, while their aggrieved relatives inquire in vain about their fate.

As regards a comparison between the European and Maori labourer, we find in New Zealand a powerful, energetic, and intelligent savage, who knows the value of labour; can till the ground in a fashion; sow grain; and reap the increase. Although a stout, muscular-looking fellow, he is content with scanty fare—potatoes, kumeras, and maize, with an occasional mouthful of pork—all of which he rears himself. This

he washes down with a draught of water, and luxuriates afterwards in a pipe of tobacco. The hut he lives in costs him only a few days' labour to build, and he dispenses with chairs and tables. An iron pot, a few tin "pannikins" and calabashes, with a grass mat to squat upon, is all the furniture he requires. In his clothing he is equally economical. A shirt and a blanket, or a flax mat, is all his costume during the day, and serves for his bed and bedding at night; so that his consumption of foreign commodities does not exceed annually two shirts, one blanket, and about five pounds weight of tobacco—the value of the whole scarcely amounting to forty shillings. Compare this with the expensive habits of an English agricultural labourer, who lives in a well furnished cottage, eating his roast beef, eggs, and bacon, consuming the foreign articles of tea and sugar, besides clothing himself from head to foot in high-priced manufactures which he has to pay for out of the profits of his labour. John Bull, with all the advantages of the plough and other improved implements of husbandry, cannot compete with the New Zealander on his own land, who has the disadvantage of tedious hand-labour only in growing corn.

Perhaps the class of emigrants who could compete most successfully with the New Zealand labourer would be the Irish. Without insinuating any invidious comparison, we cannot help tracing a resemblance of character between the Irish Celt and the Maori. The latter shares his "raupo warre" with his pig as the former does his "mud cabin;" hence they are both lovers of dirt. The potatoe is their principal article of food, and they are equally indolent and fond of smoking. Probably it was from this circumstance that the Government surveyors have named the three principal islands New Munster, New Leinster, and New Ulster. Our artistic traveller, Mr. G. F. Angus, has produced a very "pretty book," wherein he figures the Maori man and woman in gay holiday attire; but his portraits do not convey the disagreeable odour which offends our olfactory nerves in approaching the fairest Wahina, and the unwashed shirt, blanket, or rug on the unsoaped skin of the greatest Rangitiro.

The patois used as a means of conversation between the white man and the New Zealander is more extensive in the number of aboriginal words than that found on any of the South Sea Islands or in Australia. To acquire it is a matter of importance to the settlers, as it is universally adopted in all communications and transactions with the Maories. The Government use it in

* Captain Cook remarks,—"During our stay in the Sound, I had observed that this second visit made to this country had not mended the morals of either sex. I had always looked upon the females of New Zealand to be more chaste than the generality of Indian women. Whatever favours a few of them might have granted to the people in the Endeavour, it was generally done in a private manner, and the men did not seem to interest themselves much in it. But now I was told that they were the chief promoters of a shameful traffic. . . ."

their proclamations and regulations, which are printed in legible characters around the townships. The missionaries preach in it, and there is a newspaper at Auckland written in that dialect, which the majority of the Aborigines can read and understand, while not a few can write the language in readable letters. The credit of teaching them belongs to the missionaries, although many consider that they should have taught them English at the outset. However, as it is, we have grammars, dictionaries, and translations of the Scriptures printed in it, by them and at their expense. Hence the majority of words are required to express religious ideas and matters of faith, which have had no previous existence in the mind; so, for want of a better orthography, they *maori-ise* nouns and proper names to suit the poverty of their alphabet. Thus Jesus Christ is written *Ihu Karaiti*, and pronounced as if in German—queen, *kuini*, governor, *kawana*, soldier, *hoia*, which has been followed to the letter by these profound lexicographers. Just as we might suppose an old nurse constructing a vocabulary for the use of children, rendering the hard words familiar to the infant tongue by adding the termination she had attached to the title of her most gracious Majesty. Thus queen is written *kuini*, and pronounced *queeny*. In like manner our venerable dame might insert that famous expression that “georgy peorgy will have a ridy pidy in his coachy woachy.” The pure Maori language as spoken by themselves is very expressive, and their gestures in conversation not inelegant.

From the date of the arrival of the first body of emigrants commenced the decline of missionary power over the native tribes. The influx of laymen with greater wealth soon lowered the rank of the missionaries in the estimation of the New Zealanders. The consequence was, that a jealousy of feeling arose between the new settlers and the missionaries. The latter have not only been accused of dislike to the settlers, but of countenancing by their silence many rebellious acts of the Aborigines. Be this as it may, they have unquestionably been useful in their calling as Christian teachers, and much good has resulted from their operations. Mr. Brown, in allusion to this matter, thus speaks,—

“Independently of their susceptibility to religious impressions, there are many other motives by which the New Zealanders are influenced to join the missionaries and to make some show of religion. I have already noticed one of these, namely, the great pleasure they appear to derive from assembling together, and uniting in singing

hymns; but strong inducements are also presented by every form of circumstance connected with their new character, which can minister to their love of display, so as to afford a favourable and ostentatious contrast to the conduct of the natives, who still reject missionary influences. The mere possession of books, and the superior requirements of the missionary natives, form a powerful inducement to the other natives to follow their example, as there is no people whatever more desirous to acquire information, or are more apt or persevering in the pursuit of it. By taking a proper advantage of this, therefore, the missionary has very many motives to appeal to; but he must, at the same time, be cautious to prevent them from suspecting that interested motives influence him. The Roman Catholic priests, for example, have been in the habit of making presents of beads, crosses, Virgin Marys, &c., which the natives, of course, very gladly receive; but they look upon them as payments for something to be done by them, and conclude that they are conferring a favour by joining that body. This practice, however, is very effectual, so far as the making converts is concerned; but at the same time it, to a certain extent, confuses their ideas as to the motives of the donors, and doubtless also affects the purity of their belief.”—P. 85.

It could not be expected in the course of events that those rival missionaries were likely to agree upon the supremacy of their respective institutions over the converted savages. Mr. Brown writes thus:—

“Until Bishop Selwyn arrived in New Zealand, the Church and Wesleyan missionaries conducted their labours of love with the best feeling towards each other—the native converts of the one communion being treated in all respects as if they were members of the other, and were wisely kept ignorant of the formalities of religion which distinguished one set of missionaries from the other. No sooner does the Bishop arrive, however, than a line of distinction is immediately drawn between the Wesleyan and the Church-mission natives;—the former not being allowed, as formerly, to partake of the Sacrament along with the followers of the latter. The Wesleyan missionaries themselves are decried as not being of divine authority, and their teachings therefore decried as unwarranted and useless. The rite of baptism performed by them must be repeated by the bishop or his clergy, in order to be effectual. The natural result of such extraordinary conduct soon manifested itself, and the natives of these different forms of Christian belief are now at open war with each other; nor will it excite surprise if we soon hear that they have forsaken their own savage feuds and animosities, for the no less deadly hatred and enmity engendered by the teachings of different professors of the same meek and merciful religion. But so it is; and unless some effectual remedy be devised for the growing evil, all the good that the missionaries have ever done may soon be as nothing compared with the evils which threaten to accompany it. Native wrongs and enmities may easily be put an end to; because they are susceptible of explanation and

reparation; but, if religious feuds are once introduced, who can say where they may end? as their causes neither can be satisfactorily explained, nor can any compromise be made. The greater the sincerity of belief, the deeper the animosity of those who differ from it. It is lamentable that the religion of Jesus should be perverted to such unholy purposes."—P. 178.

To intending emigrants it is of course a matter of great importance to obtain correct and useful information connected with those colonies. Their future welfare and comfort may depend upon what are considered trifling details. We advise them to place little confidence in the truth of many of those flattering accounts which describe those promised lands as "sylvan communities amidst an earthly paradise." There is no portion of this inhabitable globe, however fair to the eye, but has its gloomy side of the picture, which ought in justice to be described at the same time. For example, would it not be a more honest and manly proceeding on the part of the agents and surveyors of New Zealand Associations to state, even in moderate terms, the reasonableness of emigrants finding disagreeable circumstances to contend with over which they have no control, such as are to be encountered at the earthquake settlement of Wellington, or preparing them for the many privations they must undergo at the first occupation of a new country, such as are to be found even at Otago and Canterbury. Much discomfort arising, for example, from the inclemency of the weather, might be avoided by timely information. Wind and rain are direful forces to contend against on those bleak shores, especially for those who have been only accustomed to the comforts and shelter of a town life in this country. Some hints of this description, along with the sunshiny prints, gaudy panoramas, and glowing descriptions so zealously set forth, might prepare the emigrant in some measure for the reality that he must soon meet face to face. He would be more satisfied with his lot, seeing he had been forewarned; for New Zealand, notwithstanding its picturesque scenery, and the romantic character of its aboriginal inhabitants, is in the main a very homely country, which the enthusiastic emigrant, soon after his arrival, finds to his cost. We have not written the preceding paragraphs to deter men from going to these colonies, but to put them in possession of a few facts that may be balanced with the more favourable statements current in some quarters of society.

Our strictures in a former part of this paper upon the conduct of the early promoters of emigration to New Zealand, and our

account of the possible advantages to be obtained by colonizing those islands, seem to apply more directly to the case of the large capitalist. We have endeavoured to shew that he might as well have his money locked up in railway shares that cannot pay a dividend, as rely on profitable returns from any extensive system of agriculture, sheep farming, or cattle grazing, at least for the next half century; and even then he could not be in as advanced a condition as his brother capitalist in New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land, unless he had a force to work with similar to that by which those colonies have been raised to their present influential mercantile position, viz., convict labour and expenditure. For it is a fact in the history of these two important colonies, that their resources were mainly developed by the roads, bridges, and other public works constructed at the enormous expense of convict labour. To be made aware of this fact the traveller need only journey along the magnificent road which intersects the island of Van Dieman's Land, joining the south and north settlements, and opening up the golden resources of the interior. What must this colony have been had it depended on the unaided efforts of the emigrants, who now wend their way to New Zealand?

In reading the preceding passages the reader will remember that they relate chiefly to the condition and prospects of the north island and its occupants. The attempts at colonization narrated above are matters of history. With regard to the middle island, (Tavai Poenammoo, or New Munster) which at present occupies a great share of attention from the emigrating portion of the community, the case is different. There everything is in projection. Its success or failure is in the womb of time. And as we have not similar sources of information in regard to them, we cannot so confidently canvass the flattering statements put forward by the promoters of emigration to Otago and Canterbury. Our experience, however, has taught us, that twelve years ago a respectable body of well meaning and sanguine men held out equally bright prospects, and described the country in as glowing terms. And what has been the result? We are as earnest promoters of the cause of colonization as any member of these associations. But we would seriously counsel them to weigh well the statements on which they found their conclusions. As Bishop Selwyn advises Captain Thomas, Local Secretary to the Canterbury Association, "to send the very soil in boxes to be analyzed in England," so would we recom-

mend him to enclose with it a patch of turf to show the native pasture on their plains, for the inspection of the public, and the satisfaction of intending immigrants. For the latter, in their enthusiastic visions of the supposed "charms of colonization," place implicit faith in the slightest favourable accounts looking towards their future lot in the land of their adoption, as the bride elect pictures to herself an uninterrupted succession of happy years as soon as she crosses the threshold of her new home. Many a scene of grievous disappointment on the distant shores of New Zealand is known to us, and we believe that if the propounders of those contemplated colonies had witnessed these scenes, they would speak in less confident terms of their success.

In the imaginary tariff at the future port of Lyttleton we find an item of export to a promised market gravely stated, upon such slight data, that we cannot but refer to it, particularly as the commodity in question might be supposed to create a considerable portion of the future revenue of the colony, and thereby induce a larger per centage of agricultural labourers to emigrate than would be judicious:—

"As the settlement," it is remarked, "begins to fill up, and the demand for grain increases within its limits, an export of grain may eventually be looked for from the enterprise gradually engaged in its cultivation. For this grain there can hardly fail to be a considerable demand at the Australian ports, as the engagement of labour in pastoral and mining pursuits on that continent renders its population partially dependant on foreign supplies."—*Canterbury Papers*, p. 13.

Any one acquainted with the internal resources which Australia possesses for producing every description of food, will remark at once the gratuitous assertions contained in this passage. The writer might with equal plausibility have affirmed, that as numbers of sheep and cattle die of excessive drought in the warm districts of Australia, there is no doubt that the Canterbury sheep farmer will ultimately find a market there for his "mutton, so fat, that the sailors of the Acheron could not eat it." Van Dieman's Land alone, with its rich soil and cheap convict labour, is able to land grain of the finest quality at any Australian or New Zealand port cheaper than it can be produced on the spot. In fact, the grain market throughout those colonies is ruled by the Launceston prices. Excepting the imports of grain at Sydney and Moreton Bay from the corn-growing districts of the same group of colonies, we are not aware of any foreign supplies.

If we are, therefore, to place as little confidence in some other assertions contained in those papers, we must pause before we accept the judgments of those well-meaning leaders of colonial enterprise. We would advise them to solicit the advice of some disinterested and experienced mercantile men in such matters, for we are afraid that while many of their first transactions must necessarily be connected with exports and imports, supply and demand, produce and consumption, their education has not been of that nature to qualify them for conducting such monetary transactions with due caution and economy.

Far be it from us to discourage emigration and colonization on the praiseworthy plans of the Otago and Canterbury settlements. We most heartily wish them "God speed." But the wisest of men are liable to commit mistakes in their enthusiasm. Colonies, like plants when forced into premature growth, are ever weak and puny, and where natural resources and advantages are absent they will pine and die. Moreover, without a substantial foundation of capital, even the richest natural resources can seldom be made available. Labour itself is usually of small avail at the establishment of a colony where this is wanting. In our information regarding those distant lands we have known strong and willing labourers sitting idle for want of capital to employ them. And we have likewise known capital invested in local works which have yielded no return, as in the mining operations at Kawau. That the produce from pastoral pursuits must form the staple exports from this colony, like her flourishing neighbours in Australia, there is little doubt. But before this can be accomplished to an equal extent with that naturally richly grassed land, a long period must elapse to bring stock to its mere intrinsic value in a foreign market, or lower the prices from £12 for cattle, and 35s. per head for sheep, perhaps to 30s. for the former and 5s. for the latter, as they are in Australia. Although the shrubs and sedges indigenous to New Zealand furnish good pasture for cattle, yet they are not the food for fine woolled sheep. Hence the sheep farmer has to incur the heavy outlay of clearing the land and sowing European grasses, and this cannot be done without great expense. For home consumption, and to a limited extent, a profit may be realized; but when the grazier has to boil down his increase, as in Australia, for the sake of the tallow, wool, hides, and horns, the returns look very small in proportion to the outlay.

In this Article we refrain from offering any further opinion upon the schemes of colonization which are in operation in Otago and Canterbury. A discussion of the principles on which these plans are founded may supply enough of material for another Article. In the meantime we cordially wish them all possible success. We have employed this opportunity specially for presenting facts and judgments concerning the physical capabilities of certain parts of New Zealand, which, we believe, are not yet commonplace to many of our readers. Our purpose is served if they tend, by spreading truth, to promote caution and wisdom, in the future history of the great modern movement of colonization, which is still in its infancy, but in which our warmest sympathies are embarked. It is one thing to discuss those principles of Social Science by which colonization should be regulated, and to apply them to the circumstances of this age. It is another task to describe accurately the resources of spots which have been, or are likely to be, selected by emigrants, and thus to diffuse information concerning them among the various orders of the community. Both these investigations are of the greatest importance in the present circumstances of our country. In this paper we have confined ourselves to the latter, and we shall be glad if what we have said suggests the desirableness of more systematic means for collecting and spreading true facts and judgments, gathered by disinterested parties, with regard to the geology, botany, physiology, and other resources of our favourite resorts of emigration.

ART. III.—*The Life of John Sterling.* By
THOMAS CARLYLE. London, 1851.

LITERATURE and CHRISTIANITY present in their relations hitherto a somewhat singular and perplexing study. They have but seldom gone hand in hand. Their mutual bearing has been often one rather of repulsion and hostility than of attraction and sympathy. There has been a strong jealousy on both sides which has often manifested itself in downright animosity. To what extent this is to be traced to their original position of antagonism it would now perhaps be difficult to say. Christianity grew up under the hostile frown of Pagan Literature. The spirit of the one revolted from that of the other; and while it is true that almost all the literary culture which

survived gradually passed over into the Church, we yet find throughout the early centuries, till it culminated in the notable case of Gregory in the sixth, a prevailing feeling of indifference, and even of opposition to heathen learning among Christians.* With the revival of letters the old antagonism reappeared. The ideals, which kindled the young enthusiasm of Europe in the fifteenth century, and reawakened the long slumbering literary spirit, were those of Greece and Rome. It was from the old fountains of Pagan culture, dilapidated by long neglect, and overgrown with the weeds of centuries, that the stream of genius burst forth afresh.

The spirit of Modern Literature necessarily partook of the character of its origin. It was impossible that it could be otherwise. Accustomed to find the standard, not merely of taste, but of character and feeling in the productions of Grecian and Roman learning, modern genius could not fail to bear the stamp of the models which it thus worshipped. A certain Paganized influence accordingly diffused itself through the latter—an influence which, in some of its noblest representatives, may be said to have been almost entirely overcome, but which is not the less characteristic of its general productions.

We scarcely think that any would be disposed to question this decided effect of the ancient upon the modern classical Literature. In turning from the one to the other, we frequently meet with but little change of *tone*. The same class of sentiment—the same cast of character, claim our sympathy or provoke our dislike. Or where there is no such identity, there is yet, save in some comparatively rare instances of high significance, no *renovation* of thought and feeling. There is no baptism of divine fire renewing and transfiguring the page of Literature. Christianity might nearly as well not have been, for aught of its spirit that breathes in many of these works of modern genius which have most interested and delighted the human mind. It is of our own literature we would be understood chiefly to speak; but the truth of our remark will perhaps be most readily admitted when applied to Modern Literature in general.

It may seem a harsh and Puritanical judgment which we thus pronounce. But the

* Julian, we know, made it one of his main reproaches against the Christians, that they ascribed the works of heathen genius to Satan or his agents—an accusation exaggerated it may be supposed, but undoubtedly indicating in the Church a prevailing sentiment of hostility to heathen learning.

real question that concerns us is, not whether the judgment be *harsh*, but whether it be *true*. No good can come from mere evasion on such a subject. The truth is not the less true that we do not acknowledge it, and force ourselves to contemplate it. We remember the strong revulsion of feeling with which we first read John Foster's very minute and candid treatment of this subject, in his famous essay, "On the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion." It was hard to have one's idols so struck down, and their true character so unsparingly exposed. Even now, on reverting to the essay, we have been unable to read it, in some parts, without a kind of pain which must have led many, we fancy, indignantly to toss it aside. He brings forth, with such a clear yet mild prominence, the peculiarities of Christianity, and confronts them so clearly, yet boldly, with the characteristics of our polite Literature, as to leave no escape from conclusions which we would still fain repudiate. He presses the point of contrast in a manner at once so measured and forcible that it is impossible to resist the essential truth of his argument. We may regret it from our love of Literature, or despise it from our scorn of Christianity, but we will find it hard to repel it.

We do not, indeed, in some respects, coincide with Foster. We think that here, as often, the gloom of his temperament tinges the picture that he draws. He shuts out too much the lights which would relieve, and the pleasant colours which would soften it. Nay, we believe that the severity and exclusiveness of his own religion have led him to do some special injustice to the venerated names of Addison and Johnson. Still, with every abatement we may make of his representations, their substantial truth remains. There is the *fact*, which we cannot get rid of with the most tolerant latitudinarianism, that so much of our Literature is not characteristically Christian, but the reverse. Its genius is not only not consonant with that of the Gospel, but often, though without any polemical purpose, quite hostile to it, so that every truly Christian mind must feel that the fascinations of Literature are not without their danger.

Not for one moment, indeed, would we be supposed to be ignorant of the beautiful uses, of all true Literature. There is a morally exalting power, we believe, in all its genuine manifestations, apart from their relations to Christianity. It is the wondrous gift of genius to serve often as a moral teacher, even in its fall and degradation. The pure heart will gather at once delight and discipline from productions which may

yet by no means mainly minister to elevated and Christian feelings. There is an inextinguishable element of truth and beauty in all genius, which, from amid whatever corruption, will rise upon the untainted soul, imparting a moral joy and strength of the most precious kind. Foster, we think, has discerned this too feebly and inadequately. He has made too little allowance for the good we may always extract from whatever the hand of genius has touched with its magic or arrayed in its glory. Even admitting that there is so much alien to the spirit of the gospel in our past Literature, we are not inclined to view so gloomily as he does the consequences of this. That living familiarity with our best writers, both of poetry and prose, which alone can impart a true literary taste, may, we think be cultivated with less danger to Christian habitudes of thought and feeling than he seems to believe. Still the *fact* is, in the main, as he has represented it. Whatever view we may take of its bearing, it is not, we feel, capable of being disputed. The significant truth remains, claiming our serious attention, that so great a part of our past Literature is un-allied with Christianity.

We scarcely think it can be necessary, at this day, and in the pages of this Review, to offer any explanation of the anxiety with which we are inclined to regard this fact. There are but few of our readers, we suppose, who do not recognise that Christianity *ought* to be associated with Literature. It is only possible, indeed, on the ground of infidelity, on the one hand, or of fanaticism on the other, to maintain that they can be severed without mutual injury. Here, as in other respects, these extremes are found to meet. From opposite reasons, but to the same purpose, they hold that Literature has nothing to do with religion—the former scorning religion as an unreality, the latter treating Literature as a folly. Supposing we take our stand at either of these extreme points, we may consistently look with indifference on the separation of Literature and Christianity, or even advocate the propriety of the separation. But from no other point can we contemplate this subject indifferently. If we at once believe in Christianity, and in Literature, we cannot logically remain satisfied with their disjunction. It will not stand for a moment, on such a footing, to say, as we have sometimes virtually heard it said, that we have recourse to Literature, not to have our piety quickened, but our taste gratified; that we do not expect, and do not desire, the devotion of a David in Dryden or Pope, or the

spirit of the Gospels in Hume or Gibbon. Every one in his own place. We are content to take Pope and Dryden as they are. Nay, we think that any special infusion of religion into their pages would only have tended to disgust, as has been exemplified in the case of some other writers who have attempted an incongruous mixture of piety and poetry. This is a style of argument which, if now but little heard, and certainly scarce needing refutation here, does yet, we apprehend, silently influence many minds in contemplating the relations of Literature and Christianity. It is long after the neck of a fallacy is broken till it altogether expires. It drags out a lingering existence in a lower class of minds after it has long ceased to live in a higher. And a fallacy such as the one in question, which Johnson, in his day, took under his protection, in his well-known and often refuted remarks on sacred poetry, may be imagined to have some special vitality in it. It is one, however, which could only exist in an atmosphere of gross misconception as to the nature of Christianity. No sooner is it recognised, what indeed was so little recognised during the last century, that Christianity is by no means merely a system of notions, with its *set* phraseology, but a Life animating and pervading the whole mental and active being, infusing a totally new spirit wherever it penetrates—changing from its inmost centre the complexion of individual and social character—than it is seen that it must identify itself with literature wherever it really lives. Casting, as it does, a new glory on nature and humanity, transfiguring both in a more radiant, and significant light, how can it fail, where it is really present, to interfuse and blend itself with every phase and aspect of Literature?

It has been often lamentably forgotten that man, however complex and diverse in his nature, with the most varied susceptibilities, each going forth in its own way and seeking nurture after its kind, is not and cannot be, in any of the essential relations of his being, contradictory. What heaps of errors on all questions have accumulated under the practical forgetfulness of this truth! How have we seen the functions of man's intellectual, moral, and religious nature isolated, and even opposed to each other, as if, instead of being a harmonious growth of powers, centering in a mysterious unity of consciousness, he were a mere ill-assorted congeries of accidents—a "mere bundle of dry sticks," as John Sterling somewhere says—with no interior principle of coherence! In our country we have perhaps especially suffered from this absurd mode of

contemplating human nature un'er arbitrary divisions. Religion, Morals, Literature have, with us, been separated and marked off in the most rigorous and detailed manner. As we pass from our theological to our moral writers, and again to our writers of Belles Lettres, how often do we seem to enter, not only distinct, but altogether opposite spheres of thought and opinion! We contemplate man, not only under different, but frequently conflicting aspects. It is no easy matter sometimes to discern the same human Substantive under the several representations set before us. The coloured glasses of theology, moral sciences, and Literature exhibit often a quite contrary image, and a strange and sceptical confusion of feeling is apt to ensue in the mind of the student. It will not be supposed for a moment that we deny the necessity of classing the various functions of man's being, and considering them, to a certain extent, apart. It is only to the extreme and exclusive manner in which this has been often done,—whereby, as it were, all sense of men's spiritual unity has been lost,—that we object. In whatever *special* capacity we regard man, whether as a religious, moral, or æsthetical being, we ought never to forget that all his qualities are only several characteristics or manifestations of the same spiritual essence, which,—however we may ideally separate them for convenience,—are never actually separated.

It is impossible to over-estimate the evil effects which have flowed from the opposite arbitrary and artificial mode of contemplation. One of the greatest of these, however, is undoubtedly the common and fixed notion that has come to prevail of there being a valid division of *sacred* and *profane* in human nature and human life. In all relations the fatal error has extended itself, that in redeemed Humanity there are yet parts which may be esteemed common or unclean. This is the radical apostasy, seen in its grossest shape in Popery, but from which no form of Protestantism has been as yet wholly exempt. Within the kingdom of God there is and can be no such distinction of sacred and profane. All is sacred within,—all is profane without it. This dualism Christianity recognises in the broadest manner. Upon this as its fundamental condition it rests. But within the sphere of its operation this dualism entirely disappears. Wherever the Gospel enters it renews from the most hidden sources the whole being. It exalts and hallows all with a most sacred anointing. A Christian man, therefore, can never legitimately have any pleasures or pursuits that are not Chris-

tian. In all moods and all relations, and not merely in special moods and circumstances, he must be religious. His common thoughts, and every-day sympathies, and not merely his most exalted and solemn aspirations, must go forth from a Christian centre, and partake of a Christian character. Christianity, where it asserts its true nature, is pervadingly operative over the whole life, the whole sphere of human thought and feeling, and not only over some special section or moments of it.

It must be very obvious from this that Literature can never be legitimately dissociated from religion. It can never be a valid and consistent step to acknowledge that Christianity is good in its place, and Literature good in its place, but that their provinces are quite apart and dissimilar. This reasoning can only prevail in conjunction with the most mechanical and perverted notions of religion—where it is viewed as a mere factitious increment to human nature—an ornamental crown, as it were, to be worn on solemn occasions, instead of, as it really is, a sacred fire kindled within the most secret affections, and irradiating the whole being.

In exact accordance with this conclusion we find that the characteristically irreligious period of our Literature just corresponds with the age of a negative and mechanical Christianity. Then when we see poetry, and philosophy, and history, most thoroughly and unhappily alienated from a Christian spirit, we see Christianity itself most dead. The separation grew out of no inherent repulsion of the one to the other, but out of the decay and perversion of both. In our earlier Literature, awakened and matured under the fresh impulse of the Reformation,—and while that positive and living apprehension of divine truth which it called forth still survived, we see a Christian influence working with an animating and pervading force. It was only when the genuine conception of Christianity as a divine Life, which must penetrate and sanctify every department of human sentiment and affection, began to die away, that we see our Literature assuming a decidedly unchristian character. And men were then content with such a Literature, just because they were content with such a religion. Where the latter did not affect to govern and transform the whole character, but was regarded merely as a sort of appendage to it, (honourable or otherwise as it might be,) it was only natural that it should remain disjoined from Literature. It is only where Christianity fulfils its true mission, of entering into the inward life of humanity, and pu-

rifying it along the whole course of its development, that Literature, with every other form of this development, must own its sway and bear its stamp.

The aspects of our recent and existing Literature bear out the truth of these remarks. Since the appearance of Foster's Essay, British Literature has undergone many changes. He himself, in a note to one of the later editions, remarks on these changes, chiefly in regard to style,—“The smooth elegance, the gentle graces, the amusing, easy, and not deep current of sentiment of which Addison is our finest example, have been,” he says, “succeeded by force, energy, bold development of principles, and every kind of high stimulus,”—a change which, with true critical penetration, he hailed as a great gain, but not unaccompanied with serious evils. For along with the passion for vigour, and point, and originality, he discerned the natural excesses of this passion—“an ample exhibition of contortion, tricks of surprise, paradox, headlong dash, factitious fulmination, and turpid inanity.”

But in the moral and religious tone of our Literature there has been a scarcely less surprising change, which we wonder Foster, in special relation to his subject, did not also notice, as it had begun distinctly to manifest itself within the period to which he alludes. The same relation between Literature and Christianity no longer exists as in last century. That relation may be briefly defined to have been one of *indifference*. Literature passed by Christianity—ignored it; and Christianity, in the merely negative form in which it prevailed, permitted itself to be ignored. With scarcely life in it to retain its external forms, it did not think that Literature did it harm or injury in passing it by with a quiet and somewhat scornful dignity. Nay, divines in becoming poets, historians, or philosophers, (and there is hardly a more significant sign of the age than this,) conceived it to be in some sort necessary to lay aside any Christian peculiarities, and adopt the indifferent and paganized tone of their brothers in letters. But Christianity, awakening from its death-like slumber, and in every direction giving evidence of new life, could no longer be treated in this fashion. It must either incorporate itself with Literature, or enter into open conflict with it. And this we find accordingly is what to a great extent has already taken place in our day. The old relation of indifference has not, indeed, quite vanished. There is still in certain quarters to be heard the faint echo of the old notion of religion and letters having nothing to do with each other. But

generally, and in all the freshest and most significant forms of our present Literature, the cold, external compromise with Christianity is entirely done away, and the two have found a point either of living union or of downright hostility.

It is gratifying that so much of existing Literature breathes a truly Christian tone. In all its various forms, poetical, historical, and philosophical, we see the clear influence of Christian conceptions, and the fruitful working of a genuine Christian spirit. It is not that in a special dogmatic sense any phase of our Literature is more religious than that of last century. The mere theological element is perhaps not much more prominent than before, and it is not desirable that it should be. But a deep flow of Christian sentiment, a tender and comprehensive Christian sympathy, and a warm and genial spirit of love, which is essentially Christian, are found pervading and animating a large proportion of our present literary productions.

But concurrently with this Christian development of our Literature, there has been also a very significant manifestation of an opposite kind. The very same process has to a certain extent taken place among us as among our German neighbours, though with differences significant of the relative characteristics of the two nations. The reaction against the old negative form of Christianity has with us as well as with them assumed two distinct modes of progress—one proceeding from the revival of a practical Christian spirit; the other from the revival of a more genuine philosophical spirit. This was inevitable in the course of things. The mechanical modes of conception which prevailed so largely during last century, could not fail to yield on both sides, as soon as the human mind received a new and invigorating impulse. Empiricism rests not only on a practical but a speculative falsehood. It not only quenches the living spirit of Christianity, in its bare and bald grasp, but it lies against the truths of the human soul, and as soon as under any movement of the national mind a genuine and more comprehensive insight is obtained into those truths, it cannot fail to be attacked also on the scientific side. This we know to have been notably the case in Germany. The older Rationalism fell there as much before the attacks of a new and more exalted philosophy, as before the advance of a deeper and more earnest Christian piety. Kant, and Jacobi, and Fries, and Schelling, and Hegel, in their own way, combatted the old empirical system, just as vigorously as the representa-

tives of the new development of a positive Christianity in the German Church.

A twofold movement of a similar kind, although, in the nature of the case, far less definitely and clearly marked out, has occurred in this country. While a revived Christian spirit has spread in many quarters, and pervaded influential sections of our Literature, a new philosophical spirit has also arisen—the latter no less opposed than the former to the cold, negative, and sceptical turn of our former Literature, yet not only claiming no affinity with the revived Christian spirit, but entering into direct, subtle, and energetic conflict with it.

We know how common it is to ascribe this new antichristian manifestation entirely to German influence, and to consider it as altogether an alien importation from the father land. It might well make one smile to hear the complacency with which in certain quarters, all that is supposed most vicious in our present Literature and Theology is laid to the account of poor Germany. The fact is, we believe, that this mode of ascribing changes of national taste and sentiment so prominently to foreign influence, is in a great measure a mistaken one. Such changes *must* ever proceed more from inward and spontaneous tendencies, than from any mere external causes. The history of every people is a growth, each new epoch evolving organically out of the decay and corruption of the old, and not a mere succession of accidental impulses and fortuitous movements. And if there is now, therefore, among us a rapid increase of what is called *Germanism*, (and we have no objections to the name as sufficiently although vaguely expressive,) we conceive it to spring much more directly from the natural and inevitable reaction against the old empiricism which so long swayed British thought in every relation, than from any immediate and tangible influence that German literature or philosophy are yet exercising. What seems to be generally meant by Germanism, is no other than the deeper and bolder and more thorough spirit of inquiry which almost everywhere, and in so many various forms, has asserted itself against the tamer and narrower spirit of last century. In Britain as in Germany, this new spirit has invaded and beaten back the old; and in the one country as well as the other, it has assumed a twofold development—a Christian and an antichristian. It is no doubt true that we have followed in the wake of Germany; and that the antichristian development among us has been stimulated by German influence; but it is of the utmost importance,

we think, to bear in mind that this influence has only been stimulative, because the latent tendency was already so powerful in the British mind. For mere truth's sake we think it important to remember this. The prevalent method of attributing this or that phenomenon in our Literature or Theology to Germany, and so making an end of it, destroys, in our opinion, all historical accuracy, and even all historical sense.

The character of the present antichristian section of our Literature may be generally defined, for want of a more significant term, as pantheistic. It is the extreme reaction against the character of our previous Literature. Whereas the latter, with a somewhat atheistic indifference, nowhere sought a divine meaning in things,—this discerns a divinity everywhere and pre-eminently in man himself, who is the great miracle of miracles—the true Emanuel. Whereas the one was content to rest on the mere surface and mechanism—the outward sensuousness and visibility of things—the other would penetrate to the living unity—the reality underlying all the confused phenomena of existence—the *great heart of the universe*. This, in now familiar phrase, is the “divine idea of the world,” which “lies at the bottom of all appearance;” and men of letters, who rise to the consciousness of their true functions, and become interpreters of this “divine idea,” are, in the highest sense of the words, prophets and priests. It is impossible, therefore, to overestimate the importance of the literary function. It is the one perpetual Priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that God is still present in their lives. It is the true Ministry, ever presenting in new forms of beauty, in richer and more touching sermons, the eternal truth of nature and of life. To use the fine words of one to whom, as having above all given significance to this new literary movement, and as standing somewhat notably at its head, our language has already obviously pointed, “He that can write a true book to persuade England, is not he the bishop and archbishop, the primate of England, and of all England? I many a time say, the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these are the real working effective church of a modern country. Nay, not only our preaching, but even our worship, is it not too accomplished by means of printed books? The noble sentiment which a gifted soul has clothed for us in melodious words, which brings melody into our hearts—is not this essentially, if we will understand it, of the nature of worship? He who in any way shews us better than we knew before, that a lily of the field is beautiful, does he not

shew it us as an effluence of the Fountain of all Beauty—as the handwriting made visible there of the great Maker of the Universe. He has sung for us, made us sing with him a little verse of a sacred Psalm. Essentially so. How much more he who sings, who says, or in any way brings home to our hearts the noble doings, feelings, darings and endurances of a brother man! He has verily touched our hearts as with a live coal *from the altar*. Perhaps there is no worship more authentic. Literature, so far as it is Literature, is an ‘apocalypse of Nature,’ a revealing of the ‘open secret.’ It may well enough be named in Fichte’s style a ‘continuous revelation’ of the Godlike in the Terrestrial and Common. The Godlike does ever in very truth endure there; is brought out now in this dialect now in that, with various degrees of clearness: all true gifted Singers and Speakers are consciously or unconsciously doing so. The dark scornful indignation of a Byron, so wayward and perverse, may have touches of it; nay, the withered mockery of a French sceptic—his mockery of the False, a love and worship of the True. How much more the sphere-harmony of a Shakespeare and a Goethe: the cathedral music of a Milton; the humble genuine lark-notes of a Burns,—sky-lark, starting from the humble furrow, far over-head into the blue depths, and singing to us so genuinely there! Fragments of a real ‘Church Liturgy’ and body of Homilies, strangely disguised from the common eye, are to be found weltering in that huge froth-ocean of Printed speech we loosely call Literature! Books are our Church too.”—(*Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship*, p. 263, 264.)

It is obvious how complete is the reaction here against the spirit of our eighteenth century Literature. It is no less obvious, we doubt not, to most of our readers, that there is an important element of truth in all that is here said about the divine meaning that lies in every thing and in every man, and of the true dignity of Literature as the interpreter of this meaning. God is everywhere and in all things, and in him alone we live and move and have our being. All in us and around us is holy. The stamp of divinity is on all, and man is verily the true Shekinah, as Chrysostom said of old. All genuine interpretation of man and nature, therefore—in other words, all genuine forms of Literature, are *religious*. There can never be, as our previous remarks have endeavoured strongly to shew, a disjunction between letters and religion without somewhat fatal injury to both. Where such a disjunction is recognised and do-

fended, Christianity must be dead, and Literature will be dwarfed and feeble and dying.

We acknowledge, therefore, in the warmest manner the earnest efforts of Mr. Carlyle to vindicate the religious character of all true Literature. No one has spoken more noble and touching words on this subject; and it has appeared at times to ourselves strangely repugnant that we should yet be obliged to reckon him very far from a friend to Christianity. So truly Christian-wise does he often speak, that when we class him, as we have done, at the head of the antichristian section of our Literature, our heart almost misgives us. It is not that we care what any of his worshippers and followers may say to this, but a voice within us bids us tremble lest we do him injustice. The calmer and clearer view of the matter, however, will never allow us any other conclusion. We find as we study him, and the more we study him the more plainly we find, that Literature is not only with him religious but *religion*. It is not only a divine teacher, but *the* Divine Teacher, and the only one left for man in these latter days. Any more special religion than that which is written on the face of nature and in the soul of man, Mr. Carlyle evidently disclaims. He will have no apocalypse save that of which Literature is the acknowledged interpreter. Man, if he will only open his eyes to the beauty which environs him, and listen to the "still small voice" which speaks from within his own heart, and allow himself to enter into clear and calm communion with the eternal laws of the universe, becomes religious in the highest sense possible for him. And it is just the glory of Literature that it is her peculiar mission to reveal ever more radiantly this beauty, and awaken ever more powerfully this inner voice, and so place man in ever more clearly conscious and calmly intelligent relation to the great laws of his being, and of all being. In characteristic and unmistakable speech, we are told that "the Maker's Laws, whether they are promulgated in Sinai Thunder to the ear or imagination, or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law; the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible; in the heart of its tumultuous Appearances, Embroilments and mad Time-Vortexes, is there not silent, eternal, an All-

just, an All-beautiful, sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of the Whole? This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact. The fact of gravitation known to all animals is not surer than this inner Fact which may be known to all men. . . . Rituals, Liturgies, Cremos, Sinai Thunder; I know more or less the history of these; the rise, progress, decline and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty-two Azimuths repeated daily for centuries of years make God's laws more godlike to me? Brother, no. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now, and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer: perhaps I am above being frightened; perhaps it is not fear but Reverence alone that shall now lead me! Revelations, Inspirations? Yes, and thy own God-created Soul; dost thou not call that a 'revelation'? Who made thee? Where didst thou come from? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemer and poor asphyxiated mute, speaks with that tongue of thine! *Thou art the latest birth of nature; it is the 'Inspiration of the Almighty' that giveth thee understanding! my brother, my brother.*" (*Past and Present*, pp. 307-9.)

If any doubt could have remained as to the real meaning of all such utterances, and as to the real significance of the relation which Mr. Carlyle occupies to Christianity, it must at length have been sufficiently removed by the appearance of his *Life of Sterling*, which we have made the occasion of these remarks. To us, we will confess at once, that this book is a very mournful one—the most mournful we have read for many a day. It is not, perhaps, that after all Mr. Carlyle had previously written, we had any right to expect a different book. We now at least clearly enough see that we had no such right. And yet somehow we had expectations regarding it, which, in almost every respect, have been miserably disappointed. We are conscious of admiring Mr. Carlyle in some respects so genuinely, of honouring so heartily the fine and "rarely bestowed" gift of genius which God has given him; he has withal such a noble insight into Humanity in this nineteenth century, and such a warm and vigorous sympathy with its perplexities, its wrongs, and its miseries, that we looked (the expectation had somehow laid itself so closely to our heart, that we now wonder at ourselves a little) to this book at last for some light to be thrown on the weltering chaos—some breaking of day o'er the confused darkness in which he had hitherto delighted to dwell. The subject was one to encourage us in this expectation: the story of a life which had gone astray amid this same dark-

ness and perplexity in which so many are now wandering—of one who had sought truth with a pure and earnest aim, and yet only found (if, indeed, he had been so far successful) some faint forecasts of it, when he departed to the eternal Silence. Here, if ever, was an opportunity of building on the broken fragments of such a life, some "sunny dome" of faith and hope for all weary travellers on the same pathway. For any other purpose than this the life was not worth recounting,—certainly not worth again recounting. If Sterling's career was not to teach us in our present imbroglio of faiths and superstitions some lesson of religion, then it had not, that we can see, any lesson at all to teach. It had better, with many others, have remained unwritten; or, at least, enough had been said and written about it. However vain, therefore, we may now see that our expectation was in the matter, we cannot yet think it was altogether unreasonable.

The *significance* which, in almost every quarter had been found to attach to the life of John Sterling, was a religious one. What save this *could* it be? In Literature,—undoubtedly gifted as he was, and full from the beginning of a certain bloom and rich promise, which yet never ripened, and did not seem to be greatly ripening,—he had scarcely achieved for himself a name. He has left behind nothing that will not soon be forgotten amid the endless article-writing and "blotting of white paper" in our day. This Carlyle himself sees very well and acknowledges. "Sterling's performance and real or seeming importance in this world," he says, was actually not of a kind to demand an express Biography, even according to the world's usages. His character was not supremely original; neither was his fate in the world wonderful. What he did was inconsiderable enough; and as to what it lay in him to have done, this was but a problem now beyond possibility of settlement. Why had a Biography been inflicted on this man? why had not No-biography, and the privilege of all the weary, been his lot?"

To which emphatic query he strangely enough replies by writing *another* biography of this man, and from what reason? From one just the very opposite of that which, in the feeling of so many, had alone imparted significance and interest to the life of Sterling. Because Archdeacon Hare had viewed the life of his friend mainly in a religious light, and dwelt upon it perhaps somewhat exclusively in this light—for this reason, and to correct the false effects, as he believes, of the picture thus drawn, Mr.

Carlyle has re-written his life. He and some correspondent (who seems, in a very marked sense, to be an *alter ego*—a Carlyle the *second*,) do not hesitate, in fact, to express considerable indignation at the misrepresentations in which they conceive the figure of Sterling to stand in the Memoir of the Archdeacon. He appears to them to be treated in it merely as a clergyman, in which capacity he only acted for eight months, and the relations of which were, in no degree, the most important of his life. "A pale sickly shadow in torn surplice," writes this correspondent, "is presented to us here, weltering, bewildered amid heaps of what you call 'Hebrew Old-clothes:' wrestling with impotent impetuosity to free itself from the baleful imbroglio, as if that had been its one function in life; who, in this miserable figure, would recognise the brilliant, beautiful, and cheerful John Sterling, with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, activities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, which made the presence of him an illumination and inspiration wherever he went? It is too bad. Let a man be honestly forgotten when his life ends; but let him not be misremembered in this way. To be hung up as an ecclesiastical scarecrow, as a target for heterodox and orthodox to practise archery upon, is no fate that can be due to the memory of Sterling. It was not as a ghastly phantasm, choked in Thirty-nine-article controversies, or miserable Semitic, Anti-semitic street-riots, in scepticisms, agonized self-seekings, that this man appeared in life."—P. 6.)

Now while it is no special concern of ours to defend Archdeacon Hare's portrait of his friend, we have no hesitation in saying that he appears to us,—with all the evidence now before us,—to have apprehended and rendered the real meaning of Sterling's life, upon the whole, more truly than Mr. Carlyle. In the present biography we no doubt see Sterling in a more varied and complete light,—generally, indeed, in a quite different light; yet all the obvious efforts of Mr. Carlyle to crush the matter out of sight, fail to convince us that the religious phase of Sterling's career was not, *for others at least*, the most significant and noteworthy through which he passed. If it did not possess all the importance which it assumes in Hare's memoir, it was yet *the* most important feature claiming public attention. It was the point of view especially from which those beyond the mere circle of Sterling's companionship felt that his life had any peculiar interest for them. It very

naturally, therefore, assumed the prominence it did in the hands of the Archdeacon, although from the deficiency of his representation in other respects, it now seems to occupy a somewhat too naked and exclusive position. For our own part, however, we feel bound to say that we prefer the portrait of Hare to that of Carlyle. It will not, of course, be supposed for a moment that we intend any comparison between the mere literary merits of the Memoirs. The brief sketch of the Archdeacon has, in this respect, no pretensions to rank with the more copious and finished biography before us. But we feel strongly (notwithstanding the somewhat rude bluster we have quoted above), that it is a more loveable and interesting character rises upon us from the faint and rapid outlines of the one than from the more complete picture of the other. We confess, indeed, to no small amount of disenchantment, in reading Carlyle's Life. Every touch of the heroic we had hitherto associated with Sterling gradually disappeared. The pure, earnest, struggling aspirant after truth merged into the merely frank, brilliant, somewhat impetuous, and spoiled Dilettante. The halo that had surrounded him, to our vision, was gone. Mr. Carlyle would probably say—so much the better. It was just for this purpose he wrote his book. This was just his aim—to snatch the figure of his friend from the absurd halo of religious interest which had been thrown around it. But we feel satisfied, notwithstanding Mr. Carlyle's asseverations, that such an interest, although not in the measure supposed by some, *did* invest Sterling's life.

If we now pass from these general remarks to some special criticism on the work before us, we feel, first of all, called upon to express our delight with it in a mere literary point of view. We agree with our contemporaries generally in esteeming it, in this respect, one of the best of Mr. Carlyle's books. It has not only here and there touches of exquisite art, but its pervading texture is, to our minds, of a more finely wrought and beautiful character than any of his recent compositions. The style, in its general structure, is the same which, from so many quarters, has provoked assault; but it moves, save at brief intervals, in a clearer, quieter, and more placid flow than usual. If not rising to any of those terrific heights of sublimity, of which it is so capable, crushing and overwhelming the reader with its piled-up and lurid grandeur, and stunning him with the thunder of its march; neither does it ever sink, save in rare instances, into the mere grotesque and fantas-

tic—the mere mimicry of thunder, which not infrequently turns our gravity into a smile in the perusal of Mr. Carlyle's writings. There are, indeed, some scattered passages of a very provocative and impetuous kind, and one or two which, in their ragged and inapposite contrasts may well call forth a smile; but a character of pathetic softness, of mild and graceful tenderness, is the distinguishing one of the volume. It is impossible to doubt how truly Carlyle loved his friend, or what a deep and pensive fountain of love there is in the man altogether. Down below all his rugged sternness and repulsive bitterness, there is a well of genial and most gentle affection, the stream of which makes glad almost every page of his book. As a work of art, too, as a compact piece of biographic story, in which the principal figure occupies his due prominence, while a group starts into life here and there around him, by a few rapid and picturesque touches, it is very nearly perfect. After we had once begun its perusal, we could not lay it aside nor pause over it. But onward we went, now well-nigh touched to tears, and now, it is true, touched with indignation, at some obvious and gross injustice, but owning everywhere the felicitous mastery of the hand that was leading us. A feeling of deep sadness, however, of profound and perplexing sorrow, was *uppermost* with us in its perusal.

In token of the rich literary merit we have ascribed to this volume, we feel bound to present our readers with a few extracts, although most of them, even to those who may not have read the volume, will, we dare say, be familiar from the numerous notices that have appeared of it. They are of that kind, however, which will bear a second reading. Sterling's mother is thus described in the second chapter:—

"Mrs. Sterling, even in her later days, had still traces of the old beauty; then and always she was a woman of delicate, pious, affectionate character; exemplary as a wife, a mother, and a friend. A refined female nature; something tremulous in it, timid, and with a certain vernal freshness still unweakened by long converse with the world. The tall slim figure always of a kind of quaker neatness; the innocent anxious face, anxious bright hazel eyes; the timid, yet gracefully cordial ways; the natural intelligence, instinctive sense and worth, were very characteristic. Her voice, too, with its something of soft querulousness, easily adapting itself to a light thin-flowing style of mirth, on occasion, was characteristic; she had retained her Ulster intonations, and was withal somewhat copious in speech. A fine tremulously sensitive nature, strong chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights and activities that depend

on these—truly a beautiful, much suffering, much loving house-mother. From her chiefly, as one could discern, John Sterling had derived the delicate *aroma* of his nature—its piety, clearness, sincerity; and from his father the ready practical gifts, the impetuosities, and the audacities, were also (though in strange, new form) visibly inherited. A man was lucky to have such a Mother—to have such Parents as both his were.”—(Pp. 17, 18.)

We give as a companion picture the following—a very slight thing indeed, but pleasant and attractive:—Charles Barton “now, in 1829-30, an amiable, cheerful, rather idle young fellow about town;” had been one of Sterling’s fellow-students at Cambridge, and, meeting again in London, Sterling became an intimate of his family. The eldest daughter—“a stately, blooming, black-eyed young woman, full of gay softness, of indolent sense and enthusiasm, about Sterling’s own age, if not a little older,”—would seem to have especially interested him, as he had undoubtedly found an interest in her eyes. In the meantime there was talk of a Spanish invasion, and of Sterling, now full of enthusiastic radicalism, joining the invaders. “The ship was fast getting ready; on a certain day it was to drop quietly down the Thames; then touch at Deal and take on board Torrijos and his adventurers, who were to be in waiting and on the outlook for them there. Let every man lay in his accoutrements then; let every man make his packages, his arrangements, and his farewells. Sterling went to take leave of Miss Barton. ‘You are going then to Spain? To rough it amid the glories of war, and perilous insurrection; and with that weak health of yours; and we shall never see you more then!’ Miss Barton, all her gaiety gone, the dimpling softness became liquid sorrow, and the musical ringing voice one wail of woe, ‘burst into tears,’—so I have it on authority;—here was one possibility about to be strangled that made unexpected noise! Sterling’s interview ended in the offer of his hand and the acceptance of it.”—(Pp. 93, 94.)

It was not till after Sterling had retired from the Church that he made the acquaintance of Carlyle. He had come to London to consult as to the state of his health, which he began to find inadequate for the efficient discharge of his pastoral duties. On this occasion, Carlyle first met him at the India House in company with John Mill.

“The sight of one (he says) whose fine qualities I had often heard of lately, was interesting enough, and, on the whole, proved not disappoint-

ing, though it was the translation of dream into fact—that is, of poetry into prose, and showed its unrhymed side withal. A loose careless-looking thin figure, in careless dim costume, sat in a lounging posture, carelessly and copiously talking. I was struck with the kindly, but restless, swift glancing eyes, which looked as if the spirits were all out coursing like a pack of merry eager beagles, beating every bush. The brow, rather sloping in form, was not of imposing character, though, again, the head was longish, which is always the best sign of intellect; the physiognomy, in general, indicated animation rather than strength.”—(P. 140.)

The acquaintance thus begun ripened speedily into a very close and peculiar friendship; and especially when Sterling finally left Herstmonceux, the seat of his brief clerical labours, and took up his abode at Bayswater, the intimacy between him and Carlyle appears to have grown fast, and deepened on the one side into that profound estimation, and on the other into that deep and tender love, which ever afterwards characterized it. Carlyle thus describes the employment and character of his friend at this time:—

“Sterling’s days, during this time as always, were full of occupation, cheerfully interesting to himself and others; though, the wrecks of theology so encumbering him, little fruit on the positive side could come of these labours. On the negative side they were productive; and there was also much of encumbrance requiring removal before fruit could grow, there was plenty of labour needed. He looked happy as well as busy; roamed extensively among his friends, and loved to have them about him—chiefly old Cambridge comrades, now settling into occupations in the world; and was felt by all friends, by myself as by few, to be a welcome illumination in the dim whirl of things. A man of altogether social and human ways; his address everywhere pleasant and enlivening. A certain smile of thin but genuine laughter, we might say, hung gracefully over all he said and did;—expressing gracefully, according to the model of his epoch, the stoical poccourantism which is required of the cultivated Englishman. Such laughter in him was not deep, but neither was it false, (as lamentably happens often); and the cheerfulness it went to symbolize was hearty and beautiful,—visible in the silent unsymbolized state in a still gracefuller fashion.

“Of wit, so far as rapid, lively intellect produces wit, he had plenty, and did not abuse his endowment that way, being always fundamentally serious in the purport of his speech; of what we call humour he had some, though little; nay of real sense for the ludicrous, in any form, he had not much for a man of his vivacity; and you remarked that his laugh was limited in compass, and of a clear, but not rich quality. To the like effect shone something, a kind of child-like half-embarrassed shimmer of expression, on his fine vivid countenance, curiously mingling with its ardours and audacities. A beautiful child-like

soul! He was naturally a favourite in conversation, especially with all who had any fund for conversing; frank and direct, yet polite and delicate withal,—though at times he could crackle with his dexterous petulancies, making the air all like needles round you; and there was no end to his logic when you excited it; no end unless in some form of silence on your part. Elderly men of reputation I have sometimes known offended by him; for he took a frank way in the matter of talk; spoke freely out of him, freely listening to what others spoke, with a kind of ‘hail fellow well met’ feeling; and carelessly measured a man much less by his reputed account in the bank of wit, or in any other bank, than by what the man had to show for himself in the shape of real spiritual cash on the occasion. But withal there was ever a fine element of natural courtesy in Sterling; his deliberate demeanour to acknowledged superiors was fine and graceful; his apologies and the like, when in a fit of repentance he felt commanded to apologise, were full of naïveté, and very pretty and ingenuous.”—(Pp. 166-168.)

We have given the few fine touches in which Sterling’s mother is brought before us. We wish we could have also presented the more elaborate portrait of his father—the famous thunderer of the *Times* Newspaper,—a remarkable man truly, more deserving, some have said, of having his life written than the son. We cannot, however, afford space for his portrait at full length, and prefer sending our readers to the volume to garbling it.

The ill-health which compelled Sterling to abandon his clerical duties continued to cling to him with increasing effect throughout the rest of his years. He had to live, in fact, “as in continual flight for his very existence, darting continually from nook to nook, and there crouching to escape the scythe of death.” His life, as he has himself pathetically said, “thus ceased to be a chain, and fell into a heap of broken links.” He was so knocked about from place to place in pursuit of health, that it was only fractions of his time he could devote to any work. Still his continued and ever-hopeful activity is among the most notable and cheerful features of his life. After many wanderings in France, Madeira, and Italy, we find him at length, in 1843, settled with his family at Falmouth, busy, notwithstanding the strong dissuasions of Carlyle, with poetry. Disaster on disaster, however, is here destined to overtake him. Within a few hours mother and wife were suddenly snatched away from him. He was left alone with six children, two of them only infants, and a dark outlook a-head of them and him. He sought the Isle of Wight as his last retreat; and while his residence was there getting ready for him, he paid a brief visit to London. We give Carlyle’s recol-

lection of this—the last occasion on which he saw and conversed with his friend—for its general interest, but especially for the hushed and deepened pathos of the closing sentences; how softened, and tender, and touching, is their beauty:—

“We had our fair share of his company on this visit as in all the past ones; but the intercourse I recollect was dim and broken, a disastrous shadow hanging over it, not to be cleared away by effort. Two American gentlemen, acquaintances also of mine, had been recommended to him, by Emerson most likely: one morning Sterling appeared here with a strenuous proposal that we should come to Knightsbridge (his father’s house vacated after his mother’s death), and dine with him and them. Objections, general dissuasions were not wanting; the empty dark house, such endless trouble, and the like;—but he answered in his quizzing way,—‘Nature herself prompts you, when a stranger comes, to give him a dinner. There are servants yonder; it is all easy; come; both of you are bound to come.’ And accordingly we went. I remember it as one of the saddest dinners; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends, Theodore Parker one of them, were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so haggard in one’s memory, and half-consciously in one’s anticipations; sad as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum. Our conversation was waste and logical, I forget quite on what, not joyful and harmoniously effusive; Sterling’s silent sadness was painfully apparent through the bright mask he had bound himself to wear. Withal one could notice now, as on his last visit, a certain sternness of mood, unknown in better days; as if strange gorgon-faces of earnest destiny were more and more rising round him, and the time for sport were past. He looked always hurried, abrupt, even beyond wont; and indeed was, I suppose, overwhelmed in details of business.

“One evening, I remember, he came down hither designing to have a free talk with us. We were all sad enough, and strove to avoid speaking of what might make us sadder. Before any true talk could be got into, an interruption occurred, some unwelcome arrival; Sterling abruptly rose; gave me the signal to rise; and we unpolitely walked away, adjourning to his hotel; which, I recollect, was in the Strand, near Hungerford Market; some ancient, comfortable, quaint-looking place off the street; where, in a good, warm, queer old room, the remainder of our colloquy was duly finished. We spoke of Cromwell among other things, which I have now forgotten: on which subject Sterling was trenchant, positive, and on some essential points wrong—as I said I should convince him some day. ‘Well, well!’ answered he with a shake of the head. *We parted before long; bedtime for invalids being come; he escorted me down certain carpeted back stairs, and would not be forbidden; we took leave under the dim skies;—and, alas! little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. Softly as a coming evening the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me for evermore.*”—(Pp. 323-325.)

We had intended to add to these extracts Mr. Carlyle's closing sketch of his friend,—a life-warm and vigorous portrait, very masterly in every literary point of view, but especially interesting as fully expressing that peculiar conception of Sterling's character, which, above all, distinguishes this biography from the previous one by Archdeacon Hare. Some of the foregoing extracts have already, however, pretty clearly indicated this conception; and our space will only permit us to append a few fragments from the concluding chapter in confirmation:—

"A certain splendour, beautiful, but not the deepest or the loftiest, which I could call a splendour as of burnished metal—fiery valour of heart, swift decisive insight and utterance, then a turn for brilliant elegance, also for ostentation, rashness, &c., &c.,—in short, a flash as of clear-glancing, sharp-cutting steel, lay in the whole nature of the man, in his heart and in his intellect, marking alike the excellence and the limits of them both. . . . To call him deficient in sympathy, would seem strange; him whose radiance and resonances went thrilling over all the world, and kept him in brotherly contact with all; but I may say his sympathies dwelt rather with the high and sublime than with the low or ludicrous; and were in any field rather light, wide, and lively, than deep, abiding or great." (P. 337.)

"A pious soul we may justly call him; devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things; the highest and sole essential form which religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of religion are a mockery and delusion in man. Doubtless in so clear and filial a heart there must have dwelt the perennial feeling of silent worship.

And yet, as I have said before, it may be questioned whether piety, what we call devotion or worship, was the principle deepest in him. In spite of his Coleridge discipleship, and his once headlong operations following thereon, I used to judge that his piety was prompt and pure rather than great and intense; that, on the whole, religious devotion was not the deepest element of him. His reverence was ardent and just, ever ready for the thing or man that deserved revering, or seemed to deserve it; but he was of too joyful, light, and hoping a nature to go the depths of that feeling, much more to dwell perennially in it. He had no fear in his composition; terror and awe did not blend with his respect of anything. In no scene or epoch could he have been a Church Saint, a fanatic enthusiast, or have worn out his life in passive martyrdom, sitting patient in his grim coal-mine looking at the 'three ells' of heaven high overhead. In sorrow he could not dwell; all sorrow he swiftly subdued and shook away from him. How could you have made an Indian Fakier of the Greek Apollo, 'whose bright eye lends brightness, and never yet saw a shadow'?—I should say, not religious reverence, rather artistic admiration, was the essential character of him. . . . He was by nature appointed for a Poet—a Poet after his sort, or recogniser and delineator of the Beautiful, and not for a Priest

at all. . . . True above all one may call him; a man of perfect veracity in thought, word, and deed. Integrity towards all men—nay, integrity had ripened with him into chivalrous generosity; there was no guile nor baseness anywhere found in him. Transparent as crystal, he could not hide anything sinister, if such there had been to hide. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known. It was beautiful to read all those interior movements; the little shades of affections, ostentations; transient spurts of anger which never grew to the length of settled spleen; all so naive, so childlike, the very faults grew beautiful to you."—(339-342.)

It will not be denied that here and elsewhere in the graphic delineation of Mr. Carlyle,—so free and flowing, and yet so nicely and minutely touched,—a very interesting and beautiful character is presented to us. Sterling seems to live before us, and we who never saw him, seem to have known him well,—so bright, and hopeful, and joyful. And there can be no doubt, we infer, that there must have been an element of rare brilliancy and joyousness in him which the sketch of Archdeacon Hare fails to bring out. Yet, as we have said, we cling rather to the portrait drawn by the latter. The Sterling of Hare seems to us, upon the whole, a nobler and worthier character than the Sterling of Carlyle. And not only so, (and this is a consideration in comparison with which every other is of no consequence), it conscientiously appears to us, that, while the delineation of the Archdeacon must be held somewhat deficient in complete truthfulness, it is yet, upon the whole, the more truthful. It seizes indeed too prominently the earnest, religious aspects of Sterling's character; but Mr. Carlyle has, we think, still more disproportionately undervalued and neglected these. We have sought satisfaction on this point from a renewed converse with the most significant of Sterling's remains; and our conviction decidedly is, that Sterling was far more distinguished by religious earnestness, and even religious sorrowfulness, than Mr. Carlyle would leave us to suppose. An *artist* he no doubt was, with an eye and a heart for the beautiful everywhere, and with that strong repulsion to all that is merely narrow, or exclusive, or gloomy in religion, so characteristic of the artist; but an heroic truth-seeker too, with the most solemn *moral* convictions, and the most ardent and painful longings. And it is *this* side of his character which Mr. Carlyle has just ignored, that to us is the most interesting, and reappears the most frequently throughout his writings.

We have dwelt upon this point, as the most important one relating to Sterling

himself brought before us in this book, and the point from which, as a centre, his two biographers diverge in their whole estimate of his life. Mr. Carlyle, with his views, naturally holds that Sterling's attempt to find rest in the bosom of the Church, was of the very maddest kind. There was and could be no peace for him *there*. The Archdeacon, on the contrary, laments that Sterling was unable to continue in the discharge of the clerical duties which he so hopefully and vigorously began, and believes that, had he been enabled to do so, he would have found security from those speculative doubts and distractions which afterwards beset him. Coleridge's influence is of course reckoned by the Archdeacon entirely favourable. We all know with what affectionate earnestness he has expressed his own obligations to the Christian influence of the great Poet-Philosopher. Rejoicing in the light and strength which he had himself derived from that quarter, he could not but rejoice that his young and gifted friend had sought wisdom at the same shrine. All this Carlyle contemplates in the most opposite manner. To his view, Coleridge and the Church were the *very worst* things that befell poor Sterling. We shall appropriately occupy the remainder of this paper with some consideration of what Mr. Carlyle has been pleased to express on these points in relation to the subject of his memoir.

He has devoted a chapter to Coleridge, presenting a somewhat elaborate delineation of that wonderful man, not unmarked by the masterly strokes which distinguished the other portraits in the volume; but on the whole, a sadly blurred and wretched affair. We have been both amazed and pained at the praise we have seen bestowed on this sketch in some quarters. It is to us the one utterly unworthy feature of the volume—a poor unheroic daub. In the “old man eloquent,” as he sat on the brow of Highgate Hill discoursing in that indescribable and indeterminate manner of his, with his ever-recurring *sum-in-jects* and *om-m-jects*, there was no doubt something that could easily be turned into ridicule. There was no doubt in that ever-flowing river of talk many pools of mere darkness. We have Dr. Chalmers's honest and emphatic statement to this effect when he went to visit the Philosopher with his friend Irving who sat so reverently at the Philosopher's feet. But we know also that there was often a divine meaning and beauty in the old man's speech—rich gleams of a far-off sunshine irradiating the soul of the listener. The talk which, day-by-day, rivetted such a man as Edward Irving, and delighted and enlighten-

ed we shall say—let Mr. Carlyle say what he likes—John Sterling could not have been without glorious flashes and even meridian splendours of meaning under all its cloudy phases. Carlyle indeed admits that there were “glorious islets” ever and anon “rising out of the haze;” but, generally, according to his representation, it was a very sad and dreary affair this talk. This is decidedly the impression conveyed by his picture. Nay, it appears to us that an ill-concealed air of contemptuous pity breathes throughout it. The aspiring sage of Chelsea had come to the shrine of the expiring sage of Highgate Hill, but it is with no reverence in his heart, and with rather a smile of mockery on his lips. He looks down with some sort of poor compassion on the “logical fata morganas” with which he sees the other “labouring to solace himself.” Listen to this account of the Coleridgean remedy for evils in Church and State:—

“The remedy, though Coleridge himself professed to see it as in sunbeams, could not except by processes unspeakably difficult, be described to you at all. On the whole, those dead Churches, this dead English Church especially, must be brought to life again. Why not? It was not dead; the soul of it in this parched up body was tragically asleep only. Atheistic philosophy was true on its side, and Hume and Voltaire could on their own ground speak irrefragably for themselves against any church; but lift the Church and them into a higher sphere of argument, *they* died into inanition, the Church revived itself into pristine florid vigour—became once more a living ship of the desert, and invincibly bore you over stock and stone. But how, but how! By attending to the ‘reason’ of man, said Coleridge, and duly chaining up the ‘understanding’ of man, the *Vernunft* (reason), and *Verstand* (understanding), of the Germans, it all turned upon these, if you could well understand them—which you could not. In the rest Mr. Coleridge had on the anvil various books, especially was about to write one grand book on the *Logos*, which would help to bridge the chasm for us. So much appeared, however; Churches, through proved false, (as you had imagined), were still true, (as you were to imagine); here was an Artist who could burn you up an old church, root and branch; and then, as the Alchymists professed to do, with organic substances in general, distil you an ‘Astral spirit’ from the ashes which was the very image of the old burnt article, its air-drawn counterpart,—this you still had, or might get and draw uses from, if you could wait till the Book on the *Logos* were done;—alas, till your own terrene eyes, blind with conceit and the dust of logic, were-purged, sublimized, and spiritualized, into the sharpness of vision requisite for discerning such an ‘om-m-ject.’” (Pp. 76, 77.)

There is to us something very intolerable in this tone of Mr. Carlyle,—in continuance

of which we have, throughout the volume, more than abundant mention of "Coleridgean moonshine," "Coleridgean legerdmain." We must say it has kindled our indignation not a little. Where are Mr. Carlyle's remedies for our faithless and aberrant generation, that he feels himself warranted in speaking thus of Coleridge? We can imagine the fine work which some future biographer of another Sterling will in a similar strain make of the Chelsea prescription. Perhaps, too, it may be found when the secrets of another sanctuary are unveiled, that if there was not much "pious" nor even "partly courteous snuffle" in the discourse *there*, there was yet in plenty "a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and us"—a vast vituperative commotion which made noise in the ear without bringing much light or life to the heart. But in truth this way of talking about great men is not to our taste at all, and we least of all expected it from such a quarter. We would reverence all spiritual teachers, if we could, and Mr. Carlyle no less in his way. They have all their lesson to teach. Let us learn it if we can. It will never do any good to laugh at it. The silliest trifle can raise a shout at the most sacred attempt, and mere scorn, Mr. Carlyle should know, is a cheap attribute of fools. Coleridge, no doubt, had his weaknesses. Even *his* great intellect had a halt, as it were, which many weaker and smaller men could see and prate about, as they have already so abundantly done. The treasure here, as everywhere, was in an *earthen* vessel—of glorious framework it is true, yet not without the ineradicable flaw. "The empyrean element lay smothered under the terrene." Yea doubtless. But we did not expect Mr. Carlyle to be the man to proclaim this with a jest! There was enough of the *heroic* surely in Coleridge for him and for us to admire for ever, without our lifting the veil and pointing to the scars which mark him as our brother in human frailty and sin. The man who has found a hero in Mahomet and Johnson and Burns, might, we think, have trod with a more reverent tenderness round the grave of Coleridge.* Of the substantive value of his contributions to the cause of truth we cannot even for a moment now speak. We *feel*, however, that we hazard no vain conjecture when we express a conviction that future

generations will find them upon the whole, perhaps, the worthiest which have descended from our age.

With such views of "Coleridgean moonshine," it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Carlyle ceases not throughout the volume to deplore its effect upon Sterling. With the most withering and contemptuous scorn does he speak of his endeavour to find light in such. "To steal into heaven by the modern method of striking, ostrich-like, your head into fallacies on earth, equally as by the ancient, and by all conceivable methods, is for ever forbidden. High treason is the name of that attempt; and it continues to be punished as such." And when, under the supposed influence of this "moonshine," with his heart deeply saddened by the mournful issue of that Spanish Invasion which he had been so zealous in helping forward, Sterling sought peace and moral health in the Church, under the kind direction of his friend Archdeacon Hare, Carlyle can scarcely find words to express the tempest of indignation and "pitiful condemnation" which sways him. With apparent ungovernableness he breaks forth into perhaps the stormiest passage of the book:—

"The bereaved young lady has *taken* the veil then! Even so. . . To such length can transcendental moonshine cast by some morbidly radiating Coleridge into the chaos of a fermenting life, act magically there, and produce divisions and convulsions and diseased developments. So dark and abstruse, without lamp or authentic finger-post, is the course of pious genius towards the Eternal Kingdoms grown. No fixed highway more: the old spiritual highways and recognised paths to the Eternal, now all torn up and flung in heaps, submerged in unutterable boiling mud-oceans of Hypocrisy and Unbelievability of brutal living Atheism, and damnable dead putrescent Cant; surely a tragic pilgrimage for all mortals; Darkness, and the mere shadow of Death enveloping all things from pole to pole; and in the raging gulf-currents, offering us will-o'-wispes for load stars—intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were, except certain Old-Jew ones which have now gone out."

"Concerning this attempt of Sterling's to find sanctuary in the old Church, and desperately grasp the hem of her garment in such manner, there will at present be many opinions; and mine must be recorded here in flat reproof of it, in mere pitying condemnation of it, as a weak, false, unwise, and unpermitted step. Nay, among the evil lessons of his Time, to poor Sterling I cannot but account this the worst; properly, indeed, as we may say, the apotheosis, the solemn apology and consecration of all the evil lessons which were in it to him."—(Pp. 126, 127.)

Sterling continued a curate only eight months—months, it appears to us, even

* We speak sincerely what we think of Mr. Carlyle's personal sketch of Coleridge as a whole. Here and there in it, as well as elsewhere in his essays, he has spoken of him with all the admiration we could wish.

from the scanty chapter devoted to the subject by Mr Carlyle, among the most healthful and happy of his life. Ill health was the cause of his discontinuance of his clerical duties. Mr Carlyle, indeed, pretty plainly insinuates, that there were deeper causes already at work, and that this was merely "the last ounce which broke the camel's back;" but he furnishes not a shadow of evidence for his surmise on this head. And on referring to Sterling's own letter on the subject to Archdeacon Hare, it is impossible not to feel that, by this insinuation, he has done his friend gross injustice. That Sterling, however, was at length quit of the Church, Carlyle rejoices. It was a miserable and contemptible affair this "clerical aberration;" but, thank God, it is past. And hereupon we have the astounding declaration, that "no man of Sterling's veracity, had he clearly consulted his own heart, or had his own heart been capable of clearly responding, and not been dazzled and bewildered by transient fantasies and theosophic moonshine, could have undertaken this function. His heart would have answered, 'No thou canst not. What is incredible to thee thou shalt not at thy soul's peril attempt to believe!—Else—whither for a refuge or die here. Go to Perdition if thou must—but not with a lie in thy mouth; by the Eternal Maker, no!'"—(P. 139.)

Mr. Carlyle is given to strong sayings—sayings which,—even in the words of John Sterling,—a friend of his, "might be pardoned if he wished to blot out with tears." And *we* feel that Sterling would have thought the above one of these sayings. No man of veracity, it seems, who clearly consults his own heart, and whose heart is capable of clearly responding, can be a clergyman. "You hard-working minister of God, going about your daily business, with a clear though often saddened heart, and with an ordinary strength of intellectual vision, you suppose yourself to be veracious—you think yourself an *honest* man, do you? *Fool!* cries the stern oracle of Chelsea. You are but a poor theosophic dreamer, or a 'conscious impostor.' If only a weak and stupid creature, we may give you some credit for sincerity. But you cannot maintain at once your veracity and your clearness." Such is really the purport of Mr. Carlyle's most offensive language. What then, may we ask, is the highest test of sincerity? Is it a continual big-mouthed prate about it? or is it a silent, earnest working in behalf of the truth which we count dear? Are we to submit to be told, that the man who, day by day, with a noise-

less and self-denying perseverance, carries the Gospel of Divine grace into the cottages of the poor, and speaks of it by the bedsides of the sick and dying, is either a "conscious impostor," or a poor bewildered fanatic; while he who sits in his snug parlour at Chelsea, evermore talking of the "Eternities" and "Immensities," is the true and clear man? Are we to believe that poor Sterling, the laborious curate, was a mere theosophic moon-struck wanderer, while Sterling, the litterateur, had attained to *chief end of man*? This surely is the merest—direst unverity; and if there is bewilderment at all, there can be little doubt on whose side the bewilderment is.

Shortly after Sterling quitted the Church, he entered upon that career of theological struggle with which his name has been so associated. Whatever significance may have once attached to that struggle, a wider and more intimate acquaintance with the character of Sterling has pretty well removed. It was indeed, we still think, for others, the most significant phase of his career, but it wanted that breadth of interest and meaning which a deeper, more intense, and on the whole greater character could alone have given it. We now see what we had all along felt from a perusal of his writings, that the importance of Sterling as a thinker had been somewhat overrated in his previous biography; or at least, that an exaggerated notion of him in this capacity, founded somehow upon that biography had arisen. So far we believe Carlyle to be entirely in the right, when he affirms, that "in spite of his sleepless intellectual vivacity, Sterling was not properly a thinker at all." He had subtlety, brilliancy, and a certain roundness of intellectual vision which could not yet be called comprehensiveness,—but he wanted depth, penetration, and, above all, calmness and patience. He went at everything—Philosophy, Theology, Poetry, in a certain headlong, dashing manner, which shewed the dexterous *improvisatore*, (a term by which Mr. Carlyle has more than once characterized him,) rather than the thoughtful worker. "Over-haste was his continual fault; over-haste and want of the due strength." His genius flashed and corruscated, playing like sheet-lightning (to adopt Carlyle's comparison) round a subject and irradiating it, rather than "concentrating itself into a bolt and riving the mountain barriers for us." Fitted to excel in the fields of pure Literature with his quick, genial grasp, and rich glittering style, (though the glitter is often cold as of polished crystals rather than of living sunlight), and the delicacy

and ripe finish of his touch, he was yet greatly deficient in that direct and piercing insight, and that calm laboriousness of inquiry which alone constitute the thinker, and could alone have given the significance claimed for it by some, to the religious crisis which he underwent. That such a *crisis* was deeply experienced by him, however, can admit of no doubt. Tremulously he owned the spiritual agitations of his time. He felt the conflict on all sides of him, and gave himself heartily to it. His undoubtedly valourous spirit bore ever after the dints of a strife which had been no holiday one with him. We would not, for a moment, (as Mr. Carlyle would have us to do,) underrate the potency of the struggle through which he passed. Only, his was not the strength to wrestle patiently through it and reach the light of heaven beyond. He could not dwell in the gloom till the true light shone, but at every cost must have light, even if radiated from the cold intellectual frost-work of a Strauss, or the more softened and beautiful, but scarcely less cold, snow-fancies of a Goethe. Archdeacon Hare has said that "there are minds whose lot it is to grapple with the hardest problems of their age, and who cannot rest until they have solved them—men who seem to regard it as their appointed task to descend to the gates of Hades and bring back Cerberus in chains; and of these men Sterling was one." Yes; but only in so far as he owned the speculative impulse, not as possessed of the speculative power. He did indeed descend to the gates of Hades, but his was not the strength to bring back Cerberus in chains.

Mr. Carlyle, as the reader will have inferred from our previous statements, has dealt in the most scanty and imperfect fashion with this period of Sterling's life. There is indeed in all his talk of his friend, about this time, and of his favourite authors, a tone of insolent pity and injustice that has filled us with feelings of less regard for Mr. Carlyle than we thought we could have ever entertained. "I remember," he says, "he talked often about Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and *others of that stamp*; and looked disappointed though full of good nature, at my obstinate indifference to them and their affairs. His knowledge of German literature, very slight at this time, limited itself altogether to writers on Church-matters, Evidences, Counter-evidences, Theologies, and rumours of theologies—by the Tholucks, Schleiermachers, Neanders, and I know not whom. Of 'the true sovereign souls' of that litera-

ture, the Goethes, Richters, Schillers, Lessings, he had as good as no knowledge."—(P. 165.)

What strange, hap-hazard, and monstrous talk is this? The Goethes and Lessings exalted to honour, and the Schleiermachers and Neanders trampled under foot! What next? Can Mr. Carlyle fancy he honours his own function as a teacher by such talk? By all means let us do justice to Lessing and Goethe. They were "true sovereign souls" in their way. But must we therefore tread Schleiermacher and Neander in the mire? Who that knows anything of these men, or of their works, does not know that they also, and in a far more eminent sense, were "true sovereign souls"—men who fought a harder fight and won a nobler victory? What does John Sterling say of Schleiermacher even after this time?—"I still think of him as, on the whole, the greatest spiritual teacher I have ever fallen in with."—(P. 97 *Hare's Life*.) But we beg pardon of our readers for such a line of apology in regard to such men.

As we get from Mr. Carlyle no insight into this struggling period of Sterling's life, so we get from him no satisfactory account of its issue. We are indeed told that, by-and-bye, "Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and the war of articles and rubrics were left in the far distance;" and that "Literature again began decisively to dawn on him as the goal he ought to aim at." "It was years, however, before he got the inky tints of that Coleridgean adventure completely bleached from his mind." But finally he *did* get emancipated. Of Strauss even, nothing more was heard. "Strauss had interested him only as a sign of the times, in which sense alone do we find, for a year or two back, any notice of the Church or its affairs by Sterling; and at last even this as good as ceases." "Adieu, O Church; thy road is that way, mine is this; in God's name, adieu!" "What we are going to," says he once, "is abundantly obscure, but what all men are going from is very plain."—P. 286.)

This seems to be the sum of truth, which, according to Carlyle, John Sterling reached,—full of what comfort may be gathered from it by any of our readers. One touching and melancholy corroboration of his statement Mr. Carlyle has furnished in a letter, not just the last one, but nearly so, that he received from Sterling. We give it as about the most deeply pathetic letter we have read. We can not even now again read it without a perplexed and swimming feeling as of tears that will not yet flow.

"To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.

"Hillside, Ventnor, August 10, 1844.

"MY DEAR CARLYLE,—For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words; merely, however, for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to you and me, I cannot begin to write; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when *there*, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so bad as it seems to the standers by.

"Your wife knows my mind towards her and will believe it without asseverations.—Yours to the last,

"JOHN STERLING."

Sad enough, truly, and dark enough—The beautiful incident in Mr. Hare's memoir comes to shed a gleam of light on this thick darkness; and we rejoice with trembling to think of it. "As it grew dark he appeared to be seeking for something, and on her (his sister) asking what he wanted, said 'only the old Bible which I used so often at Herstonceaux, in the cottages.'" Why has Mr. Carlyle not recorded this fact?—*if it be a fact*, which we cannot doubt. Was he ashamed that it should be so said of his friend? Must we blame him for wilful suppression here as we fear elsewhere,—for wilful blindness in overlooking some of the real facts of Sterling's spiritual history which it did not suit him to disclose or at least to dwell upon? With a noble affectionateness Sterling speaks of the good of Carlyle's influence over him. We feel profoundly that we cannot respond to these words of a dying brother.

What precisely Sterling's ultimate views were, it is impossible to say. If uncertainty rested on them before, a deeper uncertainty may be said to rest on them now. That he had not, however, altogether abandoned Christianity, seems undoubted both from his closing interview with his sister, and his own express statement in a letter of farewell to Archdeacon Hare. "Christianity is a great comfort and blessing to me," he says, "although I am quite unable to believe all its original documents." *What his conclusions* were, with our view of his character, is not a matter of special importance to us. While, in the mere fact of the struggle through which he passed, typical of his age, he was yet, as we have endeavored

to explain, not fitted to enter into all the depth of that struggle, and work his way through it into clearness and truth. He was altogether of too light and restless and facile a nature—like his friend Francis Newman, (with his likeness to whom, in some respects, we have been much struck), to mirror in any adequate sense the spiritual progress of our time, and to furnish it with the right solution of its spiritual perplexities.

As for Mr. Carlyle himself,—it is obvious we have no more anything to look for in this way from him, if we ever had. His attitude is now and henceforth plainly and emphatically enough an "Adieu, O Church." Whatever spiritual consolation may be possible from Goethe is welcome to the age. Other the biographer of Sterling has not to give. Literature has again in him, through a curious process of religious baptism, culminated in a mere species of philosophic Paganism. We cannot for the life of us make more of Mr. Carlyle's *chief end of man* than this. We have pretty well got rid—thanks to him—of the sceptical Epicureanism of last century; but only, so far as he is concerned, to traverse the more lofty and specious but not less dangerous verge of a stoical Pantheism. There is, we feel assured, a more excellent Way than either. There is a Light of Divine Truth, however dimmed, yet burning in the midst of us. There is a Sun of Christian warmth and vitality still, under whatever obscurities, shining in our poor world, irradiating many a heart, and illuminating many a mind. All has not become mere "bleared tallow light," mere "draggled, dirty farthing candle." We honestly believe with Coleridge in the inextinguishable power of Christianity, and that there is life in the old Churches yet,—destined to a glorious revival,—let Mr. Carlyle mock as he may. We firmly rejoice with Neander, that Christianity having once entered into the life of Humanity shall go forth, from every temporary lull of its strength, to new conquests over it, and enter into freer and more perfect harmony with it,—till its vitalizing spirit circulates in every vein of the great growth and progress of our race, and effloresces into a richer blossoming of *literary* as of all other excellence.

- ART. IV.—1. *Reports of the Board of Agriculture*. London, 1796–1815.
2. *Transactions—Proceedings—and Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London*. London, 1808–1851.
3. *Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland*. Edinburgh, 1850, 1851.
4. *Report on the Geology of Cornwall, Devon, and West Somerset*. By SIR HENRY DE LA BECHE, F.R.S., &c. &c., Director of the Ordnance Geological Survey. London, 1839.
5. *The Nature and Property of Soils, and their Connexion with the Geological Formations on which they rest*. By JOHN MORTON, F.G.S. London, 1842. Third Edition.
6. *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*. Vols. i.–xii. London, 1840–1852.
7. *Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*. By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S.S. L. & E., &c. &c. Edinburgh and London, 1844.
8. *Memoirs of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, and Museum of Economic Geology*. Vol. i., Vol. ii., Parts I. & II. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury. London, 1846–1848.
9. *Proposals for a Geological Survey, specially directed to Agricultural Objects*. By JOSHUA TRIMMER, F.G.S. London, 1850.
10. *Report on the Agricultural Capabilities of New Brunswick*. By JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S.S. L. & F., F.G.S., and C.S. Fredericton, 1850. Second Edition.
11. *Notes on North America—Agricultural, Economical, and Social*. By the Same. London, 1851.
12. *An Address on the Recent Progress of Geological Research in the United States, delivered at the Sixth Annual Meeting of the Association of American Naturalists, held at Washington, May, 1844*. By HENRY ROGERS, Professor of Geology in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1844.

THAT fascinating writer, the Author of the "Old Red Sandstone," has, in a recent work, compared the search of geologists for fossil fishes in the lower Silurian strata, to the labours of the patient angler, who, having cast his line day by day, into some large inland water, can scarcely detect a nibble after the lapse of months, and at the end of years cannot boast of captures exceeding a score. This analogy may even be

carried further. It is notorious, that among the brethren of the gentle craft, no fish are so large as those which are not brought to land, and that of none is the weight so accurately determined. So it is in geology. We are better acquainted with the history of the strata most remote from our own times, than with the history of the period which immediately preceded the epoch of our race. We know more of what has happened in the depths of the ocean, than of events which have taken place upon the surface of the land. We have traced a long series of organic life through the many thousands of feet which constitute the mass of the Silurian strata; we can follow its migrations, and point out the direction of the currents which transported its germs; we even undertake to trace the shore of the Silurian ocean, and to indicate the position of subaerial volcanoes which scattered their ashes into the sea to form the peperinos of Snowdon. We know the feeding grounds of every shoal of fish which swam through the seas of the Old Red; we can describe the process by which the coral reefs of the carboniferous and Silurian limestones were formed; and can follow them through all their risings and sinkings. But the Geological Society has held its meetings for nearly half a century in buildings whose foundations are laid in a bed of gravel teeming with the remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and other extinct mammals. With them are associated land and fresh water molluscs, all of species now living, and with one or two exceptions, identical with species now inhabiting the banks and waters of the existing Thames; and yet it is still an open question, in the discussions of that affectionate but rather pugnacious brotherhood, whether those deposits were formed before or after the emergence of Britain from beneath the glacial sea; whether the extinct pachydermus were, during any part of their range in time, coeval with man; whether they died out, one by one, or were cut off by a series of local catastrophes, which mark a particular epoch in the history of the world. Nay more, it is not even settled as yet whether there was a glacial epoch or not; whether, after the temperate latitudes of Europe and America had been occupied by a fauna and flora, indicating a high temperature, a refrigeration took place down to that of the arctic circle; whether our present climates are tending towards their zero, or whether they have passed it, and indicate a rising of the cosmical thermometer. Even among those geologists who admit the extensive agency of ice at the close of the tertiary

era, there is the utmost diversity of opinion, whether the deposits once called diluvium, and now known to many geologists by the indefinite name of "drifts," were formed by terrestrial glaciers or by shore ice, or by ice drifted from arctic lands, under climates not very different from the present; just as icebergs from Greenland and Labrador now float occasionally to the latitude of the Azores. On the other hand, there are those who abjure ice altogether, and with whom the transporting power is made to consist of waves of translation, travelling with the speed of a railway train, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and set in motion by the sudden upheaval of parts of the bed of the sea, which spread over other parts of it streams of moist detritus, by which the rocks over which they passed were grooved and polished and scratched.

It is not with respect to speculative questions alone that the neglect of the geology of the surface constitutes the opprobrium of the science, and shakes the confidence of the uninitiated in the soundness of geological inductions respecting the other extreme of the series. It has operated detrimentally on its very important practical applications to the theory and practice of Agriculture. A more accurate knowledge of the superficial deposits is essential to an accurate knowledge of the nature and distribution of soils and subsoils, which, in the majority of cases, are dependent on those neglected deposits; and it would furnish an answer to the objection with which landowners often upbraid geologists, when they are sceptical as to the value of geological investigations.

It is now rather more than half a century since the cultivators of geology, abandoning mere arm-chair speculations as to the manner in which planets have been formed, applied themselves to the task of observing the structure of the earth as it exists, the materials of which its crust is composed, and the order in which these are arranged. Those who have marked the progress of the science during that period, cannot fail to have observed the numerous successful results which attended its practical application in the outset of its career, and the small number which have been achieved since it advanced beyond its robust childhood. In an Article in this Journal on the Memoirs of William Smith,* we enumerated some of these triumphs of applied geology. We are unable to call to mind more than two subsequent attempts to direct the study to similar objects of practical utility. One of these was the inquiry by the Commission

with Sir Henry De la Beche at its head, respecting the best building stone to be used for the New Palace at Westminster—and even with that Smith was associated; the other was the discovery of the black-band ironstone by Mr. Mushet, to the great benefit of some landowners and iron masters in Scotland. What has been the cause of the exuberant harvest yielded by applied geology at one period and its poverty at another? Is the soil exhausted, or has its cultivation been abandoned? An answer may be found to these questions in the fact, that the early votaries of geology were practical men, and gave their researches an economic application—Werner to mining—Smith to mining, general engineering, and agriculture. Their successors have been philosophers and naturalists, whose favourite lines of research have been questions in geological dynamics, and in the ancient natural history of the earth. When practical men shall again become geologists, we may hope to see geology once more applied to practical purposes, as well as advanced in a more comprehensive point of view. The Government School of Mines promises to rear a race of future superintendents of mining operations who will make this use of the science which they acquire. For the instruction of the still more important agricultural class, no such public provision has yet been made, though the annual value of the agricultural produce of Great Britain is ten times that of its mines; and till the agricultural class shall have somewhat more largely imbibed the streams of science, we cannot expect much progress to be made in agricultural geology.

With Agriculture were connected the first efforts of Geology as a science of observation. In treating of the agriculture of any district, it is necessary to describe the areas which are occupied by different kinds of soil, rendering necessary the adoption of different systems of husbandry. In districts (of which Britain contains several) where the superficial deposits are either generally absent or only slightly developed, the variations of soil correspond more or less with the outcrops of the strata. The areas which these occupy were known long before it had been ascertained that they were the results of stratification and denudation. Hence we find, that so early as 1734, the outcrops of the strata of Kent—one of the districts least covered with the superficial deposits—had been described by Parke, in a treatise on the agriculture of that county, in such a manner as to render easy the subsequent construction of a geological county map. Hence we find Marshall, in describing the practice of agriculture in Norfolk in 1782,

* See *North British Review*, No. VII.

entering into disquisitions essentially geological; and hence it is that to the Board of Agriculture belongs the honour of having produced the first geological map of any part of England. Its first series of reports contains, on the testimony of Conybeare, very adequate geological maps of the North Riding of Yorkshire, of Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire, with a less accurate map of Devonshire. The report on Kent in 1796, and Maton's tour through the south-western counties both contain geological maps of the districts described; and between that date and 1813, the same Board had given useful maps of Surrey, Berks, Bedford, Gloucester, Wilts, Lincoln, Durham, and Cheshire, besides publishing a second report on Derbyshire, by Farey, exclusively devoted to its mineralogy. Farey was a pupil of Smith; and several of the second series of the Board's reports were drawn up by those to whom Smith's discoveries had been orally communicated. In 1790, he had commenced his investigations of the succession of strata. Ten years later he published a work on the same subject; and in the meantime manuscript copies of his Tabular View of the Strata and their Organic Contents were in circulation both in Britain and on the Continent. It was not till 1815, after many delays, that his map of England and Wales made its appearance; but the manuscript had been, in great part, prepared before those local maps of the Board of Agriculture, which are certainly the earliest *published* geological maps of any part of these islands.

The progress made in the science of geology by Smith's discoveries of the laws of stratification, and of the distribution of their organic remains, has perhaps tended to retard, for a time, its application to agriculture, by giving an undue importance to the theory of the substratal origin of soils, and by leading geologists away from practical investigations.

It was natural, too, that "Strata Smith" should be led, in his agricultural investigations, to take an exaggerated view of the connexion between the soil and the strata to which he owed his celebrity; and that having devoted a large portion of his attention to the study of oolitic districts, in which soils prevail which have been derived exclusively from the subjacent rock, he should have been led to draw conclusions too general from local phenomena. The construction, moreover, of geological maps, even of those on the largest scale yet constructed, renders necessary the adoption of a geological fiction. In order to represent the outcrops of the strata, it is necessary that all

the superficial deposits should be supposed to be removed; and that the rock below them, which is nearest to the surface, should be assumed as the surface. It becomes necessary also to sink the mineral distinctions of the strata, and to include under one colour, a group of strata connected by the presence of a common group of fossils, however numerous may be the alternating silicious, argillaceous, and calcareous strata of which the group consists. To an assumption that soils are exclusively derived, not only from the strata immediately below them, but from those strata as represented on geological maps, the transition is so easy, that it would have been marvellous if it had not been made. From ignoring the geology of the surface on geological maps, we proceed to ignore it in nature, and to treat of agricultural geology in the spirit of the strolling players who performed the tragedy of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet unavoidably omitted. The cultivated soil rarely exceeds a foot in depth, and is frequently much shallower. There are few operations of agriculture in which the sub-soil is of much importance at a greater depth than seven feet. The instances are rare in which mineral manures are raised from beneath an overburthen of more than twenty feet. The superficial deposits which are excluded from geological maps cover extensive areas, to depths varying from less than one foot to several hundreds of feet; and yet it has been long the fashion, among those who undertake to teach geology in its application to agriculture, to tell the farmers that the nature of the soil being given on one part of a geological formation, it is known for the whole; and that it is possible, by the mere inspection of a geological map, to announce the course of husbandry which will be found to prevail on the several districts represented on it. The intelligent farmer knows, however, that this is either not true, or a very rude approximation to the truth: and that within very small areas, on the same farm, and even in the same field, many varieties of *soil* occur of very different values, without any corresponding variation in the mineral character of the *rock* on which they rest. Is it surprising, then, that in a Farmers' Club the question should lately have been mooted, whether a knowledge of geology is of any advantage to the farmer, and that it should have been decided in the negative?

And yet the geology of agriculture is of the utmost value both to the owners and managers, and also to the cultivators of the soil. It aims at the establishment of a definite classification and nomenclature of soils,

as a substitute for the local jargon, which defines the best treatises on local agriculture, written by practical men. It aims at imparting a knowledge of the laws of the distribution of different sorts of soils. It aspires to the development of such a knowledge of the depth and composition of soils and subsoils, as will lead to the solution of the vexed questions, of the proper depth and distance of drains, and how superfluous moisture may best be removed, or water obtained when deficient. It aspires also to a knowledge of the distribution and composition of mineral manures, which afford the means of improving poor soils, and to the establishment of a general and precise nomenclature for them, as well as for soils, so that men in different districts shall understand what each is talking of when they use the terms clay and marl. It should be able to determine the respective influence on the soil exercised respectively by the rock formations and the superficial deposits; to discriminate between soils composed exclusively of the debris of the rocks on which they rest, and those in which the materials of several formations have been blended by aqueous transport. It should be able to afford assistance in the search for the best and cheapest materials for building, draining, and road making, objects of no small importance to the farmer; teaching him under what circumstances they may be sought with success beneath his own farm where their existence has not been suspected, and under what circumstances they may be obtained, in these railway days, from a distance, of better quality, and at a cheaper rate, than that at which they can be procured nearer home. Lastly, it points out the indirect influence of geological structure on the value of land, by the industrial employments, of a non-agricultural character, to which the presence of certain strata gives rise, and the numerous consumers of agricultural produce which they cause to congregate in certain localities.

The investigations of agricultural geology should embrace, therefore, two distinct classes of facts—the composition and distribution of the *strata* of our geological maps, and the distribution and composition of the *superficial deposits* which are as yet unmaped. In the application of geology to agriculture, attention has hitherto been confined almost exclusively to the former. Attempts, however, have recently been made to return into the right path. Professor Johnson intimated, some years ago, that the time had arrived when agriculture required geological maps of her own—maps which should include the drifts as well as

the rock formations. This hint was acted upon by the construction, in 1844, 1845, and 1846, of maps in which the variations of soil were laid down on the Ordnance sheets, of a large part of Norfolk, and a small part of Cardiganshire; and subsequently, by the publication of Proposals for a Private Geological Survey, specially directed to Agricultural objects. A new class of geological maps was proposed, in which the variations of soil and subsoil should be shewn, on the private maps of estates, with greater minuteness of detail than is attainable on the scale of any public maps, except the Tithe maps of England and Wales, and the Ordnance maps of Ireland, and of a few counties in the north of England and Scotland, which have been constructed on the scale of six inches to the mile.

The maps of the surface geology of Norfolk, and of part of Cardiganshire, were undertaken for the purpose of determining the extent to which the variations of soil are dependent on the strata of ordinary geological maps, and on the superficial deposits. It was found in each case, that, excluding the alluvial class, a great variety of soils—soils worth a rent of more than thirty shillings, and less than two shillings the acre,—were irregularly distributed over areas in which there were no variations of the mineral character of the strata; and in which, had they existed, ordinary geological maps would not have shewn them.

The first of these maps was constructed as the basis of a paper on the Geology of Norfolk in relation to its Agriculture, published in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. Having attracted the notice of Sir Henry De la Beche, who so ably presides over the Government geological survey of Great Britain, that distinguished individual became anxious to combine the mapping of the geology of the surface with that of the substrata carrying on at the public expense. This new branch of geological surveying was accordingly commenced in South Wales; but after a few hundreds of square miles had been mapped, yielding the same results which had been obtained in Norfolk, and shewing a great variety of soils dependent on contours, where the map of the strata exhibited nothing but the colour indicating lower Silurian slates, it was first suspended, and then finally abandoned, in consequence of the reluctance of the Government to supply the necessary funds.

Professor Johnston himself has subsequently constructed two maps of New Brunswick, the one geological, the other agricultural, in illustration of the agricultu-

ral capabilities of the province, published under the auspices of the local legislature. More recently, Mr. Mylne has brought out a contour map of the London District, on which the surface variations are, to a certain extent denoted, together with the mineral characters of the different beds of clay, sand, and pebbles belonging to the eocene tertiary formation.

It must be obvious, that independently of the economic value of maps of the surface geology, they would be the means of collecting, recording, and generalizing a vast mass of facts, of the utmost importance, in the investigation of questions in theoretical geology, affecting the history of the period known by the vague denominations of pleistocene and post-tertiary. We would define this to be the period intervening between the close of the Norwich, or Mammalian Crag, and the disappearance of the great mammals, whose remains are so extensively entombed in the wide-spread ancient alluvia of the Thames, and of most other rivers of Europe and America. This epoch is highly interesting from its proximity to our own times, and because it involves the history of a terrestrial surface during a protracted period; whereas in the older strata we see little but marine deposits, with such scanty and obscure traces of the existence of neighbouring land, as leave a wide field open to conjecture respecting its condition.

The true method, then, of ascertaining the respective influence which the rock formations and the superficial deposits exercise on the character of the soil, is to map them; laying down the latter with as much minuteness of detail as possible, together with the mineral characters of the strata on which they rest, and which are grouped on ordinary geological maps under one colour, as representing a common assemblage of organic remains. The true method of investigating the nature of the operations by which the superficial deposits were formed, consists, likewise, in mapping them. Not only should the areas covered by drifts be laid down generally, but the varying depth and composition of those deposits should be shewn. By no other method than by such a minute examination can we learn what portion of them was formed beneath the sea, and what on the surface of dry land; whether disconnected masses of them are separate drifts—be the meaning of “drifts” what it may—or fragmentary portions of a once continuous sheet; whether, after their desiccation and denudation, they were exposed to any subsequent aqueous operations; and if so, of what kind, whether marine or atmospheric—whether produced by forces of the same kind and

intensity as those now in operation, or by forces of the same kind, but different in degree. By such a course of investigation we should advance from the known to the unknown. At present we make the passage by a bound. We examine carefully operations now in progress, we measure the effects of existing forces, and we labour to bring every part of the ancient strata into strict conformity with the results obtained; vaulting dexterously over the interval between the tertiary and the modern epoch, and over any anomalies which that interval presents. Two opposite errors have retarded our knowledge of this period,—overweening confidence on the part of some, that we are thoroughly acquainted with it, and a lazy despondency on the part of others, which suggests that the study of it is beset with difficulties so insuperable that it is hopeless to grapple with them. The one class think the problem solved when they have ascertained the organic evidence, that during the latter portion of the tertiary epoch there was a migration southwards of a northern fauna. The other class consider that the deposits of this era have been so broken up, and subjected to so many changes, that it is impossible to unite them into a continuous series. They would treat them like a geological puzzle, with the pieces of which they are well enough satisfied to amuse themselves, but which they will not take the trouble of putting together. We believe that those who will not shrink from this labour will find them as capable of being fitted into one another as the disjointed fragments of a dissected map. We speak from experience when we say, that it is impossible to lay down the detached portions of clay, sand, and gravel in any extensive district, without finding the process reduce to order what previously appeared a mass of confusion. It is equally impossible to perform the same operations in several widely distant districts, without discovering an identity of character—the thread of a common clue—pervading the whole, and without being convinced, that if the same mode of investigation were extended to the whole island, the most sceptical would be convinced that the separate drifts of some geologists are the results of a connected series of operations during an epoch of considerable duration.

In order to form some estimate of the importance, both economical and theoretical, of the superficial deposits, let us briefly trace their distribution over the northern hemisphere in general, and over the British Islands in particular; and let it be remembered, that when in the course of this survey we use the term *erratic tertiary* it is

to be understood as synonymous with the old term diluvium, and with the more modern term northern drift of some geologists and the "drifts" of others. In the north of Europe, from the White Sea to the German Ocean, beds of clay, sand, and gravel, accompanied by large boulders, which can be traced from their parent rocks in Lapland and Scandinavia, are spread over an area more than two thousand miles long, with a breadth varying between four hundred and eight hundred miles. They cover the whole of Belgium, Holland, and the north of Prussia, and occupy large tracts in Poland and eastern Russia. In Germany they approach, but do not actually reach, the fiftieth parallel of latitude. The boundary line of these erratics in Russia, as laid down by Sir Roderick Murchison, is very irregular. Its most southern point is between the sources of the Don and the Dnieper, where it extends to about N. Lat. 50°. It then ranges in a N.E. direction to about E. Long. 57°, N. Lat. 61°, and then N.W. to about E. Long. 48°, N. Lat. 64°. If any part of the British Islands have been exempt from the operations of the erratic block period they are the steep escarpments of some ranges of hills and the lofty summit of others—the greater portion of the counties of Devon and Cornwall, the extreme south of Ireland, and the district south of the Thames—though even in these there are deposits of superficial gravel extensively distributed. In Britain, marine shells, generally in fragments, have been found in so many localities as to leave no doubt that a large portion of these deposits must have accumulated beneath the sea; and the species are such as to refer the beds in which they occur to that portion of the tertiary era which, in the nomenclature of Lyell, is denominated pleistocene, ninety-five per cent. of the molluscs belonging to species now living. There is evidence furnished by the forest of Cromer and Happisburgh, rooted in the mammalian crag, and beneath the whole mass of the erratic tertiaries, that this crag of the pliocene era had been converted into dry land, and had continued in that state for some time before it was submerged beneath the waters of the erratic sea. There is also evidence that the surface was inhabited by the mammoth, (*elephas primigenius*), two species of rhinoceros, and other large pachyderms, of species now extinct, associated with others which cannot be distinguished by their solid parts from species still living.

On the Continent of Europe marine remains have been found but sparingly in these deposits, and that chiefly in Russia and Scandinavia. Wherever found they are

of the same tertiary age as those of Britain; and when we remember how long it was before marine shells were discovered in the erratic deposits of these islands, and the numerous localities in which they have of late years been brought to light, it is not unreasonable to expect similar results from a more careful examination of the erratic clay and sand of Germany and Poland.

Whether, with Agassiz, we regard the transport of blocks from the regions of the Alps, across the Lake of Geneva to the flanks of the Jura, as evidence of the former enormous extent of the existing glaciers which have retreated under a milder climate, within their present oscillating limits, or whether, with Sir R. Murchison, we consider that the change took place when the Alps lay beneath the sea, there is evidence that the dispersion of these erratics belongs to a very recent portion of the tertiary era.

In North America the erratic phenomena are developed on a magnificent scale, and extend further south than their most southern European limit. On the Atlantic border the continuous stratum of drift includes Long Island and Northern Pennsylvania. On the west it reaches the Ohio, but its gravels extend along the immediate valleys of the Delaware, Susquehanna, and Mississippi, to much more southern points. The equatorial regions are free from marine deposits containing large transported boulders, and the latitudes in the southern hemisphere, corresponding to those which in the northern hemisphere are covered with erratic deposits, lie chiefly beneath the sea; but Mr. Darwin has described a boulder deposits in Patagonia of similar characters to that of Europe and North America.

There is a remarkable coincidence in the heights to which the erratic phenomena in Europe and America extend. Such deposits are found on the Valdai Hills, the highest ground in European Russia, a thousand feet above the sea. In Wales marine shells have been found at an elevation of nearly 1392 feet, in sand and gravel, accompanied by granitic and other pebbles, derived from the north and west, and some of them from lower levels. Fifteen hundred feet appears to be about the limit of erratic blocks on the central ridge of England.

In Lancashire, Cheshire, Shropshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire, marine remains are extensively distributed at heights varying from the sea level and below it to six and seven hundred feet above it. In Canada seven hundred feet—in the neighbourhood of Montreal—is the greatest height at which they have been observed,

but northern blocks of considerable size have been seen in New York and Northern Pennsylvania a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above their parent rocks. Scratched and grooved and polished surfaces of rock occur at all altitudes from the beds of the valleys, and over the whole broad plain of the lake district to the summits of the highest mountains of New England and New York. Professor Hitchcock has even observed them three thousand and four thousand feet above the sea.

The rocks of Britain form an epitome of those of the world. By mapping the areas occupied by the outcrops of the strata of England and Wales, as they emerge from beneath one another, and by observing their fossil contents, an order of stratification was determined, which holds good for the remotest regions yet explored by the geologist. It has proved that the same groups of fossils hold the same relative position to one another in the vertical series, in the Apalachian chain, the Ural, the Himalaya, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, which they hold in the mountains of Wales or Westmoreland, the oolitic Cotswolds, or the chalk ranges of the Wolds and the Chilterns. In like manner, the erratic deposits of Britain exhibit a miniature representation of those of the north of Europe and America, and such a knowledge of them as is only to be obtained by the same patient and laborious research which has been bestowed on the rock formations, could not fail to lead to a general solution of the most important practical and theoretical problems connected with the geology of the surface. The erratic phenomena of Russia and America are but a repetition, on a more extensive scale, of those which had been previously described, and can be more conveniently studied, in Britain.

To the erratic deposits of Britain we would, therefore, now direct the reader's attention, tracing them also over Ireland, but more particularly over South Britain. In the course of our survey we shall point out the most remarkable peculiarities by which they are characterized, we shall notice the progress of opinions respecting them, and indicate the views to which, as according best with the greatest number of facts, we have been led by much personal observation of these deposits in England, Wales, and Ireland; lastly, we shall cast a rapid glance over the distribution of soils in England, as laid down by agricultural authorities, pointing out how their descriptions, meagre as they are, corroborate our views respecting the great variety of soils which are found in every formation, while they are independent

of mineral variations in the rocks themselves.

Commencing in the extreme north, we find, in geological descriptions of the Ultima Thule of Caithness, notices of boulder clay and northern erratics. On the coast of Inverness, Mr. Miller describes large tracts of rounded hills and scratched and polished rocks, as evidence that the country was once wrapped in a winding-sheet of ice. The erratic deposits mantle other parts of the Scottish coast, and extend into the valleys of the interior, covering such polished surfaces, and often imparting comparative fertility to barren districts, which must have been more barren but for them. They contain, locally, marine pleistocene shells, which are generally distributed irregularly through them in a fragmentary state, but are occasionally disposed in regular beds, indicating tranquil deposit, where the animals had lived. These regular beds generally cover the till or boulder-clay, but have occasionally been found in the midst of it. In most districts overspread with the erratic tertiaries, the present physical features appear to have been generally established before those deposits were formed. The direction of the principal chains of hills has greatly influenced their distribution, though it is not wholly subordinate to it. The main lines of drift are parallel to the ranges of hills, but have crossed them at some points, always the lowest passes which they present. A central ridge—the great Penine chain—ranges from the Tyne to the Trent. The comparatively low ground between this chain, the Cotswolds on the east, and the Welsh mountains and the Malverns on the west, is covered with deep accumulations of clay, sand, and gravel, associated with pleistocene marine shells, large boulders, and smaller fragments of granitic and other rocks, derived from the Scottish Border, from the Lake region of the north of England, and from the Isle of Man and Ireland.

Again, on the eastern side of the Penine chain, are several other lines of drift, having a direction chiefly from north and east. One of these covers the eastern slopes of the chalk from the district of Holderness in Yorkshire, through Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, interrupted, however, by the alluvial tracts of the Humber, the Wash, and the Yare, to the northern skirts of the valley of the Thames near Hampstead. In these deposits boulders of granite and other crystalline rocks occur, which must have been derived from the east of Scotland and from Scandinavia, mixed with much fragmentary matter from the subjacent and neighbouring

chalk and oolites. The minor features of hill and valley have, in this district, influenced the distribution of the transported matter; for, from the increase of oolitic fragments westward up the valley of the Waveney and Little Ouse, it is evident that they came in that direction from the oolitic ridges on the west; and, on the other hand, in valleys closed at one end, the foreign matter has not penetrated in force beyond their middle regions, the detritus of their upper portions being chiefly derived from the bounding rocks. There is farther evidence of detritus borne from the west, blending with that derived from the north-east, in the blocks of Cumbrian granite lodged on the Eastern Moorlands and Wolds of Yorkshire, which have crossed the Penine chain at one point.

Between the western escarpment of the chalk and the slopes of the great oolitic range there is another line of drift, in which the materials are chiefly local, and derived from the chalk and oolites, but a few northern pebbles have been found in it. There is a third line of drift from the north, covering the lias and new red sandstone, on the west of the great oolitic escarpment. Its northern portions contain some of those Cumbrian erratics which have crossed the Penine chain; its southern portions in the counties of Rutland, Leicester, and Warwick exhibit other detritus, having a western origin. Those counties are covered to a great depth with gravel, often constituting decided hills, and containing fragments of almost every rock in England, among which those of the oolites prevail. Next in abundance are fragments of a peculiar quartz rock, derived from the Lickey range, near Bromsgrove. The history of these quartzose pebbles is curious. Their parent rock was an altered Silurian sandstone, of the Lower Lickey and of the Wrekin. Fragments of it, rolled by ordinary marine action, to smooth pebbles, had been imbedded in a conglomerate of the new red sandstone, forming the Upper Lickey. This conglomerate having been broken up by the operations of the erratic period, and mixed with angular and partially worn fragments of the local rocks, forms a gravel which is extensively spread over the Midland counties, particularly about Canock Chase in Staffordshire, and Coleshill, east of Birmingham. It has also accumulated in large quantities at the base of the great oolitic escarpment near Shipston-on-Stour, in Warwickshire, and near Moreton in the Marsh, in Gloucestershire. The foreign pebbles in this gravel consist of gneiss, which must have come either from Norway or Scotland; of flinty slate, white

quartz, and porphyry, which may have come either from the mountains of Wales or from Charnwood Forest. Dr. Buckland found, near Moreton in the Marsh, fragments of red chalk and of a peculiar hard and white chalk, both of which must have been derived from Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. In the gravel of the Midland counties we have thus fragments drifted from the north and east, mixed with others drifted from the north and west. The mixed materials have crossed the oolitic range at a few of its lowest points, and have spread over the table lands of the middle and upper oolites, bordering the valley of the Thames in the neighbourhood of Oxford. They have also been carried down the valleys of the Evenlode and Cherwell into that of the Thames, within which they have been traced, mixed, as they have advanced, with the debris of each succeeding formation, to the gravel-pits of Hyde Park. The larger portion of the gravel of the immediate neighbourhood of London consists of flints derived from the chalk.

The erratic tertiaries throughout the district above described consist of two deposits—the till or boulder clay of the lower erratics, and the gravel and sand of the upper erratics. The boulder clay deviates most from the normal condition of the tertiary strata. Its peculiarities consist in the intermixture of foreign and local detritus, in a base of clay, which varies in colour from that of the neighbouring rocks from which it has been derived,—in the great size of some of the imbedded fragments—their irregular distribution—their general angular unrolled condition—the polish and scratching confined, in some specimens, to one side, in others found more or less on several, and those chiefly the broadest faces—the presence of marine shells—their general broken and disturbed condition—the absence of molluscous borings on the calcareous rocks beneath it—the absence of marine incrustations on the non-calcareous rocks and detritus—the general absence, though there are exceptions, of beds of shells, with the two valves united following laminae of stratification, and indicating deposit on the spots where the animals had lived. To these must be added the polished, scratched, and grooved surface of the rocks beneath it, or their shattered state, resembling the effects of an ancient weathering before the boulder clay was deposited; both conditions being frequently found within a few yards of each other in the same section. Weathered masses of slate in some districts, and of fragmentary chalk in others, have been lifted up and deposited in the midst of this

clay unabraded and unmixed with other detritus, and without disturbance of the vertical position of the joints and planes of cleavage. Such masses are so occasionally enveloped in the gravel and sand of the upper erratics, in and upon which large blocks derived from a distance are scattered. The upper erratics possess these two features in common with the lower. In other respects they conform more to the type of the ordinary tertiary strata—in their alternating beds, the more rolled condition of their smaller detritus, and their oblique lamination, or false bedding, indicating the pushing action of water.

Marine pleistocene shells have been found both in the upper and lower erratics in numerous localities from Preston, in Lancashire, to a few miles south of Worcester, on one side of the Welsh mountains; to St. David's Head, on the other; and up to the very edge of the Penine chain. They have also been found, in both upper and lower erratics, but chiefly the latter, in the deposits on the east of the chalk range bordering the German Ocean, in Yorkshire, and Norfolk. They have not yet been detected in the gravel of the Midland counties.

The boulder clay of the lower erratics occurs, on the coast, at and below the sea-level, gradually creeping, in the interior, up to the heights which may be estimated at about eight hundred feet. At greater elevations, the peculiar causes which produced it appear to have ceased, and to have been succeeded by those modifications of marine action which produced the gravel and sand of the upper erratics. At greater heights, which may be about two thousand feet, both classes of phenomena disappear; and we have peaks of bare rocks, surrounded by masses of their own ruins, in the form of angular blocks. Blocks of the same kind, having their surface more or less scored, are arranged at intervals in terraces between these naked peaks and the upper limits of the upper erratics.

The transport of erratic blocks having a distant origin over great irregularities of surface—one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the erratic tertiaries—is well exemplified in the Lake region of the north of England, where the marked characters of some of the rocks render their detritus easy of identification, while the limited and well defined area from which they have been derived precludes mistake as to the direction in which they have been transported. The easily recognised granite and syenite of Shap Fells and Carrock Fell have been transported chiefly along the lines of depression between the Penine chain and the

mountains from which the blocks have been derived, though they have crossed the former at one point. In their course along the low grounds they have in some cases followed the present lines of drainage, but independently of the present levels; more frequently, however, crossing them. They have travelled northwards down the Vale of Eden to Carlisle, where they are mixed with boulders which have come southwards across the Solway Firth. They have gone westward, along the depression at the northern extremity of the Penine chain, caused by the Tynedale fault, to the mouth of the Tyne, though that river and its tributaries have not their sources in the Cumbrian Mountains. The north and south range of the Penine chain has presented, in general, an obstacle to their passage eastward, and has caused them to be drifted in immense quantities southwards, by Lancaster and the narrow tract between the mountains and the sea, into the plain of the new red sandstone, over which they have spread into the Valley of the Severn at Worcester and the Valley of the Trent near Stafford, crossing in their passage the lines of the Lune, Ribble, Weaver, Mersey, and Dee. Those blocks which have been borne, not in the direction of the valleys, but across them, have first crossed the ridge of Orton and the Vale of Eden, and this valley must have existed not only before their dispersion, but before the formation of the new red sandstone, because horizontal strata of that rock occupy its bottom. The point at which they have crossed the Penine chain is the pass of Stainmoor, the lowest portion of that ridge opening directly to the west, and facing the Cumbrian Mountains. From this summit, which is 1500 feet above the sea, as from a new centre, they have pursued their course in various directions, descending the eastern slopes of the Penine chain into the Valley of the Tees, which they have followed to the coast at Redcar and into the Vale of York, which they have traversed southwards to the Humber. The oolitic ridge of the Eastern Moorlands, and the chalk ridge of the Wolds, have opposed, on a minor scale, obstacles to their passage eastward similar to those presented at the outset of their course by the Penine Chain. These have been surmounted, in a similar manner, at the lowest points of those ranges. Blocks of Shap Fells granite, which have thus reached the German Ocean at high levels, and lie on the oolite at Scarborough and the chalk at Flamborough Head, attest, like those in the vales of Tees and York at lower levels, an interlacing of lines of drift from the north and west, with others from

the north and east, similar to that which has been described in the case of the gravel of the Midland counties.

In Wales the northern and western erratics and marine shells are confined to the skirts of the chain. They have not been transported into the valleys of the interior. In them, however, there are considerable accumulations of local detritus, with scratched and polished fragments, and rock surfaces similar to those associated with the boulder clay of the flanks of the chain, which is undoubtedly of marine origin, from the presence of marine shells.

In whatever manner these detrital masses of the interior may have been formed, they bear evident marks of having been arranged under water, and of transport outwards. There are also on the skirts of the chain, at the mouths of the great valleys, situations from which the boulder clay appears to have been removed, and replaced by detritus carried outwards. It is important that these facts should be borne in mind, because a subsidence, under a sea having the power of transporting detritus derived from great distances, would be the period of the accumulation of the erratic deposits, and of their transport inwards, while the subsequent period of elevation would be that of denudation, and of outward transport.

The eastern coast of Ireland is fringed with deposits similar to those of Wales, containing detritus which proves transport from the north; but nothing which can be identified as having an eastern origin. Among the fragments indicating transport from the north, are those of the peculiar hard chalk of the county of Antrim, which has been traced in the erratic deposits from its source in the north, to Wexford in the south. It has also been found in the boulder clay of the extreme point of Carnarvonshire, and in South Wales near St. David's Head. The whole of Ireland is covered, more or less, with deposits of detritus, borne from north to south, and presenting the same mode of distribution, and the same general characters, which have been described in England. Pleistocene marine shells have been found in many parts of these Irish tertiary; the most remote from the sea being in the heart of the county of Cavan. The most southern points of Kerry exhibit those grooves and scratches, which some geologists, who do not consider this part of Ireland to have been submerged during the pleistocene era, refer, nevertheless, to the action of ice, either terrestrial or marine.

Such are the erratic tertiary of Britain, long known by the name of diluvium, and more recently by that of northern drift.

By comparing them with the condensed description of the erratic deposits of North America, given by Professor H. Rogers, in one of the works which we have placed at the head of this Article, an almost perfect identity will be perceived, as regards the state of the rocky surface beneath them; the distribution of the bouldered materials; the condition of the land as to level at the time of their dispersion; and the epoch and duration of the causes which produced it.

The progress of opinion respecting these wide-spread and comparatively modern deposits, is worth tracing, as affording evidence that no department of geology has been made the sport of so much crude speculation, and hasty generalisation; and that in none are more difficult and interesting questions remaining unsolved, which demand for their solution long and patient investigation.

Hutton taught that these detrital deposits were the results of atmospheric erosion on a subaerial surface; and that their transport to situations beyond the influence of existing streams, had been effected by the shifting of river beds, and the bursting of lakes. Sir James Hall was the first to observe the furrows on the surface of the rocks beneath them, which he attributed to the action of currents of extraordinary energy, the direction of which he inferred from the direction of the furrows. Smith was the first to point out the distinction between the loose covering of gravel, sand, clay, and boulders so named, and the regular fossiliferous strata. The latter had been long regarded as proofs of the Noachian deluge; and when the discoveries of Smith, which proved that they represented a number of successive sea-bottoms, and a number of successive organic creations, gave a death-blow to these views, it was not surprising that the deposits so extensively distributed as those of the erratic period, and attributed, with much apparent probability, to extraordinary marine action, should be regarded as monuments of an event recorded in Scripture, and of which the memory remains in the traditions of all nations. This form of the diluvial hypothesis acquired popularity from the "*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*" of Buckland, with whom the term diluvium originated; and received the sanction of Cuvier. Its popularity, however, was of short duration. As the tertiary strata became better known, it was discovered that between the most recent with which Cuvier was acquainted, and that deposit which he attributed to a transient irruption of the

sea, a long series of strata intervened, now known as the tertiaries of the miocene and pliocene epochs, representing a considerable lapse of time, and testifying, by their organic contents, both of molluscs and mammals, a gradual passage from the eocene to the existing fauna and flora. It became evident, also, that the tertiary deposits of this age, both marine and fluviatile, with all gravel beds in all parts of the world, had been erroneously included in the so called diluvium.

In the face of these facts, the most strenuous supporters of the diluvial origin of the superficial deposits, rapidly abandoned it. By some they were considered to belong, not to one, but to many epochs, and to have been shot off the flanks of mountain chains, at successive periods of elevation; those of different epochs having become so blended as to render their discrimination impossible. By others, attempts were made to return to the Huttonian doctrine, respecting the subaerial origin of these deposits, together with the sounder views of that school, which explained the phenomena of the stratified rocks, their association with unstratified and crystalline masses, their consolidation and elevation, to the combined operations of the aqueous and igneous forces now in operation.

About this time marine shells, nearly all of existing species, began to be discovered in the superficial deposits; first in North Wales, at an elevation of nearly 1392 feet above the sea, and subsequently, in the various parts of England and Ireland, which have been already indicated. The diluvialists had often been asked, why, if the diluvium had been formed by an irruption of the ocean, it contained no marine remains, and why its fossils should be exclusively those of the land? They had been reminded, too, that in a deposit, which they supposed to have been formed within the human period, no human remains or works of art had ever been discovered; that the bones of land animals contained in it were chiefly those of extinct species, and that in the Scriptural account of the deluge, there is nothing to warrant the belief that it was of that violent character, or produced such a change on the surface of the earth, as their hypothesis required.

The discovery of marine remains, belonging to a very recent epoch, in the erratic deposits produced, therefore, a modified diluvial hypothesis, among those who were aware of the peculiar characters by which they are distinguished. The diluvium was supposed to have resulted from marine action, of a violent and transient kind, upon

a terrestrial surface, but prior to the existence of the human race. About the same time evidence was collected, that in the British islands and many other parts of the world, a considerable elevation of the land had taken place, not only since the neighbouring seas were inhabited by molluscs of existing species, but since they were inhabited by the same groups of existing molluscs as those now established in the vicinity. With these raised beaches which belong to an epoch still more recent than the erratic, the opponents of the modified, as well as of the original diluvial hypothesis, confounded those erratic deposits which contain marine remains. They all now became raised beaches, and instead of a universal ocean without shore—*pontus undique undique mare*—we had now a universal shore without any deep water deposits, and without sea bottoms possessing the characters generally appealed to as proofs of ordinary marine action of long duration. Both parties were in some measure right, and in some measure wrong. The diluvialists were right in maintaining the peculiar characters which distinguish the erratic tertiaries from raised beaches and the tertiary beds of other epochs, and in pointing out the evidence of a previous terrestrial surface over which they had been spread; but they were wrong in the nature of the agencies to which they ascribed those peculiarities. Their opponents were wrong in denying those peculiarities, in dwelling exclusively on the characters which the erratic deposits possess in common with other tertiary strata, and in shutting their eyes to the evidence of the pliocene terrestrial surface which they covered.

To the diluvial succeeded the glacial hypothesis of Agassiz, founded on the study of the glaciers of the Alps, their powers as transporters of detritus, their effects in grinding and polishing the rocks over which they pass, and the evidence which they have left of former extension beyond their present limits. Playfair appears to have been the first, as long ago as 1816, to ascribe the transport of the erratic blocks on the Jura, to the agency of glaciers, which once stretched across the Lake of Geneva and the plains of Switzerland. Venetz, who had collected evidence of the oscillations of the Swiss glaciers in historic times, was the first publicly to maintain the same doctrine in Switzerland. Warmly supported by De Charpentier, this doctrine was extended by Agassiz, as an explanation of the erratic phenomena to other regions in which it is less applicable—Britain, the north of Europe and America; and since his residence

in America, he still applies it to the widespread erratic deposits of that country. On his hypothesis the whole northern hemisphere, if not the whole world, was covered by a vast cere-cloth of ice, a universal glacier, moving by the force of expansion over all kinds of surfaces, and even up steep acclivities. The extinct mammals were supposed to have been frozen to death, and the melting of the ice to have produced enormous debacles which modified and dispersed the moraines or accumulated debris of the glaciers.

The attention directed to the subject by the views of this great naturalist, led to a controversy respecting the cause of glacier motion, which is generally considered to have been proved by the investigations of Professor James Forbes to be of the nature of a viscous fluid, or a semi-fluid mass, requiring at least the same fall in the surface over which it moves as water would have required. Dr. Buckland was among the first to espouse the glacial hypothesis of Agassiz, and to recognise as moraines, and the friction of terrestrial ice, phenomena in Wales and Scotland, which he had long ascribed to the action of violent currents of water. Sir Charles Lyell also accepted it as a satisfactory explanation of deposits in Scotland in which he had previously seen only the effects of ordinary marine action. The presence, however, of marine shells, in so large a portion of the so-called moraines of Britain, excluded terrestrial glaciers as an agent of more than limited application there. The opponents of the glacial views of Agassiz, and among them Mr. Darwin, who, while engaged with the exploring expedition in the South Pacific, had enjoyed many opportunities of observing the action of floating icebergs, insisted on marine ice as being equally capable with terrestrial glaciers of polishing and scoring the surface of rocks. That shattered condition of the rocks, which we have elsewhere spoken of as an accompaniment of the polishing, and which had long before been pointed out and urged as proof of an ancient weathering and a terrestrial surface, he ascribed to the battering of ice against a rocky coast, and though, while re-examining phenomena in Wales, previously described by others, he attributed them chiefly to glacio-marine action, he recognised the deeper grooves on bare surfaces in the valleys radiating from Snowdon, as the effects of terrestrial glaciers, which he supposed to have been one of the principal agents in sweeping the marine deposits out of those valleys, leaving only disconnected patches of them in protected situations.

In the meantime the arctic character of the erratic pleistocene shells—the identity of the species found in deposits of that sea in Sweden, with those of North America, and their difference as a group from those now inhabiting the Scandinavian seas—indications of the former wide extension of a boreal ocean, had been established by Mr. Smith of Jordan-Hill, Sir Charles Lyell, and others. Professor Edward Forbes had also pointed out the first appearance of a few arctic forms, in our latitudes, during the miocene epoch, their increase in the pliocene, and their maximum development during the pleistocene. The evidence afforded by the mammalian remains of the true erratic period, is to the same effect. Reindeer, marmots, gluttons, and bears in prodigious quantities, with other animals which at present only live in snowy regions, then extended themselves over the whole of Western Europe, in countries where it would be impossible for them now to exist, or where the present condition of climate so uncongenial to their habits and constitutions, would only permit them to exist in very small numbers. The presence of the species of elephant and rhinoceros which accompany them, is by no means an argument against the existence of a much colder climate in the temperate latitudes at that period, since they belonged to species no longer existing, and the preservation of their entire carcases, in the frozen cliffs bordering the Arctic Sea, covered with a thick coat of hair and wool, proves them to have possessed an organisation capable of sustaining the rigours of a northern climate. The character, moreover, of their dentition, has been shown by Professor Owen to have been such as would enable them to subsist on the vegetation which such a climate must have produced.

Though there exists so much evidence, physical and palæontological, that a climate colder than our present one prevailed in these latitudes, during the pleistocene era, there are still some geologists who discard ice altogether, or allow it to perform a very subordinate part.

According to them, waves of translation produced the erratic deposits. Mr. Hopkins of Cambridge, reasoning from the experimental deductions of Mr. Scott Russell on the properties of waves, has shewn that there is no difficulty in accounting for a current moving at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, if paroxysmal elevation of the bed of the ocean, amounting to one or two hundred feet be granted,—that a current of twenty miles an hour would move a block of 320 tons, and that a very

moderate increase of velocity would be capable of effecting the transport—beneath the sea—of the largest blocks which have any where been found in the erratic deposits. By such waves of translation, produced by a rise of the floor of the arctic ocean, while the regions of Europe now covered with the erratics lay beneath the sea, Sir R. Murchison explains the transport of the great mass of the erratic matter, and supposes the blocks derived from Norway and Sweden to have been floated on ice, but he does not assert for these waves of translation power to waft such blocks to the situations where they are now found, if the land were then above the level of the sea. On the other hand, Professor H. Rogers of Pennsylvania, dissatisfied with the explanation of the grooved and polished surfaces having been produced by the agency of grounding icebergs, and arguing against the permanent submergence of the American continent from the general absence of marine shells, except in certain localities, and at comparatively low levels, has appealed to the enormous erosive power which a thick and ponderous sheet of angular fragments of rock would possess if driven forward, at a high velocity, under the waters of a deep and general inundation, excited and kept in motion by an energetic upheaval and undulation of the earth's crust, during an era of earthquake motion. Such agency he conceives would be adequate to produce all the results which the erratic deposits present, to rip off the outcrops of the harder strata, to grind down and strew wide their fragments, to polish and groove the surface, and, gathering energy from resistance, to sweep over the highest mountains.

Having once advocated similar views, we have observed, during a more extended study of the erratic deposits, so many indications of successive deposit, as appear incompatible with such an origin, and to render necessary a resort to some other explanation than that of violent and transient action, or even a long series of such paroxysmal action, to account for the peculiar character of the erratic tertiaries, even now that waves of translation, moving huge blocks beneath the sea, have been proved to be in accordance with the laws of dynamics. To waves of translation, even thus limited, and to the motion of semifluid masses of mud down an inclined plane, as suggested by Mr. Mallet, this important objection occurs, that such movements of the ocean bed as they suppose, if admitted as geological agents, must have happened repeatedly during the formation of the stratified rocks; whereas the facts which we are called upon

to explain are confined to a peculiar epoch.

Those who invoke most largely the aid of marine ice for the formation of the erratic tertiaries, appear to confine their views too much to the action of icebergs floating from northern regions into our latitudes at the same average annual rate as at present, and under existing conditions of climate, and to think only of the *elevation* of a seabed thus strewn with erratic blocks. This is a part, but only one part of the history, and applicable to the upper rather than the lower erratics. The action of shore ice on *sinking* land, the effects of an arctic climate in modifying ordinary atmospheric and marine action, the nature of a littoral deposit of an arctic sea, and the point in geological time at which the transport of erratic blocks commenced, have not received the attention which they deserve. The two opposite characters present in the erratic tertiaries, those by which they differ from the other tertiary strata, and those by which they resemble them, as well as the peculiarities by which the upper and lower erratics are distinguished from each other, appear to be best explained by the theory which connects the gradual advance of an arctic climate southwards, during the subsidence of pliocene land, with its retreat northwards during a subsequent period of elevation,—the subsidence and re-elevation commencing in each case from the north. The submergence of of pliocene land is not a mere hypothesis. It is proved by the forest of the Norfolk coast, rooted on the mammalian crag, and covered by the erratic tertiaries. It is proved on the western side of the island by the pleistocene deposits of the vicinity of Cefn Cave in Denbighshire, which have entered it through a fissure in the root, and cover the mammalian remains deposited in hollows in the irregular floor, where they are mixed with river pebbles and fragments of wood thrown in when the Elwy flowed at a different level.

The narratives of the polar voyages furnish incidentally, and solely with reference to the navigation, many instructive details respecting the modifications of marine and atmospheric action, produced by an arctic climate, with which we may advantageously compare the peculiarities exhibited by the erratic tertiaries. We learn from those narratives that an extreme paucity of shells is one characteristic of the seas of such high latitudes as Melville Island and the northern coast line of the American continent; and our examination of the erratic deposits shews shells to be most abundant in those beds which belong

to their commencement and their close. The intermediate position is marked by such an absence of them, over great areas, and through a great depth of strata, that it has been used, as we have said, by Professor Rogers as an argument against any but transient marine action. We would ascribe it in part to the greater rigour of the climate during the middle period, or period of greatest depression. We learn also from the polar voyages, that the ice is fixed to the coast during the greater part of the year; and that during the brief summer its motions are extremely irregular, and influenced more by winds than by tides. We are told how it suddenly drifts with the wind into the offing, and as suddenly returns, in the course of a few hours, grinding against the coast, or stranding upon shoals, and thus furnishing machinery for that peculiar polishing and scratching of rocks and detritus, which characterize the erratic terraces. We learn, too, that these capricious motions of the ice are subordinate to a strong under-current flowing steadily from the north. We find what might have been expected in seas loaded with ice, and consequently free from breakers, that mud, which in ordinary cases is a deep water deposit, is in the seas of high northern latitudes characteristic of the vicinity of land, and of situations in which sand and shingle would accumulate under milder climates. Of the soundings in the voyages of Parry and Ross, in which the nature of the bottom is stated, we find that from seventy to eighty per cent. are on mud or mud and stones, the exceptional cases being in the comparatively open seas of Davis's and Behring's Straits.

With regard to the atmospheric action of an arctic climate on the land, we read numerous descriptions of surfaces covered for miles to the depth of a foot and more with angular fragments detached from the rock on which they lie—of blocks constantly rolling from the face of cliffs, and accumulating in a talus at their base,—and of large upright masses, rising like pillars and stacks of chimneys from frost-shaken rocks resembling loose walls, and surrounded by heaps of their own ruins.

The land thus strewed with angular fragments is covered with snow from October to May. On the commencement of the thaw the partially-melted snow freezes into a cake of ice. In some situations, and in cold summers, this is the utmost extent of the thawing process. As the snow continues to melt, the beds of ravines, dry at other times, become suddenly filled with furious torrents, of shorter or longer duration, as

the land in the vicinity is high or low. High land, from the greater accumulation of snow, supplies an incessant flow of water during the whole of the short summer; while, on low land, the streams run themselves dry in less than six weeks, and the surface of the ground becomes parched and cracked with drought. Can machinery be devised better calculated than this for the production of the peculiar characters of the till or boulder-clay?

We have mud depositing near the shore, angular detritus produced in abundance on the land and ice, in which it would be imbedded during the early part of the thaw. It might slide thus, set in ice, down slopes, and be floated over level surfaces, making its passage to the sea by successive stages, presenting different surfaces at different times to the polishing and scratching action of small fragments frozen into the ice; and, finally, it might be hurled into the sea, still set in ice, so as to preserve the scratches unobliterated by being rolled in the bed of the torrent. The greater portion of the marine ice melts during the summer. There are situations, however, where, during a succession of cold seasons, it remains fixed to the coast for several years. Whether thus fixed, or grinding against the coast during its fickle summer motions, it must receive a vast quantity of detritus. It would receive it in various states, some polished and scratched in the manner above described, some more or less rolled in the torrents which hurried it into the sea, some abraded by the wash of the sea over the ice. Heaps of the angular debris of such rocks as the softer slates, the chalk, and the oolites, would be borne from different parts of the coast, and drifting about in the melting ice, would be dropped, as we find them in the boulder-clay, in some cases side by side, in large unmixed masses, in others, in detached fragments, dispersed through the mud.

Regarding the boulder-clay as a littoral deposit, the sinking of the land, during its formation, will explain the greater altitudes at which it occurs in the interior than in the coast. As the subsidence continued, the previous coast line, broken by islands and promontories, would be converted into an open sea, in which boulders and heaps of detritus from remote quarters would still continue to be occasionally dropped. The most recent portions of the upper erratics would therefore differ from the lower, in part from being formed in a more open sea, and in part from the mitigated rigour of the climate at the close of the glacial period. When the amount of depression reached to

about two thousand feet, only the summits of our higher mountains would remain above the sea as small scattered islands, which, on the commencement of the movement of elevation, would be left as masses of frost-shaken rock, surrounded by heaps of their own angular ruins, the very conditions which our mountain peaks now exhibit. As the elevation continued, large portions of the sand and gravel of the upper erratics would be removed from higher to lower levels, forming terraces of rolled materials, in the situations where we find them, bordering the great lines of drainage at various heights. Large areas of the lower erratics would be exposed by the denuding process, and would be partially covered by outlying patches of the upper sand and gravel; while along the great lines of drainage, the two would be almost entirely removed, and the subjacent rocks exposed. Out of these combined operations would arise all that irregularity of distribution which appears to be one of the prevailing characteristics of the erratic deposits. Our higher mountains would be clothed with glaciers both during the subsidence and elevation. Those of the latter period, as suggested by Mr. Darwin, may have assisted in clearing the great valleys of the marine deposits, and may have left those deep grooves on the rocky surface which conform to the course of the valleys.

The contorted state of Cromer Cliffs have long presented difficulties to which the narratives of the polar voyagers appear to offer a satisfactory solution. The conditions to be explained are remarkable, and preclude the idea of their having resulted from a force acting from below. The contorted strata consist of laminated beds of the upper erratics occupying hollows in the boulder-clay. Beneath them are strata of crag and chalk, in their original horizontal position. There are also many serious objections to the contortions having been caused by the ploughing action of grounding icebergs. Sir Edward Parry found, however, a stratum of compact blue ice fixed ten feet below the water for several miles along the coast of Melville Island, the remains, as he supposed, of floes driven on shore by the heavy pressure of large ice fields, and remaining fixed in the viscous mud. To ice thus fixed and covered with marine deposits, afterwards laid dry by elevation, he attributed the phenomenon of underground ice in cold countries. Laminated beds of the upper erratics, accumulated over such masses, would subside, as the ice melted, on the return of a milder climate, into the cavity which it had previously occupied, and the walls of clay bounding the cavity being

squeezed together, under the pressure of three or four hundred feet of strata, acting laterally in the vicinity of the cavities or weak places, like the creep in coal mines, would produce, with the aid of irregularities in the upper and under surface of the ice, every variety of contorted strata which the cliffs of the Norfolk coast exhibit.

If the gradual submergence of the land proceeded from north to south, the erratic deposits would be the deepest in the northern parts of the island, and at some southern point, where the climatal conditions precluded the formation of boulder-clay as a littoral deposit, the upper erratics would overlap or extend beyond the lower. Here, again, the theory is the expression of facts, for the boulder-clay does not extend beyond the northern confines of the valley of the Thames; but the chalk and eocene tertiaries, south of that river, are covered with thin beds of a peculiar subangular gravel, which may be considered as a modification of the upper erratics of the northern district, though some geologists, in the absence of marine remains to define the age of this gravel, refer it to an older portion of the tertiary era.

The history of the pleistocene epoch does not terminate with the elevation of the erratic tertiaries; neither are their accumulation and denudation the only operations which have modified the influence of the rock formations on the soil. In every district to which our observations have extended, tabular hills, up to an elevation of somewhat less than one thousand feet, are covered with a thin film of soil, of different composition from the bed on which it rests, whether that bed belong to the erratic, tertiary, or to older strata exposed by denudation. On clays it is more sandy, on sands more clayey than the subjacent bed. It deepens from less than six inches, on summits and at the heads of valleys, to four or five feet and more near the coast. It is composed, in some cases, of finely divided matter, forming a deep loam. It contains, in others, alternating seams and collections of fragments derived from different neighbouring formations which imply aqueous transport. In others it is wholly replaced by angular or very slightly worn debris. In some cases it abounds with large angular fragments, which must have required for their transport forces of greater intensity than ordinary atmospheric action. It is not a mere talus, for it is spread over table lands, as well as at the base of cliffs. It is the principal cause of those variations of soil within small areas, and without corresponding changes in the mineral character of the

rock on which they rest, which are found, whenever reduced to order by mapping them, to be dependent on contours. The geologist who first drew attention to this deposit called it the "warp of the drift," or "erratic warp," from a belief that it was formed by the last wash of the erratic sea on the emerging land, and from its resemblance, in low situations, to the deposit left by muddy waters in the process of warping land. Phenomena, however, were discovered by more extended observation, which indicated the lapse of a considerable interval of time between the desiccation of the bed of the erratic sea and the formation of this warp; and during the interval the country appears to have been repopled by many of the large pachyderms which had flourished there before the submergence of the erratic block period. Estuary and freshwater beds, formed on the denuding surface of the erratic deposits, and containing exclusively living species of shells, associated with bones and teeth of the elephant, rhinoceros, horse, and a species of bos, are covered in West Norfolk by this deposit, which fills pipes, furrows, and cavities excavated in the freshwater beds. It extends, of variable depth, to the summit level of the district, filling similar excavations, in whatever beds it is in contact with, whether they belong to the erratic or to older formations. Similar deposits cover the mammalian gravel of the ancient wide-spread alluvium of the Thames, and are found in the district south of it, holding the same relative position to the subangular flint gravel of that district, which they hold to the undoubted upper erratics north of the Thames. It has recently been described in some parts of the southern district by Mr. Austin, under the name of "head," as a subaerial accumulation, the result of atmospheric agency of a peculiar kind. If we understand his paper rightly, this was the melting of snow. It has also been described by Sir R. Murchison, in a paper recently read before the Geological Society, but not yet published, as it exists in other portions of the same district, under the name of "angular flint breccia of the southern counties," and attributed to anomalous marine action—the bursting over the land of waves analogous to those of earthquakes. His descriptions apply to the upper part of the bone bed of Dr. Mantel, at Brighton, which is based on an ancient beach containing marine remains, with rolled pebbles of granite, and other crystalline rocks. Similar pebbles have been found beneath the mammalian deposits of the valley of the Thames. This alone would be an indication that they accumulated after the

desiccation and denudation of the bed of the glacial sea; for whatever proofs the red and mammalian crag may afford of the commencement of an arctic fauna, the true erratic phenomena of the transport of granitic fragments do not begin till after that period. There is, however, independent evidence, first pointed out by Dr. Buckland, that the valley of the Thames, unlike those of Norfolk and Wales, was excavated after the transport of the gravel of the Midland counties, which we regard as belonging to the latter portion of the erratic period.

The attention of geologists is now strongly fixed on these questions, and we may hope that the superficial deposits will receive more careful investigation than has yet been bestowed on them. With regard to that deposit, which one eminent geologist attributes to anomalous atmospheric action, another to anomalous marine action, and which others assert to have resulted from the decomposition *in situ* of the rock on which it rests by ordinary atmospheric action, all we contend for is, that it is an aqueous deposit of some kind or other on which the distribution of soils in a great measure depends. We do not attempt to define the nature of the agencies which produced it, beyond this, that if marine, they differed from ordinary marine action—if atmospheric, they differed from ordinary atmospheric action; that they produced phenomena different from those which, in the lower erratics, we have traced to the action of shore ice, and different from those which, in the upper erratics, we have traced to the action of ice floating in open seas.

The practical questions in the Geology of Agriculture, connected with the pleistocene deposits, are independent of questions in theoretical geology respecting their origin. In whatever manner they may have been formed, the extensive areas which they cover, the great elevation to which they extend, their frequently great depth, and the mixture which they contain of matter derived from a great variety of rocks, are unquestionable facts, which render them of the utmost importance in an agricultural point of view. The state of our knowledge respecting the distribution of soils is disgraceful to an age when so much is doing in the application of science to agriculture. Having lately endeavoured to compile, from agricultural authorities, a map of the soils of England, for comparison with maps of the strata, we were compelled to abandon the attempt from want of materials. The only resources are the maps, on a very small scale, attached to the Reports of the Board of Agriculture, and they resemble fractions,

most of which require reduction to a common denominator, while some are incommensurable, from want of a uniform nomenclature. Foxbench, rammel, woodland, clum, clunch, cledge, keale, pinnock, hassock, stone shatter, malm rock, hazel, black hover, and bear's muck, with red land, black land, and white land, are some of the wild flowers which we have culled from the fields of agricultural nomenclature. Each of the last three terms is applied to the soils of more than one geological formation, and the white land of one county is often geologically the black land of another. We found Arthur Young, the Secretary to the Board, complaining, as well as other reporters, of the loose and indefinite manner in which the common terms, sand, loam, and clay are used in different districts, and different parts of the same district, everything stronger than the average quality of a sandy district being called clay, though it may scarcely, with reference to composition, deserve the name of sandy loam. Whether the agricultural districts described accord with geological areas, or are independent of them, we are invariably told of the numerous and intricate variations contained in every area assigned to any given description of soil. Districts of clay, sand, and loam are laid down, with the reservation, that though those are the prevailing characters in each, the cases of exception are nearly as numerous as those of the rule; and in most counties a "district of various soils" is formed, comprising not unfrequently the larger portion, in which the variations are said to be so numerous and intricate, as to defy classification.

The oolites and the chalk are the strongholds of those who derive soils exclusively from the rock below by ordinary atmospheric decomposition, *in situ*, and who found on that assumption another, that the composition of the soil and the rock are identical. If, however, we trace these strata through the maps and reports of the Board of Agriculture, or the more recent essays in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, it will be found that, though soils on the chalk ought by hypothesis to be white and calcareous, non-calcareous sands, loams, and clays alone are described, and those of any colour but white, from Flamborough Head till the counties of Cambridge, Beds, and Herts are reached. Even there these chalky soils are stated to be confined to steep escarpments and lofty summits, so that they occupy but a small portion of the area allotted to chalk on geological maps. In Buckinghamshire, the variations of soil on the chalk are described

as so numerous that scarcely a single parish can be characterized as consisting of one description. It is the same in the western counties, and on the North and South Downs of Kent and Sussex. Even in Hampshire and Wiltshire, where the broad, elevated platform exists, which Pennant named the *patria* of the chalk, we find white and calcareous soils confined to steep escarpments and to the higher and sharper ridges. Some of the surveyors by whom the reports were drawn up, expressly referred the numerous variations of soil on the chalk to elevation and forms of surface. The author of the Report on Wilts attributes them to diluvial action, and combats the doctrine of their formation by ordinary atmospheric erosion. This was Mr. Davis of Longleat, an eminent land agent, who, when he heard Smith explain the relation subsisting between the agriculture of a district and its geological structure, exclaimed, "That is the only way to learn the true value of soils." The advocates of the sub-stratal origin of soils get rid of the calcareous matter of the chalk by solution in the rain water, and suppose the sands and clays which cover it to be its silicious and aluminous particles left behind, as upon a filter. If this were true, the composition of the chalk ought to vary with the composition of the soil, which it does not; added to which the surface soil exhibits these alternations of deposit and mixture of the matter of different formations, which we have already noticed as proofs of aqueous transport.

The oolites present a greater extent of soils, whose chemical and mineral characters accord with those of the rock on which they rest, than most other formations; but the Cotswolds of Gloucestershire and the Eastern Moorlands of Yorkshire attain that elevation at which the effects of the superficial deposits on the soil ought to approach their minimum, and even there the agricultural writers notice the varying quality of the soil within small areas. On the plains of the new red sandstone and the lias, which are so extensively covered with deep erratic accumulations, the relation of these to the variation of soils is sufficiently conspicuous. A recent agricultural writer, Mr. Bravender, a land-surveyor in extensive practice, in the lias district, declares that the fertility of certain parts of it, and the sterility of others, depend, not upon their belonging to the upper or lower lias, but on the presence or absence of a diluvial covering. In the more broken region of the Yorkshire coal measures, Mr. Charnock, another eminent practical authority, ex-

pressly refers the variations of soils to contours.

We require, then, in agricultural geology, a more definite nomenclature and classification of soils, based on their composition, as sands, sandy loams, loams, clay loams, clays, marls, &c., according to the proportion of sand separable by washing, and of calcareous and vegetable matter which they contain. A concomitant classification is also required, which shall shew their geological relations, dividing them into local, alluvial, and erratic sands, loams, &c., as they are derived, exclusively, from the rock on which they rest, as they have been deposited by existing rivers and estuaries, or have been formed by operations of the erratic period. The geological relations of soils can only be learned by laying down their variations on maps, for comparison with maps of the strata. But who will undertake the task of constructing those maps of soils and sub-soils, by which alone these questions can be solved? It is too laborious, and yields results too slowly, to be attractive to amateur geologists. The Government Geological Survey of England and Wales has proceeded on the old system of ignoring all superficial deposits except the alluvial; and if the error of neglecting Agriculture has been discovered, the Survey of South Britain is too far advanced to leave much hope that its Directors can retrace their steps. They will certainly not retrace them, unless maps more adapted to the present wants of agriculture are demanded by the landed interest, which manifest much apathy on the subject. Agricultural associations, central and local, appear little disposed to apply any portions of the immense funds which they raise by subscription to such an undertaking. It will, therefore, be left to private enterprise. Individual exertion and private enterprise produced the first map of the strata of England, which was waited for in vain, so long as it was expected from the patronage of the Government or of the wealthy landowners. Whether private enterprise will produce the first map of the surface geology remains to be seen.

As regards Scotland, the case is more hopeful. There, the Ordnance Topographical Survey can only be said to have commenced in detail; the map of one county, on the six-inch scale, having just been published, with the contour outlines, or lines of equal elevation above the mean sea level. In Scotland we have recently obtained as an act of tardy justice to our remonstrances, a larger share of the funds appropriated to that department, which had chiefly been absorbed by the English and Irish Sur-

veys. The Geological Survey of Scotland should be commenced immediately. It should proceed, *pari passu*, with the topographical Survey, and include the geology of the surface as well as that of the substrata. Scotland well knows how to appreciate the value of science in its application to agriculture; and the Highland Society was an early encourager of the labourers in the field of geological research.

ART. V.—*An Introduction to the New Testament; containing an Examination of the most important Questions relating to the Authority, Interpretation, and Integrity of the Canonical Books, with reference to the latest Inquiries.* By SAMUEL DAVIDSON, LL.D., D.D. 3 vols. London. 1848–51.

THE mode in which God has given the oracles of the New Testament to the world is a striking proof that "His ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts." Had man been left to form his own conjectures as to the manner in which divine truth should be communicated, his wondering mind must have perplexed and betrayed itself in the multiplicity of its abandoned hypotheses, and its anxious and endless balancing of probabilities. What plan shall be most in unison with God's dignity and man's collective tastes and desires? Shall the sky be cleft, and the voice of love clothe itself in the terrible majesty of the seven thunders? Or if the scenes at Sinai are not to be repeated—if God is not to "speak with us, lest we die," shall His substitute and messenger array himself in the starry plumage of those bright and burning Essences which encircle the throne? Or if, from want of community of nature, the presence of an unembodied spirit should alarm us, and his trembling audience could gather no sympathy from his countenance—if, for such a reason, a human ambassador should be employed, with what supernatural lustre shall he be enveloped, and with what unearthly prerogative shall he be vested? If God's own Son is to leave His bosom and descend to our distant earth, shall not heaven pour forth all its hosts robed in immortal youth and beauty, and shall not the sky trim all its lamps in honour of that night in which such "a man-child is born" into the world? And if, upon his removal, others should act as his heralds, must not their language be such as had never been yoked to human thoughts, or been soiled

by egress from human lips? If, for the permanent instruction of the world, the essential truths of their message are to be written, shall there not be among these earnest and responsible authors huge labour and long consultation in order to secure uniformity, so that at length, every truth being discussed, and every word being weighed which is to be introduced into the proposed volume, there shall be no discrepancy, nor even the semblance of variation? If, in a treatise so elaborated, there be any allusions to nature, surely they must be in the terms of scientific precision, lest philosophers should be scandalized; and there must be no hard sayings and rasping imputations in it, lest persons of delicate and virtuous susceptibility should be shocked and affronted? And, in fine, might it not be concluded that there must be some external virtue about such a book which shall instantaneously prove its origin—some electric influence that might gleam on the eye that mocked it, and flash upon the hand that touched it with rude and indecent assault? Now, were we to judge from the kind of opposition so often made to the Bible, and from the curious and contradictory charges so frequently arrayed against it, we should not hesitate to affirm, that it has been tried, not on its own intrinsic merits, but by those proud and vague preconceptions which we have briefly sketched. Those opposed to revelation do not in these days take Scripture as it is, and humbly examine its credentials; but presuming that a book from heaven must be composed and published in such a form as their anticipations would suggest, they reject the Bible, as being out of all unison with their theism and ethics—with their notions of what God is, and how God should proceed in the disclosure of Himself and his counsels.

But the method of divine revelation is beyond the limit of human analogies, as well as out of the sphere of ordinary calculation, and it is not to be judged of by our ideas of propriety and expediency. Our knowledge of God is not sufficiently profound and ample to enable us to determine how he shall act. All our expectations only mock us. We find ourselves at fault in every conjecture with regard to plan, style, and arrangement. Thus, the New Testament is a book of remarkable simplicity of structure. It is a collection of seven-and-twenty separate and independent tracts. These tracts circulated singly for a long period, and in various countries, ere by the pious wisdom and foresight of the Church, they were gathered together and bound up

into a volume. The Apostles at an early epoch separated to their several fields of foreign labour, and when a few of them did happen to meet again, it was not to concert measures for literary publication, but to discuss questions of discipline, organization, and missionary enterprise. With one exception—in itself an imitation of ancient prophetic oracle—the style of the New Testament is reduced to the two simplest and commonest forms of human speech—*telling a story and writing a letter*. The gospels and epistles made up the book. The four gospels are but brief biographies, quiet, earnest, unaffected sketches,* and twenty-one books are letters—the fruit of easy and familiar correspondence—and sent to various churches from the pressure of peculiar circumstances. About the book there is no literary ambition, no exaggeration, nothing meretricious in form or pretension. The telling of an honest tale about the man Jesus, and the writing of a letter of counsels and suggestions, are works which admit of no embellishment or ornamental appendages, for clearness and impressiveness are their prime beauty and first distinction. The radiance that now illumines our path to immortality, comes like its brightest emblem, through a colourless atmosphere. And the book possesses no abnormal means of self-defence against vulgar insolence and sceptical caricature. Voltaire's motto† was indeed daring and profane—a blasphemous reference to Him who is the Alpha and the Omega of the New Testament, and yet that watchword was not traced in letters of hell-fire on his impious forehead. This collection of biographies and epistles relies for its defence and circulation on the power of its evidence, and the adaptation of its truths. It deals with men as possessed of reason and immortality, while it arrays before them its "great cloud of witnesses." In all those respects, man's expectations as to the history, character, contents, and power of the Book, are utterly contrary to the reality—apparent folly is found to be consummate wisdom—seeming weakness is strength. Truly "the weak things of the world" astonish us by their power. Strange it is that the life of Him who descended from his father's bosom to ransom a guilty world—who spake as never man spake, for he

* The "Acts of the Apostles" is properly a second part of Luke's Gospel. The title, however, is rather inappropriate. Few of the Apostles are mentioned in it—and others who were not Apostles, such as Philip, Silas, and Barnabas occupy a prominent place.

† ECRASEZ L'INFAME.

thought as never man thought, and loved as never man loved—who is presented to us as the model-man, the incarnation of perfect virtue—strange it is that his life should be written four times and by such a quaternion—first, by a petty officer of Roman inland revenue, then by a literary friend and follower of the man who had the hardihood to deny all knowledge of his master—again by a physician of pagan extraction, who was not even an eye-witness, and lastly by a Galilean fisherman. And the majority of the letters were composed, not by a member of the original apostolic college, but by a scholar trained in all the subtleties of Rabbinical lore, whose first position toward the new cause was that of a restless and malignant persecutor—himself a “Hebrew of the Hebrews,” and yet especially magnifying his office as the “Apostle of the Gentiles.” Those letters often written in a dungeon, and sent in all directions, to Corinth, Ephesus, Philippi, and Rome, were in course of time interchanged and copied from the perishing autographs, and gradually gathered into one volume.* What more unpretending than all this? What more unlikely as the varied organs of a divine revelation—as if its Author had proposed to mock the expectation, and baffle the ingenuity of such as presume to “think Him altogether such an one as themselves.”

Still more, the language employed in the New Testament is a peculiar and inferior dialect. It is not a pure tongue: it has not the pictorial euphony of Isaiah, nor is it the lucid and musical diction of Xenophon. It is a broken speech—Hebrew in essence and Greek in dress, Hebrew in spirit and Greek merely in body, drapery, and costume. That Greek has not the grace and elegance of classic times, for it was learned by those who used it in Palestine, not from books, but from conversation. In a language at which Plato would have sneered for its barbarous structure, and which Demosthenes could not have interpreted in its Hebrew idiom and allusions, were these books of the New Testament composed. Besides, the people with whom the volume originated were reckoned a poor and fanatical race by their enlightened neighbours. The wisdom of the world had not dawned upon them, neither the sciences of Egypt nor the philosophy of Greece had visited them; but Babylon had oppressed them, geographers had scarcely noticed their narrow strip of territory, and Rome

had now laid pirited and books were crowded with its magic and thousand butchered such a land country, the civilisation contempt and Rome.

Now if we group the literary elements, the style and the age and country of the sacred penmen, their personal obscurity, and, with one exception, their previous want of mental culture, the utter absence of premeditation and concert, their employment of the homeliest methods of composition, and their apparent unconsciousness that they were writing for all men and for all times—if we study those strange characteristics, we cannot but feel that the whole enterprise, so foreign to the circle of man's familiar operation, and so distant from the range of his likeliest conjectures and forethought, must surely be ascribed to Him who is “wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.”

For those books did not pine and perish in the shades of their native obscurity. With every drawback in origin, structure, language, and authorship, they have now won their way to unparalleled ascendancy. No volume ever commanded such a profusion of readers, or was translated into so many languages. Such is the universality of its spirit, that no book loses less by translation—none has been so frequently copied in manuscript, and none so often printed. King and noble, peasant and pauper are delighted students of its pages. Philosophers have humbly gleaned from it, and legislation has been thankfully indebted to it. Its stories charm the child, its hopes inspirit the aged, and its promises soothe the bed of death. The maiden is wedded under its sanction, and the grave is closed under its comforting assurances. Its lessons are the essence of religion, the seminal truths of Theology, the first principles of Morals, and the guiding axioms of Political Economy. Martyrs have often bled and been burnt for attachment to it. It is the theme of universal appeal. In the entire range of literature, no book is so frequently quoted or referred to. The majority of all the books ever published have been in connection with it. The Fathers commented upon it, and the subtle divines of the middle ages refined upon its doctrines. It sustained Origen's scholarship and Chrysostom's rhetoric; it whetted the penetration

* Often named by the collective title *ἀποστόλων*—though the title was sometimes especially applied to the Pauline letters.

by egress Aquinas. It gave life to the revival manenters, and Dante and Petrarch revelled tial trimagery. It augmented the erudition ten, Erasmus, and roused and blessed the in- anepidity of Luther. Its temples are the ' finest specimens of architecture, and the brightest triumphs of music are associated with its poetry. The text of no ancient author has summoned into operation such an amount of labour and learning, and it has furnished occasion for the most masterly examples of criticism and comment, grammatical investigation, and logical analysis. It has inspired the English muse with her loftiest strains. Its beams gladdened Milton in his darkness, and cheered the song of Cowper in his sadness. It was the star which guided Columbus to the discovery of a new world. It furnished the panoply of that Puritan valour which shivered tyranny in days gone by. It is the magna charta of the world's regeneration and liberties. Such benefactors as Francke, Neff, Schwartz, and Howard, the departed Chalmers, and the living Shaftesbury, are cast in the mould of the Bible. The records of false religion, from the Koran to the Book of Mormon, have owned its superiority, and surreptitiously purloined its jewels. Among the Christian classics it loaded the treasures of Owen, charged the fulness of Hooker, barbed the point of Baxter, gave colours to the palette and sweep to the pencil of Bunyan, enriched the fragrant fancy of Taylor, sustained the loftiness of Howe, and strung the plummet of Edwards. In short, this collection of artless lives and letters has changed the face of the world, and ennobled myriads of its population. Finally, and to show the contrast, while millions bid it welcome—the mere idea of its circulation causes the Pope to tremble on his throne, and brings fearful curses from his quivering lips.

And here, were it our present purpose, we might raise an argument from all these momentous considerations in favour of the divine origin and authenticity of the New Testament. These characteristics are cogent proofs of infinite wisdom and condescension. Taking the book as it is presented to us, its genuineness is clearly stamped upon it. It is precisely such a book in style, language, and structure, as you might expect in such circumstances—eight honest and ardent men, either giving a plain narrative, or writing letters of sympathy and warning. Had these Gospels been artistic compositions, and the language in which they are written more rhythmical and elegant, and had these letters been polished dissertations, the strength of the Christian evidences would have been

weakened in proportion. But the New Testament is such a volume as the mind relishes, for every one likes the tale of a wondrous life, and prizes highly the letters of eminent worth. And therefore the Gospels are given it, and there is spread out before it this rich and genuine Cardiphonia.

Our immediate object, however, is with the literature of the New Testament. The conservation of the text was the earliest work of the Church—its duties was to have copies of the inspired volume for study and exposition. Hesychius, Lucian, and Origen, were principally employed in this department. The defence of these oracles was also a prominent labour; for the Jew contradicted and blasphemed, and the heathen cavilled and persecuted. Christianity having at length triumphed over its antagonists, exposition then became the absorbing work, and it has bequeathed to us the luxuriant homilies of Chrysostom, the erudite exegeses of Jerome, and the massive and didactic treatises of Augustine. The mediaeval schoolmen were bewitched with the spell of Aristotle, and their theology assumed the form of keen and subtle dialectics. They felt not as they should the soothing influence of the blood of Calvary, and certainly their teeth were set on edge with its gall and vinegar. It was only at the Reformation that the sound and learned interpretation of Scripture delivered itself from ascetic bondage. The Reformers felt that the Bible must be studied in its own tongues, apart from scholastic ingenuities and ecclesiastical tradition, so they commenced in earnest vigour to master the sacred languages, and published various forms of help for the study of Scripture. These publications chiefly referred to hermeneutical investigation, comprising a discussion of the nature of New Testament Greek, the style of the various books, and the general help which the critic gets from philology, geography, and Oriental antiquities. "Introduction," in the technical sense of the term, was a later fruit of Biblical research, and the appropriate name has now supplanted the ancient *Clavis*, *Critica Sacra*, *Thesaurus*, and *Apparatus Biblicus*. This study has been to a great extent confined to Germany, and is associated with the names of Michaelis, Bertholdt, Jahn, Eichhorn, Haenlein, Hug, De Wette, Guerike, and Schott.

Introduction, *Isagoge*, or *Einleitung*, is a special form of Hermeneutics, as its name implies. It leads in the student to the special characteristics of each sacred book, noting its age, authorship, style, genuineness, integrity, and contents, the place of its pub-

lication, and the circle of readers for whom it was intended, with any peculiar textual, chronological, or exegetical difficulties that may occur in the treatise. Such a work demands ripe scholarship and extended research. Our own country has done little in this province of labour, from the days of Walton to those of Harwood, Marsh, and Hartwell Horne. The voluminous work of the last named author has so far accomplished its object, in awakening a taste for such studies. In fact, as a native production, it has stood alone. Its contents, however, are rather bulky and promiscuous: it aimed at too much, and the excerpts, of which it is to a great extent made up, are not always selected from the best and most accurate sources. But the book has now fallen to some extent behind the science. It might be relieved of a great load of superfluous matter; but it must remain a monument of zeal and diligence, and the number of editions a book of such a price has gone through, proves that it did meet the wants of the age. If Mr. Horne's discrimination had been equal to his research; if his book had been less a miscellany, and more the independent result of personal study; if, instead of having heaped into his garner an incongruous mass of cockles and wheat, and thistles and barley, he had contented himself with a few ripe sheaves and tempting first fruits, his volumes would have been yet more welcome, and would have met with a still wider and more cordial reception.

The author of the work which has given birth to these prefatory remarks was well qualified for his task by his previous pursuits. His two volumes on "Criticism" and "Hermeneutics" were an excellent preparation for successful labour in this special department. His present work bears abundant marks of careful elaboration, even to excessive minuteness. Some opinions of very trifling moment are formally and solemnly refuted. The fly is broken upon the wheel. We think that this is the main fault of the performance. While, of course, weighty objections, weighty in themselves, on account of their authors, or the adverse effect they have suddenly produced, must be decisively dealt with and disposed of, there is no use in gathering together the frivolous and vexatious whims of captious and eccentric learning, and solemnly proceeding to set them aside. They would soon subside of themselves into merited oblivion, the little dust raised by the wings of the moth is soon quieted again. Not a few of the erudite vagaries of this minor sort have their only chance of remembrance or immortality from the place they occupy in

the pages of Dr. Davidson's "Introduction." But we are bound to give the work our highest commendation, as an honour to our country, and a munificent contribution to the cause of sacred literature. We commend it for its fulness, erudition, and honesty, its vast research and persevering labour, its immense amount of accurate and useful information, and its chivalrous defence of the Gospels and Epistles against every form of assault which the mythical ingenuity and morbid subjectivity of Teutonic criticism can invent.

The origin of the four gospels and their relation to one another have been matters of keen disputation. Did the evangelists borrow from a common source, or did they make use of one another? If they took their materials from a common source, was it a written document, or merely a collection of floating traditions? Or if they borrowed from one another, which is the first gospel? Has Mark taken from Matthew and Luke, or Luke from Matthew and Mark? There are remarkable verbal coincidences in the gospels—how shall we account for them? These three gospels (for the Gospel of John comes not into comparison) have many points of resemblance, and when we compare, in some places, Matthew with Mark, Mark with Luke, and Matthew with Luke, the parallel passages, in any of the two collated gospels, are numerous and striking. The hypothesis of a written document, out of which the three evangelists served themselves as they pleased, is utterly preposterous. However ingeniously Eichhorn, Marsh, and Gratz, may find the original of the three synoptical gospels in a *Protevangeliem* written and retouched from time to time, and altered by the taste and constitutional sympathies of each of the three biographers who selected their materials from it; the whole hypothesis is unwieldy and cumbrous—no such document was ever heard of in ancient times—and the very idea of its existence appears to involve a high improbability. Why, if it ever existed, did it not take the first rank, and render the treatises extracted from it unnecessary? The parent gospel must surely have been as highly venerated as any of its offspring. But till it sprang from the fertile brain of Eichhorn, no one ever heard of it. Nor is it by any means clear that the three synoptical evangelists made use of one another. Such a thing might, indeed, account for some similarities, but how then shall we explain the numerous discrepancies in structure and arrangement, or what reason shall we assign for so many gospels? The truth is, that the whole inquiry is to a

great extent superfluous. The phenomena of resemblance among the three gospels are neither so uniform nor so striking as to necessitate the formation of such theories. Let three honest and intelligent men write the life of a friend and teacher, let it be their object to present a faithful literary portrait, and let it be considered necessary to such fidelity that a special account of his more remarkable sayings be given, and that the scenes and results of his most striking actions be described. Now, where might we expect similarity in three such biographies? Plainly when they record the sayings of their common Master, and when they describe the peculiarity of his most famous deeds. The case stands precisely so with the gospels. Real and direct similarity is found principally in their records of Christ's lessons and conversations. How could it be otherwise? If the three reports of their Master's teaching be faithful, need it surprise us that verbal similarity or identity is everywhere observed? Would not each strive to give the very words, or at least the general phraseology? Fidelity, therefore, required similarity in such simple and unadorned narratives; and if many of the addresses of Jesus were in the shape of replies to previous questions—were in short brief conversations—then we should expect equal similarity in the recital of the words, as well of inquirers as of disputants; for such verbal coincidence is almost identical with truthfulness. In reporting the words of Christ and the words of others, the very idea of giving such *words* must create constant similarity. Now, in the Gospel of Matthew, the great majority of the instances of its agreement with Mark and Luke, occur in such recital of others' words, or the words of Christ, and so in respect to the other gospels. In the sections of simple narrative, where each evangelist was free to use his own diction, verbal similarity rarely occurs, except in the ordinary formulas which express common and daily acts, such as departures, journeys, embarkation, and temporary residence. Besides, the narrative part in these gospels is small in proportion to the other contents—about a fourth in Matthew, a half in Mark, and scarcely more than a third in Luke. If, then, three-fourths of Matthew, one-half of Mark, and two-thirds of Luke be filled with honest reports of the sayings of the great Teacher and of those with whom he came into contact, must there not be great and parallel similarity in their three statements? From the very nature of the case, then, we might expect no little verbal agreement, even more similarity than has actually occurred, for we

meet with perfectly exact identity in a mere fraction of the gospels compared to the whole contents.* Why then should men have striven so restlessly to account by mere hypothesis for what must have been an anticipated and a necessary phenomenon?

It is plain that prior to the composition and publication of the canonical gospels, the early Christians must have possessed a pretty full and correct idea of the Lord's life and ministry. His career must have been a frequent and joyous theme of conversation and study. The discourses of the apostles must have often dwelt on the marvellous events of the life of the God-Man, reciting what he said and describing what he did, in order to prove his Messiahship, and by this means establish the faith, quicken the joys, and foster the hopes of the early converts. And the gospels must have embodied these memorabilia which were so familiar to the first Christians. Not that we can fully espouse the theory of De Wette, Olshausen, and others, who, without hesitation, trace to such a source the correspondences of the first three gospels. These coincidences need, as we have seen, no such explanation. Besides, not a few members of these first Christian communities seem to have reduced to a written form their reminiscences of apostolic instruction. "Many," says Luke, "have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us." These numerous authors seem to have comprised in their respective treatises what each one had caught and treasured up from the sketches given by the apostles, and from the general conversations of the believing brethren. That these sketches were brief, fragmentary, and without formal authority, is evident from their speedy disappearance. If they were correct brochures, then much of what they contained will be found in the canonical gospels. With these exceptions, therefore, that the three evangelists may have seen the earlier compilations of the "many," and that they must have embodied in their biographies much that was matter of common and current belief among the primitive churches, these histories of Jesus are separate and independent publications. Their testimony is that of witnesses to the same facts, without previous consultation; occasional sameness of language with occasional discrepancy of arrangement, giving to their evidence the unmistakable stamp of intelligence and honesty, as that of men who could not be deceived themselves in cir-

* Norton's *Genuineness of the Gospels*, Vol. I.

circumstances so propitious to the formation of a right and mature judgment, and who were too pure and generous to be guilty of deceiving others.

And this quadriform biography of Jesus is full of wise and benignant adaptations. Each of the four writers has his own special end in view in the construction of his narrative. Each exhibits the significance of Christ's life according to a preconceived plan, and in order to enjoy a full and symmetrical view, all of them must be consulted. Fulness of conception is thus obtained. For example, in Matthew's Gospel a new star leads Chaldean stargazers to the infant Jesus, and their own science instructs those heathen worshippers of the new-born King. But it would be strange if no spiritual minds in Judea could detect the Messiah in the Son of Mary, and so Luke shews, how an angel, one of the beings who appear so often in their early history, revealed the truth to the shepherds, and how Simeon and Anna welcomed the babe on his presentation in the Temple. Jew and Gentile alike are thus shewn to have an interest in him, and this completeness of view is found by a combination of the gospels.

The object of Matthew clearly is to prove that the Son of Mary is the promised Messiah, a species of proof specially intended and fitted to operate on Jewish mind. Chronological arrangement is not necessary to such an end. The first Gospel is constructed to shew that ancient prophecy is fulfilled in Christ. His sayings and actions are therefore skilfully grouped together, and each group is followed up by a reference to the Old Testament in the ever recurring formula, "that it might be fulfilled." The method of Christ's teaching and the substance of it; the splendour of his miracles and their peculiar nature; his eventful life, with its sorrows and sympathies, and his character in its combination of meekness and heroism, of grace and majesty—these are so presented in the pages of the first evangelist as to convince every unprejudiced reader of the Old Testament that its Messianic predictions are realized in Him who was born at Bethlehem in "the fulness of the time." This is a purpose perfectly intelligible and consistently executed. And there is no wonder that the first gospel should be designed to bear primarily on Jewish minds, as the founder of the new faith, with his early and immediate heralds, belonged to the Jewish people, and they possessed a common ground of appeal and argument in their own national oracles. This Gospel, in its structure and purpose,

bears thus a distant resemblance to Xenophon's Memorabilia.

But a question naturally arises, if Matthew wrote for Jews, did he not write in the Jewish tongue? This subject has been long and warmly debated, some affirming that the original gospel was composed in Hebrew or Aramaean, and that either the author wrote a second copy in Greek, or that our present Gospel is an anonymous translation. Our own view is that the canonical Greek Matthew is the one original Gospel. Having carefully studied the evidence presented for an original Aramaean Gospel, we are compelled to say that the proof adduced appears to us to be essentially defective. Dr. Davidson devotes many pages to a statement and defence of the opposite view. He has indeed altered his opinion, having in his first published work advocated a Greek original.* We blame him not, we taunt him not, as others seem to have done, for changing his mind—we applaud his transparent candour and honesty, but we feel unconvinced by his arguments. His first thoughts on this subject are better than his second thoughts.

And first, the theory of a sole Aramaean original brings along with it consequences from which we instinctively shrink. We are not trying the question by dogmatic views—we are not refuting evidence by the negative power of polemics, but surely we are at liberty to point out conclusions which are not accidental, but essential and undeniable results. Dr. Davidson says,—"In the present version we have Matthew's genuine production. It may be questioned, indeed, whether it be in all respects an *exact* representation of the original—probably additions were made by the translator." Again he says, he admits "that the translator was under infallible guidance," but qualifies the statement by adding, that it was only "*virtual inspiration*" which was possessed by him. Now, these appear to us to be somewhat inconsistent conclusions. If the translator was under infallible guidance, then surely we have *actual* and not virtual inspiration; and it cannot be questioned that in such a case we must have an exact representation of the Aramaean copy. If, under that infallible guidance, he made additions to the original, he was virtually an evangelist as well as a translator. A good translator needs honesty and not inspiration; and how in this case can we distinguish the supplement from the original matter? But further, how know we that an anonymous

* Lectures on Biblical Criticism, pp. 352.

and unauthorized translator had guidance of any kind, save his own taste and sense of fidelity? The idea of his infallible guidance is only a desperate expedient in the crisis, to give the version some air of authority, and to save us from the natural conviction, that a version made, no man can tell where, when, or by whom, cannot possess inspired credibility. The anonymous historical books of the Old Testament, such as Kings and Chronicles, stand on a wholly different foundation. If the supposed Aramaean original had been preserved, the Greek version of Matthew would have been only on a par with the English or French translations of the same book; and does it gain any higher authority because the feigned original has been lost? Could the existence of an inspired and original Aramaean gospel be proved, we must take the theory, with all its consequences. We do not say that such results negative the theory; but surely a theory that undeniably leads to such consequences, involving really the question whether this be Matthew's actual gospel or not, must be looked on with distrust and suspicion. It is not because the so-called version is anonymous that we would doubt its inspiration, for there are several anonymous treatises in Scripture; nor do we reject it because it is a translation simply, for the Chaldee chapters of Ezra and Daniel would have been canonical though they had been given us in Hebrew—but because it is a version for whose fidelity there are no vouchers—no one testifying that he had compared the Aramaean with the Greek gospel, and no one being able to tell anything of its origin or publication. The Fathers forget not to tell us how the gospels of Mark and Luke, not being the composition of apostles, came into the Canon, but they are silent as to any apostolical sanction or patronage of a Greek translation of Matthew. Were we then forced to believe that an Aramaean gospel ever existed, we would be obliged to have recourse to the hypothesis of a double publication by the evangelist himself.*

Granting freely that Matthew wrote for Jews, there yet seems to be no valid reason to conclude that he was obliged for this purpose to write in Syro-Chaldaic. Even had he composed his gospel solely for Palestinian Jews, he was not obliged to use their Shemitic language. It has indeed been a debated point—what language was spoken in Palestine in Christ's time, and perhaps

between the extremes of Pfannkuche* and Diodati,†—between the extreme of asserting that Aramaic was the only tongue, and the opposite extreme of maintaining that Greek had banished this ancient and national speech, the truth seems to be, that while Aramaic was the vernacular, and cherished as the mother tongue, Greek was extensively spoken, and all but universally understood. It was a tongue common to the Palestinian and Hellenistic Jews. It is said (Acts xxii. 2) of the mob in Jerusalem, when the Apostle Paul was about to address them, "when they heard that he spake to them in the Hebrew tongue, they *kept the more silence*." They were prepared to hear a Greek oration, for they knew Paul to be a Hellenist, and they were able to understand it, but the Apostle's use of the national dialect created a deeper sensation, nay, its very employment on the occasion was an argument in itself, and "they kept the more silence." They could understand Greek, but they preferred the tongue of their ancestors; as the Scottish Highlander living among a Saxon population and freely using the English language, feels his heart warm to the sound of the Gaelic. There appears, therefore, no reason why Matthew should employ Aramaean for Palestinian Jews, and there is every reason why he should not employ it, but use Greek, a tongue of a wider diffusion, if he thought of the Jews of the dispersion, his countrymen scattered through the Empire. There was a church in Rome principally composed of Jews, and Paul wrote to them not in Latin, but in Greek, while the gospel of Mark, intended to influence the Roman mind, was also written in the tongue to which Hellenic influence and literature had given predominance and extension. Matthew being in the civil employment of Rome, could not have been ignorant of Greek—the general medium of intercourse with the higher ranks in the Italian metropolis. On the other hand, all the inhabitants of Palestine did not know Aramaean, for Justin Martyr, though a native of Neapolis, seems to have been ignorant of it. The usual arguments taken from passages in Josephus, conduct to the same results, to wit, that while Aramaean was the na-

* Ueber die Palästinsische Landes-sprache in dem Zeitalter Christi.—In Eichhorn's *Allgem. Bibliothek der Bibl. Literatur*, viii. 472.—Pfannkuche in this Essay was indebted principally to a tract of De Rossi—*Della lingua propria di Christo*—Parma 1772.

† De Christo Græce Loquente—Neapoli 1767. Reprinted in London 1843.

* This is the theory of Whitby, Bengel, Guericke, Townson, Horne, Olshausen, Bloomfield, Schott, and Kitto.

tional speech, Greek was also of extensive diffusion.

Again, if there did exist an original Aramaean copy of this gospel, how came it to be lost—and lost at so early a period? Why did it never gain a place in the canon? What feeling of dislike could the early church entertain against it? Inspired writings, that is, writings given for the immediate occasion, and not designed for perpetuity may fall aside, but no canonical book has perished. That a gospel did exist, under the name of Matthew in the Aramaean tongue is evident from the concurrent testimony of antiquity, of Papias, Irenæus, Pantæus, Origen, Eusebius, Epiphanius, and Jerome. Now had these men said that they had seen this gospel, and found it, on comparison with the Greek version, to have been the original and inspired document, we must at once have received their testimony. But Papias, the first witness, has been stigmatized by Eusebius as a simpleton,* and therefore in matters of criticism his judgment cannot be relied on. The man who could assert such sayings about a sensual and fantastic millenium, as are ascribed to Papias, was scarcely competent to prove a literary curiosity. The Ebionites or Nazarenes may have easily imposed on his credulity. Possibly, as the late Professor Hug† suggests, Irenæus took his report from Papias—a man whom he has mentioned with peculiar esteem. Origen was a practised biblical scholar; but he only states the tradition or generally received report, that Matthew wrote in Hebrew. Eusebius also as a faithful annalist, records the current notion, but in one of his commentaries he describes Matthew as deserting the rendering of the Septuagint, and translating for himself out of the original Hebrew. The meaning of his statement plainly is, that Matthew translated the words of the Hebrew into that Greek phrase in his gospel which Eusebius quotes. The testimony of Jerome is somewhat peculiar and scarcely consistent with itself. In one place he says, that “he did not know who translated the Chaldaic Gospel of Matthew into Greek;” but that he was permitted by the Nazarenes of Berea to take a copy. Then he says of this book which is also called the “Gospel according to the Hebrews,” that he himself had lately translated it into Greek and Latin. It is manifest that Jerome had great doubts on the subject. He adds, “the majority call this the authentic Matthew.” The case, therefore, stands thus,

—Jerome possessed the Greek copy of our canonical Matthew, and had no doubt of its inspired authority; but he had heard that many believed that this book was originally written in Aramaean, while he himself had seen the so-called original, and had even translated it into Greek. What kind of Aramaic gospel must that have been which needed a second translation into Greek? If it had been the genuine original copy, then surely there needed no second translation, if our present Greek Matthew be an exact rendering. The inference is, that a gospel so different from our Greek Matthew, no matter whether it was named “according to Matthew,” or “according to the Hebrews,” must have been a spurious and clumsy composition. That it was very different from our Greek Matthew, is not only indicated by Jerome’s translation of it, but also by the quotations taken from it, and preserved in the Fathers. The only Aramaic gospel known in those centuries was this Ebionite or Nazarene* forgery, abounding in silly legends and jejune sentimentality, and so far apart from the canonical Matthew that Jerome amused himself by translating it. It appears to us that this was the only Aramaean gospel ever extant—the only one referred to among those ancient writers, and that the treatise was the work of those Jewish sects. They claimed a special interest in Matthew’s gospel as being particularly addressed to themselves, and they seem not only to have translated it into their vernacular tongue, but to have filled the version, if version it might be called, with spurious and puerile interpolations, some gathered from tradition and some created to suit and protect their doctrinal apostasy. These early Jewish factions with proverbial pride, seem to have thought that a gospel adapted to them, should have been composed in Jewish speech, and they quickly acted out their idea. The notion that if one wrote for Jews, he must write in their own language, was a general impression in other countries than Judea, and so the opinion gained currency that as Matthew wrote for Hebrews, therefore he wrote in the Hebrew tongue. The fact originated in the fiction, and the fiction assumed probability, nay, in the eyes of many became certainty, when an Aramaic Gospel was brought into actual circulation. This the only Aramaean Gospel that seems ever to have been known, was a treatise unworthy of its title, bearing

* *σφάδρα σικκος τὸν νοῦν*—Euseb. Hist. Eccles. iii. 39.

† Einleitung, ii. § 8. 4th Edition, 1847.

* The Nazarenes originally were a better class than the Ebionites; the former were orthodox Christians, but zealous “for the law,”—the latter were strictly Socinian in creed.

such a relation to the canonical Matthew as Marcion's impudent and heretical publication bore to the canonical Luke. So that our opinion is the more confirmed against the theory so firmly held and so learnedly argued by Professor Davidson. Our belief is, that our present Greek Matthew is the one original and genuine treatise of the Evangelist, and that the Aramaic duplicate was only a confused and translated imitation. It is not any dogmatic view of inspiration that has led us to this result, but a calm and candid investigation, whose simple results are briefly given in these preceding paragraphs. We know that we have reason to make such a disclaimer of mere deference to doctrinal theories of inspiration, because those who adopt a different view affirm that the believers in an original Greek Gospel are swayed by polemical prepossessions, and not by the fruits of genuine historical proof.

The Gospel of Mark appears, from the many brief explanations of Jewish phraseology and customs which occur in it, to have been written for foreigners. The old view, and one that has still some currency, viz., that Mark is the abridger or epitomator of Matthew, is palpably without shadow of foundation. Mark's treatise is shorter as a whole, but relatively longer than Matthew's. It does not contain so much matter, but its descriptions of incidents and scenes are proportionately longer and fuller than those of the first Evangelist. For example, the execution of the Baptist, with the account of the scene which led to the tragedy, occupies space in Mark nearly double of that allotted to it in Matthew. In Mark also is recorded more of the works than discourses of Jesus. The Roman mind, for which this Gospel seems to have been designed, was impressed more by deeds than opinions. It had not the Greek sense of beauty; but it could appreciate a life crowded with acts of goodness,—a career of busy enterprise, and a death of heroism and devotion. This second Gospel has, besides, all the vivid touches and natural sketches of an eye-witness. It embodies not only the descriptions of the Apostle Peter, whose "interpreter" * Mark was, but it would seem that the Evangelist was no personal stranger to many of the recorded incidents. The introduction into the narrative of the "young man" who saw the capture of Jesus, and fled in dismay,

lest his own person should be seized, has in itself no assignable end or aim, has neither an essential nor subordinate connexion with the history; and the only probable explanation is, that the panic-stricken spectator was no other than the Evangelist himself.

The Gospel of Luke, basing itself on the authority of Paul, and being at the same time devoid of rationality, was intended to operate in a wide and catholic sphere. With its classical introduction and easy style, its fulness of delineation and symmetry of form, it comes nearer than its predecessors to our notions of a regular biography. It contains several sections and some beautiful parables not to be found in its two predecessors, and this matter, peculiar to itself, has an evident bearing on the relations of the new economy to the Gentile world. Theophilus, to whom the book is dedicated, and for whose instruction it was composed, seems to have been a resident in Italy; for in the "Acts" brief geographical explanations are appended to places mentioned in Judea and the East, but all the towns referred to in Italy are simply written, without any illustrative comment.

Quite different in tone and structure is the fourth Gospel, the production of the beloved disciple. It presupposes the existence of the previous three Gospels, for it has several allusions that cannot be distinctly understood without them. In the three synoptical Gospels Jesus appears, as in ordinary circumstances, a man whose divine glory flashed occasionally through its human disguise; but in the fourth Gospel he is exhibited as on the Mount of Transfiguration, "his countenance as the sun, and his raiment as the light," himself the "brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." The thoughts of John cluster round the person of the Redeemer,—the eternal and almighty Word, the only-begotten Son. The object of his composition is thus stated by himself:—"These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name." This object is pursued with undeviating uniformity.* It is never lost sight of in any section. The glory of the Only-begotten shines in every paragraph. The union of Jesus with the Father, their mutual relations, their indwelling with believers, and the promise of the Spirit, are

* The term *ἐρμηνεύτης* or "interpreter," as indicating the relation in which Mark stood to Peter, seems to signify that he committed to writing the substance of the Apostle's oral discourses.—*Fritzsche, Proleg. in Marcum.*

* Section after section occurs in which the Sonship or the Messiahship of Jesus is introduced as the belief of his friends or followers, or as his own avowal. Such is the testimony of the Baptist, of Philip, of Nathaniel, the woman of Samaria, Simon Peter, and the blind man, &c.

prominent topics in this rich and radiant treatise. What fulness of meaning! You feel as if you were gazing into the unmeasured depth of the blue sky. It is lowering this Gospel to give it a narrow polemical design, as some critics have done, for it states the truth in such a manner as to come into conflict with every form of error on the person and work of the Messiah. Its subjective aspect is also very remarkable. It is the Gospel of the new life, the "hidden manna" of the spiritual existence. Looking at the blessings of the death of Christ as they exist in themselves and apart from us, we may call them pardon and holiness, but feeling them with us, as John did, we at once term them "life,"—his favorite vocabulary. That the Evangelist supposes his readers possessed of the three previous gospels is plain from many circumstances, such as the allusion in chapter iii. 24, &c. Much is therefore omitted which occurs in them, and the greater portion of the matter of this last and loveliest biography is supplemental. The composition of such a gospel was surely an appropriate work for him who had lain in his master's bosom and breathed his spirit, and who had, in consequence of a marked similarity of mental and spiritual constitution and susceptibility with his Lord, enjoyed the fruits of a pure and exalted friendship. Yet these characteristics of the fourth gospel—its ardour, pathos, elevation, and subjectivity, are the very reasons for which such men as Baur, Strauss, and Lützelberger, deny its authority and apostolical origin. The wasp collects its poison from the same flowers out of which the bee extracts its honey. On such a point we would far prefer the judgment of a rustic congregation in Scotland, to the united wit and wisdom of those continental destructionists. We have often heard plain men and women rise above their education and rusticity in speaking of the gospel of John, their tones mellowed, their hearts kindled, and their precious thoughts were conveyed in language of surprising elegance and power. Are not these which so speak Galileans? Yes; their "speech bewrayeth" them. They "are drunk with new wine"—the sneering critic might exclaim;—No, but the promise of Joel has rested on them. Sympathy with the Gospel of John is not the result of learned acumen. Books cannot give it—erudition cannot implant it—classical culture cannot command it—and theological training cannot be identified with it. It is not born of earth; "babes" have it, while, alas! "the wise and prudent" are strangers to it. Dr. Davidson's remarks on the authenticity of the fourth gospel are beyond

value for their clearness and power, and we may remark generally that the corresponding portions of his "Introduction," such as his defence of the commencing sections of Matthew, and the last chapter of John, are among the most interesting portions of the first volume.

That so large a portion of the New Testament should consist of epistolary correspondence is a striking phenomenon; still it was natural and necessary in the circumstances. The early churches often needed counsel, warning and instruction. They had no written oracles to appeal to, and therefore the Apostles, as the living depositaries of inspired truth, were obliged to communicate with them in the form of "doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness." These letters are, therefore, the fervent outpouring of pastoral zeal and attachment. They are not abstract impersonal treatises—mere systems of theology. Like other letters they have their peculiar charm. They are written without reserve and in unaffected simplicity. Sentiments come warm from the heart without the shaping, pruning, and punctilious arrangement of a formal discourse. There is such a fresh and familiar transcription of feeling, so frequent an introduction of colloquial idioms, and so much of conversational frankness and vivacity, that the reader associates the image of the writer with every paragraph, and his ear seems to catch and recognise the very tones of living address. These impressions must have been often deepened by the thought that the letter came from "such an one as" Paul, always a sufferer, and often a prisoner. If he could not speak he wrote; if he could not see them in person, he despatched to them those silent messengers of love.

We have alluded to Paul as the principal letter-writer in the New Testament. When that change which passed over him with the shock of a spiritual earthquake, had subsided into resolute attachment to the new religion, what ardour and heroism were seen to be united in him—what a rare combination of intellect and heart, of enthusiasm and perseverance! Still with him there was no stoical abnegation of humanity—while he lived for the world he lived in the world. He shrunk from the scourge, and declared himself a citizen of Rome, and the shuddering expectation of a Roman dungeon suggested the warmth and comfort of a "cloak." The culture of the schools was in him "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Words are often unable to convey his thoughts; they reel and stagger beneath the weight and power of his conceptions. And whe-

ther we turn to his alarmed appeal to the people of Lycaonia, where he was taken for the God of eloquence, to his Oration before the critics and judges of the Areopagus, or to his pleading at the bar of Felix and Agrippa—or whether we survey his letter to the Church in Rome in its fulness, profundity, and compacted system—or his Epistle to Corinth, so varied and magnificent in argument, so earnest and so persuasive in remonstrance and vindication—or the missive sent to Galatia, so vivid and startling in its surprise, indignation, or sorrow—or that to Ephesus, so opulent in thought, and exalted in sentiment, as if to compensate for the costly books of magic which had been given to the flames—or that to Philippi, so warm and exuberant in its congratulations to the first European city where the Gospel had been proclaimed—or that to Colosse, exposing the insidious assaults of a specious philosophy, which corrupted the purity and marred the simplicity of the Gospel—or his twin communications, to Thessalonica, calm, affectionate, and consolatory—or those to Timothy and Titus, replete with the sage and cordial advices of paternal kindness, and long and varied experience—or the brief note to Philemon concerning a dishonest and fugitive slave, who had been unexpectedly brought to “the knowledge of the truth,”—or, the epistolary tractate addressed to the Hebrews, with its powerful demonstration of the superior glory and the unchanging permanence and spirituality of the New Dispensation—to whichever of these compositions we turn, we are struck with the same lofty genius and fervid eloquence, the same elevated and self-denying temperament, the same throbbings of a noble and yearning heart, the same masses of thought, luminous and many-tinted, like the cloud which glows under the reflected splendours of the setting sun, the same vigorous mental grasp which, amidst numerous digressions, is ever tracing truths up to first principles—all these the results of a master mind into which nature and grace had poured in royal profusion their rarest and richest endowments.

Similar in character are the other and catholic epistles of the New Testament—the epistle of James, so severe, lofty, and individualizing in its tone, so like the personal teaching of Jesus, as seen in the Sermon on the Mount—the two epistles of Peter, the very image of himself in warm impulse and aspiration, and so full of Jewish allusion and associations, quite in keeping with the spirit of Him who was “the Apostle of the Circumcision,”—the three Epistles of John, so redolent of love, “the bond of perfect-

ness,” and ever recurring to the necessity of a holy life as the true accompaniment and realization of an orthodox creed; and lastly, the brief chapter of Jude, a volcanic denunciation of Antinomian licentiousness and fruitless formalism. Many questions with regard to these writings fall to be discussed in a book of “Introduction,”—questions essential to the proof of their genuineness and the interpretation of their contents. Among such questions are the following,—the time, place, origin, and circumstances of their composition, the purpose their author had in view, and the character, history, and condition of the people to whom they were addressed. These topics are well and profoundly discussed in the second and third volumes of Dr. Davidson’s work. We might instance as excellent specimens of critical argument, the proof that the Epistle to the Ephesians was not an encyclical letter, as Usher and others have supposed—the laboured reply to Schleiermacher’s assault on the pastoral epistles, and the triumphant vindication, first, of the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and secondly, of the canonicity and genuineness of the Apocalypse. We think, at the same time, that Dr. Davidson, like Olshausen, speaks too doubtingly of the Second Epistle of Peter, even though it was placed of old among the *ἀντιλεγόμενα*, and we cannot feel the force of the reasoning by which he denies to Jude the rank and prerogative of an apostle. As to the first point, we hold with Hug, Guericke, and Thiersch, that the evidence is clearly on the side of a Petrine origin, and as to the second, we own that we cannot find conclusive argument in minor and hypothetical statements against the apostleship of Jude, “brother of James.” The last question has no doubt several difficulties from which it is not easily disentangled.

We might now have adduced a few specimens to verify and illustrate our remarks. In simplicity of narrative what can vie with the account of our Lord’s birth, life, death, and resurrection? As, when we gaze into a mirror we are not conscious of the reflecting surface that intervenes, so we feel in reading the gospels as if neither words nor language came between us and the scenes described. The personality of the evangelists themselves is concealed from our view in the shades of that glory which covers their pages. They never attempt to eulogize the Christ—no sentiment of admiration escapes them. They paint without labour a perfection which never had abode on earth but once, and that perfection is not dimly sketched in some abstract and shadowy

ideal, but is embodied in the actual man of Nazareth. They exhibit the perfect man, living, acting, speaking, loving, sorrowing, praying, suffering, and dying. What gleams of beauty, what strokes of nature, what touches of pathos in those parables! And these miracles are told without an exclamation of surprise, so familiar were the annals with them. Sometimes they call them "wonders" or "signs," but the wonder-worker names them simply "works,"*—to him they were without effort. And in the Epistles what specimens have we not of almost every form of composition,—description, narrative, argument, oratory—bold invective and sudden apostrophe—antithesis and climax—the brief words of anger—the sad regrets of disappointed hope—the soft breathings of affection—the vehement outburst of self-vindication—the long and effective argument, often ending in an anthem—logic swelling into lyrics—the terse deliverance of ethical maxims, and the cordial greeting and kind remembrance of former friends. No wonder that Longinus adds Paul of Tarsus to a list of names, "which were the crown of all eloquence and Grecian genius." There are some passages in the Epistles to the Corinthians which have all the vehement and thrilling penetration of Demosthenes, and other sections in the same books, which, in elevation, imagery, and music, have no parallel, even in the Platonic dialogues.

We will not venture, in our limited space, upon the debated ground of the Apocalypse; not that we have not our own opinion pretty well fixed in opposition to extreme "praeterist," "futurist," and "continuist" interpreters. At all events, the great truth of this prose-poem is, that Christianity shall triumph over every antagonist, and gain, in spite of all opposition, an ultimate, glorious, and lasting victory. It is, in short, a pictorial sermon upon a very old text,—the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent. This truth is presented in the changing lights and aspects of a gorgeous panorama, and clothed in the drapery of the old Hebrew oracles. The imagery of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, is reproduced in new combinations, to symbolize and picture out the history, malignity, overthrow, and downfall of the enemies of the truth. Amidst the numerous expositions of this solemn and stirring prophecy, how few of them rest on a scientific basis, or take a comprehensive, consistent, and self-adjusting view of the vision as an organic whole. How many interpreters merely throw the shadow of their

own times on the bright scenes and hieroglyphs of the mystic scroll. We cannot, however, refrain from saying, that much interesting matter will be found on this subject in Dr. Davidson's third volume, 120 pages of which are occupied with Apocalyptic discussions. The reader will find also no little information in the works of Luecke and Hengstenberg on this portion of Scripture. We only add, that Dr. Davidson's theory of the contents and structure of the Apocalypse, is more vulnerable on some points than he seems to imagine, and that he might perhaps have pronounced upon other hypotheses with less dogmatic and resolute depreciation.

Our sketch of the Literature of the New Testament has necessarily omitted many points, which, in other circumstances, might have been discussed. Works like those of Dr. Davidson open up a wide field for inspection and review. It would have occupied too much space to have entered into the question of the dates of the different books, and at what probable periods they were collected so as to form the Canon. Nor could we glance at the resemblances or contrasts with one another which the various treatises occasionally present—the similarity of Jude to Second Peter being so marked, and the supposed antithesis of James to Paul being so notorious, and yet so easily harmonized. We think it might be made exceedingly probable, that so far from James having had the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith alone in his mind, he wrote his epistle at a date considerably earlier than that of the Epistle to Rome, or to the Churches in Galatia.

Every thing about Scripture as well as in it commends it to our intelligence and faith. Our hope and prayer is, that we may always have among us enlightenment without sceptical levity, learning without erudite perversion and thorough research without its self-created difficulties and consequent aberrations. The Literature of the New Testament will then be subservient to its theology—the bright setting of the brighter jewel. If the life of Him depicted in these gospels were felt in vigorous pulsation among our Churches, and if they walked under the influence of the faith enforced—the truth illustrated, and the immortality portrayed in these Epistles, then would be the world's jubilee—"days of heaven upon earth."

* John xiv. 11.

- ART. VI.—1. *Arctic Searching Expedition : a Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in search of the Discovery Ships under Sir John Franklin. With an Appendix on the Physical Geography of North America.* By SIR JOHN RICHARDSON, C. B., F. R. S., Inspector of Naval Hospitals and Fleets. 2 vols., with Plates and Charts, pp. 840. London, 1851.
2. *Voyage of the Prince Albert in search of Sir John Franklin ; a Narrative of Everyday Life in the Arctic Seas.* By W. PARKER SNOW. London, 1851. Pp. 416.
3. *A Narrative of Arctic Discovery, from the earliest period to the present time, with the details of the measures adopted by Her Majesty's Government for the relief of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin.* By JOHN J. SHILLINGLAW. London, 1850. Svo. Pp. 348.
4. *Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions, &c.* By P. L. SIMMONDS. London, 1851. Pp. 376.
5. *An Arctic Voyage to Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound in search of Friends with Sir John Franklin.* By ROBERT ANSTRUTHER GOODR, late President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. London, 1850. Pp. 152.
6. *A Series of Ten Coloured Views taken during the Arctic Expedition of Her Majesty's Ships Enterprise and Investigator, under the command of CAPTAIN SIR JAMES C. ROSS, Kt. F. R. S., in Search of Capt. Sir John Franklin, Kt., K. C. H., drawn by LIEUT. W. H. BROWNE, R. N., late of H. M. S. Enterprise, with a Summary of the Arctic Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin.* London, 1850.
7. *Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions from the year 1818 to the present time.* By SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart., F. R. S., An. et. 82. London, 1846. Pp. 530.
8. *Observations on a Work entitled " Voyages, &c., within the Arctic Regions : by SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart., etat. 82." Being a Refutation of the Numerous Misrepresentations contained in that volume.* By SIR JOHN ROSS, C. B., &c., Capt., R. N. 1846.
9. *The Franklin Expedition ; or Considerations on Measures for the Discovery and Relief of our absent Adventurers in the Arctic Regions.* By the REV. W. SCORESBY, D. D., F. R. S., London and Edinburgh, &c., &c. London, 1850. Pp. 98.
10. *Log-Book of the Felix Discovery Vessel, commanded by REAR-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN ROSS, C. B.; in MSS.*
11. *Report of the Committee of the Lords*

Commissioners of the Admiralty, to inquire into, and report on, the recent Arctic Expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. London, 1851. Fol. Pp. 200.

12. *Additional Papers relative to the Arctic Expedition, under the orders of Captain Austin and Mr. William Penny.* London, 1851. Pp. 370.
13. *Arctic Expedition ; a Lecture delivered at the London Institution, Feb. 6, 1850.* By CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Assistant Secretary to the Royal Society. London, 1850. Pp. 48.
14. *Arctic Miscellanies, a Souvenir of the late Polar Search.* By the Officers and Seamen of the Expedition. 1 vol., with numerous Illustrations. London, 1851. Pp. 348.

Six years and seven months have elapsed since Sir John Franklin and his devoted band quitted their native shore to explore the almost forbidden regions of the Arctic Zone, and if an ever watchful Providence has preserved them from its dangers, the days of another long year must be numbered before they can be embraced by their friends and welcomed by their country. But whether they return, or not return—whether they remain in their prison of ice, from which there is no escape, or have perished amid the storms and rigours of a polar winter—whether they have reached a more genial climate where the remnant of life can be spent without pain, or are doomed to drag out a weary existence under the united pressure of hunger and cold—ever looking for deliverance and never finding it—whatever be their condition, their adventures, chronicled, as they may yet be, by themselves, or painted by others in the lights and shadows of fancy, will ever be a subject of romantic interest, and their fate a source of unmingled joy or of deep lamentation.

Nor will it be in England alone that this interest will be felt, and this sympathy awakened. Nations whom political differences have estranged, and parties who, on every other subject are at variance, have, with united hearts, striven to discover the adventurous exiles, and as hope languished and despair succeeded, the general anxiety for their safety and return increased in the same proportion. He who sacrifices his life for his country, has but his countrymen to mourn his loss. He who makes the sacrifice for science and philanthropy is lamented throughout a wider sphere. The tears of the Old World and the New are shed over his tomb, and universal humanity bewails the departed sage. The fate of the Arctic traveller has therefore excited an

interest co-extensive with civilisation. Though the territory of ice and snow would have belonged to England, the problem of a north-west passage would have been solved for humanity; and though the glory of the deed would have illustrated but a British name, the mysteries of the polar regions would have been unveiled for the instruction of the world.

Influenced, doubtless, by these views, the Government of England have nobly discharged their duty in fitting out Expeditions by sea and by land, in search of Sir John Franklin. Private wealth has been liberally embarked in the same enterprise; and the sovereigns of Europe and the States of America have generously contributed their aid. Along every accessible meridian the polar regions have been approached, and though but slight traces of the wanderers have rewarded the labours of the past, we yet look forward, in the brightness of hope, to their discovery and their return. But whatever be the result of these noble efforts, the history of the Searching Expeditions will form one of the most affecting chapters in the annals of our race, and will stand in bright contrast with the chapter of war and of conquest. The poet will appropriate its romantic details, and the epic which emblazons the deeds of the pilgrim traveller lost and found, will be read with tears of joy when the tragedy of bloodshed has ceased to excite and to interest us. The white sail, which carries the bread and wine of the State to the shipwrecked crew, will be followed by the blessing of the good and the wise, while the red flag of the war-ship, on its way to destroy, will be pursued by the curses of every country but its own.

Before we proceed to give our readers an account of the different Expeditions which have been sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, we must remind them of the steps which had been previously taken, during the present century, to explore the regions which surround the pole. After the voyage of Capt. Phipps, who, in 1773, approached within $9^{\circ} 12'$ of the North Pole,* the question of a north-west passage had ceased to interest the public, and it was not till the year 1817 that Capt. Scoresby, jun., (now the Rev. Dr. Scoresby), in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, again attracted to it the attention which it deserved. This excellent and accomplished individual, to whom science owes many obligations, had observed, while navigating the Greenland seas in 1817, that about 18,000 square miles of

the ice that covered them had disappeared within the two preceding years. The ice which had thus broken loose from the Greenland coast, floated round Iceland, filling the bays and creeks of the island, and drifting southward in icebergs and large floes till they reached the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland, and even found their way into the Atlantic. This letter was communicated by Sir Joseph Banks to his friends; and Sir John Barrow, whose name has been so honourably associated with Arctic discovery, took such an interest in the suggestion of Captain Scoresby, that he induced the Government to fit out an Expedition for the purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the probability of a north-west passage. The ships appropriated to this service were the *Isabella*, of 385 tons, commanded by Captain Ross, to whose care the Expedition was entrusted, and the *Alexander*, of 252 tons, commanded by Lieutenant W. E. Parry. The ships left the Thames on the 18th April 1818, and proceeding between the ice and the western shore of Greenland, they reached Waygat Straits, where they were detained, along with forty whalers, till the loosened ice set them free on the 20th of June. On the 17th of July the two ships were nearly crushed to atoms by the ice-floes which closed in upon them; and during a gale of wind which sprung up in the first week in August, they fell foul of each other, breaking their ice-anchors and cables, and crushing a boat in pieces; and when the fall of the masts was every minute expected, the sudden separation of the two ice-fields relieved them from their perilous position. On the 8th of August, when the gale had abated, Captain Ross observed an island, apparently uninhabited, though marked with small heaps of stone, which the Esquimaux raise over the dead. The inhabitants, however, appeared on the following day in their dog-drawn sledges, and the description of these "Arctic Highlanders" forms an interesting chapter in Captain Ross's volume.

In rounding the northern summit of Baffin's Bay, and sailing along the upper part of its western coast, Captain Ross passed Smith's Sound, Jones's Sound, and Lancaster Sound, which were discovered by Baffin, and through the last of which Captain Parry subsequently found a passage to the great Northern Ocean. Captain Ross gave the names of his ships, *Isabella* and *Alexander*, to the two capes which form the entrance to Smith's Sound, and he considered "the bottom of the Sound to be about eighteen leagues distant, but its

* In 1806 Capt. Scoresby, sen., reached the latitude of $81^{\circ} 30'$ within $8^{\circ} 30'$ of the Pole.

entrance was completely blocked up with ice." In passing Jones's Sound, on the shore of which Baffin had sent his boat, Captain Ross only remarks that it "answers the description given by Baffin, who discovered it." When the Expedition reached Lancaster Sound on the 30th August, "much interest," as Captain Ross states, "was excited on board by the appearance of this strait; the *general opinion however was, that it was only an inlet.* Captain Sabine, who produced Baffin's account, was of opinion that we were off Lancaster Sound, and that there were no hopes of a passage until we should arrive at Cumberland Strait;" to use his own words, there was "no indication of a passage—no appearance of a canoe—no drift-wood, and no swell from the north-west." Captain Ross likewise states, that the land was seen at the bottom of the inlet by the *officers of the watch*, and that he himself distinctly saw a high ridge of mountains, which he named after Mr. Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty.

Although Captain Ross thus passed Lancaster Sound with the conviction that it was a mere inlet of the sea, yet it appears that Lieutenant Parry and others had entertained a different opinion, and that, from the nature of the swell, they "felt a hope that it might be caused by this inlet being a passage into a sea to the westward of it." This difference of opinion respecting the nature of Lancaster Sound gave rise to an angry discussion, in which Captain Ross was unjustly charged with an unreasonable desire to return to his family, at a time when he might have achieved the great object of his Expedition. Those who know this gallant officer, or who are acquainted with the noble and disinterested part which he has performed in the subsequent history of Arctic research, will have some difficulty in believing that a love of home had allured him from his duty, and that he had allowed his imagination to upheave a range of mountains as an excuse for his return. But whatever was the judgment of his rivals or his enemies, the Admiralty approved of his conduct by giving him promotion immediately on his return; "while no other officer was promoted, not even Parry, who commanded the second ship, and who was not only suffered to remain a Lieutenant, but was sent out the following year with two ships under his command on a similar expedition, still as Lieutenant."*

* We quote the words of Sir John Barrow, (p. 53), who would seem at this time to have had no influence at the Admiralty, though his friend Lord Melville was then at its head.

That Captain Ross formed an erroneous judgment on the subject of Lancaster Sound, and that the mountains which he believed he saw had no existence, is now placed beyond a doubt; but since that time similar mistakes have given rise to similar controversies; and while these mistakes, committed by navigators of the highest name, will defend the reputation of Captain Ross from the ungenerous allegations of his enemies, they will protect future commanders against the treatment he has experienced. Every traveller, whether by land or sea, is aware of the extreme difficulty of distinguishing mountains from clouds in particular conditions of the atmosphere, and we believe that there is not an officer in Her Majesty's Navy who has not experienced the same illusion. When Lieutenant Wilkes, the distinguished commander of the United States Exploring Expedition, was surveying what he calls the *Antarctic Continent*, he repeatedly approached the icy barrier which defends it, and he and all his officers distinctly saw the mountains which composed it. Nay, "to remove all possibility of doubt, and to prove conclusively that there was no deception in the case, views of the same land were taken from the vessels in three different positions, with the bearings of its peaks and promontories, by whose intersections their position is nearly as well established as the peaks of any of the islands we surveyed from the sea."† After this distinct description of the Antarctic Continent, our readers will scarcely believe that Sir James Ross actually sailed over the mountains on the western side of this Antarctic Continent, just as Captain Parry sailed over the Croker range in Lancaster Sound.†

* Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition from 1838-1842, vol. ii. pp. 282-3. See our notice of this work, vol. viii. 215, 216.

† We cannot close this discussion without noticing, in terms of reprobation, the second chapter of Sir John Barrow's latest work, in which, throughout thirty-eight pages, he maintains an incessant attack upon Sir John Ross and the narrative of his first voyage. Even in the pages of a Review, where the critic claims the widest license, we have never read such a tissue of unjust and ungenerous criticism. Twenty-eight years had elapsed since the angry discussion on Lancaster Sound had ceased; and though the Board of Admiralty, of which Mr. Barrow was one of the secretaries, acquitted Captain Ross of every charge, we should not have greatly blamed any expression of triumph on the part of his opponent, when Captain Parry had proved that Captain Ross had been mistaken. But it is painful to perceive that such bitterness of feeling should have continued for so long a period, and should have been publicly expressed against a man who had, during that interval, acquired such high distinction as an Arctic discoverer, and in the very field from which his antagonist had gleaned his reputation. Unable, apparently, to induce

In the same year in which Capt. Ross circumnavigated Baffin's Bay, a voyage of discovery towards the North Pole was performed by Capt Buchan and Lieut. Franklin in the *Dorothea* and *Trent*. They were instructed to make the best of their way into the Spitzbergen seas, to endeavour to pass to the northward between Spitzbergen and Greenland, and use their best endeavours to reach the North Pole. Although this Expedition was not attended with success, many interesting facts were discovered connected with the physical geography and natural history of these northern regions. On the temperate shores of Spitzbergen they observed multitudes of animals of various kinds. The little auks (*alca alle*) appeared in flocks of nearly a mile in length, and so close together, that thirty often fell by a single shot. Capt. Buchan computed that the number of these birds which were on the wing at one time could not be less than four millions. In Magdalena Bay, the place of rendezvous, the most magnificent avalanches were witnessed; and also four glaciers, the smallest of which is 200 feet above the sea, and occupies the slope of a mountain. It is called the Hanging Iceberg, and looks as if the slightest impulse would precipitate it into the sea. A gun fired in the vicinity of this iceberg never fails to bring down one of these masses. On one

occasion, when a gun was fired at the distance of half a mile, an immense fragment fell into the sea, when a wave rolled to the shore with such velocity as to wash a boat with its crew upon the beach to a distance of ninety-six feet. On another occasion, Mr. Beechy and Lieut. Franklin observed a portion of a berg tumble into the sea from a height of 200 feet, and produce such a wave as obliged the *Dorothea*, then careening at the distance of four miles, to aright by the release of its tackles. The weight of this iceberg, which stood sixty feet out of the water, and consequently 480 feet under it, was computed at 421,660 tons. While coasting along the eastern shore of Greenland, a violent gale compelled the *Dorothea* and the *Trent* to escape shipwreck by dashing into the "unbroken line of furious breakers, in which immense pieces of ice were heaving and subsiding with the waves, and dashing together with a violence which nothing apparently but a solid body could withstand, occasioning such a noise that the orders were scarcely heard by the crew." "The terrific grandeur of the effect produced by the collision of the ice and the tempestuous ocean" was indescribable. "Each person instinctively secured his own hold, and, with his eyes fixed upon the mast, awaited in breathless anxiety the moment of concussion. It soon arrived—the brig cutting her way through the light ice came in violent contact with the main body. In an instant we all lost our footing, the masts bent with the impetus of the crashing timbers from below, and bespoke a pressure calculated to awaken our serious apprehension. . . . The motion of the brig was so great, that the ship's bell, which in the severest gale of wind had never struck of itself, now tolled so continuously that it was ordered to be muffled." On the abatement of the gale, the ships got into open sea and arrived in the Thames on the 22d October, 1818.

The next Arctic Expedition, under Lieut. Parry and Lieut. Liddon, in the *Hecla* and *Griper*, the one a boat of 375 tons, and the other a gun brig of 180, left the Thames on the 8th of May 1819, provisioned for two years. In this successful voyage Capt. Parry discovered that Lancaster Sound communicated with the western ocean. Passing on through what he calls Barrow's Strait, his progress westward was stopped by detached floes of ice, and he was therefore induced to stand southward and examine an inlet about thirty miles across, which he named the Prince Regent's inlet, and which he traced southward to the distance of 120 miles, giving the name of Cape Kater to its

Captain Sabine to give a direct contradiction to Captain Ross's account of their conversation in Lancaster Sound, in which he gives Captain Sabine's words under inverted commas, Sir John Barrow refers to it in the following note:—"Without giving a direct contradiction to Commander Ross's statement regarding Captain Sabine's opinion of Lancaster Sound, it was thought better to leave that to Captain Sabine himself, to deal with it as he might think proper." It is not likely, after twenty-eight years' silence, that Captain Sabine should follow the advice. Captain Ross had called Lancaster Sound a dangerous inlet, which it might be one year and not another; and in contradicting this opinion of its danger, Sir John Barrow thus alludes to that noble and heart-rending episode in Captain Ross's life, when, after four and a half years' imprisonment, he and his crew, without food and clothing, were rescued by the *Isabella*:—"Nay, Ross himself had the courage—can it be called—'moral courage' to revisit some years afterwards this horrible spot in a miserable kind of ship, (the *Victory*), fitted out at the expense of a private individual? (Sir Felix Booth,) for some purpose or other, which ship, however, he left frozen up at the bottom of Regent's Inlet, and with great fatigue and difficulty succeeded in getting back to Lancaster Sound, and had the good luck to be picked up in this 'dangerous inlet' by a whaler—the very identical *Isabella* which he once commanded."—*Voyage, &c.*, pp. 43. 47. In thus recording our opinion of this chapter, we grieve to add that the writer of it was an amiable individual in the eighty-second year of his age, and his victim about to enter upon his seventieth year.

extreme point on the east. Returning to Prince Leopold's Island, where he had been stopped in his progress to the west, he found an open sea, and discovered on the north a noble looking strait more than eight miles wide, to which he gave the name of Wellington Channel, an opening through which important discoveries still remain to be made. Pursuing a westward course, Capt. Parry discovered Cornwallis, Griffith, Lowther, Bathurst, and Byam Martin Islands, on the last of which the remains of Esquimaux habitations were found. On the 4th of September he crossed the meridian of 110° W. long. in the lat. of $74^{\circ} 44' 20''$, which entitled the crew to the reward of £5000, which the Board of Longitude, by an act since repealed, had offered to the navigator who should penetrate so far to the westward.

After discovering Melville Island, the Hecla and Griper were hauled into Winter Harbour, on the south side of the island, where the bold and successful navigators remained for eight or nine months without the light of the sun, and under all the hardships of a climate where the thermometer had sunk to 55° below zero. Our limits will not permit us to describe the admirable arrangements by which Captain Parry provided amusement and occupations for his crew during their long imprisonment. It is enough to say that they were attended with the most complete success, and reflected the highest credit upon his taste and judgment. When the ice began to disappear, the Expedition pursued a westward course till it reached the meridian of $113^{\circ} 48' 29''$, after coming within sight of Banks' land, the farthest point to the west which has yet been discovered; but the state of the ice prohibited its farther advance, and about the middle of August it set sail for England, and reached Peterhead on the 30th October 1820.

Passing over the voyage of Captain Clavering and Captain Sabine, who were sent out in H. M. S. Griper, to measure the length of the pendulum in northern latitudes, we come to the second voyage of Captain Parry, in the years 1821, 1822, and 1823. The expedition, consisting of the Fury and the Hecla, Capt. Lyon, sailed on the 8th May 1821, and on the 2d July reached Resolution Island, at the entrance of Hudson's Straits. At the Savage Islands the ships were visited by many families of Esquimaux, remarkable for their filth and their immoralities; and after reaching Southampton Island, Captain Parry proceeded along the Frozen Strait to examine Repulse Bay, in which there was scarcely a

piece of ice to be seen. Continuing to survey the coast till the young ice began to form, he was obliged to take up his winter quarters in a small island off the mouth of Lyon's Inlet, where the Expedition remained till the 8th July, when they were obliged to saw a passage through the ice. Finding it impossible to advance against one unbroken floe of ice, Captain Parry resolved to make a land journey, and by this means he was enabled to reach the *Strait of the Fury and Hecla*. The summer being thus fruitlessly spent, he was again driven into winter quarters, which he obtained at Igloodlik, after cutting a canal 4343 feet long, through ice upwards of a foot in thickness. From this prison he was released on the 8th August, and finding that no benefit would be derived from the labours of another year, he turned his ships homeward, and arrived at Lerwick on the 10th October 1823.

With the view of finding a passage into the Polar Sea from the bottom of Prince Regent's Inlet, Captain Parry set out on his third voyage on the 19th May 1824, in the Hecla and in the Fury, commanded by Captain Hoppner. Having been detained in crossing Baffin's Bay, they were obliged to go into winter quarters at Port Bowen, on the east side of Prince Regent's Inlet. Warping out of Port Bowen on 20th July they proceeded southward as far as long. $91^{\circ} 50'$ and lat. $72^{\circ} 52'$, where the Fury was forced on shore, and so much damaged that it was necessary to abandon her with her stores. Her officers and men having been transferred to the Hecla, the Expedition returned home, and reached Sheerness on the 20th October 1825.

Omitting Captain Lyon's unsuccessful endeavour to reach Repulse Bay in 1821, and Captain Parry's fourth voyage in which he reached the 83^{d} degree of latitude, after making a fruitless attempt to reach the North Pole in boats, we come to another class of Expeditions to reach the Polar Sea by land. These attempts were made in three successive journeys. The first in the years 1819, 20, 21, and 22, by Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson, who travelled through North America to the Polar Sea and along the coast from Copper Mine River to Point Turnagain; the second by the same parties in the years 1825, 1826, and 1827, to the Mackenzie River, and from thence westward to the Return Cliff, and eastward to the Copper Mine River; the third in 1833, 34, 35, by Captain Back, who travelled through North America, and sailed down a river, now Back's River, never before navigated, to its estuary in the Polar Sea.

The first of these journeys was one of the most interesting and eventful that was ever performed by British travellers. Besides Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson, the party consisted of Mr. (now Sir) George Back, Mr. Robert Hood, and John Hepburn, an English seaman. The dangers to which they were exposed, and the sufferings which they endured from cold and hunger, and other incidents even more exciting than these, give the most intense interest to Captain Franklin's narrative. After completing their voyage along the coast of the Polar Sea on the 26th of August, during which they had traversed 650 geographical miles, Captain Franklin resolved to proceed by Hood's River as far as it was navigable, and then to cross the barren grounds to Fort Enterprise. Their provisions were greatly reduced: Ten bags of pemmican had become mouldy and the beef uneatable, and on the 28th July they had provisions only for eight days. On the 3d of September a violent snow-storm obliged them to encamp, and at this juncture the last piece of pemmican and a little arrow-root were distributed for supper. The storm continued to rage for several days, and having nothing to eat, and no means of making a fire, they remained whole days in bed. With the thermometer at 20°, without fire, and with garments stiffened by frost, our travellers weak with fasting, were wholly unfit to proceed over ground covered with ice and snow. On making the attempt Franklin was seized with a fainting fit from exhaustion, and sudden exposure to the wind; but upon eating a morsel of soup he recovered. The *rock-tripe*, the *tripe de roche*, a lichen which grows upon the rocks, kept the party from starvation, though it only allays the pangs of hunger, and was nauseous to all and noxious to some. For some days they subsisted on singed hide and tripe de roche, and previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes and whatever scraps of leather they possessed, in order to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigues of the day. The carcases of five small deer revived their drooping spirits after eight days' famine; but as this supply afforded them only two substantial meals, Captain Back, the most active and vigorous of the party, was sent forward to Fort Enterprise along with some of the hunters to give notice of the approach of the rest. Two of the party now unable to proceed were left behind, and "in this hopeless condition, with certain starvation staring them in the face," Dr. Richardson nobly resolved to make a last effort for the supply of the party. It had become abso-

lutely necessary to cross the river as the nearest road to Fort Enterprise; but every attempt to carry their raft of green wood across the stream proved fruitless. In this emergency Dr. Richardson volunteered to swim across, carrying with him round his middle, a line by which the raft could be hauled over. In this state he plunged into the stream, but just before he reached the opposite bank his arms grew benumbed with cold, and lost their moving power. Turning on his back, he had nearly reached the shore, when his legs became powerless and he sunk beneath the current. By hauling upon the line he was again brought to the surface, and gradually drawn ashore in a lifeless state. Though reduced to skin and bone, and scarcely able to speak, he contrived to give some slight directions respecting the mode of treating him, and he thus gradually regained his usual strength, having lost, however, all sensation in his left side. Bones made friable by burning, and the putrid marrow of the back-bone of a deer which was so acrid as to excoriate the lips, was their next variety of food, and being thus reduced to the last degree of starvation, several of the men were unable to proceed. Dr. Richardson, Mr. Hood, and John Hepburn, remained to take care of them, and Captain Franklin, with eight persons, left them on the 7th October for Fort Enterprise, a distance of 24 miles. Two of this party were unable to proceed; other two were seized with dizziness and great debility, and these returned to Dr. Richardson's encampment where fire and rock-tripe were still to be obtained. One of them, Michel the Iroquois, alone arrived, but the other three were no more heard of. When the remnant reached Fort Enterprise, after supping upon tea and their shoes, they found the Fort desolate, without food, without provisions, and without the trace of a living animal. The bones and skins of several deer which they had formerly thrown away became now valuable food. Franklin tried to go to Fort Providence, but he fell between two rocks and was obliged to return to his companions, three of whom were unable to quit their beds, and continued to shed tears during the whole day.

After spending eighteen days in this wretched state, the party, seated round their evening fire, were startled by the sudden entrance of Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hepburn, each carrying his bundle. The absence of Hood, and Michel, and Perrault, and Fontano, excited their alarm. The two last had not been heard of, but Hood and Michel were dead.

The history of their death is a tragedy of

the deepest interest, and we cannot withhold it from our readers. Michel the Iroquois had become an object of suspicion. He had evinced an obstinate and refractory spirit, and circumstances occurred which rendered it probable that he had murdered both Belanger and Perrault. His manner and conduct, to the rest of the party, had undergone a marked change. He refused to hunt and to cut or carry wood for the fires. "There are no animals," he replied, when implored by Mr. Hood to give his assistance, "you had better kill and eat me." Soon after Dr. Richardson had read the morning service on Sunday, he went out of the tent and heard the report of a gun. Hepburn, who had been cutting down a tree at a short distance, called upon him in a voice of great alarm to come directly. Upon entering the tent he found Hood lying lifeless at the fireside, a ball having apparently entered the forehead. He was at first horror-struck at the idea that his friend, under the pressure of cold and hunger, had fallen by his own hand; but upon discovering that the ball had entered the back part of the head, and that the muzzle of the gun had been applied so close as to set fire to the nightcap behind, he had no doubt that Michel had done the deed. Though he was not charged with it, he repeatedly protested that he was incapable of committing such an act, and was anxious to learn if he was suspected of it. The victim of this savage deed was a young officer of distinguished and varied talents. He had borne his unparalleled bodily sufferings with patience and fortitude, and had calmly contemplated the termination of his life, by the peaceful surrender of it on a bed of sickness. Bick-ersteth's *Scripture Help* was lying open beside the body, as if it had fallen from his hand, when the assassin's blow had closed his eyes while resting on the sacred page. His body was interred amid a clump of willows, and returning to the fire Dr. Richardson read the funeral service in addition to the evening prayer.

Dreading, as they had reason to do, the vengeance of the savage murderer, it became necessary to keep a strict watch over his proceedings. He muttered threats against Hepburn, and, as if he wished to find an apology for new acts of violence, he alleged that the white people had killed and eaten his uncle and two of his relatives. It had now become quite evident that his intention was to kill Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hepburn, and they came to the conclusion that their only safety was in his death. Hepburn offered to be the instrument of it: but Dr. Richardson, convinced of the ne-

cessity of this dreadful deed, determined to take the whole responsibility upon himself, and he immediately, upon the approach of the Iroquois, shot him through the head with a pistol.

On the ninth day after this tragical event, viz. on the 1st of November, Peltier and Samandr  died of exhaustion from hunger and fatigue, and had not a supply of provisions arrived from Mr. Back, on the 7th November, the whole party must have perished in a few days. Franklin, Richardson, and Hepburn, eagerly devoured "the dried deer's meat, fat and tongues," and though aware of the danger of yielding to their appetite under their peculiar condition, they could not restrain themselves, and suffered so dreadfully from indigestion, that they had no rest the whole night.

Mr. Back had been sent by Captain Franklin, on the 4th October 1821, to Fort Enterprise to obtain provisions. His companions were St. Germain, Belanger, and Beuparant. They pursued their route, sinking up to the thighs in deep snow, encamping amid willows, and dining on the 4th day upon "an old pair of leather trowsers and some swamp tea." Though two slept together they trembled with cold in their beds. On the 6th Belanger fell two times through the ice, and was pulled out by their worsted belts fastened together. On the 7th they were so weak that they were blown over by the wind and drift; and, unable to proceed, they encamped in a clump of pines, where they had nothing to allay the cravings of hunger but a gun cover and a pair of old shoes. The exhausted travellers at last reached Fort Enterprise, but what was their surprise when they found it utterly desolate, without the Indians to help them, without food to keep them alive, and without the means of succouring the starving friends whom they had left. "For the moment, however, hunger prevailed, and each began to gnaw the scraps of putrid and frozen meat that were lying about, without waiting to prepare them. A fire was then made, and the neck and bones of a deer found in the house were boiled and devoured." They continued to subsist on burnt bones made palatable with a little salt, and scraps of old deer-skins and swamp tea. Beuparant, with his head and limbs enormously swelled, died on the 17th October. Mr. Back was left alone with Belanger and St. Germain, and they continued to suffer from hunger, cold, and fatigue. On the 3d November, however, Akaitcho with his Indians arrived. Sledges laden with meat were despatched to Captain Franklin, and Mr. Back had the satisfaction

of learning on the 9th that his supply of food had reached and saved his companions at Fort Enterprise. On the 10th they proceeded on their journey, and arrived at Fort Providence on the 21st of November.

Having joined Mr. Back at Moosedeer Island, the survivors of the party arrived in safety at Fort Chipewyan, where they paid off the Indians and Canadians that accompanied them. They reached Norway House on the 4th, and York Factory on the 14th July 1822, having been absent above three years, and journeyed by water and by land upwards of 5550 miles.

After encountering such dangers, and suffering such privations, greater by far than those which war demands from its victims, it will scarcely be believed that time could cast them into oblivion, and that the very men—not one, but all of them—should, before three years had elapsed, not only brave, but even court the same dangerous service. The soldier who returns maimed and wounded from his campaigns, must again start at the call of duty, when his country is in danger: If he lives by war he must share its hazards: If he dies in battle it is but the death he coveted. It is different, however, with the intellectual hero, whose every hour is one of mental and bodily exhaustion, and who, under the bivouack of the midnight lamp, devours in thought the atoms of his brain, and works with a more fatal energy than the muscular hero who brandishes the cutlass or points the spear. But more fatal still, and more glorious too, are the achievements of those illustrious men who conjoin mental with bodily toil, and who, in the path of Arctic research and physical discovery, have abandoned the luxuries of home, the endearments of domestic life, and the society of rank, and wealth, and talent, which they enlightened and adorned. Among such men posterity will rank Franklin and Richardson, and Back, and the two Rosses; and while the men of the world will trace their history and mourn their loss, from whatever calamity that loss may arise, the Christian will admire their fervent piety, and patient resignation under suffering; while the bigot may learn, if he can learn, that there may be a Church amid the snow, and a service among the rocks, and that that spot is consecrated for His service wherever God shall place a human soul loving and fearing him, and recognising in the wilds around the greatness and glory of their Maker.

Towards the close of 1824 Captain Franklin became anxious to complete the exploration of the northern coast of America, and explained to the Government the plan of a

second expedition for that purpose. In offering to execute the plan he was aware of the humane repugnance of the Government to expose their servants to the sufferings which he had endured, but he succeeded in shewing them “that in the proposed course similar dangers were not to be apprehended, while the objects to be attained were at once important to the naval character, scientific reputation, and commercial interests of Great Britain.” Dr. Richardson and Lieutenant Back volunteered to accompany Captain Franklin, and, joined by Lieutenant Kendal, and by Mr. Drummond as botanist, they embarked at Liverpool for New York on the 16th February 1825, and arrived at Fort Chipewyan on the 15th July. After assembling on the Great Bear Lake River, which flows out of the western side of that lake into the Mackenzie River, they were instructed to descend the latter to the sea, and on their arrival at its mouth to divide themselves into two parties. The first of these parties, under Captain Franklin, was directed to proceed westerly, towards Icy Cape, on the entrance of Behring’s Straits, where the Blossom, under Captain Beechey, was to meet them. The other party, under Dr. Richardson, was instructed to leave the mouth of Mackenzie River and to proceed easterly along the coast, till they reached the mouth of Copper Mine River.

With six men, and Augustus, the Esquimaux interpreter, Captain Franklin embarked on the 8th of August in the *Lion*. On the banks of the Mackenzie River they found much wood-coal, which was on fire as they passed, as Mackenzie had observed in his voyage. There occurred also layers of unctuous mud, similar to that which is found on the banks of the Orinoco, and which the Indians eat as food in seasons of scarcity, and at other times chew as a luxury. Its taste was milky, and its flavour not disagreeable, and Captain Franklin found it useful for whitening the walls of their dwelling. Near the entrance of the Bear Lake River they saw a remarkable limestone mountain, with various insulated peaks, and from whose lower cliffs there oozed out a dark bituminous liquid, which discoloured the rock. After a friendly visit from a well-dressed, good-looking, and good-natured tribe of Indians, who conversed and danced with Augustus, the party reached Whale Island, and though the water was still fresh, as Mackenzie found it, they were satisfied, as he was, that they had reached the sea.

Upon arriving at Garry Island, an incident personal to Captain Franklin occurred,

which if it excited at that period of his career but little interest, cannot now be recorded with indifference. When he was about to leave England, Mrs. Franklin, to whom he had been married only two years before, was at the point of death. During the struggle, on his part, between duty and affection, she heroically urged him as he valued her peace of mind and his own glory, to depart on the appointed day. She felt that her days were numbered, and that to close her eyes was the only act of tenderness which he could perform. The gallant sailor yielded to the stern command, and his wife died the very day after he had left her. She had made and presented to him, as a parting gift, a silk union flag, under the express injunction that it should not be unfurled till the Expedition reached the sea; and it was upon Garry Island that this tender obligation was to be discharged. Upon hoisting the silk union flag over the tent, which the men had in his absence pitched upon the beach, he could scarcely suppress his emotion as it expanded to the breeze; but feeling that he had no right, by the indulgence of his own sorrows, to cloud the animated countenances of his companions, he joined with the best grace he could command in the general excitement, and endeavoured to return with corresponding cheerfulness their warm congratulations, on having thus planted the British flag on this remote island of the Polar Sea.

On the 18th August, Capt. Franklin embarked with the view of going over to the western shore, and of reaching, if possible, the foot of the Rocky Mountains, but a gale, followed by violent squalls, induced him to re-enter the river, and to rejoin Dr. Richardson at Fort Franklin, which he reached on the 5th September. In this solitude they remained during a winter of between eight and nine months, which was spent in the usual manner, in hunting and fishing, in making scientific observations, and in arranging the objects of natural history collected by Dr. Richardson.

Our indefatigable travellers again embarked on the Mackenzie River on the 24th June, and on the 7th July they reached its mouth. Upon an island on the east side of the bay into which the river opened, they despatched a crowd of tents with numbers of Esquimaux strolling among them. About 100 boats and nearly 300 men rapidly approached the boats of the Expedition, which had grounded about a mile from the beach. The sight of presents and the hopes of a lucrative trade, held out to them by Augustus, threw them into paroxysms of joy; but during the crowding of the boats, an

accident occurred which threatened the most alarming results. The owner of a canoe which had been overset by one of the Lion's oars, was plunged into the water and in danger of being drowned; but though he was extricated from danger, taken into the boat, and wrapped up in Augustus's great-coat, he became exceedingly angry, though he soon recovered his temper when he saw around him many bales and articles which he coveted. The fellow asked for every thing he saw, and got angry when they were refused. In the mean time the people tried to get into the boats, and actually dragged the *Reliance*, which was afloat, to the shore. One of the Lion's men perceived that the native who had been upset had a pistol under his shirt which he had stolen from Lieut. Back, and when the thief saw that it had been noticed, he leapt from the boat, carrying with him Augustus's great-coat in which he had been wrapped. Two of the most powerful men now jumped into the *Lion*, and seizing Capt. Franklin by the wrists forced him to sit between them, and as he shook them loose two or three times, a third Esquimaux caught his arm whenever he attempted to lift his gun or draw his dagger. The three men, however, soon left him and joined the rest in a regular pillage of the *Reliance*, drawing their knives and stripping themselves to the waist. After a furious combat in which the Europeans dealt heavy blows with the butt ends of their musket, while the savages cut the clothes of their opponents with their knives, and tried to seize the daggers and short belts of the men, it became necessary to take stronger measures with them. When three of them were trying to disarm Capt. Franklin, Lieut. Back sent a young chief to his aid, who drove his antagonists from the boat; but as this did not succeed, Lieut. Back directed his men to level their muskets at the assailants, when the whole of them fled and hid themselves behind the drift timber and canoes on the beach.

When the boats had again stranded, several of the natives invited Augustus to a conference on shore. The bold interpreter had the courage to give them a lecture on their misconduct, and as if they had repented of what they had done, they offered to restore the articles which they stole, and actually brought back the camp-kettle and the tent which they had taken away. It appeared, however, from subsequent transactions, that no confidence could be placed in them, and that they had organized a plan for massacring the Europeans, and seizing upon their property.

Pursuing their voyage to the west, our

travellers reached within one-third of a degree of the 150th parallel of west longitude, and having encountered long continued gales and dense fogs, they set out on their return on the 18th August, and reached Fort Franklin on the 21st of September, having travelled a distance of 2048 statute miles, 610 of which were through regions not previously discovered. Dr. Richardson had returned from his eastern journey on the first of September, having, according to his instructions, traced the coast between the Mackenzie and the Copper Mine Rivers. The Expedition was obliged to spend a great part of another winter at Fort Franklin, from which its different chiefs set off in different directions.—Dr. Richardson in December, to join Mr. Drummond in collecting plants on the Saskatchewan River, and Capt. Franklin and Commander Back on the 20th February, to return to England.

After Captain Franklin's return in September 1827, nearly two years elapsed before any new attempts were made to prosecute the great discoveries that had already been made in the Arctic regions: but this interval was followed by one of the noblest and most successful Expeditions that has ever visited these inhospitable climes. Although many important discoveries had been made by *nine* preceding Expeditions, yet the leading object which they had in view had not been attained, and Government was no longer willing to devote the public money to the enterprises of science, or to the objects of commercial speculation. Their former zeal for Arctic discovery was apparently turned into hostility; for they not only resolved to repeal the North-West Passage Act, by which a reward of £20,000 was offered for its discovery, but they abolished the Board of Longitude, which had taken such an active part in the promotion of Arctic research. Mr. Barrow's influence over the Admiralty seems to have been now utterly extinguished; and in these acts of the British Government, unworthy of the British name, the lovers of science mourned over their last hope of developing the mysteries of the Polar Zone. The power of man, however, cannot arrest knowledge in its march. The indifference, and even the hostility of one mind, will chafe the insensibility, or rouse the energy of another; and the liberality of private wealth has often been called forth by the parsimony of the nation. The withdrawal of the prize of £20,000 induced an individual to embark as large a sum in the promotion of Arctic discovery. No sooner had Captain Franklin returned from his se-

cond journey in 1827, than Captain John Ross offered to the Duke of Wellington to take the charge of a new Expedition to the Northern Seas. His Grace declined the offer, but, "nothing daunted," the gallant Captain submitted his plans to Mr. Felix Booth, an opulent merchant, with whose munificence he had occasion to be acquainted. As the Act, however, offering the reward of £20,000 was still in force, Mr. Booth declined to undertake an enterprise which might be denounced as a commercial speculation. Captain Ross, therefore, again submitted to the authorities an improved plan of exploring the Arctic regions, which, as might have been foreseen, was unceremoniously rejected; and as if to crush forever all such expeditions, the North-West Passage Act was repealed. By this measure Mr. Booth's scruples were removed; and when no other motive could be imputed to him "than the advancement of the honour of his country, the interests of science, and the gratification of the feelings of a friend," he embarked with zeal and ardour in the scheme of Captain Ross. To the £17,000, or £18,000, advanced by Mr. Booth in the equipment of the Expedition, Captain Ross added £5000; and on the 23d May 1829, accompanied by his nephew, Mr. James Clark Ross, as second in command, he set sail in the *Victory*, a small steam-packet of 150 tons, destined to make the most important discoveries that have ever been made, and to endure the greatest hardships that have ever been endured, in the regions of ice and snow.

After examining Prince Regent's Inlet, Captain Ross visited the wreck of the *Fury*, and obtained possession of the valuable provisions and stores which Captain Parry had left with his ill-fated vessel. Thus enriched, he pursued his discoveries along a new line of coast, exposed to all the dangers which disturb the navigation of an icy sea. Having advanced 300 miles farther than any other Expedition, he was stopped by the ice on the 30th September 1829, and found excellent winter-quarters in Felix Harbour. A visit from a party of Esquimaux ushered in the year 1830, and afforded both amusement to the ship's company, and geographical information to Captain Ross. They furnished fresh provisions and articles of dress, and they accompanied Commander Ross in the four highly-interesting journeys in which he made important additions to our geographical knowledge, and planted the British flag on the Magnetic Pole of the Earth. Relieved from their winter quarters, the *Victory* put to sea on the 17th September; but they were once

more frozen in on the 23d, and cutting their way through ice, they reached Sheriff Harbour, as their winter residence for 1830-1, in the month of October. The Victory was again under sail on the 29th of August; but after advancing only four miles, she was frozen up in Victoria Harbour, to spend the winter of 1831-2. The severity of that winter was unusual. During 136 days the thermometer stood below zero. The health of the crew was affected; the Esquimaux no longer cheered and helped them; and the only hope which they could cherish was to abandon the ship and travel homeward in sledges and boats to Baffin's Bay, in the hope of finding some English whaler to conduct them to their native land. This perilous enterprise commenced on the 23d of April. The snow huts in which they slept were so small that it was impossible to change their position. The cold was 47° below zero. Their frozen meat required a saw to cut it. Their snow huts were often blown up with drift, and the snow storms frequently imprisoned them for whole days in their icy dungeons. Returning to the ship after carrying forward their provisions, they prepared the three boats of the Fury for their voyage to Baffin's Bay, each boat carrying seven men and an officer. Cheered by the first steps of their advance along the coast, they cherished the hope of effecting a passage across Prince Regent's Inlet, but the ice obstructed their march. The cold increased in severity, and the snow storms and freezing winds of September crushed the last of their hopes; and, resigned to the inexorable decision of the elements, our gallant adventurers returned to Fury Beach or Somerset House on the 23d of October, to spend the dreary winter of 1832-3, with less comfort than the three preceding ones, and with more solicitude about the future. Though provisions were still abundant, the health and spirits of the crew began to fail: The carpenter died:—Captain Ross's old wounds became troublesome:—Mr. Thom, the purser, was ill, and two of the seamen far gone in the scurvy. On the 8th June they left their winter-quarters, encumbered with three sick men and several that could scarcely walk. They were detained in Batty Bay till the 15th of August, and on the 17th, after advancing seventy-two miles, they took shelter from a gale twelve miles west of Cape York. On the 19th they were only eighty miles from Possession Bay; and being detained by a gale from the 20th to the 25th, they rowed across Navy Board Inlet, where they found a harbour.

At four in the morning when all were

asleep, the look-out man, David Wood, reported a sail in the offing. The boats were launched and signals made, yet the ship kept its southward course. Another sail was reported at ten o'clock, but she was fast leaving them, when a calm allowed the boats to gain so rapidly upon the ship, that at eleven she hove to, and lowered a boat, which rowed to their own. It was the boat of the *Isabella* of Hull, Captain Humphreys, which Captain Ross had once commanded! The mate in command would not believe that he was Captain Ross, who, as he maintained, had been dead two years. His identity, however, was soon proved, and the forlorn crew of the Victory was received on board by Captain Humphreys with a hearty seaman's welcome. We wonder that the artist's pencil has not delineated this interesting scene. Dressed in the rags of wild beasts, and starved to the very bone, the gaunt and grim looks of the unshaven crew formed a strange contrast with the well-dressed and well-fed men around them. The contrast, however, was but for a moment. The processes of washing, dressing, shaving, and eating, were all intermingled, amid interminable questions, on the one hand, respecting the adventures and fate of the Victory, and, on the other, respecting the politics and news of England—the interesting events of four long years.

Thus rescued from a snowy grave, Captain Ross reached London on the 19th October,—laid at the feet of the King the British flag that had waved over the magnetic pole, and received £5000 from the House of Commons, and the order of the Bath and knighthood from a grateful sovereign. Foreign nations added fresh honours to his name, and posterity will retain in its undying memory the deeds of the hero whose wreath of glory no blood has stained, and whose badges of honour have not been steeped in the widow's and the orphan's tears.*

* In giving an account of this Expedition, certainly the most interesting on record, Sir John Barrow refuses it the usual title of *An Arctic Voyage*, and places it alone under the head of *Miscellaneous*. He "dispenses with any further notice" of Captain Ross's Narrative than by giving the title of it, "with the multifarious personal distinctions, &c.," chiefly because "it was a private speculation, not authorized by any branch of the Government." So careful, indeed, is Sir John not to countenance the work, that he tries to collect its substance from the "Report of a committee of the House of Commons which preceded its publication," and from this Report he culls a variety of passages, which he assails with the most virulent invective, and the most unmanly and unchristian abuse. If Sir John has a friend interested in his reputation, we would advise him to reprint his book, omitting every passage in which the name of Captain Ross occurs.

The long detention of Captain Ross in the Arctic regions had naturally led to the belief that he had perished. Captain Back, who was then in Italy, having learned from England that apprehensions were entertained of the safety of his friends, the two Rosses, hastened home in order to offer his services on an Expedition in search of them. His offer was accepted, and leaving Liverpool, with Mr. King as surgeon and naturalist, on the 17th February 1833, he reached in good time the eastern shore of the Great Slave Lake. Setting out to discover the source of the river which was to convey him to the sea, he was obliged to cross lakes, rapids, rivers, and frightful cataracts, till he reached a lofty hill, from which he saw beneath him the splendid lake, which he called Lake Aylmer, and out of which he was informed, one of the branches of the desired river issued. He immediately approached the main stream, but as August had nearly expired, he returned to Fort Reliance, from Slave Lake, as his winter quarters. Here famine and cold again assailed him. The Indians were starving. Nine had fallen victims, and others were on the eve of perishing, when their old chief Akaitcho came to their relief. Captain Back's party were put upon greatly reduced rations, but they were supported by the hope of beginning their intended journey. When engaged in preparing for it, a messenger arrived with a packet containing the welcome intelligence of the safety of Captain Ross. On the 7th June our traveller left Fort Reliance, and succeeded in descending Back's River, (the Thlew-eechah,) which, after a violent and tortuous course of 530 geographical miles, through a bare and iron-ribbed country, with no fewer than eighty-three falls, cascades, and rapids, pours its waters into the Polar Sea in latitude $67^{\circ} 11'$ north, and longitude $94^{\circ} 30'$ west. Captain Back intended to complete the survey of Franklin beyond Port Turnagain, but the want of food and fuel compelled him to return, and he reached Liverpool on the 8th September 1835, after an absence of two years and seven months.

Our limits will not allow us to do more than notice Captain Back's expedition in 1836-7, to promote geographical discovery in the neighbourhood of Repulse Bay. He left Chatham in the Terror with 73 men on the 14th June, 1836. On the 5th of September they were firmly fixed in the ice, and on the 13th they were near the Cape Comfort of Baffin. About the end of

November they were compelled to take up their winter quarters for nine months at least on a *floating floe of ice*, the ship being actually cradled in the ice for four successive months, and dragged about utterly helpless, always in motion, and constantly threatened to be crushed to atoms, when every soul on board must have perished. On the 11th of July the Terror burst from its icy bonds, and was gently sliding down to the water. She remained, however, on her beam ends till the 14th, when she suddenly righted, to the inexpressible joy of the crew. The whole of this voyage was of such an extraordinary character that history has recorded nothing parallel to it. The Terror, however, crazy, broken, and leaky, was brought safely back to Lough Swilly, and Captain Back on his return received the honour of knighthood from his Majesty.

The terrible disasters which marked the expedition of Sir George Back again damped the ardour for Arctic research. For nearly eight years the north-west passage seems to have vanished from the day-dreams of Sir John Barrow, and this intrepid advocate for its existence has at last asserted that the present expedition of Sir John Franklin is likely to be the last. Among the motives by which it seems to have been prompted, and we have no doubt it took the lead, was the fear that two foreign powers who had fleets in the Pacific, might covet the moral triumph of accomplishing what we had begun, and of finding through the Polar Seas the shortest passage for their homeward bound ships then in the Pacific. But whatever were the motives of Government, it was a noble enterprise, and will ever be regarded in all its parts as an honour to the British name.

The Expedition under Sir John Franklin consisted of the Erebus, and the Terror commanded by Captain Croizier. These vessels had returned from the Antarctic Expedition of Sir James Ross; and the Terror was the same vessel which we have just brought back from Repulse Bay with Captain Back. The crews of the two ships were 138 in number, and the expedition sailed from Sheerness with three years' provisions, on the 26th of May 1845, accompanied by the transport Baretto Junior, containing extra stores to be discharged in Davis' Straits. The expedition arrived at the Whale Fish Islands on the 4th of July, and it was seen on the 26th July by the whaler, Prince of Wales, in latitude $74^{\circ} 48'$ north, and longitude $66^{\circ} 13'$ west, moored to an iceberg, and waiting for an opening in the great body of ice which occupies the middle of Baffin's Bay. On the 22d of July

In the Pamphlet No. 8 of our list of books, Sir John Ross has made an able and triumphant reply to this attack.

Mr. Robert Martin, of the whale ship *Enterprise*, was along-side of the *Erebus* and *Terror* in latitude $75^{\circ} 10'$ north, and longitude 66° west. Sir John Franklin told him that he had provisions for *five* years, that if necessary he could make them last *seven*, and that he had got several casks of birds salted. Mr. Martin also states that on the 26th or 28th two parties of Sir John's officers dined with him, and told him that they expected to be out four or five, or perhaps six years. On the following day, the 27th or 28th, he received a verbal invitation to dine with Sir John, but, the wind having shifted, he was obliged to decline the invitation, and proceed on his voyage. He, however, saw the ships for two days more, that is, till the 29th or 31st. Since that time no intelligence whatever has been received from the expedition, though six years and eight months have elapsed since its departure.

Until the autumn of 1847 no anxiety was felt for the safety of the expedition, but when that year closed without any intelligence from it, the public mind became highly excited, and the Government was roused to organize a searching expedition for the purpose of discovering and relieving it. It now became a matter of deep consideration how such a search could be most effectually made, and the opinions of the most competent individuals were taken and laid before the Admiralty. Following, as he would doubtless do, his official instructions, it is not difficult to trace his probable course. He was directed to proceed with all despatch to Lancaster Sound, and after passing through it, to push on to the westward in the latitude of 74° north, without loss of time, or *stopping to examine any openings to the northward* till he reached Cape Walker in 98° of west longitude. He was then to use every effort to penetrate to the *southward* and *westward* of that Cape, and to pursue as direct a course to Behring's Straits as circumstances would permit him. He was warned too, not to pass by the western extremity of Melville Island, until he had ascertained that a barrier of ice or some other obstacle closed the *southward* and *westward* route. It was therefore the opinion of Sir James Clark Ross, and also of Dr. Richardson, that the expedition had been involved in the ice, or shut up in some harbour on the coast of North America, south or south-west of Melville Island, or as Sir James Ross states in latitude 73° north, and longitude 105° west. The searching expedition was therefore fitted out, for a simultaneous search, in three divisions, pro-

ceeding from three different quarters. The *Herald*, under Captain Kellet, and the *Plover* under Captain Moore, left England in January, 1848 for Behring's Straits. Sir John Richardson was directed to explore the coast of the Arctic Seas, between the Mackenzie and the Copper Mine Rivers, and the shores of Victoria and Wollaston Lands, opposite to Cape Krusenstern; and Sir James Clark Ross was sent through Lancaster Sound, to search both shores of that extensive inlet, and Barrow's Strait, and then proceed to the westward.

During the year 1848, the *Herald*, Captain Kellet, and the *Plover*, Captain Moore, never reached their destination, the *Plover* from her bad sailing, and the *Herald* from causes with which we are not acquainted. In 1849, however, Captain Kellet in the *Herald*, after examining Wainwright's Inlet, despatched Lieutenant Pullen to the Mackenzie River, and on standing along the margin of the ice, he discovered a group of islands on the coast of Asia, in lat. $71^{\circ} 20' N.$, and $175^{\circ} 16' W.$, with extensive and very high lands to the north of them. Captain Moore in the *Plover* failed in all his attempts to penetrate to the eastward, and was obliged to winter in Norton Sound. Captain Pullen, with Mr. Hooper as mate, and twelve men, performed the coasting voyage to the Mackenzie River in two 27 foot whale boats. He was conducted past Point Barrow by the pinnace of the *Hecla*, and the Royal Steam Yacht Club schooner, the *Nancy Dawson*, owned and commanded by Mr. Shedden, a mate of the Royal Navy. This adventurous and generous individual came to prosecute the search for Sir John Franklin at his own expense, and though far gone with consumption, he gave most efficient assistance to Captain Pullen. He was anxious to have left provisions at Refuge Inlet, where he had waited a month for this purpose; but he could not do it without the knowledge of the natives. He succeeded, however, in depositing a large cask of flour and one of preserved meats on another small inlet at lat. $71^{\circ} 7'$. His kindness to the crew in the boats was most generous, supplying them with everything which his vessel could afford, and following them with considerable risk. About two months afterwards, he reached Mazatlan, where he fell a victim to his great exertions in the cause of humanity. It is an important result of this adventurous voyage in open boats from Wainwright's Inlet to the Mackenzie River, that no traces of the missing Expedition were found between these two points of the American coast; and that the

Esquimaux, with whom Captain Pullen communicated, had neither seen the ships nor their crew.*

But though the Expedition to Behring's Straits failed to effect the object it had in view, its labours have been far from fruitless. On the 15th August 1849, Captain Kellett had attained the longitude of 170° 10' W., and on the 16th he discovered an almost inaccessible island of granite rising 1400 feet above the sea, with a range of high land behind it which was seen by every one of the crew. They were anxious to hoist the union jack upon the island, but constant snow-storms compelled them to leave it and clear the ice-pack. Captain Moore, whose track lay farther eastward, saw elevated peaks to the north of him, and Baron Von Wrangell had before observed high land from Yakan. Combining these facts, Captain W. H. Smyth, the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society,† is of opinion that this land is called Tikigen, inhabited by a race called Kraihai, with a coast line trending nearly parallel to that of Northern Siberia, which was discovered in 1762 by Serjeant Andreyev, in his Expedition of discovery to the Icy Sea; and he therefore considers it "far from improbable that a continuous coast line may extend from the vicinity of New Siberia in the west to the vicinity of Bank's Land in the east." "In the event," he continues, "of such an hypothesis proving correct, it will be obvious that should Franklin have succeeded in penetrating through, and to the west of, Wellington Channel, the interposition of this track would preclude all possibility of his bringing his ships again so far south as to reach Behring's Straits, unless the course were greatly prolonged westwards, or the Wellington Channel again traversed."

The Expeditions under Sir John Richardson and Mr. Rae have also returned without any intelligence respecting the missing vessels, though with much interesting information respecting the regions they visited. As Sir John's course lay through a country which he had previously travelled over and described, he was naturally led to make the personal narrative as brief as possible. After descending the Mackenzie River, they entered its estuary on the third August 1848, and sailing along the coast they

reached Cape Krusenstern on the 29th of August. Passing Basil Hall's Bay on the 31st, they reached Cape Hearne. In poling them along and dragging them over the floes of ice, the boats were much shattered, and finding that they could not advance further in the present condition of the ice, without pulling the boats to pieces, and running the risk of losing all their stores and provision, they encamped about eight miles from Cape Kendall which bore south-west. Upon viewing the sea from the high ground, and ascertaining that no traces of open water were visible in any direction, Sir John, after consulting with Mr. Rae, resolved to leave the boats at this place, though still at some distance from the Copper Mine River, and commence their overland march. On the 1st and 2d September they were occupied in preparing the packages for the march, consisting of thirteen days' provision of pemmican, and all their necessary implements and objects of natural history. These loads were divided among the men, Mr. Rae voluntarily resolving to transport a package nearly equal to the men's in weight, while Sir John distrusting his own powers of march, restricted himself to a fowling-piece, ammunition, a few books, and other things thrust into his pocket.

Having read prayers, they set out on Sunday the 3d September, and after encountering snow-storms and dense-fogs, and marching in frozen clothes, wetted in crossing the streams, they reached their winter quarters in Fort Confidence on the 15th September. On the 17th, being Sunday, Sir John read prayers to a congregation of forty-two persons, and returned thanks to the Almighty for their safe return. The long winter at Fort Confidence was spent in great comfort, and being almost hourly occupied in meteorological and magnetical observations, Sir John and Mr. Rae had no leisure for ennui. On the 7th May they commenced their journey southward, and arrived at Fort Franklin on the 13th of the same month. Discovering the Bear Lake River, Sir John reached Fort Resolution on the 11th July, Norway House on the 13th of August, and landed at Liverpool on the 6th November 1849, "after an absence of nineteen months, twelve of which had been passed in incessant travelling." The personal narrative of this distinguished traveller occupies the first ten chapters of his first volume, and the 15th and 16th of the second. The two remaining chapters of the first volume, and the 13th and 14th in the second, contain interesting ethnological notices, with coloured drawings of the four aboriginal nations seen by the Expedition,

* The testimony of the natives cannot be trusted. Captain Kellett says that the coast "is alive" with stories concerning the missing crews; and that "the Esquimaux are ever ready to exercise their ingenuity by inventing a story."

† Address at the anniversary meeting 21st May 1850—Pp. 29, 30.

namely, the Eskimaux, the Kutchin or Loucheux of Sir N. Mackenzie, (a tribe not previously described in English, though known by name,) the Tinne or Chepewyans, and the Eythinyuwuk or Crees and Chipewyans. The principal part, however, of the work is devoted to the physical geography of North America. The narrative chapters abound in new and valuable facts respecting the geology, natural history, and physical geography of the regions through which the author passed; and in an Appendix of nearly 300 pages, he has treated, in five sections, of the physical geography of the country, its climatology, the geographical distribution of plants north of the 49th parallel of latitude, the insects and the language of the country. Although Sir John Richardson did not accomplish the main object of his journey, we trust that the country will appreciate the value of his scientific labours, and mark with their highest approbation that continued devotion to the interests of humanity and knowledge which led him at the age of sixty-one, to leave a wife to whom he was newly married, and a family that was dear to him, and expose himself a second time to the privations and dangers of an Arctic journey. Already honoured, and already rewarded with a lucrative Government appointment, he had no motive to impel him but that of affection for his friend, and no object to secure but the advancement of knowledge.

Previous to leaving Fort Confidence, Sir John Richardson, in virtue of the authority given him, drew up instructions for the Expedition of Mr. Rae, which set out on the 7th June, 1849, and consisted of a boat's crew of six persons, viz. two Orkney men, two Cree Indians, an Eskimaux, and a Canadian. Its object was to examine the adjoining shores of Wollaston and Victoria Lands, which the state of the ice in Dolphin and Union Straits rendered inaccessible in 1848, and should it reach Banks' Land, to erect signal columns, and deposit memoranda on conspicuous headlands for the guidance of the co-operating Expedition under Sir James Ross. Mr. Rae succeeded in reaching Cape Krusenstern on the 30th July. Here they met a party of Eskimaux, who had been in company with the natives of Wollaston Land during the winter, but none of them had seen Europeans, or ships, or boats. On the 19th of August, when there was the appearance of open water seaward, they pushed through a closely packed stream of ice, narrowly escaping more than once being squeezed, and were able to use their oars. Though they had

pulled more than seven miles, they were still three miles from Douglas Island when they reached a stream of ice so rough and so closely packed that they could neither pass over nor through it. A thick fog came on, and the ebb-tide carrying them fast to the south-east, they were compelled to return to the main shore on the 20th; and as the fine weather had broken up, Mr. Rae was obliged to abandon all farther hope of crossing to Wollaston Land. They commenced their homeward journey on the 26th August, and reached Fort Simpson on the 26th September. Unfortunate, and to a certain extent unsuccessful as these three Expeditions have been, under Sir J. Richardson, Capt. Pullen, and Mr. Rae, it seems almost certain that the missing Expedition has not touched upon any part of the American coast between Behring's Straits and Cape Krusenstern, with the exception of the Wollaston and Victoria Islands, which remain to be examined.

The third branch of the Searching Expedition under Sir James Ross consisted of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, two magnificent ships built for the occasion, the one of 470 tons and seventy men, and the other 420 tons and seventy men. Each ship was provided with a launch fitted with a steam-engine and screw, capable of propelling it five knots an hour. Provisioned for three years, the ships sailed on the 12th May 1848. Having reached in safety the Danish settlement of Upernivick on the west coast of Greenland, they quitted it on the 13th July on their way northward to Melville Bay, where a barrier of ice prevented them from crossing Baffin's Bay. After much anxiety a heavy breeze from the N. E. on the 20th August enabled them to bore through a pack of ice, and make the land S. of Pond's Bay. From this point they rigorously examined the coast to the north, and also the north shore of Barrow's Strait, making nightly signals, erecting beacons and flagstaffs, and depositing cylinders with information for the guidance of Sir John Franklin, directing him to make for Port Leopold, where a depot of provisions was to be found, and where the Investigator was to be left during the winter. Sir James therefore pushed on to Port Leopold, which he reached on the 11th September, notwithstanding the dense pack of ice which stretched from Cornwallis Island to Leopold Island. Owing to the very remarkable quantity of ice which occupied Barrow's Strait at this period of the season, no attempt was made to proceed farther west, and both ships having entered Port

Leopold, the mouth of the harbour was that very night sealed up by the advance of the main pack to the land.

Thus secure in excellent winter quarters at the junction of the four great channels of Barrow's Strait, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, and Wellington Channel, it was hardly possible that any party after abandoning their ships could pass along the shores of any of these inlets, without indications of the proximity of the Expedition. Among the various means of conveying this information, was the employment of the white foxes that had been caught in traps set for the purpose. As these animals when in search of food traverse extensive tracts of country, Sir James "caused copper collars, upon which a notice of the position of the ships and depots of provisions was engraved, to be clenched round their necks, and then set them at liberty again, with the hope that some of these messengers might be the means of conveying intelligence to the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*." In April, and the early part of May, Sir James himself, with a party from his own ship, and Lieut. Barnard with a party from the Investigator, made several short preliminary journeys, carrying out on sledges small depots of bread, meat, fuel and skins, fifteen miles westward, as far as Cape Rennel, while Lieutenants Robinson and Brown did the same southward, as far as Elwin Bay. Although most of the party suffered severely from being blinded by snow drifts, they were yet ready for a longer and more serious journey.

With forty days' provisions, and with tents, blankets, &c., lashed upon two sledges, Sir James Ross and Lieutenant M'Clintock, and twelve men, set out on the 15th May to explore on foot the west coast of North Somerset. Captain Bird, with a large fatigue party of thirty men, accompanied them only for the first five days, as his presence with the ship would be more beneficial to the service. Passing along the northern shore of North Somerset as far as Cape Bunny, they observed that the whole space between it and Cape Walker to the West, and Wellington Channel to the North, was occupied with very heavy hammock ice, while to the South it appeared more favourable for travelling. They therefore traced all the indentations of the coast till the 5th June, when the consumption of half their provisions, and the reduction of the strength of the party, compelled them to return. During the day's rest, which was necessary for the lame and the feeble, two of whom were obliged to be carried on sledges, while

three others had scarcely strength to walk, Sir James with two men, proceeded to the extreme South point in sight, about nine miles from the encampment. This point is situated in latitude $72^{\circ} 38'$ and longitude $95^{\circ} 40' W.$, where a very narrow isthmus separates Brentford Bay of the Western Sea from Creswell Bay of Prince Regent's Inlet. As the magnetic pole discovered by Sir James in 1832 was then situated $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ of North latitude, and $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ West longitude, he was now within 2° of its former position. A visit to this pole, which Sir James anxiously desired, would have enabled him to determine the velocity of its motion. During this journey every person but Lieutenant M'Clintock was on the sick list, and many of them were frost-bitten: even Captain Bird's party was knocked up before it returned. Before the two parties separated, they were charged by an enormous bear, which walked boldly up to them, and was only checked in its advance by an attempt to fire at him. All the guns missed fire but Lieutenant M'Clintock's. The ball struck the bear, but the animal merely scratched his head with his paw, stopped within fifteen yards of his enemies, and then turning his back upon them, walked off with a contemptuous air.

Sir James Ross returned to the ship on the 23d June by the same way he went, and with only one day's provisions left. During his absence Captain Bird had despatched three different exploring parties, commanded by Lieutenants Robinson, Barnard, and Brown. Lieutenant Robinson, with eight men, examined the western shore of Prince Regent's Inlet. At Fury Point they found the provisions of the *Fury* in a high state of preservation, and Sir John Ross's Somerset House standing in good order. In a tent erected inside of it, and cheered with fires, it was necessary to leave two of the men who were too much fatigued to go any farther. Lieutenant Robinson pushed on to Creswell Bay, about twenty-five miles distant, with the remainder, and deposited in a cairn its usual contents. Returning to the wreck of the *Fury* he packed up his moveables, and reached the Investigator after an absence of three weeks, and with only one day's provisions. The party under Lieutenant Barnard, consisting of himself, Dr. Anderson, and four men, proceeded to the north shore of Barrow's Straits, as far as Cape Hood, where they fixed a beacon and deposited notices. They failed, however, in their attempt to advance farther to the West. A fatigue party under Mr. Creswell accompanied Mr. Barnard to Leo-

pold Island, where they bivouacked for the night.* This party witnessed a very natural, and at the same time an easy mode of descent from a height of 700 feet. A bear squatted himself down on his hams, slid from top to bottom at railway speed, steadying himself with great judgment by his paws in his rapid descent. The third exploring party consisted of Lieutenant Brown and four men, with a fatigue party composed of Mr. Court and four seamen, who accompanied them about 100 miles, crossed Prince Regent's Inlet to a place called the Peak, a remarkably peaked hill, upon which they erected a conspicuous cairn, and made the usual deposits.

About the middle of August the ice began to waste away along the shores, but it was not until the 26th of that month that the Expedition succeeded in getting clear of the harbour, after having cut a canal through the ice rather more than two miles in length. Before quitting Port Leopold, Sir James had a house built with their spare spars, and covered it with their housing cloths. He left in it twelve months' provisions, and other necessities, together with the Investigator's steam engine and launch, which, having been lengthened seven feet for the purpose, is capable of carrying the whole of Sir John Franklin's party to the whale ships, or themselves, should any calamity befall them in their progress westward.

Thus liberated from the ice, Sir James Ross proceeded towards the south shore of Barrow's Strait, in order to explore Wellington Channel, and extend, if possible, his researches to Melville Island; but when they were within twelve miles of the shore, they encountered the fixed land ice; and a strong wind arising on the 1st September, the ship was closely beset in the loose packs, sustaining severe pressure for two or three days. At this time the temperature fell to zero, the whole body of ice was frozen into a solid mass; their rudder could not be unshipped for some days, and when it was done, it was so twisted and damaged, and the ship so much strained, as to increase the leakage from three inches in a fortnight to fourteen inches daily. Here the Expedition seemed to be fixed for the winter. A west wind, however, drove the whole body of the ice eastward, at the rate of nine miles a day, and, thus completely fixed in the centre of a field of ice fifty miles in circumference, they were carried along the

southern shore of Lancaster Sound, the ships, which were about a mile distant, keeping up their communication solely by signals. After being thus driven about 240 miles, the great field of ice, as if by some unseen power, was rent into innumerable fragments, and their release almost miraculously effected. On the 25th September, after having crashed through the ice for thirty-six hours, the ships got clear of the pack, exchanged cheers of congratulation on their narrow escape, turned their prows towards England, and after passing gigantic icebergs, from 100 to 300 feet high, and from a quarter to half a mile in length, which often threatened them with destruction, they arrived in England in the beginning of November 1850.

On the 26th May 1849, the *North Star*, of 500 tons, James Saunders master and commander, left the Thames with orders and supplies to Sir James Ross, and also to deposit provisions at various points on the south side of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, but particularly at Whaler Point, at the entrance of Port Leopold. In the beginning of July the ice across Melville Bay was perfectly impassable, and in consequence of this delay Mr. Saunders was making his way up the east side of Baffin's Bay, while Sir James Ross, on his return, was engaged in the ice on its west side. Unable to cross to Lancaster Sound, the *North Star* drifted with the ice the whole of September, and on the 30th of that month she was providentially driven into Wolstenholme Sound, where there was a pool of open water. There, in *North Star* Bay, she wintered in lat. $76^{\circ} 33' N.$, and long. $68^{\circ} 56' W.$,—the most northerly position in which any vessel had ever before been imprisoned. During ten long months she remained in this intensely cold region, when the thermometer in February, the coldest month, was twice down to $63\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and and to $64\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below zero; and it was not till the 1st August, 1850, that she was taken out of the cove and able to pass Baffin's Bay. On the 8th of the same month she examined Possession Bay, and being prevented by the heavy land floes of old ice from depositing provisions at the proper point, she left her cargo in Navy Board Inlet, and Wollaston Island, and returned to England on the 30th September, 1850.

In the year 1849, when the most sanguine of Sir John Franklin's friends began to despair, the desire of discovering or relieving him increased in a high degree. Lady Franklin had, in 1848, offered a reward of £2000, and in 1849 one of £3000, to those who might afford effective relief to the mis-

* This account of the labours of these four parties is taken from interpolations made by some of the officers, in the official account of the Expedition republished in the United Service Gazette.

ing Expedition. On the 23d March, 1849, her Majesty's Government offered £20,000 for the same object; but as most of the whalers had sailed before that time, they could not, without authority, have departed from the usual fishing-ground. Private individuals opened their hearts and their purses in the same noble cause, and a generous sympathy for the Arctic heroes was practically felt in the two great Empires of the Western and the Eastern World.

When Sir James Ross returned to England, the Admiralty resolved to send out new Searching Expeditions, and the Enterprise and Investigator, under Capt. Collinson and Capt. Maclure, were commissioned to proceed to Behring's Straits, to proceed to the western extremity of Melville Island, to winter there, and to search for the lost ships in the spring of 1851. These two vessels separated in the Pacific, and the Investigator, though an inferior sailor, succeeded, by the choice of the best route, in reaching Behring's Straits and passing Point Barrow, fifteen days before the Enterprise. The Investigator was last seen on the 5th August, 1851, by the Plover, in lat. $70^{\circ} 44' N.$, and $159^{\circ} 52' W.$, standing to the north under a press of sail. The Enterprise, which reached the ice only on the 16th August, in lat. $72^{\circ} 40' N.$, and long. $159^{\circ} 30' W.$, was not able to penetrate it, and finding that it could not make Cape Bathurst, a distance of 570 miles, during the rest of the season, returned to Hong-Kong to replenish her provisions, in order to make another attempt in the summer of 1851, and to remain in the most eligible position for affording aid to the Investigator. Capt. Maclure, in his last dispatch, speaks in the highest terms of the qualities of his ship, and we look forward with much hope to its service in the Arctic Seas.

While the Enterprise and Investigator were to approach Melville Island from the west, the Resolute, under Capt. Austin, and the Assistance, under Capt. Ommaney, 500 tons each, with a complement of 60 men, together with the Pioneer and Intrepid as steam-tenders to the two vessels, were commissioned to approach the same point from Lancaster Sound. Capt. William Penny, an active and experienced whale fisher, who had visited Lancaster Sound in the Advice whaler in 1849 along with Mr. Goodsir, and who, since the age of 12, had been employed 28 years in the whaling-trade, was also engaged in the search by the Admiralty, who placed under his command the Lady Franklin, of 230 tons, and the brig Sophia as a tender. These ships sailed on the 12th April, 1850, nearly a month before Capt.

Austin's, carrying a crew of 49 picked men, and provisions for three years. Having been prevented by the ice from approaching within 25 miles of Jones' Sound, which he was instructed to examine, he continued his voyage to Lancaster Sound and Wellington Channel. Previous to the 23d August, Capt. Penny landed at Beechy Island, and *discovered three graves and other satisfactory evidence that Sir John Franklin and his party had wintered there.* Soon after this, Mr. Snow of the Prince Albert, a ship despatched by Lady Franklin under the orders of Capt. Forsyth, R. N., went on shore at Point Riley to examine a flag-post erected by Capt. Ommaney, and found there a note stating that he had landed on the Cape on the 23d August with the officers of the Assistance and Intrepid, and had found *traces of an encampment, and collected the remains of materials which evidently proved that some party belonging to her Majesty's ships had been detained there. Traces of the same party had been found on Beechy Island.* Capt. Austin, after seeing these articles, was of opinion that "the bay between Cape Riley and Beechy Island had been the winter quarters of the Expedition under Sir John Franklin in 1845-6, and that there was circumstantial evidence to prove that its departure was somewhat sudden." Capt. Ommaney, in his replies to the Arctic Committee (Nov. 12, 1851),* says that the graves were those of *three young men*, from which he infers that the crew were not in perfect health, adding the supposition that the *preserved meats were of an inferior quality.*† The bower-rope and other articles were carefully examined by Sir J. Richardson and Sir E. Parry. The rope had been made at Chatham subsequent to 1841. A fragment of canvas had the Queen's broad arrow painted upon it, and the five rings of stones observed by Mr. Snow, had been used for the erection of as many tents, and the slabs in the centre of each were probably stands for magnetic instruments. As there were no traces of smoke or remains of burnt wood, these tents are supposed to have been erected, one for each ship, for making the monthly term magnetical observations, which would take place on the 29th August, 1845—the fifth tent being for the protection of the observers.

* Report of the Arctic Committee, 1851, p. 171. Snow's Journal, &c., pp. 312-321.

† The recent discovery that certain contractors had, on an extensive scale, supplied the Navy with preserved meats in a putrid state, and had even filled the tin cans with the vilest garbage, renders this supposition a highly probable one, and gives rise to conjectures of the most distressing kind.

At this interesting period, August 1850, a squadron of no fewer than *ten* searching vessels was assembled in Lancaster Sound—the *Resolute* and *Pioneer*, the *Assistance* and *Intrepid*, the *Advance* and *Rescue* from the United States, the *Felix* under Admiral Sir John Ross, the *Lady Franklin*, the *Prince Albert*, and the *North Star*, and though none of them accomplished the main object they had in view, they have ascertained that the missing Expedition has neither been lost nor now exists, in the extensive shores which they searched, and while they have added greatly to our geographical knowledge of the Arctic regions, they have made most important magnetic and meteorological observations, which cannot fail to throw much light on the climatology of the globe.

It is no easy task, within the narrow limits of an article of this kind, to give anything like a satisfactory notice of the proceedings of these various ships in the seasons of 1850 and 1851; and if our readers find it less interesting than they expected, they must ascribe it to the brevity of the narrative, and not to the interest of the subject. We left the Expedition under Captain Austin at Beechy Island, in Barrow's Strait, contemplating the interesting relics of the missing Expedition. After searching the neighbourhood of Beechy Island, and the east coast of Wellington Straits, as far as Cape Bowden, beyond the 75th parallel of latitude, the *Resolute* and *Pioneer* were enabled, by a movement of the ice, to reach the western shore on the 5th September. After various attempts during the rest of the month to get farther west, Captain Austin's two ships, with their tenders, fixed their winter quarters at the south-west end of Cornwallis Island, under the shelter of Griffith's Island; while Captains Penny and Stewart in the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, wintered in Assistance Harbour.

We have already had occasion to mention an Expedition under Rear Admiral Sir John Ross. When this distinguished commander, on his return from Stockholm, saw Sir John Franklin in 1845, he told him that if he did not return in 1847, he would volunteer to go in search of him. In fulfilment of this promise, Sir John went to the Admiralty in 1847 with the plan of his expedition; but the secretary, after taking it in to the Board, returned with the message, that as they had already consulted Barrow, Parry, and others, they would not trouble him on the subject, and he was accordingly excluded from all their committees of consultation. In April 1850, when the public

mind was so highly excited on the subject of the missing Expedition, Sir John Ross, at the advanced age of 73, again volunteered his services; and, by the liberality of the Hudson's Bay Company, who contributed £500, and other subscriptions, he was enabled to equip the *Felix* schooner, of 120 tons, for the arduous service he had undertaken. He took with him his own yacht the *Mary*, as a tender; and he was accompanied by his friend Capt. C. Gervans Phillips, R. N., and Mr. Abernethy, who had been his ice-master in his great expedition. With a picked crew, his vessel sailed from Loch Ryan on the 23d May, and reached Holsteinberg on the 23d June. Sir John landed on the 24th, under a salute of nine guns; and, having engaged Adam Beck as an interpreter who understood the Esquimaux language, he set sail on the 30th June. He reached the Whale-fish Islands on the 5th July, where he took in water and coal; and passing northward through Waygat Straits, and in company with the *Prince Albert*, he overtook, on the 10th August, the four ships under Captain Austin.

On the 13th August, both Sir John Ross and Capt. Ommaney observed off Cape York three Esquimaux upon the ice, and having communicated with them through the medium of Adam Beck, and John Smith, steward of the *Prince Albert*, who knew something of the Esquimaux language, they obtained the following startling intelligence:—"That in the winter of 1846, when the snow was falling, two ships were crushed by the ice, a good way off in the direction of Cape Dudley Digges, and were afterwards burned by a fierce and numerous tribe of natives; that the ships were not whalers, and that epaulettes were worn by some of the white men; that a part of the crew were drowned; that the remainder were some time in huts or tents apart from the natives; that they had guns but no balls, and that being in a weak and exhausted condition, they were subsequently killed by the natives with darts or arrows." Deeply impressed with the importance of this narrative, Captain Austin resolved to inquire into its credibility, and obtained from the *Lady Franklin* the regular Danish interpreter, Peterson, whom she had on board. This interpreter gave a totally different translation of the Esquimaux statement, calling Adam Beck a liar, and intimidating him into silence; but no sooner was Beck left alone, than he *re-affirmed his version of the story, and stoutly maintained its accuracy*. Neither Sir John Ross nor Captain Austin believed in Beck's story

after Peterson's contradiction of it, and the Arctic Committee also discredited it; but after Beck had voluntarily made a deposition* before a Greenland magistrate, affirming it in all its particulars, Sir John gave it implicit credit; especially after the Danish resident at Godhavn had declared his belief of it, on the ground that Beck had been brought up as a Christian by the Moravians, and that he had never known a person so brought up tell a lie.†

On the 16th and 17th of August, the *Felix* in tow of the *Assistance* and *Intrepid* crossed Baffin's Bay, and on the 22d they were off Admiralty Inlet. Crossing over Barrow's Strait, Sir John Ross went to Barlow Inlet, on the west side of Wellington Sound; and, after rounding Cape Hotham, he went into winter quarters in Assistance Bay, on the south side of Cornwallis Isle, along with Captain Penny's ship on the 13th September. Sir John took with him four carrier pigeons belonging to a lady residing in Ayrshire, with the intention of liberating two of them when he went into winter quarters, and other two when he discovered Sir John Franklin. He accordingly despatched one of them in a balloon at 6.30 p.m. on the 3d October, and at 6 o'clock on the 4th‡ he despatched another. Each pigeon was placed in a basket suspended to the balloon, and by the contrivance of a slow match, the pigeon was to be liberated at the end of twenty-four hours. One pigeon made its appearance in the dove-cot in Ayrshire on the 13th October, which was believed to be one of the pair carried out by Sir John. It therefore performed a journey of about 2400 miles in seven days, or about 343 miles a day. In the beginning of August the *Felix* escaped from the ice, and arrived in England about the end of September.

Another Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin left England on the 5th June 1850, in the *Prince Albert*, Captain Forsyth, a clipper ship of about ninety tons, with a crew of twenty men, and Mr. N. P. Snow acting as clerk. The expense of this expedition was about £4000, of which £2500

was contributed by Lady Franklin. Though she was the last vessel that left England, she was the first to return, and therefore brought home the first intelligence of the traces of the missing Expedition that had been discovered on Beechy Island. Captain Forsyth, in the *Prince Albert*, proceeded up Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, and went farther into Prince Regent's Inlet than Sir James Ross had done in 1849. He searched even Fury Beach, but being unable to land, he returned and entered Wellington Channel, examining the coast as far as Point Innis. Failing to discover any traces of the missing vessels, he resolved to return to England, and having examined several portions of the coast, he arrived at Aberdeen on the 22d October.

In 1849, on the 6th of April, Lady Franklin made an affecting appeal to the President of the United States, imploring him to assist in the discovery of the missing Expedition. Mr. Clayton, in the President's name, entered very warmly into her views, but the season was too far advanced to do anything at that time. Lady Franklin made a second appeal to the President, when she learned that Mr. Henry Grinnell, a wealthy merchant of New York, had fitted out, at an expense of £5000 or £6000, two brigantines for the purpose of discovering the missing vessels. He offered them for this purpose to the American Government, who accepted them as a part of the navy of the United States, and equipped them for the Expedition. These two vessels, the *Advance* of 144 tons, and the *Rescue* of 91, were placed under the command of Lieut. De Haven, who had accompanied Captain Wilkes in his Exploring Expedition. They left New York on the 24th May, 1850, provisioned for three years, and on the 7th July they were so beset in the pack ice as to make only 21 miles in 21 days. Passing Cape Melville a strong easterly breeze carried them across Baffin's Bay to Admiralty Inlet, where they fell in with Sir John Ross and Capt. Penny. Their resolution was to push on to Melville Island and Banks' Land, and to winter wherever they might chance to be, in the pack or out of the pack. Mr. Snow, who followed in their wake with what he calls "our own little barkey," while they were dashing recklessly on through the streams of heavy ice, running off from Leopold Island, speaks of the *Advance* as most extraordinarily qualified to resist pressure, her bow being one solid mass of timber from the foremast, her deck doubled, filled, and again lined round, while her cabin had, in addition, a sheathing of cork. On the 25th August, after examining the cairn at Cape Ri-

* Beck's depositions were sent by the Hudson's Bay Company, (to whom Sir John Ross gave them), to Copenhagen to be translated, but the translation has not yet been received. It has been confidently stated that Peterson was afraid of having the truth told, and told the Esquimaux boy, that if he said the crew were murdered, he would be killed also.

† Mr. Snow, in his very interesting *Voyage of the Prince Albert*, has given a minute and full account of the affair of Adam Beck in his 16th and 17th chapters.

‡ Sir John Richardson says the pigeons were despatched on the 6th or 7th. We have given the dates from the log of the *Felix*.

ley, the *Advance* proceeded to Cape Hoatham, to meet her consort the *Rescue*. They were afterwards beset in ice on the 4th September, five miles north of Cape Spencer, and they were last seen by Capt. Austin on the 13th September, standing to the eastward, and probably on their return to America.

We come now to give an account of the very interesting proceedings of Capt. Austin's Expedition in the winter and spring of February 1851. Dr. Scoresby, in the 3d chapter of his admirable and seasonable volume on "The Franklin Expedition," has described the different plans of search which it would be advisable to adopt, and these plans have, so far as it was in their power, been successfully followed by the travelling parties sent out by Capt. Austin. After the ships were well fixed, several parties started on the 2d October to establish depots of provisions for their future use, but from the violence of the weather they succeeded only in placing them on Somerville Island and Cornwallis Island. On the 17th October, when Capt. Penny arrived at the *Resolute*, the spring operations were agreed upon, Capt. Penny having undertaken the complete search of Wellington Strait. The winter was spent cheerfully and healthfully in every species of exercise, instruction, and amusement, an account of which will be found in the "Arctic Miscellanies,"—a work which will be perused with a high degree of interest by many classes of readers, and which evinces, in a

striking manner, the intelligence of British seamen.

The searching parties, divided into *limited* and *extended* parties, were conducted by Captain Ommaney to an advanced position on the ice off the N.W. of Griffith Island, where tents were pitched, and every thing closely inspected by Captain Austin. There were in all 14 sledges, manned by 106 officers and men, and provisioned, for some 40 and others for 42 days, with an average dragging weight of 205 lbs. per man. On the 15th the men proceeded to the sledges, and having joined in a prayer for protection and guidance, they started on their respective courses. Both the limited and extended parties returned without any traces of the missing expedition; the limited parties, between the 27th April and the 19th May, and the extended ones between the 28th May and the 4th of July. In the former, eighteen men suffered from frostbite, and one of them, George Malcolm, Captain of the hold of the *Resolute*, a native of Dundee, died at his post of exhaustion and frostbite. The extended parties returned in safety and good health, after being out respectively 48, 58, 60, 62, and the Melville Island party 80 days, during some portion of which period they were detained in their tents by heavy drift, with the *temperature falling as low as 69° below the freezing point!* It is not easy, without a chart, to describe the extent of discovery which we owe to this Expedition, but some idea of it may be formed from the following Table:—

Along South Shore.

	No. of crew.	Days out.	Miles travelled.	Miles of Coast newly discovered.	Old Coast.	Extreme Points reached.	
						N. Lat.	W. Long.
Capt. Ommaney,	6	60	480	205		72° 44'	100° 42'
Lieut. Osborn,	7	58	506	70	10	72° 18'	103° 25'
Lieut. Brown,	6	44	375	150		72° 49'	96° 40'

Along North Shore.

Lieut. Aldrich,	7	62	550	70	75
Lieut. M'Clintock,	6	80	760	40	215
A. R. Bradford, Esq.	6	80	669	155	90

In the reserve and hydrographical parties Lieutenant Meham searched seventy-five miles of old coast on the south shore, and Mr. M'Dougall ninety-five miles of new, and twenty of old coast on the north shore. In Lieutenant M'Clintock's journey of eighty days the thermometer was never lower than 36° below the freezing point. He encountered herds of musk oxen on Melville Island, and could have shot two-thirds of them had he chosen. His party was sometimes detained forty hours by south-east

gales, in a space of 8 feet 8 inches long, and 6 feet 8 inches broad; and as it was necessary to cook in the tent, the vapour speedily condensed, and descended in a shower of pure snow, penetrating and wetting the fur robes and clothing. They found at Bushnan Cove the articles left there by Captain Parry, remarkably unchanged in strength and colouring. Upon the singular sandstone rock at the entrance of the harbour they cut the date 1851, near the inscription recording Sir E. Parry's visit. Beneath the rock a hare had

taken up its residence, and was constantly and fearlessly feeding about, within a few yards of their tent.

Captain Penny's Expedition to Wellington Strait set off on the 17th of April, and his different parties had returned on the 25th of June, very important discoveries having been made by Captain Penny himself, by Captain Stewart, and Dr. Sutherland, and by Messrs. Goodsir, Marshall, and Manson, extending the geography of Wellington Strait and Queen's Channel beyond the 77th parallel of latitude, and terminating on the east with Cape Sir John Franklin, and on the west by Cape Lady Franklin.

On the 11th August Captain Austin's ships were removed from their winter quarters, and on the 12th unexpectedly reached those of Captain Penny. Having considered the directions and extent of their search, Captain Austin came to the conclusion that Sir John Franklin had not gone to the southward or westward of Wellington Channel; and having received Captain Penny's written opinion, of date 11th August, that Wellington Channel required no further search, as everything had been done which the power of man could accomplish, he resolved to abandon all farther search in these directions, and to return to England, where he arrived on the 1st of October, 1851.

Notwithstanding the great harmony which seems to have subsisted among the numerous officers who were entrusted with the charge of the searching Expeditions, an unfortunate dispute has arisen between Captain Penny and Captain Austin respecting the exploration of Wellington Channel.

In a letter to the Secretary to the Admiralty, dated September 15th, 1851, Captain Penny states, that having discovered open water leading out of Wellington Channel, he requested Captain Austin to give him the *Sophia* steamer to go up the channel, and wait to see if the ice would clear away, and that Captain Austin declined the request. Captain Austin, on the other hand, denies that he was ever asked for a steamer, and that Captain Penny ever gave him the slightest reason to hope that either trace or rescue was to be obtained by sending a steamer up Wellington Channel. On the contrary, he produces a letter from Captain Penny in answer to a question from himself, whether Captain Penny was satisfied with his own examination of Wellington Channel? "Your question," replies Captain Penny, "is easily answered. My opinion is, Wellington Channel requires no further search. All has been done in the power of man to accomplish, and no trace

has been found. What else can be done?"

With this decisive opinion from the person best fitted to give it, Captain Austin returned to England. Captain Penny, however, reconciles his letter with his previous application for a steamer, by saying, when examined by the Arctic Committee, *that Wellington Channel was searched, but not beyond Wellington Channel*, thus supposing that Captain Austin could understand that the continuation of Wellington Channel to the north-west was not Wellington Channel. In this letter of the 15th September, already referred to, Captain Penny had made the same distinction between the upper and the under channel, by speaking of "the *strait leading north-west* out of Wellington Channel, which I have for the present named Queen Victoria Channel;" but it is worthy of remark, that in a letter written three days previous to the other, and addressed to the Lords of the Admiralty, he makes no such distinction, calling the upper part by the same name as the lower part. "Your Lordships are aware," he says, "that *I have discovered that the course of Wellington Channel lies north-west a distance of sixty miles beyond the point which I reached.*" Now as he says that he asked for a steamer to go up the Channel, and as he declared that *Wellington Channel* required no farther search, how was it possible that Captain Austin could understand that he meant anything but the *whole Channel*, upper as well as lower? But, independently of this, Captain Penny admits that "*there was undoubtedly a barrier of ice at the entrance of Wellington Channel at the time he applied for the steamer,*" and we cannot understand how, under such circumstances, Captain Austin could have been justified, either in giving a steamer, or in taking one himself, upon such a hopeless errand, and at such a late season of the year, even if he had understood Captain Penny's distinction between the upper and the under Channel. We therefore concur in the decision of the Arctic Committee, that Captain Austin acted wisely in not making any farther search in Wellington Channel.*

Those who have friends in the missing ships will be glad to hear that, beside the Expedition to Wellington Sound, now fitting out by Government, under Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Kellet, other two, and perhaps a third, from America, at the expense partly of Mr. Grinnell, are about to be employed in the same cause. In conformity with the views of Lady Franklin,

* The official inquiry into this matter occupies a great part of the Blue Book, No. 11 in our list.

at whose risk the journey is undertaken, Lieutenant Pim, R.N., has gone to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of making a land journey from the mouth of the Kolyma river to New Siberia to search for Sir John Franklin. The Russian Government, however, with whom he has been in communication, has pointed out the impracticability of the scheme; but has, at the same time, generously offered to give every assistance in any well organized plan that is likely to be attended with success. The difficulty, almost insuperable, of travelling to the place of his destination, through the immense wilderness of Northern Siberia, among uncivilized tribes, scarcely subject even to Russian authority, does not seem to have been anticipated by Lieutenant Pim or his counsellors. In Admiral Wrangel's journey through the same regions, although only one-third of the length of that proposed by Lieutenant Pim, he was obliged to employ fifty sledges and 600 dogs, with provisions for each sledge of from fifty to seventy salt herrings a day; so that the Expedition of Lieutenant Pim would require what could not be obtained without the complete ruin of the natives, who require the use of their dogs, namely, from 1200 to 1500 dogs, and provisions in proportion. The agents of the Russian Government have, at the same time, distinctly stated it as their opinion, that Sir John Franklin has not been shipwrecked in the Icy Sea, north of Siberia, otherwise some information of the event must have been conveyed to the Imperial authorities by the natives.

Another Expedition of a more plausible character, and the result of private liberality and enterprise, is at present fitting out by Captain Beatson, who has long been of opinion that Sir John Franklin has passed to the north of the Parry Islands, and that he has been prevented from getting southward by a chain of islands extending far to the westward, and probably a continuation of the Parry Islands. Captain Beatson, therefore, believes that Sir John Franklin is somewhere to the north of Behring's Straits, and certainly not far to the eastward. Influenced by this opinion, he has purchased a vessel, to be commanded by himself, and which is now preparing for the Expedition. It is a schooner of nearly 200 tons, but capable of carrying a much larger quantity. She is to be fitted up with separate engines of eight horse power each, with three separate boilers. This vessel is to be accompanied by a steam launch of five horse power. The ship is to be provisioned for five years, and her crew is to consist of fif-

teen men and himself. Captain Beatson had intended to take another smaller screw steamer as a tender, and of far greater power, but he has not found himself able to do this. He intends to leave England about the end of February 1852, to proceed directly to the Sandwich Islands, and having taken in coal, to enter Behring's Straits by the middle or end of July. He then makes for the open water seen by Wrangel, and should he not succeed in getting so far along the coast, he proposes to employ the spring (before the breaking up of the ice) in attempting to reach the land seen by Captain Kellet from Herald Island, and thus to perform one part of the scheme proposed by Lieutenant Pim. The Royal Geographical Society, to whom this plan was submitted, by its distinguished president, Sir Roderick Murchison, propose to raise subscriptions in aid of Captain Beatson, and we are sure that the money of the rich and the prayers of the poor will be liberally devoted to such a noble and generous enterprise.

With the copious and valuable materials now before us, we may come to some reasonable conclusion respecting the course followed by Sir John Franklin, and the probability of his being discovered if he and his party are still alive. We believe, and it is the belief of almost all the distinguished naval officers, that Sir John Franklin did not follow a western course past Melville Island, or a south-western one by any of the inlets that lead to the American shore. This opinion is confirmed by the extensive and unavailing search which has been made in these directions. The existence of his first winter quarters in 1845-6, at Beechy Island, at the eastern entrance to Wellington Channel, renders it highly probable that his course was along that Channel; and if it was, that he would either emerge into the polar basin, if one does exist, or would push his way westward to Behring's Straits, or eastward round Greenland, if it is an island, and does not reach the pole. The new Expedition that is now fitting out by Government, under Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Kellett, will certainly have for its main object the examination of Wellington and Queen Victoria Channels; and as it is the opinion of Captain Penny and all his officers that the missing Expedition took that route, it becomes an interesting inquiry to ascertain what is the degree of probability that it may still be discovered, and that the gallant crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* are yet alive. If the ships have been frozen up in perpetual ice, and their crews prevented from returning for want of food, or the means of transport, there can

be little doubt that travelling parties at least from the new Expedition, may trace them either to their prisons or their graves; but if they have escaped from the Wellington Channel into a polar basin or into other channels to the east or to the west, the Expedition will probably return without accomplishing its object, while our hopes of the safety of the missing ships will be greatly increased.

The grand problem for our solution, then, is the existence of a polar basin or of an open sea extending to the pole. Captain Ommaney has declared "that he has no faith in the theory of a polar basin," and placing against this the opposite naval opinion of Captain Osborne, that he had observed various facts which "go far to prove the existence of a northern basin or polar sea," we enter upon the discussion of the subject as a great and scientific question which science alone is capable of solving. We have more than once had occasion to state to our readers the undoubted fact that the pole is not the coldest part of the globe, and that there are two poles of maximum cold, one in the new world, somewhere near Melville Island, and another on the opposite meridian in the old world. It is demonstrable, from the observations of Captain Scoresby and others, that the mean temperature of the North Pole does not exceed 10° * of Fahrenheit, whereas the mean temperature of Melville Island is, according to Sir Edward Parry, 1° or 2° below zero,† or 11° or 12° below that of the pole. But as the temperature of 10° , though derived from a formula expressing accurately the diminution of temperature from the equator to the polar regions, may be considered only as a probable assumption, we shall arrive at the same conclusion by taking the results of actual observation. Captain Scoresby found, from many years' observation, that the mean temperature in latitude 78° in the Spitzbergen seas was 17° Fahrenheit, whereas Captain Parry found the mean temperature in latitude $74\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ at Melville Island, to be 1° or 2° —where we should have expected it to have been above 17° . If this then be the law of temperature in different meridians, Sir John Franklin, in ascending Wellington Channel, would necessarily pass into a warmer climate, where an arctic winter would lose much of its horrors, and where a more genial temperature would foster animal life, and supply him, not only with materials for food, but even with the elements of luxury.

Though barriers of ice or other causes may prevent him from retracing his steps by Wellington Channel, or by any other southward course, he may be carrying on his explorations in new regions contiguous to the place of his entrance into the polar sea, or even extending them, if his vessels are preserved, into new regions far to the east or west of the meridian in which he entered it.

Such are the hopes which we fondly cherish, that our distinguished exile and his gallant crew are still preserved to their friends and their country. Yet it is but a hope—a faint hope, too, to which we cling with failing grasp, and with bitter tears. Time has worn it to a shadow—evanescent to the eye of Reason, yet looming brightly on the horizon of Fancy. Still we must not despair. When Hope quits the earth, she often alights again embalmed and invigorated amid the prayers of the faithful. In the chronicles of the ocean, when the wrecked mariner has been cast among its raging billows, an unseen hand has often guided him to a happy shore; and in the annals of mortal suffering, when hearts have sunk and hands have failed, a meteor ray has often flashed upon the soul, and an arm of strength been commissioned to deliver. In asking, then, with the poet,—where are the friends whom we mourn? Let us accept of the consolation which he offers, when it shall appear that God has not aided the efforts of the resolute:—

"Where is he?—where? silence and darkness dwell

About him; as a soul cut off from men:
Shall we behold him yet a citizen
Of mortal life? Will he return to tell
(Prisoner from Winter's very citadel
Broken forth) what he before has told, again,
How to the hearts and hands of resolute men,
God aiding, *nothing* is impossible?
Alas! the enclosure of the stony wave
Is strong, and dark the depths of polar night;
Yet One there is Omnipotent to save.
And this we know, if comfort still we crave,
*Into that dark he took with him a light—
The lamp that can illuminate the grave.*" *

In the application of the public money to Expeditions of Discovery, or, indeed, to any object above vulgar apprehension, the counsellors of the State are exposed to the double taunts of ignorance and faction. In authorizing the recent Searching Expeditions, however, they yielded to the united voice of science and humanity, and neither the bitterness of party, nor the illiberality

* See *Edinburgh Transactions*, vol. ix. pp. 206, 207.

† See this Journal, vol. iv. p. 285.

* The POLES, a poem in 20 stanzas, in "Hours and Days." By THOMAS BURBIDGE: London, 1851.

of the utilitarian school has ventured to impugn the wisdom and generosity of their conduct. The time, doubtless, is not far distant when the call of humanity must subside, and when science must stand alone at the bar of the Treasury, to plead the cause of Arctic discovery. It is painful to think that a Government could exist in England with whom such a cause should require an advocate; and more painful still that those who rule the destinies of a great maritime nation should grudge the miserable pittance which the State owes to advancing knowledge and civilisation. If God has given man the earth as a freehold, and dominion over its life and its luxuries, it is doubtless the duty of His viceroy to explore his domains, to draw the tribute which they offer, and to send back blessings in return. If human reason has been commissioned to explore the planetary and sidereal regions, it is doubly bound to search the planet which is its home—to develop the laws of its structure, and to unfold the mysteries of its birth. “Could the body of the whole earth,” says Addison,* “or indeed the whole universe be thus† submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned to our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well contrived a frame as that of the human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency—the same necessity and usefulness—the same beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts as that we discover in the body of every single animal.” Since the expression of this noble thought, which its author considered as new,‡ nearly a century and a half has been devoted to the study of the rocks, the air, and the ocean—the osteology, the lungs, and the circulation of the giant earth. We have surveyed the integuments of its equatorial, and its tropical, and its temperate regions. We have studied its internal commotions, its respiratory organs of gas and of fire—its voice of thunder and of tempest—its daily and its yearly movements,—but we are still ignorant of the structure of its brain, and of the organs of sensation which it animates. It is beneath its cap of snow and its crown of ice that we have yet to discover the poles of its magnetic force, the haunts of its cold, and the focus of its auroral beams. There,

too, we may find new types of the human kind, and new forms of animal and vegetable life, thriving in summers without darkness, and in winters without light. Let Expedition, then, fellow Expedition till we have surveyed “the whole body of the earth.” It is man’s duty to complete the survey of the planet which he owns. Reason demands it of him as a tribute to the All-wise; and Revelation calls upon him to discover the secrets of His wisdom, and make known the marvels of His power.

Work Science, work, plumb ocean, scale the sky!
And beyond earth look on for praise on high.

BURBIDGE.

SINCE the preceding Article was printed, we have received farther information respecting the Searching Expeditions, which cannot fail to interest our readers. The ships of the American expedition, when on its return in 1850, drifted into Wellington Channel, and being there involved in the drift ice, were again carried out of it into Lancaster Sound, and along the west side of Baffin’s Bay, nearly to Hudson’s Straits. They never got clear of the ice during the whole winter, and were frequently on the point of destruction, *the crews having several times left the ships, and returned to them again when the crisis was over.* From this floating prison of ice the ships were disengaged in spring, and after a fruitless attempt in summer to resume their search in Lancaster Sound, they returned to the United States.

In the spring of 1851, Mr. Rae succeeded in crossing the ice, from the mouth of the Copper Mine River to Victoria Land. Having examined the shores of Wollaston Land, he proved its connexion with Victoria Land, and he traced it westerly and northwards to *within 220 miles of the north coast of Banks’s Land.* He intended to resume his search in summer if the ice broke up sufficiently to permit him to cross in his boats. He is now on his journey home, and in two months hence we may expect to learn what he has accomplished.

It appears by a letter from Captain Moore of the Plover,* that the pack ice in Behring’s Straits has this year extended 160 miles farther south than in either of the two previous summers. His own progress was stopped by it in lat. 70° 34’, and long. 169° west; and he fears that the *Enterprise* will be unable this year to make any progress eastward.

* Spectator, No. 543.

† Like the human body to anatomical observation.

‡ “I have been particular,” says Addison at the end of his paper, “on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.”

A new plan of search, on scientific grounds, has been just proposed* by Mr. A. Petermann, who thinks *that the wide opening between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla most probably offers the easiest and most advantageous entrance into the open navigable Polar Sea, and perhaps the best route for the search after Sir John Franklin.* This proposal proceeds upon the supposition generally received, that Sir John has emerged from Wellington Channel into the Polar Sea. Adopting this supposition, we consider the proposal liable to grave objections of a scientific character. The best meridian by which we can approach the Pole is doubtless *that by which it has been most nearly approached*, and that is by the meridian between Greenland and Spitzbergen. Along this meridian Captain Parry, on the 23d July 1823, approached within *seven degrees and a quarter of it*, while Phipps had come within $9^{\circ} 12'$, and Scoresby within $8^{\circ} 30'$ of it. This meridian, too, is the warmest on the globe, and that in which each isothermal line recedes farthest from the Equator. Mr. Petermann supports his views, as we do ours, (see page 486,) by the fact of the existence of a pole of maximum cold about Melville Island, though he has not mentioned by whom that pole was discovered. The following opinion of Sir John Barrow will have some weight with those who have not looked at the question in its scientific bearings :—

“The theory of Meyer, which Leslie has adopted, and on which has been constructed a formula for ascertaining the mean temperature of the globe, has now been found to assign a much less degree of cold to high latitudes than actually exists. It makes, for instance, that of the North Pole 32° , and of the parallel in which Captain Parry passed the winter 36° , being therefore erroneous by fully as many degrees. Sir David Brewster came to a conclusion much nearer the truth. The ingenious Humboldt, in his memoir on Isothermal Lines, had shown that, in high latitudes, the difference of temperature in the same parallels of the old and new world is very considerable, not less than 13° of Fahrenheit in the parallel of 50° , and 17° in that of 60° higher in Europe than in America. He has also shown that the isothermal lines decline under the eastern meridians of Asia. It had, indeed, long been known, that during the season of the fisheries the temperature of the Spitzbergen Seas, in the latitude of 80° , is higher than that of 70° in Baffin's Bay. On these grounds, and from comparing the thermometric curve of 17° in 78° of latitude on the meridian of Spitzbergen, with that of 65° on the meridian of Melville Island, Sir David Brewster, in a paper of great interest and ingenuity, observes, unless we suppose that the climate of these regions is subject to no law, we

are forced to conclude that the Pole of the Globe is not the coldest point of the Arctic Hemisphere, and that there are *two points of greatest cold* not many degrees from the Pole, and in meridians nearly at right angles to that which passes through the West of Europe.

“The exact position of these Poles is not ascertained; but Sir David Brewster thinks they are situated in about 80° N. latitude, and 95° E., and 100° W. longitude, or the one 5° to the north of Graham Moore's Bay, and the other 1° to the north of the Bay of Taimura near the north-east cape.”

ART. VII.—*Memoir of Edward Copleston, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff, with Selections from his Diary and Correspondence.* By WILLIAM JAMES COPLESTON, M.A., Rector of Cromhall, Gloucestershire, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London, 1851.

ASSOCIATED as is the name of Copleston with the revival of learning at Oxford, and with the progress of that academical reform which dates from the beginning of the present century, the announcement of the publication of his biography is at once invested with peculiar interest. We forget and forgive the zeal with which an overstrained loyalty to his *alma mater* betrayed him long since into the palliation of those defects which he, at the same time, strove so manfully to remove, and regard him rather as one of those faithful and diligent pioneers, who, hoping against hope, and struggling against difficulties, cleared the thickets, and removed the obstructions which time, and neglect, and prejudice, and ignorance, had accumulated in that ancient seat of learning. Of his contemporaries, Whately, Senior, Macbride, and others, still survive, to enter into the rich fruit of those labours, in the burden of which they bore a part; but Eveleigh, Cyril Jackson, John Duncan, Arnold, and other noble spirits of the first half of the nineteenth century, now live only in institutions into which they breathed a new energy, in the intellectual life, which still has to buffet with impediments to its free development in the old English universities,—and in the recollection of the few like-minded contemporaries, to whom their memory is sweet. No wonder, then, that we opened, with lively anticipations, a memoir of one of these leading spirits, and

* *Quarterly Review*, 1821, vol. xxv. Dr. Scoresby has taken the same view of the subject in the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*.—Art. Polar Regions, vol. xviii. p. 15.

* *Athenæum*, Jan. 17, 1852.

that the promise of "extracts from the diary and correspondence" of the late distinguished Provost of Oriel College, beguiled us into an expectation, less of a mere biographical outline of the professed subject of the memoir, than of an insight into the private thoughts and feelings of those other eminent men, mostly now gathered to their fathers, whose names we have been wont to connect with that of Copleston. Possibly, in this calculation, we were not uninfluenced by what is recorded of Pope, that his example, and perhaps assistance, produced the letters of Gay, and Bolingbroke, and Swift; and we thus relied on the promised "correspondence" as likely to afford us that kind of autobiography of Copleston and his contemporaries, which individuals gradually and insensibly compose in the course of their letters, and which have this advantage over professed "memoirs," that they exhibit the sentiments and feelings of the writers, contrasted with, and of course connected by, those of their friends and intimates.

With these feelings we turned to the Memoir of one whose name thirty years ago was so deeply connected with the minute details of academical work in Oxford, who was head of Oriel College when it was styled by Sir James Mackintosh "the school of speculative philosophy in England," and who was himself the associate of some of the most remarkable writers and leaders of opinion whom England has known in this century. We confess that we have laid down the book with feelings of disappointment. But our sense of the interest of the subject urges us to a brief review of a work which, on account of its name, naturally enough falls within the scope of our critical labours, even although we find it necessary to indicate deficiencies, rather than to express satisfaction with the information which is here conveyed to us.

To be candid, we think we discern throughout its pages something like a systematic reserve, arising possibly out of absence of sympathy with the ecclesiastical and political sentiments of the Bishop, and a disposition to exhibit him only in such a light as accords with the predilection of the writer. We have the portraiture of an ideal character, and that somewhat commonplace, created by the selection of parts of an historical one, and the alteration of the proportions which existed between those parts in the original subject. We may truly say that we have but the *disiecta membra* of one who was certainly, in his day, the "grande decus columnenque rerum Oxoniensium;" and did we not rely on some pri-

ivate sources of information, we doubt whether we could succeed in constructing out of the imperfect remains, scattered about at random, any very distinct image. In tracing the narrative, therefore, we shall hope to render good service by indicating some of the particulars in which we believe that the biographer has sinned against his subject, the chasms which appear to us to require to be filled up, and the inaccuracies, which seem to impose on some survivor of the Bishop's acquaintance the task of giving to the world a more ample and correct biography.

The Memoir commences with the birth of Edward Copleston, son of the clergyman of Offwell, Devon, in 1776. His father was descended, through a junior branch, from the ancient stock of Copleston of Copleston, in the same county, settled in Dorsetshire; and it was a favourite occupation of the subject of this biography, in his *horæ subsecivæ*, to trace out the links which connected him with the family whose name he bore. Amongst its members was another Provost, who presided over King's College, Cambridge, at the period of the Restoration, and of whom a *memento*, in the form of a silver-gilt cup, presented to him as Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, is, we are told, still preserved in the family. Of the early boyhood of Edward, no record seems to have been preserved, and we are brought, *per saltum*, to the period of his election to a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in his sixteenth year; while, as early as 1793, we find him reciting his poem, "*Marius in tugurio Ruinarum Carthaginensium*," in the Sheldonian Theatre, on occasion of the installation of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of the University.

The circumstances of his election to a fellowship of Oriel College in 1795, are spoken of as remarkable; for "whereas, in ordinary cases, the candidates present themselves and solicit permission to be admitted to the lists, here, in this case, after examination of a number of competitors, among whom young Copleston was not included, the provost and fellows of Oriel College, it is said, sent for him to C. C. C., and invited him to be chosen into their Society." This is scarcely accurate, or consistent with the terms of an extract from Archdeacon Williams's obituary notice, where the latter states, that "as he left the scene of election, one of them (the fellows) bade him recollect that he owed his preferment to *free competition* and merit alone." The real facts were as follows: There was a vacancy in one of those few fellowships at Oriel which are in the first instance limited to par-

ticular counties, in case any well-qualified candidate (*idoneus*) from those counties presents himself. Of this qualification the Statutes constitute the existing electors the judges. Now it has been, and still at the time we are writing is, usual in most societies at Oxford to *lower* the standard of qualification to the attainments of the county candidates; and to this abuse of endowments is to be traced, to a great extent, that decline of learning which, towards the middle of the last century, had reached its climax. To an abandonment of the practice, on the other hand, may be attributed the lead which the society of Oriel College took, and possessed for a considerable period, and which it still partially retains. It was to a rejection of the county candidates, in application of this principle, after examination, as unfit, that the future provost and bishop owed his election; not that he was invited to be chosen, strictly speaking, but to present himself as a candidate for examination. By noon, however, on the same day, he was elected.

Academical honours now descended thick upon him. In 1796 he obtained the English essay prize on the subject of agriculture, for which he received the thanks of the Agricultural Society, communicated through Sir John Sinclair. He was subsequently appointed to the responsible office of College tutor.

We could have wished for fuller notices than the present Memoir contains of this period of the bishop's life, for according to the concurrent testimony of his friends and pupils, it was as a College tutor that his influence was most extensively felt, and the somewhat commonplace and tedious details of his declining years, which clog the Memoir, very inadequately compensate us for the absence of information at the more important periods of his life which preceded. The omission is the more inexcusable, as it has given an opportunity for a recent criticism which is undeserved, and which can only be justified on the supposition that all that was to be known of Dr. Copleston was contained in the Memoir given by his relation. Yet a close inspection of the meagre "correspondence," which he has here and there interspersed, might have suggested inquiries such as would have led the writer to vindicate the subject of the Memoir from the remark, that he had not imparted anything like "a tone to the age by his labours." The criticism which we refer to is in terms confined to "literary" labours indeed, but obviously tends to exclude Bishop Copleston from the list of those benefactors to their generation who

have given an impulse to thought, and guided the intellectual tastes of their contemporaries.

This we believe to be untrue. Were the remark confined even to his work as an author, he can hardly be said to have lavished the stores of long study and severe thought on subjects too ephemeral to command the attention of succeeding generations, much less has he many competitors in the pregnant thought, compact reasoning, and felicitous illustration with which he arouses the minds of those with whom he lived and for whom he wrote. But it is still less true when applied to his labours in that not less effective sphere of influence, of which the results endure long beyond the memory of their prime movers. "College tuition," writes a well informed correspondent and contemporary of Dr. Copleston, "was after all his *forte*; his clearness in explaining, his patience with humble efforts, his power of calling forth whatever a man had in him, to the surprise of all parties—in all this he was the best tutor in Oxford, far the best in his day, never exceeded since. His mind during that portion of his life was in its full vigour; the exercise of his faculties was more variable later in life."

The letter of an old Orielite, Mr. Hughes, also bears strong testimony to the Bishop's powers of conveying information and disciplining the intellect, and describes the "manly and practical habit of mind which pervaded his lectures," with much enthusiasm. To him, in common with his successor in the tutorship, Mr. Davison, (author of those able treatises on Prophecy and on Sacrifice which bear his name,) Mr. Hughes attributes the most extensive influence, both on the minds of the Oriel student, and the tone of the common room at Oriel, which he describes as at the time uniting their society with that of Whately, Arnold, and other congenial spirits, and rivalling the conversational reputation of Trinity College in the sister University.

With these facts before us, which we have been at some pains to collect, we are disappointed at the absence from this volume of any epistolary or conversational intercourse with either Davison or Arnold, and of any traces of the degree of sympathy or coincidence of opinion between them, on points of educational, social, or political interest, although this may conceivably be partly owing to the absence of any considerable degree of intimacy between them and the provost. With respect to the third name in Mr. Hughes's letter, we have heard it remarked that no stranger could learn from the Memoir alone what warm and close intimacy, extending

through half a century, had existed between the Archbishop of Dublin and Dr. Copleston, or that during a large portion of that time the most unrestrained intercourse had been carried on, in relation to nearly all the great subjects, literary, ecclesiastical, and political, which have agitated various sections of society during the period.

The Archbishop, from his college intimacy with Dr. Copleston, might have been able to furnish something of interest as regards the influence exerted by the latter on the minds of his college pupils and contemporaries in lectures or conversation. In a letter given (p. 103) Dr. Whately confesses his obligation to send a copy of every production of his pen, as to a "kind of lord of the soil," in acknowledgment that from the Bishop he derived the main principles on which he had acted and speculated through life !*

Might not Davison and Arnold have derived similar inspiration from Copleston in their best days, of which such imperfect records are given in this volume ? We have at heart our suspicions that the *genuine* features, which under extensively diversified combinations of character and temperament, belong to what has been styled "The Oriel School," (and we include in it, with Whately, Davison, and Arnold, the names of Hampden, Hawkins, Newman, Hinds, Powell, Pusey and others,) are attributable in no small degree to the guidance of their Provost, and the enthusiasm by which he unconsciously kindled the taste for common studies, which have led to such varied and even opposite results.†

* Scarcely less decisive is the language of the Prefatory Dedication of the Archbishop's "Elements of Logic," addressed to Dr. Copleston, when Dean of Chester, in which he speaks of the latter, "not merely as having originally imparted to him the principles of the science (of Logic), but also as having contributed remarks, explanations, and illustrations, relative to the most important points, to so great an amount, that he could hardly consider himself as more than half the author of such portions of the Treatise, as were not borrowed from former publications." Surely, if the language of this preface is not to be taken as mere compliment, the impulse given to logical studies, both throughout Europe and in the New World by the Archbishop's celebrated Work, as it is here generously shared with, is at least partly attributable to his Provost.

† Strictly speaking, this influence, if we are right in attributing as much to Dr. Copleston, was exercised *indirectly*, since a few of those we have named stood actually in the relation to him of pupils. Davison and Arnold were undoubtedly never literally taught by him, the one having been elected from Christ Church, the second from Corpus. Hampden and Powell were originally of Oriel, but not while Copleston was tutor. Hinds, the present liberal and distinguished Bishop of

Mention is made of the Bishop's first introduction (in 1799) to his pupil and friend in after life, Lord Dudley and Ward, and there is a reference also to a volume of correspondence between him and the Bishop, published by the latter after the former's decease. No use apparently is made of these by the biographer. It is also stated that a second volume was intended, and is even now "waiting to see the light." The biographer should have at least informed his readers that Dr. Copleston's intention to give to the world a second volume, was frustrated by an injunction, obtained from the Lord Chancellor by Bishop Philpotts and Lord Lyndhurst, who, for some reason which, like the correspondence itself, is shrouded in secrecy, objected to trust Dr. Copleston with publishing his friend's reminiscences.

We must pause for a little to consider Dr. Copleston's connexion with that important event in the history of University Reform—the passing of the examination statute at Oxford in 1800. Of the precise share which the Bishop had in procuring its adoption, we are nowhere distinctly informed in the Memoir itself, but in the obituary notice by Archdeacon Williams of Llandaff, which we have already quoted, we find the following :—

"To him mainly we owe the introduction of a real and searching examination, instead of that which has become a mockery and a delusion—to him, the emulation excited by honourable distinction, which has bent many a spirit to intellectual and ennobling pursuits, for this, his College, his University, the realm of England, owes much to Edward Copleston. He planned and matured that course and system which has formed and fashioned for usefulness her rising youth." (P. 222.)

Archdeacon Williams, whom we think we recollect at Oriel about twenty years after the transactions here noticed, may perhaps be pardoned any inaccuracy in recording them, and we readily condone the exaggeration of an *éloge funèbre*, but as matter of biography and of history, we must say that such a statement is hardly fair to the memory of Provost Eveleigh, and makes us regret the want of an Antony Wood, to note down from year to year, the sayings and doings of the leading actors on that not altogether unimportant stage—the University. More just is the remark of Mr. Hughes, that Copleston's practical "wisdom had won an influence for him

Norwich, was a private pupil of Whately's, and a kind of grandson of Copleston.

beyond the walls of his college, in which he was known to enjoy the intimate confidence of the excellent Provost [Eveleigh] *one of the most strenuous originators of the present system of classes and honours.*"

We are assured that Dr. Copleston has been often heard to speak of the long and difficult struggle, protracted to *more than twenty years*, after which at length the statute was carried, and this renders it obvious that the "planning" the system is referable to a date, when the subject of the "Memoir" was not more than six years of age.* The correction which, on the authority of one of the Bishop's contemporaries, we are enabled to make, is of some weight in reply to an inference of the biographer that "there was, fifty years ago, existing, in the Universities, a power capable of overcoming that *vis inertiae* which attaches more or less to all long-settled institutions—capable also of effecting against that force very decided and fundamental changes." Was it not "then seen," he proceeds to ask, "that the leading of a few powerful minds sufficed, without any impulse from without, to bring about a revolution in academic life, not less distasteful to a great number, in its beginning, than salutary in its results?"

We unhesitatingly say in reply to such an appeal, that the history of the passing of the statute, which came into operation in 1802, is not encouraging; and if it is intended, as it seems to be, for an argument against present interference *ab extra*, with a view to academical changes, the precise facts of the case lead inevitably to the opposite conclusion. Such, in all probability, *was* the conclusion at which the Bishop's own mind had arrived. "I am not able," remarks his biographer, "to refer to any written sentiments of Dr. Copleston upon the subject of a Commission of Inquiry into the State of our Universities, nor would I venture to ascribe to him any precise opinion as to the expediency or propriety of such interference. But it would be wrong to withhold here what will be in the recollection of many of Dr. Copleston's friends—namely, that he would sometimes express strongly and freely his regrets, that some of our collegiate societies had not done more towards meeting the educational demands of the age."—(P. 8.)

Now, on this subject, there *are* extant some "written sentiments," which, occurring as they do in a work (The Replies to

the Edinburgh Review), which most will admit to be a somewhat chivalrous defence of *alma mater*, are on that very account the more emphatic as an expression of opinions, which he is understood to have entertained on the subject later in life. . . . In these "Replies" he apologises for, rather than justifies, the inaction of the University of Oxford, by the fact, that it has no existence (practically) except as a "congeries of foundations, each of which has its own peculiar statutes, regulating its own internal affairs, but confining its benefits by a great variety of limitations," so that many qualifications for fellowships, &c., are enjoined, "quite foreign to intellectual talents and learning." Such was the plea of Copleston, the advocate and controversialist of thirty years since—a plea obviously put forth with more of rhetorical tact than force of conviction. In the same "Replies," he even admits it to be at least open to discussion whether the amelioration of a system is or is not a greater good than the maintenance of founders' wills, and lays it down as absolutely unquestionable that the Legislature *should* interfere with such wills, when they contain provisions *injurious* to the public, adding, that to the voice of the public we ought [as a university] always "to answer with respect, and to render an account, if called upon, of our proceedings."—(Appendix, p. 343.)

We commend this last statement to the special consideration of those who at Oxford are now resisting public opinion, as it is expressed in the recent exercise of the royal prerogative, and to refer them to the fact that, with respect to close foundations, the champion of Oxford as it was, would only stipulate for the preservation of the interests of the present holders of Fellowships, while he abandons the defence of the foundations themselves as actually obstructive of, and tending to paralyze exertion. [Appendix, p. 341.] But on this subject of University Reform, we need not anticipate the evidence of the forthcoming Report of the Commission of Inquiry.*

* While speaking of the Bishop's replies to the Edinburgh Review, we would take the opportunity of setting the author of the "Memoir" right with respect to another controversial piece of Dr. Copleston. "The sly pungency of a *jeu d'esprit* from his pen," remarks Mr. Hughes, "published about the same time, under the title of *Hints to a Young Reviewer*, was also considered to have found a joint in the armour of the *Edinburgh Review*, a journal at that time standing alone in its own peculiar department, and assuming a tone of domination in English literature only to be paralleled by the more modern assumptions of Cardinal Wiseman as the director of English religion."—(P. 28.) It will scarcely be believed that the said *jeu d'esprit* had no refer-

* In point of fact, Provost Eveleigh of Oriel, Parsons, Master of Balliol, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, and Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ-Church, were the three most influential promoters of the scheme.

We pass over the brief notices given in the "Memoir" of the Bishop's "*Prælectiones*," as Professor of Poetical Criticism, the last of which he delivered in 1812. They are marked by much elegant Latinity, and shew considerable classical learning and refined taste. What follows is of some historical interest. In the narrative of the academical events of 1809, to which we allude, too little stress indeed is laid on the circumstance of the Bishop being at that time, and long after, a strenuous advocate of Catholic emancipation. How strenuous, we should hardly have collected from the "Memoir," which, moreover, altogether omits to inform us that, at this period, the Bishop published a pamphlet* (which the biographer leaves out of the list of his works) in answer to Mr. Croker, of New College, Oxford, in which he strongly urges the removal of Catholic disabilities.

In describing the contest for the University Chancellorship in this year, when the honour of succeeding the Duke of Portland was contested by Lords Grenville and Eldon, and the Duke of Beaufort, the author of the "Memoir" observes,—

"The recent agitation of the 'Catholic' question had created great excitement, and raised a strong feeling in the University against Lord Grenville, as an avowed friend to 'emancipation.' It should be remembered, too, that Lord Grenville was at this time deprived of Court favour, and excluded from the Cabinet, so that the chances were apparently much against him. Nevertheless, Mr. Copleston espoused with generous enterprise the cause of that candidate, of whose moral and intellectual qualifications he was best assured."

And he adds that,—

"Notwithstanding all the weight of official influence, and all the strength of old Tory prejudices arrayed against them, *he and his friends* succeeded in placing Lord Grenville in the vacant chair."—P. 25.

This gives an incorrect impression. In the first place, it was well known that the Prince of Wales warmly espoused Lord Grenville's cause, and that his friend Mr. Tyrwhit was sent down to watch the progress of the election, which was carried on through the night, without intermission, lawyers having expressed a doubt of the legality of adjourning Convocation. Without disparagement, therefore, to the subject of the "Memoir," we must observe that in the passage we have quoted, too much is

erence whatever to the Edinburgh Review, but to an article in the *BRITISH CRITIC* on the poems of Mant! It is hoped that such mistakes as these will not find their way into any credited collection of the "Curiosities of Literature."

said of the impartiality and disinterestedness of the Bishop; and, on the other hand, too little of the impulse given to his exertions by the strength of his convictions in favour of emancipation. Besides, the result, though doubtless aided by the energy and perseverance of Lord Grenville's friends, (Dr. Copleston among them,) was greatly to be attributed to the supporters of the Duke of Beaufort, who kept open the poll, though his Grace was lowest on it; and not a little to a prevailing persuasion that Lord Grenville's success at Oxford would make him Prime Minister.

An extract from the "Diary of the Bishop," a few years before, illustrates the great versatility of Copleston's mental powers, as enabling him successfully to engage in subjects so different and uncongenial as poetical criticism and financial calculation. He notes the fact of his having been continued in the bursarship of his College (Oriel) during six years, and having obtained the consent of the fellows to a plan for improving the revenues, by borrowing fines, instead of taking them from lessees, on renewals, and increasing the reserved rents instead. Whence he succeeded in trebling the rents of the College, liquidating its debts, and procuring better tenants for the estates. He was at this very time engaged, as Professor of Poetical Criticism, in the composition of his *Prælectiones*, in the work of a college tutor, and soon after, in controversial defence of the Oxford system of study, against an attack, which, whether at the time exaggerated or not, will now be admitted on all hands to have resulted in a beneficial ventilation of the subject of university reform. Pamphlets on finance, much quoted at the time by practical men, both in and out of the House of Commons, coincident in view with the theories of Huskisson and Ricardo, also came from his pen.

The subsequent events of the Bishop's life, as a fellow of a college, were, principally, his resignation of his tutorship in 1810, the termination of the decade of his Prælectorship of Poetry in 1812, and (if there is no error in the statement) his refusal of the headship of Magdalen Hall in 1813. In 1814 he was elected Provost of Oriel, on the unanimous requisition of his society, the names of Davison, Whately, Keble, and Hawkins appearing among the requisitionists. Shortly after, he received the distinguished honour of a Doctor's degree by diploma, on the proposal of Dr. Hughes, Principal of Jesus College.*

* Curiously enough, the Bishop, in a letter published in the Memoirs, and addressed to his old

In 1821, we find him publishing the "*Inquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination*," a work which, at the time of its appearance, attracted considerable notice, and which may be described as an attempt to trace the difficulties which are imputed to the Calvinistic scheme chiefly to the equivocal use of words; and here again we involuntarily recur to the influence of Dr. Copleston's peculiar cast of mind on the speculations of more than one theologian of eminence of the present day, and on the prevailing distaste discernible for logomachies. In a letter to Archbishop Whately, written three years afterwards, there is given, (p. 100,) a favourable judgment of Davison's work on Prophecy, of which the seventh discourse pleased the Bishop less than the rest of its contents, chiefly, as it would seem, on the ground of its rejection of the solution, which, after Archbishop King, he had proposed of the difficulty concerning prescience.

Before we quit the subject, we must notice a pleasing correspondence between Sir D. K. Sandford, the late eminent Professor of Greek at Glasgow, and two years previous, an unsuccessful aspirant to a vacant fellowship at Oriel, and the Provost, which arose out of the Professor's perusal of this work.

"*College of Glasgow, December 22, 1823.*

"SIR,—Though I have too much reason to fear that a letter with my signature may not be acceptable to you, I cannot refrain from giving the simple expression of my gratitude for a very essential service you have rendered me. My mind, (as I suppose, at some season or other, must be the case with all serious thinkers on religious subjects,) had been much agitated by the mysterious questions of predestination and election. Till lately, I confess with shame, I had not read your book on this topic. Its recent perusal has put an end to my doubts and hesitations—I hope for ever. The very work which, when unknown to me, I dared to mention in a slighting manner, has thus, under Providence, been the happy instrument of removing all my hesitations, and yielding peace to my disquieted thoughts. You will, perhaps, receive with indifference this tardy atonement for former petulance and error. But great will be my satisfaction if to the other members of the University, with whom my sincere confession of a heavy fault has reconciled me, I shall be enabled to add the name of Dr. Copleston.—I am, with much respect, your most obedient humble servant,
D. K. SANDFORD."

"*Oriel College, December 28, 1823.*

"DEAR SIR—It was far from a feeling of in-

college friend, Darnell, attributes this act of respect to the President of his former college, Corpus. But our information is express to the fact, that the proposal came from the Principal of Jesus.

difference with which I read your letter. A testimony so frank and so powerful to the usefulness of a treatise, must naturally give its author sincere pleasure. But besides this, I should be sorry and ashamed to be thought insensible to the kindness of your communication. Whatever pain may have been caused by any former exercise of your pen, be assured that this letter has had all the healing influence you could have intended or desired. In common with your academical friends, I had always admired your talents, and this proof you have given of a generous heart, makes me hope that I may hereafter be included in that number, and that some time or other I may have an opportunity of testifying my esteem in person.—Believe me, dear Sir, your's faithfully and sincerely,
E. COPLESTON."

A biography of a distinguished theologian, from which but a faint idea can be gleaned of his opinions on controversial points of theology, or on those great ecclesiastical questions now in a course of solution, is surely a coming short of the subject; and any sentiment of delicacy in referring to them, though an excellent reason for devolving the task of writing on others, will hardly be accepted as a satisfaction by the possessors of the "Memoir." We think, however, that the avowed approbation of the Archbishop of Dublin's work, entitled "*The Kingdom of Christ*," contained in a letter of the Bishop's, (p. 195,) justifies us in regarding the friends as agreed on most questions purely ecclesiastical; while there are evidences of considerable divergence of opinion on those mixed questions of religion and of politics which each was compelled to examine from a different point, and with different opportunities.

Resuming the thread of the "Memoir," we find Copleston advanced to the Deanery of Chester by Lord Liverpool in 1826, and sixteen months afterwards promoted to the See of Llandaff, by Lord Goderich, then Premier. In his new position we find him speaking (in 1828) unpremeditatedly, as appears from his diary, in defence of the repeal of the Corporation Test Acts. His speech was in reply to the Earl of Eldon, and was his first parliamentary effort. From this period to that of his decease, in October 1849, he appears to have ceased applying his mind with any intensity of exertion to subjects not involved in the discharge of his office. The "Diary and Correspondence," indeed, present occasional proof that the Prelate cherished recollections of the pursuits of the College Fellow, and delighted, from time to time, in that kind of intercourse with the friends of his youth, to which he has applied the Homeric phrase of *ὁμηλικὴ ἐπαρσιβν*—in renewing the ardour of his earlier days, and not un-

frequently, by word or by epistle, reviving something of the polemic spirit, as he dealt with subjects of classical or archæological interest; but the records of his Episcopate, creditable as they are to the conscientious character of the Bishop, and to the desire of progress which was visible through his academic life, afford few traits on which we can afford to detain our readers. It is with Copleston, the scholar, the theologian, the philosopher, and the academic that we have to deal, and we naturally revert to the place which witnessed and experienced the fruits and the energy of his best years. What were his sentiments on the important movements, religious and educational, which have disturbed the once still waters of Isis, and have attracted the attention of thoughtful minds throughout the civilized world? A crowning defect of the work which we have been reviewing, is its almost total silence as to the degree and kind of interest taken by the Bishop of Llandaff in those stirring transactions which have brought the University, the scene of the triumphs of his youth, and of the honour of his mature age, prominently before the civilized world. If the late appearance of the "Memoir" is to be attributed to its author being occupied in considering (like Phocion) what he could omit, it is to be regretted that his deliberations should have resulted in the retention of whole pages of a diary, which records with minute and uninteresting exactness his travels from Llansainfrïd to Abergavenny; while no one would guess that the Bishop of Llandaff cast more than passing glances, *much less took a singularly active part*, in watching and counteracting the movements of a religious party, which found its *nucleus* in his own society, and almost under his own presidency. To its leader, John Henry Newman, there are, if we mistake not, but two allusions throughout the "Memoir,"—one in a letter of the Bishop to his nephew, expressive of personal regard towards Newman, but hinting a dissent from his opinions on matters of academic and ecclesiastical concern, and especially from the views asserted by the founder of Tractarianism, (unless to Mr. Rose and Mr. Keble must be assigned that appellation,) in a recent pamphlet on Suffragan Bishops.

Of the Oxford party, generally, he thus writes to Mr. P. Duncan in 1842:—"I am pleased, and I hope you are, with the wise and temperate answer of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, to the Anti-Tractarian laymen. That folly (he evidently means Tractarianism) is also on the wane, and when mystical divinity has had

its run, perhaps the other purposes of life, for which our faculties were given us, will begin to receive due attention at Oxford. For the last two years, I understand Oxford has exhibited a practical example of the Caliph Omar's maxim—"burn the books—if they are in accordance with our faith, they are useless—if against it, they ought to be destroyed." This passage proves, indeed, that the Bishop had miscalculated the effect of the action of the University Convocation two years previous, of which he had been a strong advocate; we refer to the condemnation of the author of "The Ideal Church," Mr. Ward of Balliol College, which had been followed by the secession of Messrs. Oakley, Newman, and others, from the communion of the English Church. To his share in that proceeding, which took place early in 1842, and to his support of the Regius Professor of Divinity, Dr. Hampden, when he attended for the last time in his place in the Convocation House the same year, and recorded his vote for rescinding the politico-ecclesiastical *privilegium* passed against the Queen's Professor in 1836, in opposition to Dr. Philpotts, who appeared in the majority on that occasion, no allusion is made. We were anxious to see what more important acts of the Bishop had drawn off the biographer's attention from these not insignificant events. How does the author chronicle the Bishop's life in that year? He omits it entirely from his record! "Finding nothing," he observes, "of particular interest to record for some space, I may at once present the reader with the following letter," (p. 182,) and so he passes on from 1841 to 1843! What should we think of a life of the Duke of Wellington, which omitted all mention of the lines of Torres Vedras, and the battle of Waterloo?*

We have now said enough to indicate to our readers some grounds for drawing the conclusion that Bishop Copleston's life is replete with incidents and associations, entitling him to the posthumous privilege of a

* We must not here omit reference to a correspondence which has just appeared, and which is decisive of Bishop Copleston's views on the much-controverted appointment of Dr. Hampden, now Bishop of Hereford, to that See. Writing to the Bishop, who collected signatures to the Episcopal Address to Lord John Russell in the opposition to that important nomination, Dr. Copleston denounces the measure as unjust to Dr. Hampden, asserts that at the time of their publication he had read Dr. Hampden's Lectures, thought the Oxford censure of them unmerited, refused to join in the proposed act of hostility, and finally assisted at the consecration of the new Bishop. The latter fact is alone noticed in the Memoirs. (See *Fraser's Magazine* for December.)

"vates sacer," and that the work before us is by no means calculated to meet the claim. Enough, indeed, is brought before us by his relation to excite curiosity, and stimulate the desire of a more ample "Memoir." The valuable paper of Sir Thomas Phillips appended to the volume, may supply materials for a record of Dr. Copleston's Episcopate, a period of his life marked by much urbanity and benevolence. But it is in his connexion with that University in whose temple of fame he has found a niche, that we desiderate a fuller portrait of the Bishop. A university reformer as he was, at a time when it implied no small share of goodness of heart, forbearance often difficult to one of his keen and susceptible temper, and above all, singleness of purpose, to maintain and improve an advantageous social position at Oxford, with avowed purposes of reform;—a literary man, of whom Sir James Mackintosh spoke "as the only writer of our time who had equally distinguished himself in paths so distant from each other, as classical literature, political economy, and metaphysical philosophy;"—singularly fortunate in the galaxy of eminent men in Church and State, into whose society it was his fate to be thrown, and whose minds he contrived greatly to develop:—of keen and ready wit, the counsellor of economists, and the delight of scholars—the late Provost of Oriel possesses personal claims enhanced by those of literature, and of the great educational questions of the day, on the pen of some survivor, unswayed by any of those incapacitating circumstances, which are admitted to have pressed on the compiler of the present sketchy and imperfect record.*

ART. VIII.—*Wesley and Methodism.* By ISAAC TAYLOR. London, 1851.

THE works by which Mr. Isaac Taylor has gained for himself so high and so pure a reputation, were almost all published before we commenced our critical labours, and in consequence we have not hitherto had an opportunity of expressing the very high estimate we have formed of their excellence and value. The popularity of Mr. Taylor's

works, indeed, has not been much aided by the efforts of the periodical press. He can scarcely be said to be identified with any section or party in the religious world. He has animadverted freely upon the views and practices of the different Churches, and of the various ecclesiastical sections in our community. He has thus forfeited to some extent the cordial backing, and the too often indiscriminate commendation, of mere partisans and of their literary organs. But notwithstanding this, he has succeeded in achieving for himself a very high and well-merited reputation, and has long exerted an important influence upon the minds of thinking men, both in Great Britain and in the United States. He is now one of our most voluminous writers, and he has discussed in his various works almost all the topics that occupy the thoughts, and are likely to influence the conduct, of those men amongst us who are fitted to advance the highest interests of the community. We do not, any more than the other literary organs of public opinion, concur in all Mr. Taylor's views; but we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction, that there is no living author who has brought so fine a combination of distinguished talents and extensive acquirements to bear upon the inculcation of important principles—principles which it greatly concerns the Churches of Christ, and all who have any influence in the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs, to understand and to ponder.

His new work, "*Wesley and Methodism*," is quite worthy of the high reputation he enjoys, and contains much matter well deserving of the deliberate consideration, not only of the Methodist body, but of all the other sections of the Church of Christ. It is marked by great ability, discrimination, and eloquence, and, so far as we can judge, by a great deal of fairness and impartiality. Methodism has never made much progress in Scotland, and its history and results have not perhaps attracted so much attention among us as their importance deserves. We fear that there are not a few even of the ministers in Scotland, who scarcely possess so much acquaintance with Methodism as Mr. Taylor's work assumes, and who, on this account, are but imperfectly qualified to appreciate and relish it. We would esteem it one beneficial result of its publication, if it should lead many in Scotland to resolve on acquiring a fuller knowledge of one of the most interesting and important religious movements which the history of the Church presents to our contemplation. We have neither leisure nor space at present to discuss the important questions

* We see it stated that Bishop Copleston's common-place Book was (by his desire) transmitted to his friend the Archbishop of Dublin. No doubt the Archbishop would be rendering good service by giving to the public such portions of it as have not yet appeared. They would probably form an interesting volume.

which are raised in Mr. Taylor's work, or suggested by its statements, and we shall attempt only the humbler task of giving our readers a brief summary of what the work contains, accompanied by such observations as may most obviously present themselves to those who occupy a somewhat different *stand-point* from that of either Mr. Taylor or the Methodists.

The general object of Mr. Taylor's work is to present such a view of Methodism, in its history, character, and results, as shall bring out the lessons, both for guidance and warning, which it is fitted to suggest to the Methodists of the present age, and to the other Churches of Christ. The Methodist will probably question the accuracy of some of his representations of their principles and practices, and they will certainly dispute the soundness of some of his leading conclusions: but we think they will scarcely deny that the work is written in a fair and kindly spirit, and gives to Methodism and its founders as large a share of commendation as could reasonably be expected from an independent thinker, who is not himself a member of their body. It is divided into four parts, entitled respectively, "the Founders of Methodism," "the Substance of Methodism," "the Form of (Wesleyan) Methodism," and "the Methodism of the Time coming."

The first of these divisions occupies not much less than one half of the volume, and presents a singularly interesting and discriminating, and often eloquent, view of the character, qualifications, and labours of those who are honoured by God to be the great instruments of the revival of true religion in England in the eighteenth century. The largest space is given of course to John Wesley, but we have very interesting notices also of his brother Charles, of Whitefield, Fletcher, Coke, and Lady Huntingdon. We believe that the sketches which Mr. Taylor has drawn of these worthies are very accurate, and that he has done full justice to every one of them. We must give some extracts concerning John Wesley and Whitefield:—

"Oxford at once brought out the robustness of Wesley's intellectual structure. To speak of that ability which enabled him, with ease, to make himself master of any subject to which he directed his attention, is saying little; for the same may be affirmed of hundreds of men of whom the world hears nothing after they have won for themselves their academic status. Wesley was thus almost intuitively master of all arts—or of all but the highest, to which the predominance of secondary faculties bars the way. Many facts characteristic of himself, and of the

system he gave to the world, are explicable on this ground of that energy of the intuitive reason which precludes the philosophical faculty. Yet this intellectual characteristic in Wesley is not to be spoken of with regret, if we are thinking of the work he was to accomplish; for it is certain that while the power which was his characteristic fits a man to lead and command others, the philosophic faculty, its opposite, shews itself to be a peremptory disqualification in any one who would sway the multitude. The mass of men follow, or think they follow, the well-forged chains of reasoning which logicians deal in; and they delight to find themselves ferried over a stream they could never have forded, and safely landed upon some irrefragable conclusion. The very populace like to be reasoned with, and to be forcibly driven in upon a definite doctrine; but no graces of illustration, no powers of oratory, ever avail to induce the crowd to think, or to tread the bottom of a subject.

"Yet in speaking of Wesley as a master of technical logic, we must screen him at once from the imputation of ever having played the part of a scholastic sophist, or wordy wrangler. The high tone of his mind, and the thorough seriousness which belonged to him, and his reverence for truth, and, afterwards, his religious awe, forbade him to engage as gladiator in any disputation. Such an imputation he resented warmly. Many indeed were the sophisms (logically compacted) which he himself bowed to, but never did he defend one, the fallacy of which he secretly discerned.

"Writers who, of late, have spoken of Wesley's want of the philosophic faculty—a topic easy to enlarge upon and illustrate—have, as if by way of compensation, allowed him the praise of being an accomplished logician. And so perhaps he was, or seemed to be, while dealing, from the moderator's chair, with scholastic sophisms. But it is inaccurate, or unphilosophical to make the logical faculty, that is to say—an expertness in technical reasoning, the intellectual contrary of the philosophic faculty. In that order of mind to which Wesley belonged, it is the irresistible force, or one might say, the galvanic instantaneousness of the intuitions, which forbids and excludes the exercise of the abstractive and analytic power. With him the grasp of what he thought to be a truth, was so sudden, and so spasmodically firm, as ordinarily to preclude two mental processes to which minds of a higher order never fail to submit whatever offers itself for acceptance as a verbal proposition or conclusion,—namely, *first*, a ridding the terms, so far as may be possible, of the ambiguities that infest language; and *secondly*, the looking through the medium—the verbal proposition, into the very midst of the things so presented. Wesley's habits as a logician stood him in some stead as to the first of these processes; but he scarcely seems to have been capable of that equipoise of the mind which the second demands."—Pp. 23-25.

"Wesley took his position upon the field of the world—the friend of man, the enemy of nothing but sin. On this ground he has a claim to be regarded with reverent affection and admiration, which is as valid as that of any of the

worthies to whom a place has been assigned among the benefactors of mankind. The very inconsistencies that mark his progress (when properly considered) do but enhance his demand upon our sympathies. If, indeed, as heartless writers have affirmed, he had been nothing better than an ambitious plotter—the builder of a house in which he should rule and be worshipped—no such inconsistencies would ever have come to the surface, or would for a moment have made him halt on his path. Unquestionably it was from the want of a plot at the beginning, and from the lack of ambition, as he went on, that he found himself compelled to yield, once and again, to the instances of some who seem to have been deficient in neither.

“As a field preacher, the courage, the self-possession, the temper, and the tact (and the same praise is due to his brother) which he displayed, places Wesley in a position inferior to none with whom it would be reasonable to compare him. After setting off from the account his constitutional intrepidity, his moral courage was that which is characteristic of a perfect benevolence, and which, in the height of danger, thinks only of the rescue of its objects. When encountering the ruffianism of mobs and of magistrates, he shewed a firmness as well as a guileless skill, which, if the martyr's praise might admit of such an adjunct, was graced with the dignity and courtesy of the gentleman.”—Pp. 49, 50.

“It was under the guidance of the broadest principle, as well as at the impulse of the most expansive charity, that he had gone forth upon the field of the world as an evangelist preaching repentance. On the broadest principle also it was that he laid the foundation of the institution which was destined to conserve the fruits of his preaching; and if, on such a foundation as this, he had raised a superstructure more free than it was from admixtures of perishable matter—if he had somewhat better understood human nature, and had on some points less misunderstood Christianity, this *INSTITUTE*, which was so ably administered for forty years by himself, could scarcely have failed to secure for itself a paramount position in England, and it might have planted itself territorially upon the ruins of a then dilapidated and almost deserted Church.”—P. 75.

“But how then are we fairly to put at rest that disquiet which the spectacle of Wesley's own Wesleyanism generates? To some extent relief may be obtained by looking to the evidence, presenting itself on every side, in proof that this leading spirit—the soul and life of the system—was not so gifted with the reflective faculties as that a comprehensive grasp of human nature could have been possible to him. His earnestness, therefore, and his thorough persuasion of the greatness and the infinite moment of the work he had in hand, and his peremptory mode of thinking, would lead him to drive his theory; with a reckless impetuosity, over the enclosures of human affection. He sees, he hears, he comprehends nothing, exterior to the one object of his errand in a world of ungodly men. Wesleyanism did indeed effect a recovery from sin and ruin for myriads of

human beings, and in its triumphant course of beneficence it ‘led captivity captive’: nevertheless, in this riding forth to conquer, there was some destruction made of what is genuine and precious.”—P. 81.

“Once and again the writer has professed his entire faith in Wesley's simplicity of purpose, and his freedom from personal vanity or ambition; it was from no such vulgar impulse that he bequeathed ‘*Wesleyan Methodism*’ to his people. But, exempt he was not from the autocratic sentiment, from the Founder's self-esteem, from that infatuation one must call it—which works as an irrepressible energy in the bosom of every man who is born to invent, to originate, to lead the way, to govern, to found. In the view, or in the feeling of the Inventor or Founder, the product of his mind, the ripened fruit of long and painful cogitation, the scheme, the system, the mechanism, which has filled his thoughts, waking and sleeping, from year to year, has become as a whole, and in each of its parts, even the smallest, identical with his own personal consciousness: to excise any part of this whole is the same thing as to amputate a limb, or to pluck out an eye. The vulgar will persist in taking this strong feeling for vanity or arrogance: but it is not so; it is an illusion to which almost the loftiest and the most vigorous minds have been subject.” P. 207.

Whitefield was inferior to Wesley in point of talents, and he founded no scheme or system that survived himself; but the singular beauty of his character, the astonishing extent and variety of his evangelistic labours, his extraordinary powers as a preacher, and the remarkable success with which he was honoured in the conversion of sinners, must ever invest him with a peculiar and surpassing interest. Our readers, we are sure, will be gratified by the perusal of the following extracts concerning him:—

“Whitefield must be allowed to occupy the luminous centre upon the field of Methodism. Besides his personal claim to this distinction, which we think is clear, there is a ground on which those who would award this position rather to Wesley, might be content to relinquish it in his behalf; for, if it be true that *his* ministerial course furnishes peculiar evidence of the reality of the Gospel which he preached, and of the presence of Him who ‘worketh all in all,’—if it be true that Wesley's glory was, as one may say, an effulgence of Christianity itself, the same may more emphatically be affirmed as to Whitefield, whose natural endowments were fewer, and whose success as a preacher of the Gospel was not less, perhaps greater.

“Whitefield's natural powers and gifts were indeed extraordinary; nor is it known that the same have been possessed in a higher degree by any one; but then they were of that sort which, if they had been exercised in any secular line, could have won for him nothing more than an ephemeral

ral reputation and its immediate worldly recompense. His name as an orator might have a place, casually, on some page of the annals of his time; but no faculty did he possess which could have given him a permanent renown among the distinguished men of his age, whether in the senate, at the bar, or as a popular leader; much less could he have secured a lasting fame in the walks of literature or science. But Wesley might no doubt have earned a great reputation either in the senate or at the bar.

"The endeavours that have been made to give a sufficient reason for Whitefield's power over the thousands that crowded around him—while the true and the principal reason is rejected, or is put out of view—are quite futile. His natural gifts, although extraordinary, were yet limited in their range, and were employed upon subjects that move the human mind from its very depths, when they move it at all; but they so move it only when an energy works with the word which no orator, however gifted, can command, and which, again and again, the most perfect pulpit oratory has wholly failed to engage on its side.

"If Whitefield had possessed any one of those higher intellectual endowments which might be named as an adequate cause of the unexampled effects produced by his preaching, we of this age should be reading his sermons with delight; but in fact they have sunk out of all recollection—they are never read. Neither the imaginative nor ratiocinative power did he possess in more than an ordinary degree; and as to the fascinations of his voice and manner, a five years' popularity, if resting on *this* basis alone, would have been its utmost term. All instances that might properly be adduced in such a case show this. But Whitefield, with the Gospel message, and that only, on his lips, drew thousands around him, go where he might; and he did so from the first year of his ministerial career to the very last.

"No preacher, whose history is on record, has trod so wide a field as did Whitefield; or has retored it so often, or has repeated himself so much, or has carried so far the experiment of exhausting himself, and of spending his popularity, if it could have been spent; but it never was spent. Within the compass of a few weeks he might have been heard addressing the negroes of the Bermuda islands, adapting himself to their infantile understandings, and to their debauched hearts; and then, at Chelsea, with the aristocracy of rank and wit before him, approving himself to listeners such as the Lords Bolingbroke and Chesterfield. Whitefield might as easily have produced a Hamlet or a Paradise Lost, as have excoigated a sermon which, as a composition—a product of thought, would have tempted men like these to hear him a second time; and as to his faculty and graces as a speaker, his elocution and action, a second performance would have contented them. But in fact, Bolingbroke, and many of his class, thought not the hour long, time after time, while with much sameness of *material* and of language, he spoke of eternity and of salvation in Christ.

"The same subjects, in the same phrases, held the ear of men in the same manner from the date of his first sermon in St. Mary de Crypt to that of his last in New England, a period of thirty-four years. The crowds that thronged the churches

of Bristol or London, at his first appearance, were constituted, for the most part, of the constant frequenters of churches and meeting-houses, and they were persons upon whose thickened organs of hearing sermons enough had beat, from Sunday to Sunday, from their youth up. But then from these congregations he passed to Moorfields and Kennington Common, and there found the reckless savages of civilisation: thence he went to Kingswood, where he encountered a ferocity, wild, robust, and unused to simulate civility. From Kingswood one might follow him across the Tweed, and find him preaching the same Gospel in the midst of a people too fully instructed 'in the right ways of the Lord' to have anything to learn, one might suppose, from this raw teacher, who knew nothing of the 'Solemn League and Covenant,' and who had received Episcopal ordination! Yet so it was, that alike noble wits, Kingswood colliers, and seceding congregations, broke down before Whitefield! Floods of tears moistened cheeks, rough and smooth; and sighs, suppressed or loudly uttered, gave evidence that human nature is one and the same when it comes in presence of truths which bear upon the guilty and the immortal, without distinction."

—Pp. 97, 98.

"The history of Whitefield's ministry is in a word this—the Gospel he proclaimed drew men around him, in dense masses, at the moment when he commenced his course; and it was the Gospel, not the preacher's harmonious voice, not his 'graceful action,' not his fire as an orator, that gave him power over congregations to the very last. No intellectual faculty of a high order lent him its aid in sustaining this popularity.

"Let those who think they may succeed in such an attempt undertake the task of searching among things real, or among things which it may be possible to imagine, until they find objects (other than those constituting the Christian system) upon the ground of which such a man as Whitefield could have gathered thousands around him—keeping always close to his topic—and could hold them in his hand, time after time, and could do so through a course of four and thirty years.

"If we were to speak of that phase of evangelic doctrine which Whitefield, as distinguished from Wesley or others, adopted, it must not be pretended, in his behalf, that he reached his position by any legitimate process of induction, or that he won it as a theologian. He came into it by a process more emphatically legitimate; that is to say, by the simplicity and amplitude of his perceptions of spiritual objects. He felt, if he could not prove it, that that sovereign grace whence the redemption of the world took its rise, must be the one law of the Christian system, and the only principle of harmony among doctrines, seemingly antithetical; and he held that this law must be applicable, not merely to the Gospel abstractedly, but to each individual instance in which it takes effect upon the human heart. He felt that this one principle, as it was the spring of Christianity itself, must neither be abated, nor be made subordinate to exceptive rules, nor be subjected to cautionary restrictions. It must be held entire, or abandoned wholly. Whatever those misinterpretations were which might be put by others upon

the first principle of Christianity—**SOVEREIGN GRACE**—Whitefield's childlike structure of mind compelled him to exult in, and to preach it."—Pp. 101, 102.

"Nor, perhaps, could a paragraph be produced from Whitefield's works, indicative of what might be called a philosophic breadth of view in relation to religion; yet practically, all that such a breadth could imply was his own. His ministerial standing-place was always high raised above middle walls of partition; nor could he, in any instance, be induced to render worship to the idols of intolerance and bigotry. As to those partitionments within which soulless religionists are content to be penfolded, he walked over them unconsciously; nor could he be made to understand how 'precious' those things were upon which he thus trampled. 'Gentlemen, I hope you will settle these matters to your own satisfaction,' said he among zealots,—'my business is to preach the Gospel.' But this breadth, this greatness, was not with him the product of philosophy, or the prompting of a powerful intellect; nor was it liberalism, nor was it indifference: it was the greatness of the Gospel, well lodged in a large heart."—P. 105.

"And now is it not time that the world should deal righteously with itself as to its ancient quarrel with one like Whitefield? The world has a long score to settle in this behalf, for it pursued him, from first to last, with a fixed and furious malignity; and even now, where Wesley is spoken of with fairness, and perhaps with commendation, a line of reluctant praise, coupled with some ungracious insinuation, is the best treatment Whitefield can obtain after he has been eighty years in his grave! No one can dare to say that his life was not blameless; and that his intentions were benevolent is manifest. His temper was not arrogant; for meekly he received rebuke, and patiently he endured so many revilings. It was with the courage of a noble nature that he confronted violence; and with the simplicity of a child that he forgave injuries. Yet among those who by their flagitious vices and outrageous crimes have the most deeply sinned against society, it would be difficult to find a wretch upon whose guilty pate has been showered so much rancorous abuse as, year after year, was heaped upon the head of the love-fraught, self-denying, and gentle-natured Whitefield. There is a mystery here which 'philosophy' should do its best to clear up; or, not succeeding in this endeavour, should ingenuously acknowledge that as, on the one hand, it can give no intelligible account of Whitefield's motives, so neither can it show reason for the world's hatred of him."—Pp. 108, 109.

Mr. Taylor's views of the founders of Methodism, considered collectively, are compendiously exhibited in the two following passages, in the substance of which few fair and competent judges will refuse to concur:—

"But with what order of men is it that we have now to do? Let it be confessed that this company does not include one mind of that am-

plitude and grandeur, the contemplation of which, as a natural object—a sample of humanity—excites a pleasurable awe, and swells the bosom with a vague ambition, or with a noble emulation. Not one of the founders of Methodism can claim to stand on any such high level; nor was one of them gifted with the philosophic faculty—the abstractive and analytic power. More than one was a shrewd and exact logician, but none a master of the higher reason. Not one was erudite in more than an ordinary degree; not one was an accomplished scholar; yet while several were fairly learned, few were illiterate, and none showed themselves to be imbued with the fanaticism of ignorance.

"Powers of popular oratory were among them such as to set them far out of the reach of rivalry with any of their contemporaries, in the pulpit. Not one was a great writer; but several of them knew how to hold the ear of men with an absolute mastery. As to administrative tact and skill in government, the world has given them or (their chief) more praise than they or he deserved, while baffled in its own perplexed endeavour to solve the problem of Methodism, in ignorance of the main cause of its spread and permanence. Apart from the gratuitous supposition of a profound craft, as the intellectual distinction of Wesley, 'what intelligible account shall we be able to give of Methodism?' No credible account can be given of it by aid of any such supposition, nor until the presence of causes has been recognised, of which the philosophy of such persons knows nothing."—Pp. 16, 17.

"It would not be easy, or not possible, to name any company of Christian preachers, from the apostolic age downward to our own times, whose proclamation of the Gospel has been in a larger proportion of instances effective, or which has been carried over so large a surface, with so much power, or with so uniform a result. No such harvest of souls is recorded to have been gathered by any body of contemporary men, since the first century. An attempt to compute the converts to Methodist Christianity would be a fruitless, as well as presumptuous undertaking, from which we draw back; but we must not call in question, what is so variously and fully attested, that an unimpeachable Christian profession was the fruit of the Methodist preaching in instances that must be computed by hundreds of thousands, throughout Great Britain, and in America.

"Until the contrary can be clearly proved, it may be affirmed that no company of men of whose labours and doctrine we have any sufficient notice, has gone forth with a creed more distinctly orthodox, or more exempt from admixture of the doctrinal feculence of an earlier time. None have stood forward more free than these were from petty solicitudes concerning matters of observance, to which, whether they were to be upheld or to be denounced, an exaggerated importance was attributed. None have confined themselves more closely to those principal subjects which bear directly upon the relationship of man to God—as immortal, accountable, guilty, and redeemed. If we are tempted to complain of the unvaried complexion of the Methodist teaching, it is the uniformity which results from a close ad-

herence to the very rudiments of the Gospel. Uniformity or sameness of aspect, as it may be the colouring of dullness and of death, so may it spring from simplicity and power; but can it be a question to which of these sources we should attribute that undiversified breadth which is the characteristic of Methodism?

"To dispute the claims of the Methodist company to be thus regarded, on the ground of any errors of an incidental kind that may have attended their teaching, or of the follies or delinquencies that may be chargeable upon any of them, individually, would be a frivolous as well as an ungenerous mode of proceeding. Need it be said that these Methodists were men 'of like passions with ourselves'? and such too, were those who, in the Apostolic age, carried the Gospel throughout the Roman world, and beyond it. Taken in the mass, the one company of men was as wise as the other—not wiser—as holy, not more holy. If it be affirmed that the Christian worthies of some remote time were, as a class of men, of a loftier stature in virtue and piety than these with whom we have now to do, let the evidence on which such an assumption could be made to rest be brought forward: this can never be done; and the supposition itself should be rejected as a puerile superstition."—Pp. 130, 132.

Such were the men who founded Methodism, and they were honoured to do a great and important work. Religion was at a very low ebb in England when Wesley and Whitefield began their labours. Their preaching was made instrumental in converting many thousands in all parts of the country, and in training up a large body of men in the midst of us who have given unequivocal evidence of living under the pervading influence of Christian principle. Methodism was carried to the United States, and has become the largest of the religious denominations of that great and growing country, numbering there now 6000 ministers, and above a million and a quarter of Church members. The Methodists, too, have been eminently liberal, active, and successful in the work of Missions to the Heathen, and in every quarter of the globe have been honoured to bring many to the knowledge and belief of the truth as it is in Jesus. Such have been the direct results of the labours of the founders of Methodism; while they have also exerted a most important influence, indirectly, in promoting the advancement of true religion, both in the Church of England, and among the English Non-Conformists. The rise of Methodism in England thus forms a most important era in the history of the Church of Christ, and few who are competent to judge of it, will hesitate to adopt the substance of the views which Mr. Taylor has put forth as to its true standing and influence:—

"In attempting to treat a subject such as the

one before us, a choice must necessarily be made among the three assumptions following:—

"1st. It may be said that Christianity being true in the sense of this or that Church, Methodism ought to be rejected as a spurious development of it; and that its founders should be solemnly denounced as schismatics and enthusiasts.

"Or, secondly, that neither Christianity nor Methodism being true in its own sense; but both true in the much abated sense of the recent spiritualizing philosophy, therefore while both alike may claim some kindly regard, neither of them is entitled to any submission.

"Or, thirdly, that Christianity being true, without abatement, in its own sense, Methodism, as a genuine development of its principal elements, must be religiously regarded as such; while yet it may be open to exception on many grounds, as the product of minds more good and fervent than always well-ordered.

"This last supposition is then our ground; and in assuming it, while we use the liberty it allows, we yield without fear to the consequences it draws with it, be they what they may.

"These consequences are momentous; for we cannot allow Methodism to have been a genuine development of the principal elements of Christianity, without admitting it to take a prominent place in that providential system which embraces all time, and which, from age to age, has, with increasing clearness, been unfolding itself, and becoming cognizable by the human mind. So far as Methodism truly held forth Christianity, it was a signal holding of it forth: for a more marked utterance of the Gospel has occurred only once before in the lapse of eighteen centuries; and that, at the REFORMATION, was not less disparaged than this by a large admixture of the errors and inconsistencies of its movers or adherents.

"Christianity, given to the world at once in the ministry and writings of the Apostles, has, from the first moment to this, held its onward course under a system of administration inscrutable indeed as a whole, or as to its reasons, and not yet entirely occult. On the contrary, at moments, Heaven's economy has seemed to receive a bright beam, as through a dense cloud, making conspicuous, if not the *motives* of the Divine government, yet the fact. The Reformation is held by Protestants to have been such a manifestation of the providence of God in restoring the Gospel, and in proclaiming it anew among the nations; and thus the events of the sixteenth century brought out to view that which is always *real*, whether visible or not—namely, a divine interposition—maintaining truth in the world, and giving it a fresh expansion from time to time. In perfect analogy with the events of the Reformation were those which attended the rise and progress of Methodism.

"What may be the relative value or importance of these two courses of events is not a question we are now concerned with; and it may easily be allowed that the former surpassed the latter in importance; but that the one, as well as the other, was a marked development of the scheme which is moving forward towards the subjugation of the human family to the Gospel, is here confidently maintained."—Pp. 9-11.

Since Methodism has been so highly honoured, and has been the means of accomplishing so much good, it becomes important to inquire what were the peculiar features or elements of the system to which, under God, its efficacy and success are to be ascribed. These subjects Mr. Taylor discusses in the second and third parts of his work. Methodism may be regarded, 1st, as a mode of preaching the Gospel, or of teaching Christianity; and 2d, as a scheme of organization for training men to the successful prosecution of all Christian objects. Its peculiarities, in the first of these aspects, are set forth under the head of "the Substance of Methodism," and in the second, under the head of "the Form of (Wesleyan) Methodism."

"Methodism," as Mr. Taylor says, "was not a new theology or a polemical affirmation of dogmas contravening, or adding to, that system of belief which had been embodied two centuries before, in the articles and confessions of the several Protestant churches." Whitefield was a Calvinist. Wesley was an Arminian, and his followers, comprehending the great majority of those who, down to the present day, have ranked under the name of Methodists, have adhered to his theological system. Mr. Taylor does not enter into any details upon theological subjects, though he indicates plainly enough that he is fully alive to the superficial and inconsistent character of Wesley's theology. In the history of theology as a science, or as a system of doctrines, Methodism does not occupy a place of much importance. The controversies to which in this aspect it gave rise, turned almost wholly upon the questions which had been long discussed between Calvinists and Arminians, and discussed on both sides by far greater men than any whose efforts were called forth upon that occasion. Neither Wesley and Fletcher who defended Arminianism, nor Hill and Toplady who assailed it, were capable of making any valuable additions to what had been produced upon both sides of this controversy by the great divines of the seventeenth century.

In a theological point of view, the only question of much interest raised by the history of Methodism, is this, whether it be possible for a large body of men to maintain for a length of time a profession of Evangelical Arminianism, as distinguished from Calvinism on the one hand, and from Pelagian Arminianism on the other. The Arminianism of Wesley is essentially different in its substance, as well as in its spirit, from that generally professed by the Church of England divines of last century,

the divines of the school of Whitby and Tomline. Wesley's theological views coincided in almost every particular with those of Arminius himself. The theological system of these two eminent men comprehended the doctrines which have been usually regarded by Calvinists as taught in Scripture, concerning the entire depravity of man's moral nature, regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Ghost, and gratuitous justification by faith alone. But though these doctrines were maintained by Arminius, they were generally rejected by his immediate followers, and they have been commonly denied, or very much explained away, by the Arminians of the Church of England, who have usually embraced the theological system of Episcopius, Curcellæus, and Limborch. The general idea of Arminianism, as developed in the history of theology, is, that it implies a maintenance of the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, in opposition to the Socinians, and a denial of the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism, in regard to absolute election to eternal life, insuperable grace in conversion, and the certain perseverance of believers. But there is a very marked distinction between two different classes of divines—to whom in common this general description applies, and who may all in consequence be correctly enough called Arminians—according as they adopt Calvinistic or Pelagian views with respect to original sin, regeneration, and justification. This distinction is so important that it ought never to be lost sight of, and it is commonly, and accurately enough for practical purposes, expressed by calling the one class Evangelical, and the other Pelagian Arminians. The doctrines held in common by Calvinists and Evangelical Arminians, with respect to original sin, regeneration, and justification, may be said to constitute, along with those of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, the fundamental and most essential principles of the scheme of revealed truth. It can scarcely be disputed that these doctrines occupy a higher platform in the Scriptural system of truth, than the peculiarities of Calvinism. But we think it can be proved, that the doctrines by which Evangelical are distinguished from Pelagian Arminians, can be held *consistently* by none but Calvinists, and it is on this ground that we are constrained to regard the theology of Wesley as superficial and inconsistent. The sounder and more Scriptural the views of Arminians are in regard to original sin and regeneration, the more inconsistent does their scheme of doctrine become; and the more easy it

is to shew, that if they would fully and consistently follow out their own principles, they must admit all the peculiarities of Calvinism. Arminianism is essentially a system of compromise. Evangelical Arminians ought in consistency to be Calvinists, and Pelagian Arminians ought in consistency to be Socinians. We reckon it a thing greatly to be deplored, that Wesley was led to misapprehend and to reject Calvinism; and we regard it as an unspeakable blessing to the world, that he was led to adopt and to preach the views which have been generally held by Calvinists with respect to original sin and regeneration, and that these views are still faithfully proclaimed by all his followers.

Pelagian Arminians have never been honoured by the head of the Church in promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men, and this reason is obvious, because they reject or disregard the most fundamental doctrines of the scheme of truth which has been revealed to us for our salvation. Even the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of our Saviour, though professedly held by them, are practically disregarded or left out, and exert scarcely an influence upon their ordinary presentation of Christian truth for the personal instruction of men. It is far otherwise with the Anti-Pelagian or Evangelical Arminians of the school of Arminius and Wesley. Not only do they treat the doctrines of the divinity and atonement of Christ as real and vitally important truths, but they proclaim views which are in substantial accordance with the Word of God, with regard to the moral state and condition of man by nature, the ground on which men receive forgiveness and acceptance, and the process and the agency by which they are restored to conformity to the divine image. On all these subjects, and they are the most important which are brought before us in the Sacred Scriptures, Wesley and his followers have always inculcated views which Calvinists admit to be accordant with divine revelation, and it is because they faithfully and earnestly proclaimed these, the most fundamental of all truths, that they have been honoured with such undoubted and extensive usefulness in promoting the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men. Of course we believe that the extraordinary success of Wesley and his followers was vouchsafed to them, not because of their Arminianism, but in spite of it; but no reasonable and intelligent Calvinist, who is competently acquainted with the practical results of Wesleyan preaching in England, in the United States, and in heathen lands, will

have any hesitation in applying to this great movement the general principle indicated in the statement of the Apostle Peter. (Acts xv. 8, 9.) "God which knoweth the hearts bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as unto us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith."

We have said that the most interesting question of a theological kind, suggested by Wesleyan Methodism, respects the probable permanence, or lengthened duration, of its peculiar system of doctrine. Evangelical Arminianism we hold to be an inconsistency, and on this general ground we think it improbable that it should be maintained in purity by any church or community for a succession of generations. According as a deep and vivid sense of religion has flourished or decayed among Arminians, their opinions should tend, and in the past history of the Church ordinarily have tended, either towards Calvinism or Pelagianism. The immediate followers and personal associates of Arminius, sunk greatly below their master, in the scale both of piety and of orthodoxy, and Arminianism has too generally exhibited this tendency. Nothing similar to this, however, has yet occurred in the history of Wesleyan Methodism. Wesley's Evangelical Arminianism, as well as his zealous and devoted piety, has continued unchanged among his followers, down to the present day. This is an unusual, if not an unprecedented spectacle in the history of theology, and we cannot but contemplate it with a feeling of deep interest and satisfaction. But we cannot persuade ourselves that this state of things will last. The influences that tend to bring it to a termination, are, we think, too powerful to be permanently counteracted. If deep and vital piety should continue to flourish among the Methodists, as we believe it has hitherto done, they can scarcely fail to approximate to a more consistent view of the scheme of revealed truth, and to abandon their strong prejudices against the peculiarities of Calvinism. If true personal religion should generally decay among them, then they will infallibly, in spite of every precaution, and of all legal restraints to which their founder by his "Deed of Declaration" has subjected them, sink down into Pelagianism.

But though there was nothing new in the substance of Methodist theology, there was much that was rare and peculiar in the spirit of the men who preached it, and in the special objects to which they applied it. This Mr. Taylor develops under the head of the Substance of Methodism. He illustrates here what he calls the four "Elements

of Methodism," viz., 1. The waking up in men's minds of a vivid sense of their relationship individually to God and eternity; 2. Of a consciousness of the relationship of God the father of spirits to the individual spirit; 3. A vivid presentation of a personal redeemer as an all-sufficient Saviour; and 4. Evangelical philanthropy. In the illustration of these four elements of Methodism, there is much that is true and beautiful, and well fitted to be useful to those who are called upon to apply Christian truth for the benefit of others. Some of the statements contained in this part of the work are perhaps rather vague and indefinite, and they have not suggested to us any particular topics for comment or animadversion, but we would strongly recommend it to the careful perusal of all who are engaged in the work of the ministry, or preparing for entering upon its duties.

There was one feature in the preaching and labours of Wesley and his associates, to which Mr. Taylor has not prominently directed attention, but which eminently characterized them, as indeed it has done all successful Ministers of the Gospel; we mean, a deep and constant realization of the great end of preaching and the ministry, producing a real and earnest desire to accomplish this end, and a confident expectation of seeing it effected as the result of their labours. Ministers are exposed to the temptation, and too often yield to it, of coming greatly short in preserving this state of mind and feeling. They frequently fall into the habit of preaching as if it were a mere duty which they must discharge because it is incumbent upon them, with a view chiefly, if not exclusively, to the exoneration of their own conscience, while they have scarcely anything like a real active desire, or confident expectation, that sinners should be converted by the truths which they proclaim, and manifest little anxiety about the visible fruits of their labours. It was not so with Whitefield, Wesley, and their associates. They had devoted themselves wholly and unreservedly to the great work of the conversion of sinners, they made this the real business of their lives, they adopted the means best fitted as means to effect it, they used these means with unwearied activity, and then confidently expected, what they supremely desired, that men through their instrumentality should be turned from darkness to light. This is the spirit by which the preachers of the gospel ought to be ever animated. It eminently distinguished the founders of Methodism, and this was un-

doubtedly one leading element of their success.

The third part of Mr. Taylor's Work is devoted to an exposition of "the form of Wesleyan Methodism," and this is done under four divisions, in which it is considered, 1. As a scheme of evangelical aggression; 2. As a system of religious discipline and instruction as towards the people; 3. As a hierarchy, or system of spiritual government; and 4. As an establishment, or body corporate related to civil law and equity.

While the preceding part of the work contains much matter admirably fitted to be useful to ministers of the gospel individually, especially with reference to the function of preaching, this part contains much that is fitted to afford valuable instruction to churches or Christian societies, with reference to their constitutional organization, and their arrangements for prosecuting Christian objects. Under the first of these heads, the procedure of the founders of Methodism is set forth chiefly as an example which it would be well for ministers to imitate. Under the second, while there is something brought forward for imitation, there is much also that is fitted to operate as a warning.

The leading topics discussed in this third part, are, itinerancy in the ministry, class meetings, the relation of Wesleyanism to right principles of church organization, and the legal restraints which Wesley imposed permanently upon the society which he founded. These subjects are all treated with great philosophic discrimination—with much soundness and accuracy of judgment—and, so far as we can judge, with much fairness and impartiality of spirit.

On the important subject of an itinerant as compared with a fixed ministry, Mr. Taylor is of opinion, that an itinerant ministry was a matter of necessity in the circumstances in which Methodism commenced, that it contributed greatly to diffuse and strengthen the Methodist movement, that it has some advantages as compared with a fixed ministry, that it may almost always be employed with benefit as a supplement to a more permanent arrangement, that when so employed it should be exercised by the most eminent men the body can furnish, but, that in general, in all ordinary circumstances, and with reference to the community at large, the advantages of a fixed ministry, of a body of men who are truly and permanently pastors of flocks, greatly preponderate. The following extract brings out some of Mr. Taylor's lead-

ing views on this topic. It is rather long, but the subject of which it treats is very interesting and important, the views it represents are, we think, very wise and judicious, and they are developed with much beauty and eloquence.

"Any one who, endowed with some natural faculty and fluency of utterance, has made the experiment, will have found it far from difficult to acquire the power of continuous and pertinent speaking, upon familiar topics—especially upon religious topics—and so to hold out for a thirty or forty minutes, or more; and if this habit of speaking be well husbanded, and kept always within the safe enclosures of conventional phrases, and of authenticated modes of thinking, this preacher may be always ready to ascend the pulpit—in season and out of season. His sermon, or his set of discourses, is, in fact, the glib run of the mental associations upon worn tracks—this way or that, as the mind may chance to take its start from a given text.

"This sort of mindless facility of speaking proves a sore temptation to many a located minister; and its consequence is to leave many a congregation sitting, from year to year, deep in a quagmire. Better than this, undoubtedly, would be itinerancy,—far better is a frequent shifting of monotones, than a fixedness of the same. But such an admission will not avail to establish the principle that this shifting system is in itself good; or that it ought to be regarded in any other light than as a necessary expedient, allowed under peculiar circumstances, or, (which would be far better, and *indeed* good,) as a method, or system, supplementary to a located ministry. Thus used, and put in act, as we have already ventured to say, by the most accomplished and highly reputed ministers of a Church—by its chiefs and its doctors, everything that is auspicious might be looked for as its consequence.

"This, however, is *not* the Wesleyan itinerancy,—it is not as thus equipped that the Founder sent forth his ship upon its transit of the great deep,—his preachers were, all of them, to be itinerants; and as movement was the law of his own existence, bodily and spiritual, so—this manifestly was his feeling—must perpetual movement be the law and the practice of his Institute; but if so, then must we not accept the double conclusion that Wesleyanism is an economy for a time; and that the Christianity it teaches will always be immature and superficial, precisely defined—not merely in a horizontal direction, that is to say, as to its bordering upon other systems—but not less sharply shaped *beneath* and *above*, or toward those heights and depths which it is the part of devout meditation to explore.

"When, as we have now done, the whole amount of its probable, or even possible advantages, are freely allowed as the recommendations of an itinerating ministry, liberty may fairly be taken for placing these advantages in contrast with those of a settled or located ministry. We must not be told, to deter us from attempting such a comparison, that these happy and im-

portant results of a fixed pastoral residence are far from being uniformly realized: does an itinerant ministry always, or in a larger proportion of instances, reach its own point of ideal perfection?

"The permanently located Christian minister, if he be not broken down by over-much pastoral labour, and if conscientious in the devotion of his whole energies and time to his high calling, will, in the first place, find leisure, more or less, for perpetually extending, and for *retaining* also, his acquisitions as a Biblical expositor, and for availing himself continually of that influx of critical apparatus which, from year to year, is laid at his feet by the unwearied industry of accomplished scholars—German especially. If *this* advantage may now, by some, be set at a low price, the time is coming which will teach the rising ministry a serious lesson, on this ground, and will convince them that any such disparaging opinion of Biblical accomplishments involves nothing less than a fatal inobservance of the present tendencies of opinion.

"Grant it, that signal industry and an unquenchable thirst of knowledge, may enable an *errant* biblical scholar to prosecute his studies; but, man for man, taken alike, has not the resident scholar, with his own treasures—his Lexicons and his Commentaries, and his idolized folios, in their own places, on their own shelves, in his little study—the blessed place of his converse with all minds and with heaven—has not this settled minister and student an advantage which his brother, the like-minded itinerant preacher, will sigh to enjoy?

"Yet this is only the beginning, only the preparation—only the apparatus of a full ministerial acquaintanceship with those inexhaustible treasures of thought which invite our advance when the Book of God opens before us the portals of eternity! Even if it might be alleged concerning any passing period of time, that habits of profound meditation are rarely cherished, and that, at any such time, the pulpit does not give evidence leading the reflective hearer to suppose that a soul-deep communion with that which is unseen and eternal has much been sought after, or has actually been enjoyed by preachers; even should it be so, it will remain certain that a life of intense meditation, grounding itself upon exact biblical scholarship, and observant always of the *written* revelation, that a life of *heart-thoughtfulness*, a life the product, and issues of which will impart force and freshness to public services, and will supply nourishment to hungry souls—such a life of industrious biblical rumination can scarcely be possible, except under the conditions of a tranquil ministerial fixedness. If ever again the habit of counting the days of the week until Sunday comes, is to grow up in congregations, (not a giddy eagerness for the intellectual luxury of a fine sermon,) if sermons are to be remembered beyond the moment when the foot reaches the last step at the church-doors, if it is to be thus with us, preachers must not be those who shall have it to say, at the close of a weary life of labour, that, in the service of the Gospel, they have travelled half a million of miles!

"But the people, if indeed they are to know what that store of blessings is which Christianity

holds ready to bestow upon themselves and upon their families, must have near them always, not preachers merely, but pastors; and if the man of incessant journeyings may become a pastor, such as the people need, then also may oaks, in full growth, be had from a nursery ground, and set down before your window. We must have been used to trifle with our own souls, and we must have become regardless of the spiritual welfare of our families, children, and servants, if we have not often desired those influences, for ourselves and for them, which a Christian minister, not a sermon-maker, but a pastor, may shed around him. But shall he do this who has been 'two years on our station,' and who will be gone the next, and who, while he stays, is called upon to despatch countless public services, and to rid himself well of a thousand formalities of office? This will not be: 'Do men gather grapes of thistles?' The vine, laden with ripened clusters, is a plant that loves its own spot, clings to its wonted holdings, sends its fibres throughout its own plot of soil, and may not be torn up, and set elsewhere: the vine draws its sap from the ground it knows, and yields its juices to those who keep it.

"What we are now thinking of, as the fruit, the fruit most of all precious, of the pastoral office, when sustained through a course of years by a resident minister, is not the frequency of domiciliary religious visits in the families of his congregation, nor the pointedness, the fervour, the faithfulness of those instructions which this shepherd of his flock may address to assembled families, or to youths in vestry classes; it is not that species of service which may be acquitted in so many hours of each week, and which may be duly entered in the columns of a register; it is not this, but it is that which, beyond every other means of religious influence, and beyond all other means put together, is felt and known to be effective in diffusing a Christian temper, and in securing Christian conduct, within the circle where it is found. It is the exhibition, from year to year, of fervent consistent piety, in its aspects of wisdom, meekness, self-command, devotedness, in the person of the loved and revered father of his congregation—the man who is greeted on the threshold of every house by the children, and whose hand is seized as a prize by whoever can first win it—the man who is always first thought of in the hour of domestic dismay or anguish—the man whose saddened countenance, when he must administer rebuke, inflicts a pain upon the guilty, the mere thought of which avails for much in the hour of temptation. It is the pastor, an affection for whom has, in the lapse of years, become the characteristic feature of a neighbourhood, and the bond of love among those who, otherwise, would not have had one feeling in common.

"If it be said, pastors such as this are not found on every side among resident ministers, we grant it; yet some such, in their various degrees of excellence, are found, and may always be found within a Church which fixes its ministers in their spheres; but it is not within the range of possibility that Christian eminence of *this species* can be nurtured, or can find its field of exercise under the stern and ungenial conditions of an itinerant ministry.

"May we not safely adopt aphorisms such as these: First, where there is no itinerancy, there will be no aggression on the irreligious masses, no wide spread of the Gospel; and again, this,—where there are no resident pastors, there will be no Church, no deep-seated Christian love, little diffused reverence, little domestic piety, and much more reliance will be placed upon means of excitement than upon means of influence; regulations, established orders, conventional usages, will take their course, but those impulses and motives which supersede law will scarcely be known."—Pp. 239–245.

One important question discussed under this head, and frequently adverted to in the course of the volume, is the probable permanence of the Wesleyan Institute. Mr. Taylor is very decidedly of opinion that Methodism, in the form which Wesley gave it, and which it still bears, is not fitted or destined for permanence. In this conclusion we feel ourselves irresistibly constrained to concur with him; while, at the same time, we can cordially sympathize in the feelings with which he contemplates the prospect of its probable dissolution.

"If, in fact, a free and unprejudiced criticism of the Wesleyan Church system should seem to issue in throwing a shade of doubt upon the perpetuity of the body, in its actual integrity, and present form, the writer must take his place among those who would entertain any such forebodings with extreme reluctance, and would witness the fulfilment of them with a lively and profound regret. One must be strangely insensible toward that which touches the most momentous interests of mankind, and be accustomed to regard the well-being of our fellow-men under the very narrowest aspects, not to be dismayed at the thought of the breaking up, the suspension, or the alienation, of those means of good which, up to this time, have been effective to an incalculable extent toward millions of men. How can a Christian-hearted man take his course, on a Sunday morning, through the streets of a manufacturing town, and not fervently desire the undamaged continuance, and the further extension, of Wesleyan Methodism?"—Pp. 204, 205.

Ever since we became acquainted with the constitution of Wesleyanism, we have been convinced that, notwithstanding all the extraordinary skill with which it was organized, and the great apparent compactness which it has exhibited, it would not last for any great length of time without being remodelled; and we have been much interested in finding some vague notions upon this subject, which had long floated in our minds, brought out by Mr. Taylor with admirable wisdom and eloquence. The main grounds on which we have been shut up to the conclusion that Methodism, in the form which Wesley impressed upon it, will not have a very lengthened existence, are

these:—1st, The inconsistent character of its theological system, a point on which we have already dwelt at as great length as our limits admit of. 2d, The want of a fixed ministry. An itinerant ministry, however well adapted to certain conditions of society, and however valuable as an appendage to a different system, tends powerfully, as we think Mr. Taylor has shown, to a position of inferiority to a fixed ministry of regular pastors,—inferiority in several respects, fitted to co-operate with other obvious results of itinerancy, in diminishing the influence of the system to which it attaches, and undermining its hold of men's minds in a country such as ours now is. We can scarcely conceive of the possibility of an itinerant ministry keeping possession permanently, or for a succession of many generations, of a large community in a civilized and peaceful country. The principles of human nature seem to preclude this; and we know of nothing, either in the authoritative constitution of the Christian Church, or in the general obligation to promote Christian objects according to circumstances and by all lawful means, that warrants or requires us to aim at resisting and counteracting, in this respect, the tendencies of natural principles and social influences. Wesley, in his Deed of Declaration, has strictly tied down the Conference, to appoint no minister to officiate in any one of the chapels of the connexion for more than three years successively, and this provision seems to have been regarded by some of the ablest of his successors as of very doubtful wisdom, so far as concerns the permanence of the body. This feeling is, we think, intimated, not very obscurely, in the following extract from Watson's Life of Wesley, chap. xii.:—"In this important and wise settlement of the government of the connexion by its founder, there appears but one regulation which seems to controvert the leading maxim to which he had always respect, viz., to be guided by circumstances in matters not determined by some great principle. I allude to the proviso which obliges the Conference not to appoint any preacher to the same chapel for more than three years successively, *thus binding an itinerant ministry upon the societies for ever*. Whether this system of changing ministers be essential to the spiritual interests of the body or not, or whether it might not be usefully modified, will be matters of opinion; but the point ought, perhaps, to have been left more at liberty." (Watson's Works, vol. v. p. 260.)

3d, The leading ground on which Mr. Taylor bases his conviction that Wesleyan Methodism, in its present form, will not

have a very protracted existence, is embodied in the position, that it is not, in its constitution and arrangements, *a church*. We believe this position to be true in itself, and quite adequate to support the conclusion which Mr. Taylor deduces from it. This position, as maintained by Mr. Taylor and ourselves, is of course essentially different, in the meaning attached to it, in the grounds on which it is based, and in the spirit in which it is advocated, from the common unchurching doctrine of Romanists and High Churchmen. The principle of these men is, that a church consists of, or at least is constituted and characterized by, its office-bearers, and that no society is entitled to the name of a church unless it has a threefold order of office-bearers, bishops, priests, and deacons, all deriving their official authority by an unbroken series of ordinations from the Apostles. With these views we have no sympathy. We believe them to be inconsistent with the doctrines of Scripture, the dictates of common sense, the testimony of history, and the voice of experience. We are persuaded that Wesley and his successors, the Wesleyan ministers of our own day, are just as fully authorized to preach the Word, and to administer the sacraments, as any other ecclesiastical functionaries in Great Britain. We believe that Wesley was as well entitled to make bishops as Luther was, and that the men whom the Methodist and his associates appointed in that character for the United States, were just as good bishops as those whom the Reformer and his friends appointed for Denmark. Mr. Taylor, indeed, in a striking and important passage, adduces the case of Methodism as conclusively fatal to the High Church view of Prelacy and apostolical succession.

"Yet there is one plea on the ground of which, if it be valid, the Methodistic company might be cast down from the place of honour which is now claimed for it. This ground of exception is that occupied by those who, with strictness and consistency, hold the doctrine that, apart from the line of episcopal ordination, unbroken in its descent, there is and can be no Church, no ministry, no sacraments, no salvation. It is much to be desired that those who profess thus to think would take up the case of Methodism, and deal with it thoroughly, flinching from no consequences toward which their theory may lead them. The instance is every way well adapted to such a purpose; nor does it offer any colour of evasion, nor admit of any way of escape from the one conclusion which the premises demand, if those premises be valid. The conditions of this very definite case preclude an evasive reply, such as this—'We cannot tell whether Methodism was from Heaven or of men.' Neither Wesley's episcopal ordination, nor Whitefield's, could, on the ground of the 'historic succession,' carry with it

a power of ordination; and certainly it could not excuse or palliate their insubordination, as presbyters of the established Church. It is not as if Methodism had sprung up in some remote quarter of Christendom, where it could not have connected itself with the Apostolic line, or where ignorance, on questions of this sort was involuntary. Nor is it as if Methodism had been a revival, taking place within a body which claimed for its ministry a high ecclesiastical ancestry, so that its original irregularity was shrouded by the mists of centuries. Methodism took its rise in the very bosom of the Apostolic succession; and it was carried forward by men who were fully informed as to all subjects bearing upon the course which they pursued. The offence—if an offence—was committed in broad day, by men with their eyes open; and these men had cut themselves off from the benefit of pleading an abstract conscientious opinion, analogous to that of the Presbyterians or Independents: they declared themselves Churchmen and Episcopalians.

“On every side, therefore, this Methodist problem is clearly defined; and the more we think of it, the more exempt will it seem from ambiguities, or ways of escape. No one who is accustomed to pursue principles with logical severity into their consequences, will deny that the Apostolic-succession theory, such as it has been enunciated and defined of late, must either break itself upon Methodism, or must consign Methodism and its millions of souls to perdition, in as peremptory a manner as that in which the Church of Rome fixes its anathema upon heretical nations.

“No doubt there are more than a few sincere, seriously-minded, and kind-tempered persons, holding this theory, who would find themselves wanting in the nerve and hardihood required of them, on an occasion like this, when challenged, by the clearest rule of consistency, to take their places, as spectators, while men, such as Wesley, Whitefield, Fletcher, with millions of their proselytes and spiritual progeny, are to be sent down alive into the pit! The one precise ground of this *auto da fé* should not be lost sight of. Let it be stated:—the Methodist preachers, even if they held some questionable subsidiary notions, yet professed, in the most decisive terms, their adherence to the doctrine of the Three Creeds: therefore they were not heretics. They declared their approval of the Thirty-Nine Articles: they threw themselves upon the Book of Homilies: they frequented the liturgical worship of the Church; they partook of its sacraments; they acknowledged its orders.

“It can never be thought a Christian-like act to consign masses of men to perdition on the mere charge of enthusiasm, or of some extravagance in behaviour. As to the general good conduct of the Methodist converts, it is not pretended that it was not fully equal to that of other men—reputed Christians. Nevertheless, there remains this one ground of exception against the Methodist body, which the Apostolic-succession theory brings forward, and which it must continue to bring forward and insist upon. Whoever, while he holds this theory, flies off from its application in a case so flagrant and so thoroughly unambiguous as this, implicates himself in the sin of

schism, and comes within range of that anathema to which he has not the conscience and the courage to respond.”—Pp. 132–134.

We have expressed our conviction that the present Wesleyan ministers are as fully authorized to preach the word and to administer the Sacraments, as any ecclesiastical functionaries in this country. This, however, is ascribing to them merely the power of order (*potestas ordinis*), which does not include the whole of the power or authority usually ascribed to ministers, even in the limited and strictly guarded sense, in which alone true Protestants concede power or authority to ecclesiastical office-bearers. There is, in addition to this, the power of jurisdiction (*potestas jurisdictionis*). This implies the right of exercising a certain limited and ministerial, *i. e.*, not lordly, authority over a certain flock or society of professing Christians. From the way in which Wesleyan ministers are appointed to their stations, *i. e.*, merely by the authority of the Conference, there might be reasonable ground for doubting, whether they legitimately possess a power of jurisdiction over the societies they superintend. The principle on which this doubt might rest is, that there is good ground for maintaining the position, that ecclesiastical office-bearers have no legitimate right to exercise any authority over a particular Christian flock or society, unless that flock or society has consented to the formation of that relation between the parties, on which the right to exercise authority is based. This position has been conceded by some of the most distinguished defenders of the Church of England. Thus Hooker says, (Eccles. Pol., B. VII., Sect. 14), “The power of order I may lawfully receive without asking leave of any multitude, but that power I cannot exercise upon any one certain people utterly against their wills.” If this principle be true, as we think it is, it ought to be carried into effect, and the only reasonable and honest provision for carrying it into effect, is to make the consent of the Christian flock or society an indispensable preliminary to a minister exercising any pastoral authority over them. It is true that Wesleyan preachers usually assume the character rather of evangelists or missionaries, than of pastors properly so called. But it is also true, that they are really the bishops or overseers of Christian societies, and that they claim and exercise over these societies all the legitimate authority of pastors, not only preaching the word and administering the Sacraments, but exercising discipline, or admitting to, and excluding from, the

society and its privileges. Hooker's principle, therefore, is applicable to them, and there is nearly as much difficulty in shewing that it does apply to them, as in shewing that it applies to the clergy of the Church of England. The way in which Hooker gets over the difficulty, as applicable to the Church of England, is sufficiently amusing and ridiculous. It is, that the people's "ancient and original interest (in the appointment of their pastors), hath been, by orderly means derived unto the patron, who chooseth for them." We do not know whether our Wesleyan friends would be disposed to substitute the Conference for the patron, and to allege that the people's "ancient and original interest" in this matter "hath been by orderly means derived unto" that body, "who chooseth for them." But we think a much more plausible defence of the position, both of Anglican and Wesleyan ministers, is to be found in the consideration, that in many cases the people, though their consent was not asked beforehand, as it should have been, have virtually and practically consented afterwards to their exercising pastoral authority. This is, of course, a very defective and unsound state of matters constitutionally. But the consideration we have stated is sufficient, in the case of the Wesleyans generally, and of *some* ministers of the Church of England, to save us from the necessity of denying the validity of their right to exercise pastoral authority over the Christian societies which they superintend.

We may admit, then, that Wesleyan ministers are legally entitled to exercise the power of jurisdiction as well as the power of order, to exercise ecclesiastical discipline, as well as to preach the word and to administer the Sacraments. We admit also, that Wesleyan societies fulfil the scriptural and Protestant definition of "the visible Church of Christ," as given in the 19th Article of the Church of England—viz., "A congregation of faithful men in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the Sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance;" and that, of course, they are fully entitled to the character, and to all the ordinary rights and privileges, of Churches. As we have no hesitation in making these admissions, it can be only in a very limited and peculiar sense that we adopt Mr. Taylor's position, that Wesleyan Methodism is *not* a Church. He, too, would concur in these admissions, and he denies to them the character of a Church, only in the very limited and peculiar sense that is consistent with them.

In explaining this point, we do not need to refer to the question, which has been so largely discussed between Romanists and High Church Prelatists, on the one side, and true Protestants on the other, as to what is the proper scriptural definition or description of the Church, for we have already admitted that, tried by this standard, Wesleyan preachers and societies are entitled to all the rights and privileges of Ministers and Churches. We have to refer merely to Wesley's leading object in constructing his Institute, to the position which he wished it to occupy in relation to the Church of England, and to some features of the formal organization which these causes impressed upon it, and which it still retains. It is certain that Wesley originally did not wish or intend his Institute to be a distinct Church, but merely a supplement or appendage to the Church of England, and that he was led on gradually by unforeseen circumstances, especially by his extraordinary success, and the violent opposition he met with from the Church, to modify his plans and arrangements. For a long time, even after the societies under his care had become very numerous, he would not allow his preachers to assemble their people during the ordinary hours of public worship on the Lord's day, and to the last, he refused to give them a general permission to administer the Sacraments. The people who joined him he wished to remain still members of the Established Church, to attend upon her worship, and to receive sealing ordinances in her communion. This is the position still maintained by that section of his followers who call themselves Primitive Methodists. They continue to avow that they do not constitute a distinct Church, and maintain that they are members of the Church of England. Wesley's great object was "the conversion of the ungodly." His plans and arrangements were directed to the accomplishment of this object, and then to that of affording to those who joined his society, advantages for growing in grace, for adorning their profession, and for promoting the interests of religion, additional to those they might possess as members of the Church of England, and attenders upon her ordinances. He did not intend to form a distinct or separate Church, and, in point of fact, he did not do so. He does not seem to have ever reached any convictions, which appeared to him to make it men's duty to disapprove of the constitution of the Church of England, or to separate from her communion. He does not appear to have ever investigated the question—What is the scriptural constitution and organization of

the Church? *with the view and for the purpose* of bringing the conclusions he might be led to form upon this subject, to bear upon the regulation of his own Institute. When the extraordinary success he met with in converting sinners, and in forming them into societies, suggested to him new plans and arrangements, he seems to have considered only, whether they were lawful in themselves and expedient at the time, without trying them by any higher standard, or contemplating them in connexion with more permanent results. In this sense, Wesleyan Methodism, under its founder, was not a Church, and did not profess to be a Church, but only an Institute, regulated in its arrangements by present and temporary circumstances, and supplementary to the Church of England, for promoting the Christian good of the community.

We have no disposition to object to Wesley's plans and arrangements, on the ground that they are unwarrantable and incompetent, because not expressly sanctioned by Scripture, and all the less would we object to them on this ground, because he did not profess to be organizing a Church, according to the scriptural standard. We have somewhat higher views than Mr. Taylor seems to entertain, of the extent to which the constitution and organization of the Church are determined in Scripture, and made imperative upon Christians. But we have no sympathy with those whom he describes (p. 216) as entertaining "the belief, that no means or devices, intended for securing the maintenance of visible Christianity, or for effecting its spread, can be lawfully employed, other than those which are verbally and specially defined in the Scriptures." We can concur in the ridicule which he pours upon systems professedly based upon this principle, under the designation of "Text-made Churches," and "Churches of Texts," though really we are not aware that this belief has ever been professed to such an extent, or by such persons, as to make it worth while to expose it. The plans and arrangements of Wesley were, in their general character, quite warrantable and competent; and as he did not profess to proclaim or impose them as a part of the scripturally determined constitution of the Church, they ought to be judged of as human expedients, just by their apparent soundness and wisdom, by their fitness to promote, temporarily or permanently, the interests of true religion. Mr. Taylor has applied this test to them, and has shown, we think, in several important instances, that, however naturally they arose out of existing circumstances, however well

fitted they might be to exert for a time a wholesome influence, they were not adapted for all times and conditions of society, and were not likely to take a permanent hold of the minds of men. Human wisdom is incompetent to devise permanent arrangements, adapted to all times and circumstances. Divine wisdom alone is adequate to this, and we enjoy the guidance of divine wisdom in this matter, only in so far as the constitution and arrangements of the Church or Christian society have been determined in Scripture, and in so far as we have rightly understood and applied the indications given us there of the way in which the Christian religion is to be promoted. This principle does not preclude the adoption of many plans and arrangements of a subordinate character, which may seem fitted, at the time and in the circumstances, to operate beneficially. But these, of course, are the results merely of human wisdom, they are likely to partake largely of imperfection, and they are most unlikely to be fitted for permanence. Wesley did not profess to be organizing a Church upon a Scriptural basis. His Institute was the product of his own wisdom and sagacity, and must be subject to the fluctuations and instability of all merely human things. Independently of this general consideration, and independently of the actual over-sights and errors which Mr. Taylor has pointed out in some of Wesley's arrangements, we reckon it a sufficient proof that he had not wisdom and sagacity adequate to devise a permanent Institute, that, while he did not profess to be organizing a Church upon a Scriptural basis and in accordance with Scriptural directions, he adopted such stringent measures for giving it permanence by means of legal provisions, by subjecting the tenure of the whole property of the connexion to the perpetual maintenance of his own opinions and arrangements.

There have indeed been some changes introduced into Wesleyan Methodism since the death of its founder. These changes we believe to have been judicious and necessary. They have broken off the peculiar relation which Methodism occupied during Wesley's life to the Church of England, but they have not given it a full and proper Church organisation. The principal changes which have been introduced are, the general authority given to all Wesleyan preachers to administer the Sacraments, the practical extension of the authority, both in ecclesiastical and in secular matters, which Wesley vested in the "legal hundred," to all the ministers of the connexion, and the admission of laymen to a prominent and influential place, by means of committees, in

the management of the financial affairs of the body. These changes were all good and right, and they have tended, we doubt not, to preserve Wesleyanism in vigour and efficiency till the present day. But though Wesleyanism has thus ceased to occupy the position of a mere supplement or appendage to the Church of England, and now supplies to its people all Church ordinances and privileges, it has not yet even professed to adopt a complete Church organisation. The Conference, in introducing these improvements, did not profess, any more than Wesley had done, to be following fully even what they themselves regarded as the intimations of Scripture, as to the way in which a Christian Church ought to be organized and regulated. Wesleyans of course believe that there is nothing in their arrangements which Scripture condemns, and nothing which is not warrantable, right, and useful. But, if we do not greatly misunderstand the matter, they do not contend that Wesleyanism embodies all the principles and provisions which Scripture sanctions as applicable to a Church. Some leading Wesleyans have always, we believe, been Episcopalians in their theoretical views of Church government, and yet British Methodism has no prelates. They would probably allow the scriptural authority of the office of deacons, but they have no such functionaries. Some of them, we presume, would admit that the Christian people, by themselves or their representatives, had much more prominence and influence in the apostolic and primitive Churches, than they are allowed to have in Methodism. These different considerations seem to shew, that Wesleyanism, even yet, scarcely professes to be a scripturally-organized Church, and if so, it must be, in respect to its organisation, a device of human wisdom, and therefore not destined to perpetuity, not fitted for permanence.

In treating of Wesleyan Methodism "as a hierarchy or scheme of spiritual government," Mr. Taylor brings out some very important views in regard to the fundamental principle of the organisation, which vests the whole real control of the society in the ministers, and excludes the Christian people from any recognised or effective influence in the management of its affairs. We quite agree with him in thinking that such a constitutional arrangement is utterly indefensible in theory, and that, though it may be somewhat modified in practice, it must operate injuriously upon the permanent influence of the body. We believe this to be the most ominous feature in the constitution of Methodism, and we cannot

but fear that, unless it be essentially modified, it will bring about its dissolution.

While we concur in the substance of Mr. Taylor's views upon this point as affecting Methodism, and think them deserving of serious consideration, we are somewhat surprised at his attempt to shew that the principles on which he condemns Methodism do not apply to the Church of England. He seems to think that that Church enjoys, in the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, and in the control which Parliament and public opinion exercise over the regulation of its affairs, a very good substitute for the preserving and strengthening influence, which the position assigned to the Christian people in the Apostolic Church is fitted to exert. This is really too like Hooker's "derivation unto the patron by orderly means" of the people's "ancient and original interest" in the appointment of their pastors. The supremacy of the Crown, and the control of Parliament, cannot be said to form a constituent part of the constitution of the Anglican Establishment as a church; but rather to be accidents superinduced upon it, which the Church has submitted to from necessity, rather than approved of from choice, and which those of its own members, who have had right notions of the principles by which a Christian church ought to be regulated, have regarded with jealousy and dislike. The proper ecclesiastical constitution of the Church of England as thoroughly excludes the Christian people from their rightful place, and as fully vests all ecclesiastical power in the clergy as Wesley's Deed of Declaration does. No real benefit can accrue to a church, as such, from the unwarrantable introduction of the Crown and the Parliament, as a compensation for the unwarrantable exclusion of the Christian people from the place they are entitled to occupy. These influences may have, in point of fact, contributed to strengthen and preserve the Church of England. But they could strengthen and preserve it, not as a church, but only as a great secular corporation. It is impossible that they can have contributed to strengthen its legitimate influence as a church, upon the understandings, the consciences, and the affections of Christian men.

We have now explained the peculiar and very limited sense in which we concur with Mr. Taylor in believing that Wesleyan Methodism is not a church; and the *only* inference we draw from this position is, that unless it be materially modified in its constitution and arrangements, it is not likely

to have a very protracted existence. Indeed, we are of opinion generally, that Wesleyan Methodism bears about it all the marks of having been raised up in Providence to serve most important and useful purposes *for a time*, but that it does not exhibit indications of permanence, and that it carries within it the seeds of dissolution. We have the highest respect for the piety, the wisdom, and the ability of the venerable men who, in our day, have chiefly regulated the administration of the affairs of Methodism. Their successors will have a difficult and perplexing part to act. We earnestly hope they may be wise men "who know the times, and what Israel ought to do."

The fourth and last part of Mr. Taylor's work is entitled "The Methodism of the time coming," or of the future, and he could not have given a more distinct intimation of the high place he assigns to Methodism as a great religious movement, than by describing under the name of a New Methodism, yet future, the mode of teaching Christianity, which he considers best adapted to maintain the cause of true religion against its now formidable enemies, Romanism or Ritualism, and Pantheism, and to revive and diffuse a deeper interest in divine things. Our space prevents us from considering the interesting subjects which are discussed under this head, or quoting any of the important views which are here enforced. We can only say that it presents some considerations well worthy of being seriously pondered, concerning the strength and formidableness in the present day, of the two great adversaries of true Christianity, Romanism or Ritualism, and Pantheism, singly and in combination, and concerning the best way of preparing to encounter them. We meet, indeed, occasionally with a certain vagueness of statement which we find it rather difficult to penetrate, especially in regard to the character and amount of the changes which it will be necessary, in the coming generation, to introduce into the mode of representing, expounding, and applying Christian truth. Sometimes Mr. Taylor scouts the presumption and folly of expecting, that the friends of true Christianity are to resist their opponents and to revive and strengthen their cause, by getting up a new mode of explaining and applying Christian truth, more fully adapted than any that has yet been employed, to the tendencies and spirit of the age. And in all that he says to this effect we cordially concur. But sometimes he writes almost as if he thought that some new mode of representing Chris-

tianity was necessary and practicable. A deeper study of this part of Mr. Taylor's work might perhaps enable us to perceive the harmony of his statements upon this subject; but the harmonizing principle, if there be one, does not appear upon the surface, and certainly it has not occurred to us.

There is one view set forth by him in unfolding the Methodism of the future, which we believe to be very just and very important. It is in substance this, that the most essential objects to be aimed at in the training and preparing of ministers for the time coming, so far as concerns the furnishing of their understandings, are, that they should be thoroughly established in sound views of the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, and then, should be fully equipped with everything that may be necessary for fitting them to prove against all gain-sayers, that the doctrines which they inculcate upon men, are indeed sanctioned by the infallible standard of truth. This view we think pre-eminently deserving of the immediate and serious attention of all the Churches of Christ.

We have given, we fear, but a meagre view of the contents of this important and interesting work, and an inadequate impression of its value and excellence. But we have now only space again to commend it earnestly to the perusal and study of our readers.

We are delighted to learn from the preface to this work, that Mr. Taylor is preparing a similar one on the Non-Conformists of the past age. We trust he will ultimately embrace in his plan some of the other leading sections of the ecclesiastical world; for we are satisfied, that there is no living man who is better entitled and qualified to speak with authority and effect to the churches of our day.

ART. IX.—*Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education—1850-51.*

WE intend, in the present article, to produce a novelty—an argument on the Educational question, without statistics and without an original scheme of National Education. Candid readers will, we doubt not, duly appreciate our consideration; more especially in the former portion of our pledge. We shall abstain from statistics; *first*, because we believe we can serve our present purpose without them; *secondly*, because we know of no statistical

foundation which is not far too sandy for our building; and *thirdly*, because, if trustworthy statistics were to be found, they could not be exhibited within the compass, and consistently with the interest, of a short Article; they must either be selected and therefore imperfect and inaccurate, or else so full as to be tedious, so very well worth studying, that no one would have the patience to study them.

We have no great faith in figures, as bearing on the argument for or against a National system of education. By far the soundest are those contained in the Privy Council Minutes. As far as they go, we shall rely on their results, as having been well and impartially sifted. But they are gathered from a comparatively small number of the school in Great Britain, and each Inspector obviously knows by personal observation little or nothing of the school-constellations which lie beyond the limits of his system, not to say beyond the reach of his own orbit. On the other hand, we do not need them. The broad facts, which are really important, lie on the surface, and literally he who runs may read, if he can but realize the fact that the proper subjects of education are not abstract boys and girls, ranged tabularly by scores and hundreds on paper, but living, playing, fighting, crying, ragged, dirty, godless, boys and girls, swarming unpicturesquely and quite irregularly, in the streets and alleys through which his daily calling may bid him run or walk. Here is an example in point. We read, not long ago, an article—one of many—in the *Leeds Mercury*, in which the editor endeavoured, as far as we could see with complete success, to prove that in Leeds there were actually under education as large a proportion of the whole population as the most ardent philanthropist could claim;—nay, if memory do not deceive us, the proportion was a very little *exceeded*—there was rather more education in Leeds than philanthropy expected or desired! Statistics were triumphant. We walked, the same day, through some of the lower streets of Leeds. Schools were on every side of us, in full operation. But, unshamed by arithmetic, children, in every sense uneducated, jostled us at every corner, and all too painfully asserted for themselves that existence as a class, which figures had triumphantly disproved. So it is everywhere. We are surrounded by palpable evidences of the fact that, from whatever cause, vast numbers of our nation are growing up unnurtured and untrained.

We need *more* education: we also need *better* education. For this, as for the for-

mer postulate, it is enough for us to appeal to general consent; the consent of those qualified to judge—Aristotle's *φρόνιμοι* or right-thinking men. Even here in Scotland, there are few such who will deny, even apart from reference to figures, that the old parochial system has not kept pace with the times—that what was good for the dull and docile days of our fathers is altogether insufficient for the restless spirit of our own.

There may, perhaps, be found, lingering in old manor-houses, or in grass-grown villages innocent of railways, some few admirers of the good old days of ignorance, who will admit all that we have assumed, and say, "So much the better, if only men would be content to let the venerable relics of pristine ignorance alone." There were many, in ancient days, who blamed Prometheus for his rash gift of heavenly fire. But with these we have nothing to do. They will not read what we write. The title of our article will be enough to scare them away.

Our ground is thus cleared by the assumption of these three postulates.—There is not enough of education.—There is too much of bad education.—There is great need of good education. In other words, many children are untaught, many more are very badly taught, all ought to be well taught.

There is a temptation to stop and moralize—to consider how it comes to pass that the world should, on this subject, have slept so long, and should at last, in this our day, be so suddenly wide awake. Few years have gone by since a practical zeal in popular education was enough to stamp any man as *eccentric*, an *enthusiast*, a sort of monomaniac. Now, it is in many circles, male and female, the fashion of the day; and, like other good things in fashion, incurs some risks from its very popularity. How comes this?

Again, what will come of all this? The progress of knowledge is hurrying us along a path of transition at a pace too rapid for accurate forecasting of its results. This only is clear, that many of the old bonds of society are relaxed and relaxing: we are quitting our traditional mooring ground; shall we find, in untried waters, another anchorage as safe?

But we must not be beguiled into metaphysical politics. We are writing for that large class of readers who are not intimately conversant with the actual state of the practical question, and who have lately found themselves in a manner compelled to form a judgment, with a very misty conception of what has been already done. Such persons form, we believe, even now, the majori-

ty of those by whom the question must ultimately be considered. And we have so strong a reliance on the common sense of the British people, that we look forward with no small eagerness to the time when the real state of the case being generally known, the people shall themselves be competent to pass their judgment upon it. Controversy will be cut short, when it is taken out of the hands of mere theorists.

Meanwhile, we are yet far from this auspicious resting-place. Nor do we aspire on this occasion to act as guides towards it. A humbler part will content us for the present—the part of a well-painted finger-post, pointing backward and forward, shewing where we are, whence we have come, which way we should go. Our aim is simply to describe, fully but briefly, the sort of work actually done in the last few years in the field of popular education—to view the contributions already made towards the rough materials of our future edifice.

Most persons are aware that, in the year 1846, important changes took place in the relations of Government to the cause of Popular Education. Up to that period, its functions had been confined to the administration of a very limited grant, applied chiefly in aid of the erection of school buildings, and to the institution of inquiries into the actual character of existing schools. Out of these inquiries, the present system has gradually arisen.

They brought to light facts too stubborn to be resisted, and too important to be passed by; year by year, accumulating evidence rivetted the conviction that school-building and school-supporting were nearly useless, until far more sufficient guarantees were provided for the *quality* of the instruction communicated. Sceptics, if any such there be, are referred for ample proof to the earlier volumes of the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, from 1840 to 1845.*

Yet it might have been long before this growing conviction bore its practical fruit, but for the presence at the Council-office of a most earnest and untiring friend of the cause in the person of the late Secretary of the Committee. To Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, then J. P. Kay, Esq., the country stands mainly indebted for the conception and organization of the present system. And, whatever defects may be found or imagined in its machinery, and though many

doubts and suspicions have from time to time assailed its author, it is a proud thought for him now in his retirement, that, if the Giant Idol, Ignorance, is to fall, he may boast of having thrown the first effectual stone against her. (See Mr. Watkins' Report for 1847. Min., vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.)

It would be unjust at this point, to pass without notice, the famous pamphlet of Dr. Hook. His statistics were, no doubt, assailed with even more than the usual success in such warfare, and most of his suggestions have been superseded by the system introduced by Government in the course of the same year, 1846. But it would be difficult to overrate the effect produced on the minds of thoughtful Englishmen by the adhesion of so staunch a high-churchman to the cause of unrestricted education. A cloud of replies, vindications, and explanations, followed in the train of Dr. Hook's Letter to the Bishop of St. David's; most of them contained more or less of valuable matter; all of them served at least to prepare the way for the development of the Government scheme.*

Since 1846, besides building grants, the aid of the Committee of Council has been afforded towards the apprenticeship of pupil-teachers—the training of masters and mistresses—the augmentation of their salaries—and the purchase of school-books, fittings, and apparatus. It may perhaps give a livelier picture of the actual working of the scheme, in its bearing upon the improvement of the quality of education, and on the position of the schoolmasters, if we endeavour to follow the course of some one supposed recipient of aid, from the chrysalis state of the candidate for apprenticeship to the close of the first successful flight of the butterfly—the first year of prosperous management of a school.

Suppose us, then, *first*, in a quiet village school. There is a stranger there, eyed suspiciously from many quarters, with such looks as an experienced lamb might be supposed to cast, on its first introduction to the "collie," while yet uncertain of the nearness of his relationship to the wolf. The stranger is a Government Inspector of schools, one of the staff of *skilled labourers*, by whom the machine of education is worked. These gentlemen are appointed by the Queen on the nomination of the Lord Pre-

* See especially the Minutes for 1844, vol. ii. Reports of Mr. Cook, Mr. Watkins, and Mr. Gordon.

* The most valuable, probably, of these pamphlets, was that entitled "Some Remarks" on Dr. Hook's Letter;—published anonymously, but known to be written by the Rev. C. Richson, the father (or foster-father) of the "Manchester Scheme" of the present day.

sident, but always with the concurrence of the proper representatives of the religious body to whose schools each Inspector is to be sent. Thus, for the Church of England, the assent of the Archbishop of the province is required; for the Established Church of Scotland, that of the General Assembly's Education Committee, and so on for each denomination.* Up to the present date, there have been appointed, for the Church of England *twelve*, with two assistant Inspectors; for schools in England, not in connexion with the Established Church, *three*; for Scotland, *two*; and for the Roman Catholics of Great Britain, *one*; in all *eighteen*, besides the two assistants, exclusively of those employed in visiting workhouse schools in England and Wales.

Their original duty was that of simple inquiry into all points connected with school accommodation and instruction. It will be found fully detailed in the Minutes for 1839-40, p. 32, or on p. 27 of the semi-official pamphlet of 1847; "The School in its relation to the State, the Church, and the Congregation."† As the system advanced, however, the nature of the Inspectors' office was very materially modified. Every school receiving aid from Government in the shape of an annual grant depends, in great measure, on the Inspector's report, for each year's continuance of such aid. No money is ever paid till he has visited and reported; and if his report be unfavourable, it will in all probability be withheld. So that these officers now serve, not merely as the Council's *eyes*, by which they can look into every corner of the land, but in a certain indirect and figurative sense as its *hands* also, through which it dispenses its pecuniary bounty. We say *indirectly*; for, strictly speaking, the Inspector has still no power but that of observing and reporting what he sees. Only, his opinion—formerly a *naked* voice—is now armed with certain golden arguments, very potent in their persuasiveness.

The time has nearly passed away when this office was regarded with jealousy. All the older discussions,—by which we mean those of ten years' date, (opinions on this subject have but a short season of youth)—are strongly marked by deep-rooted suspicions of the purpose and tendency of the interference of the State. Churchmen of every shade, voluntaries of every hue, bristled up in self-defence; zeal and earnestness, as well as pride and prejudice, standing erect, "like quills upon the fretful por-

cupine." The waters were scarcely hushed after the storm raised by Sir James Graham's bill: the heavy ground-swell shook with no gentle violence the good ship "Popular Education." But the ship rode bravely, and the angry waves have almost subsided. If, now and then, in the month of May, we hear the low growl of a strong sou'-wester, the shock is hardly felt. In other words, though there still linger, in more than one direction, extreme parties, who try hard by dint of energetic lungs and active pens to make up for lack of strength and argument, yet the nation, and the churches of the nation, are really *satisfied* that the system is fairly and honourably administered, with no covert design, or unconfessed scheme of "centralization." It is impossible, we think, for any candid man to read the Inspectors' reports, as published in the Minutes from 1846 downwards, without a strong feeling that these men are thoroughly in earnest, and are doing very heartily a work for which, for the most part, they are very fit. And almost as impossible, we believe, in nearly every district, to be conversant with the feelings of those most nearly interested in the prosperity of schools, without finding continued traces of their influence for good. To explain by word of mouth the complex sentences of State-papers—to answer questions too simple, and meet doubts too unfounded, for official correspondence—to suggest the modes of adapting general provisions to the specific exigencies of a locality—to stir up the slumbering, to encourage the timid, to cheer the desponding by the best cordial, sympathy—to act as the connecting link between the far-seeing theorist and the room-bound practical man:—these, and a hundred offices like these, over and above the red-tape duties comprised in the letter of the bond of their appointment, it is the privilege and pleasure of most if not all her Majesty's Inspectors to discharge. With success, we believe, almost everywhere; though of course in various degrees, as original talent, still more, length of experience, draw the line between man and man.*

But we forgot. We left our Inspector in the school-room,—the cynosure of wondering eyes,—wondering whether any traits of humanity soften the terrors of his official frown. Let us suppose, for the present, the

* It will be observed that we pass by the *vexatious question* of "Management Clauses." No controversy, we conceive, ever was more childish or unprofitable. Those who may wish to understand it are referred to the Minutes of 1846 (p. 25), 1847 (p. lxvii).

* See Minutes for 1846, p. 17.

† See also Minutes for 1844, p. 22.

examination of the *school* concluded. There remains the examination of the candidates for apprenticeship. The necessary qualifications may be represented in a supposed series of questions and answers. Here then, are (say) ten boys drawn up before the Inspector: it is for him to advise the local managers as to their choice of candidates. The questions may run thus:—How old are you, my boy? Twelve, sir, last August. Too young, we fear. And you? Sixteen last April. As much too old! And you? And you? Thirteen, fourteen, &c. &c., to the end of the row. The list is reduced by two: None can be apprenticed under thirteen or above sixteen years of age. To proceed:—What is your name? No reply! A little louder, if you please; he is rather deaf. Deaf? a disqualification!—One more off the list: None can be apprenticed who have any serious physical defect. Next come inquiries as to character: what reports from master, clergyman, &c.? This boy? Good. And this? Passable. And this? The cleverest boy we have, but very difficult to manage—a little given to improper language, and not over honest. Let him stand back; there is no chance for him: None can be apprenticed whose moral character is not good. Then follow queries as to parent's character:—What is this lad's father? Not the best of characters; unfortunately—a decided drunkard. Does he live with him? Yes. Then his chance is also at an end: None can be apprenticed whose home is not such as to promise, at the very least, freedom from decidedly evil influence. So the ten are reduced to five; who are found to be of the proper age, and to be physically, morally, and domestically qualified. But the number in ordinary attendance is only 120: you can only have three pupil-teachers: pupil-teachers are allowed in the proportion of *one* to every *forty* scholars. Perhaps the two least desirable are withdrawn; or possibly the managers may prefer a fair competition, and take their chance of the three winners in the race. Anyhow, they are now ready to set to work. An easy sentence or couple of sentences written from dictation—twenty or thirty words of simple parsing—three or four sums in the four first rules of arithmetic—and the first stage of the formidable ordeal is past. Their papers, duly signed, being safely lodged in the Inspector's custody, they are once more drawn up before him, to exhibit their powers of reading, as well as their knowledge of geography, weights and measures, and (in Church of England schools) Scripture and the Church Catechism. In geography

their knowledge need not extend beyond a tolerably clear notion of elementary principles and facts.*

We have been thus minute in the details of this first examination, in order to bring clearly out the real standard for apprenticeship. There was a very general impression a few years ago—and it has not yet entirely disappeared—that our modern educationists were inclined to become worshippers of the goddess of Reason—that is, to exalt to undue pre-eminence mere *intellectual* proficiency. It has, again and again, been loudly asserted, that nothing would be looked to but cleverness; the most woful pictures have been drawn of the race of schoolmasters who were thus to be reared—hard and dry sciolists, rich in smatterings of many branches of knowledge, poor in the moral training of the heart, the conscience, the affections. We beg our readers to mark, in the sketch just drawn, the strictness of the inquiry into moral fitness, as contrasted with the very lenient standard of knowledge. No signs as yet, we think, of any desire for the culture of head without heart—intellect without moral habits.

One point remains to be inquired into—the ability of each candidate as a teacher. In many, perhaps most, cases, this has already been ascertained; for, in point of fact, it hardly ever happens that a school is so rich in candidates, or an Inspector in time, as is assumed in the sketch we have drawn. Usually, the maximum number of candidates have been selected by the managers before his arrival; and one object kept in view in the examination of the school is to watch the teaching powers and dispositions of these young pedagogues in germ. Perhaps, however, on our principle of writing for the least informed among our readers, we ought here more distinctly to explain the genus, properties, uses, and general natural history of that newly discovered animal, the pupil-teacher. Neither the term, nor the thing signified, we may observe, was absolutely new at the date of the publication of the Minutes of August 1846.† But it is certainly from that date that it has been generally known as a leading instrument in the educational machinery of our day.

Briefly, the pupil-teacher is an apprentice to the trade of school keeping. Late in the

* See Minute (of August 1846) respecting the Education of Pupil-Teachers and Stipendiary Monitors; and Mr. Brookfield's Report, (Min. 1848-9, vol. ii. p. 63, and 1850, p. xxix.)

† See Min. for 1844, p. 66, and vol. ii. pp. 183, 227.

day—far too late for our well-being—we have found out that there is such a trade—that to train the minds of children requires skilled labour as truly as to cut out a coat or mend a shoe. It is acknowledged, with more or less strength of conviction, that teaching is a science and an art, not to be picked up by accident by every broken-down tradesman, maimed artisan, cast-off footman, or stickit minister. Here, indeed, in Scotland, we have known, for at least three centuries, that a man cannot teach who has not himself been fairly taught. For that piece of information, as well as for the completeness of our parochial agency for the purpose, we thank John Knox and our reforming ancestors. In England, even so much as this has hardly yet been fully recognised. But, even in Scotland, fifteen years ago, it would have been generally taken for granted that any, or almost any, man of fair ability and competent knowledge, might, without any special preparation, assume at once the office of schoolmaster. Few would have recognised the necessity of such *professional* studies as are required from the student of law, medicine, or theology. Given an educated man; take a hundred boys, shut him up with them in a room, with a fair assortment of books, &c.; leave the first fermentation to subside—in a month's time you have a schoolmaster after the approved receipt of our fathers. We cannot afford space to descant upon the absurdity of this notion. It has passed, or is rapidly passing, away among ourselves, as it has long ceased to be heard of in the more advanced of the continental nations. Before 1846 many scattered educationists—let us do honour, as among the very foremost, to David Stow—had firmly grasped the now obvious truth, that the judicious management, morally and intellectually, of the minds of children, is simply one of the hardest tasks a man can undertake, and one which peculiarly needs previous professional training to avoid the most perilous mistakes. It requires the solution of some of the most difficult problems in the science of mind, with this penalty on unskillfulness, that each failure may peril in no small degree the prosperity of an immortal soul.*

With this view, then, in the *first* place, the pupil-teacher system was devised, to begin, in good time, specific training for the office of schoolmaster, securing at the same time a thorough personal education of the future teacher. It combines with this ob-

ject a *second* hardly less important. It had long been felt that it was impossible for one master or mistress, except in a school of very limited numbers, either to teach or to control *properly* all the children put under his charge. The monitorial system was an expedient to meet this evil, an expedient valuable to a certain extent, and which will still linger for a while in the by-ways of education, but soon, we hope to be consigned in every school aspiring to be good, to the grave of all partial improvements.* That it is a help in maintaining order—that it increases the amount of daily instruction—that it gives the master more opportunity of teaching the higher branches thoroughly, without neglecting the younger children—all this we admit. We admit also that, in peculiarly skilful hands, it might now and then be made serviceable for something more than this. It has been so seen here in the city of Edinburgh. But, on the whole, it is plain that the very utmost that can be expected from a child taken in turn out of the ranks, is to teach intelligently a given lesson, and to display some activity in securing the attention of his class. Education, properly so called, requires more than this of the instructor; the Government expect more, and in a large proportion of instances receive more, from their pupil teachers. These differ from mere *monitors*,—in *age*, in *position* in the school, and consequent *authority*—in the *regularity* of their attendance—and, more than all, in having chosen the profession of a teacher, and in giving themselves to it as the business they have to learn. The effect of these distinctions we shall see more fully in the sequel: we return for the present to our Inspector in the school-room.

It depends partly on himself in what way he will ascertain the qualifications of the candidates, in respect of skill and temper, as teachers. Some Inspectors make this a distinct part of the examination, setting them to teach for the express and avowed purpose of testing their gifts. Others prefer letting the school take its usual course, and so viewing the teaching as nearly as may be in its ordinary form. Each method has its advantages, the greater ease and naturalness of the candidates under the less alarming ordeal being balanced by the greater distinctness of the impressions elicited by the other. In whichever way the trial is made, the points chiefly attended to are the power of fixing attention, and apparent liking for the employment. Mere

* See, on this subject, Mr. Moseley's Report on Training Schools, Min. for 1850, pp. 40-42.

* See Mr. Cook's Report, Min. 1844, vol. ii. p. 139.

showiness would not tell for much; while, on the other hand, large allowance would be made for nervous timidity, or (what is quite possible) nervous forwardness. The Inspector looks, not for really good teaching, which is unattainable in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, but for good capacity of learning how to teach. Hitherto, probably, in many districts it has hardly ever happened that a candidate whose knowledge was sufficient has been rejected, except in very extreme cases, for inaptness as a teacher. As the system takes root, and the standard rises in all points, such instances will become less rare.

Suppose, now, the examination ended, and the school dismissed. The Inspector may possibly intimate, before leaving the school-room, the report which he intends to make to the Committee of Council. That report we shall assume to be favourable, as far as the performances of the day are concerned. He may probably have to point out a mistake or two in spelling or grammar—possibly a blunder in arithmetic. But, if he is able to affix the mark “F” or *Fair* to each portion of the paper, and to report favourably on the *vivâ voce* examination, the candidate may sleep that night in peace, with visions of indentures floating in his dreams.

The state of the school may call for some remarks, and recommendations. We assume for the present that the Master or Mistress holds a certificate of merit: the meaning of the term we shall hereafter explain. Meanwhile, it dispenses with the necessity of ascertaining his or her fitness to instruct a pupil-teacher. Possibly, however, the discipline is defective—the school is too noisy—there is a want of attention to order; too common a complaint against old-fashioned schools, more especially if they be Scottish. Probably, the stock of books is defective: here the tables are turned, and though neither side of the Tweed has had much to boast of, the Southern certainly has on the whole lagged farthest behind. Bibles, Testaments, the History of England, published by the Christian Knowledge Society, with a few bundles of pseudo-religious easy reading books for younger classes, constituted ten years ago the stock of a large majority of our schools.* Again, the Inspector's eye is directed towards the desks—either lumbering and unwieldy, or fixed to the wall, as if for the express purpose of effectually removing those who sit at them from the control of the teacher's

eye.* Or his eye wanders to roof and windows—he suggests the idea of ventilation:† a new idea, obviously—if the master does not shiver at the sound, he is evidently not of the true old-fashioned school. The floor seems damp; what is the nature of the drainage? A profound mystery, in all probability, if the building is twenty years old. These, with a few *et ceteras*, furnish the managers with food for practical thought. Should the state of things, on any of these points be *very* bad, it will be the Inspector's duty to decline to certify that the school is fit to receive pupil teachers. If the deficiencies are moderate, he points out the means of remedy. Government aid is ready towards repairs,‡ fittings, or books and apparatus;§ but always on the principle of helping those who can and do help themselves.

In course of time, if all go smooth, comes the official sanction to the apprenticeship. Waiving the legal forms, which will be settled in a week or two, we hasten to salute our young friends as pupil-teachers of the first year.

It might fairly be asked at this point, whether the standard of this first examination is not really too low to serve as a discriminating test. There is much force in the objection. Practically, we believe, the subsequent steps would be more easily taken, if the first were somewhat more arduous. Much, however, may be urged in reply. We may be reminded of the influence of nervousness, rendering it certain that very few of these unpractised examinees will be able to come up to their ordinary standard. Again, there were many prejudices to be overcome, and in the outset of the scheme it was most important that the error, if any, should be on the side of leniency. But the most decisive reply is also the least encouraging. Even with the existing standard, properly qualified pupil-teachers are with difficulty to be obtained, more especially in those places where they are most needed, the densely-populated manufacturing districts. For this fact two causes may be assigned; the small number who are still at school when they reach their thirteenth birth-day; and the high value of juvenile labour after that age. On the former point, we must content ourselves with referring to the reports of the Inspe-

* *Ib.*, p. 228, Mr. Bellairs; *Min.* for 1847, p. 208, Mr. Watkins.

† See *Minutes*, 1844, p. 131.

‡ *Min.* 1850, p. lxi.

§ *Min.* 1847, pp. xvi and cccxxvi.

* See Mr. Moseley's Report, 1844, (*Minutes*, vol. ii. p. 250.)

tors.* The latter may require a few words of explanation.

The stipends paid to pupil teachers are:—

At the end of the 1st year,	£10	0	0
“ 2d “	12	10	0
“ 3d “	15	0	0
“ 4th “	17	10	0
“ 5th “	20	0	0

If apprenticed at thirteen, these payments are probably rather more than could, in most states of trade, be earned at the same age by factory labour. But then, factory wages are ready money payments: the pupil-teacher's stipend is both deferred and contingent; contingent on his own conduct, on his progress, on the faithfulness of the teacher, the state of the school finances from which a first-rate teacher's salary has to be provided—so contingent, in short, as to bear a much lower *present value* than employment at wages nominally a little less.

From these causes, the ranks of candidates are very much thinned. It is often necessary to seek for them among those who have left school, and who of course do not return with the gloss of their attainments as bright as when they left it. All this should be borne in mind in judging of the actual working of the system. It is not unimportant in its bearing on the practical questions on which probably the next Parliament will pronounce.

The pupil-teacher, having fairly entered on his first year of apprenticeship, begins at once to consider the examination which will meet him at its close. For full particulars we refer the reader to the Minutes of 1846. We shall suppose the circling seasons to have run their courses, and to have brought us once more to the period of the examination. For the sake of variety we shall now conduct our young friend to a *collective* examination, and shall also take the liberty of supposing him to belong to the Church of England.

A *Collective Examination* is held in populous towns, with the view of saving time, by assembling in one room the pupil-teachers and candidates from all schools within reach, and so in one day disposing of the *paper-work* of a whole district.† It is generally conducted by means of printed questions. We hope we do not commit a breach of confidence by presenting our readers with a few specimen of questions really proposed. We combine in one view

those given to candidates of each of the five years of apprenticeship.

First Year.

1. What is the cost of 279 articles at 4s 9½d. each?
8. Parse the sentence “These three men were at last the only survivors.”
10. Name, and state the position of the chief Seaports of Great Britain.
19. Prove from Holy Scriptures and the Apostles' Creed, the Divinity of our Lord.

Second Year.

1. Write the heads of a Lesson on Glass, or Trees, or the Leopard, or the Mediterranean Sea.
10. Explain the construction of the sentence “The period which James passed in Denmark was one of unusual tranquillity.”
20. Name some places in Judea, and relate events with which they are connected in Holy Scripture, before the revolt of the Ten Tribes.

Third Year.

6. In money transactions with other persons, state what accounts must be kept, and why?
7. Explain the terms “Friction,” “Momentum,” “Pressure,” “Equilibrium.”
18. Give the derivation of “Concord,” “Subtle,” “Interest,” “Atmosphere,” “Adversary.”
26. Give an account of Simon de Montfort or Edward II.
29. Quote some prophecy from Holy Scripture respecting John the Baptist, and show its fulfilment.

Fourth Year.

1. Write an account of the organization of your school, and show what use you make of the black board.
2. What is the interest of £19, 19s. 11d. for one year at 4½ per cent. per annum?
8. How many yards of carpeting 2 feet 9 inches wide, will cover a room that is 24 feet in length and 16 in breadth?
33. Write out the Fifth Article of our Church, on the Holy Ghost, and prove it from Holy Scripture.

Fifth Year.

1. Write a short essay on the position and duties of a teacher.
3. Divide $1-x^2$ by $1+x+x^2+x^3$.
9. Make a field-book for any six-sided field.
11. What parts of speech may be used as the subjects and predicates of propositions? Give instances.
20. With what events in English History is the town of Calais connected? Give dates.

The numbers prefixed may serve to show that these are mere samples of 20 or 30 in each year, from which each candidate was to select not more than 3 on each subject, or about a dozen in all. Many subjects are here entirely omitted in each year: for example, we have quoted no question on geography in the third year, none on gram-

* See, particularly, Mr. Cook's Report, Min. of 1850, p. 175; Mr. Bellairs, pp. 201, *seq.*; Mr. Watkins, p. 264; Mr. Tinsling, p. 343; Mr. Norris, p. 622.

† Min. 1846, p. 35; and Mr. Watkins' Report, (1850, p. 269.)

mar in the fourth, nor on Scripture in the fifth.

On the *first-year* questions, no discussion is likely to arise. It will be seen that they test knowledge only, not requiring as yet any such skill in the art of teaching as can be exhibited on paper.

In the first question of the *second year*, this subject is introduced, and is henceforward a very important part of the examination. The "Heads of a Lesson" is a term very suggestive of the kind of training they are intended to receive. It is a very new idea in any but infant schools. Those who wish to see its exact meaning may well study Mr. Stow's "Training System," Miss Mayo's "Lessons on Objects," or some excellent specimens of "Notes" in Mr. Mitchell's report.*

Grammar is usually found the most perplexing subject, for this best of reasons, that comparatively few teachers have really clear conceptions of its nature. If by this term we are to understand a string of dry rules and stereotyped examples, an artificial arrangement of complex forms, with no apparent connexion with the practical usages of language,—if the object be to burden the memory with arbitrary laws clothed in terms studiously pedantic; then certainly there are but two useful lessons such as Science can impart to the child,—the lesson of patience under undeserved misfortune, and the lesson of blind faith in the wisdom of its seniors and superiors. But, if we are to show the fitness of words to be the symbols of thoughts,—if we are to analyze each grammatical rule, and prove that its technicalities are only Common Sense dressed up for company,—if we are to convince the child that grammar is not *invented* but *discovered*, and that its own little head contains the original of all the hard book-words which seem so many instruments of torture; if, for older students, we are to draw out the connexion between the history of our nation and the history of our language, and throw on each page the light which shines on it from the other;—then may Grammar become, instead of the most repulsive, the liveliest lesson of the school-room. We know of no better ten minutes' test of the intellectual state of a school, than a common-sense examination on the elements of English Grammar. It will never be well taught till those who are to teach it know more than a very little of some Grammar besides English. At present, moreover, there is no work—not even Latham's or Bromby's—which in all points

fulfils the conditions of a proper manual. There is perhaps too wide an interval, on this subject, between the requirements of the first year and those of the second.

Geography, in like manner, may be a mere string of names, verified on a piece of canvas called a map. Or it may be the rudiments of a true science—the account of man in his various homes, the physical circumstances which surround him, as well as the historical events which have affected his condition.

The fourth year introduces us to the black board, an article of school apparatus which plays so important a part that, along with parallel desks, it may almost be styled the *symbolum* of the new régime. Too often, we fear, the true answer to the question would be, "We write sums on it for the children to copy," or, "We work sums on it with the class," and that is all. Under a skilful master it becomes the right hand of the teacher. Every lesson is more or less represented to the eye—the "Notes" or "Heads" of lessons are often reproduced in the gradual working out of the subject with the class; geography is frequently taught by outline sketches; and in a variety of ways besides, the board serves both as an assistant and as a check to indolence.

On all these subjects, it is most interesting to watch, from year to year, the development of the mind under sound and skilful training. We commend it to the attention of true votaries of "the proper study of mankind." We mean especially the progress of the teaching-power,—the maturing of the raw efforts of the boy or girl candidate into the really artistic performance of the superior pupil-teacher. High specimens are still, unfortunately—from defects both of material and of workmanship—too rare; but fair approximations to high excellence may easily be met with.

We hope our readers' nerves have not sustained a shock on meeting with Mechanics and Algebra—(there would now also be some Euclid)—among these questions. We may remark, however, that these subjects are confined to male candidates. The Council do not patronize Bloomerism. Euclid and Algebra are plainly necessary in any course of thorough mental training, more especially for those who are hereafter to teach Arithmetic. If any reader doubts this, we assign him this penance for his skepticism;—to explain to an intelligent child the *reason* of the rule for extracting the Square Root: this done, proceed to the Cube Root. The old-fashioned *dominie* has always been fond of Arithmetic, and after his fashion has generally been comparatively successful in teaching it. But the result has been almost always

* Appendix B, Min. pp. 418, *seq.*

mere practical dexterity. In a large majority of cases, the children remain ignorant of the simplest principles. They may be working sums in Interest, and not really understand Numeration.* A good example is the Rule of Three, as commonly worked, compared with the improved methods.

With respect to Mechanics, we have more doubt. As now taught, it seems to us to be a matter of pure *crum*; nor do we see how it is possible to make it otherwise, if it is to be learnt without previous acquaintance with the mathematical principles on which it is based. So, too, of Mensuration apart from Geometry. The smattering of *practical* knowledge is of small account—not to be set against the evil of lowering the intellectual tone of Education.

The scriptural questions are fair samples of examinations, on the whole,—both fair and searching. They are confined to Church of England schools: in others, the managers make on this subject their own report. Some might wish that this were otherwise, and are by no means sure that the real feeling of the country would oppose the change. But, no doubt, the Government chose the prudent course.

Besides the subjects here indicated, there are others—such as vocal music, drawing, and in girls' schools—needlework—on which a report is made according to the circumstances of each case. On the latter subject, the Inspector is, we believe, bound to return his opinion; what special training he may have passed through in order to qualify him for the task, we have of course no means of ascertaining. In general, we suppose, a jury of ladies are consulted.

Immediately after each of these examinations, the annual visit of the Inspector is paid to the school; the reports of master and managers are carefully considered—the progressive skill in teaching watched with eyes as progressively critical—and finally, the annual report sent up to the Council-office, on which hang suspended the stipends of the master and pupil-teachers. After some weeks of hope deferred, they receive their sentence; perhaps an intimation that grammar must be attended to, or that spelling is defective—possibly a refusal to continue their Lordships' sanction to the apprenticeship, with or without, as the case may be, the payment of stipend for the past year. This, however, is hardly ever withheld, unless in cases of moral delinquency, or where previous warning has been given of the necessity of improvement on a specified subject.

Supposing him to have passed unscathed

through all these perils, his next plunge is into a competition for a *Queen's Scholarship*. This term denotes an exhibition of £25 or £20 a-year, according to the degree of merit, given for one year to deserving pupil-teachers after the close of their apprenticeship, to enable them to complete their professional education at one of the normal or training schools. Each is at liberty to choose any one of these institutions; but only a limited number of Queen's Scholarships is granted to each training school. The examination is conducted along with that of the students already in residence for certificates of merit. The question-papers for the past year will be found in the Minutes.* If successful, the *emeritus* pupil-teacher develops into the Queen's Scholar, a student free of expense in the training school of his preference. How far his studies there, theoretical and practical, may eventually be carried, it is hardly yet possible to foresee. The present year is the first in which any large number can have entered as Queen's Scholars. Hitherto—in England at least—the training schools have for the most part laboured under the disadvantage of having to work on materials almost too rough to receive a polish, even from the keenest tools and the most finished workmanship. They will now, for the first time, have a fair opportunity of really training as teachers those who have elsewhere acquired the rudiments of knowledge. In the execution of this task, there are, of course, not only degrees of success, but differences of theory and of plan. It would be invidious to particularize, nor could we do so with advantage, without entering at large into a discussion of the whole principles of the art of teaching. This our limits forbid. We may, however, be allowed to say that among the things most perfect in their kind, we should reckon the Gallery Lesson system, as taught by its author, Mr. Stow, in the Glasgow Normal Seminary, and, to a certain extent, at the Cheltenham Training Colleges. In skilful hands it is a most powerful instrument, both of discipline and of instruction. Its danger is its very attractiveness: the teacher is apt to grow so fond of it, as to shrink from the drudgery of the more mechanical modes of instruction. Yet it is obvious that, for the purpose of teaching the art of reading, and other mere *ἔργα* of education properly so called, the sympathy of numbers is almost valueless and the Gallery therefore an unsuitable instrument. We believe that, as a general rule, the teachers trained under this system have far more than average success in moral tone and the cultivation of the habit of thought, with rather less than average

* See Mr. Moseley's Report, (Min. for 1847, p. 6.)

* Vol. i. pp. 62, 128.

success (among trained teachers), if judged by the accuracy of their children's acquaintance with the ordinary rudiments of education.

Be this as it may, our trained student after a year or two of residence in the Institution, comes forth a very different being from even the best of untrained teachers. It will be most convenient for our purpose to suppose him to be prevented by some cause—say illness at the time of examination—from obtaining a certificate before taking charge of a school. He shall have one which has not previously been under inspection—which has to be completely re-organized. His first point will be *drill*—then, order in its higher sense—then, the still higher kind of discipline which rests upon an improved moral tone. A few weeks will accomplish the first—will go far towards the second—and lay the foundation for the third. For it is here, quite as much as in the direct imparting of knowledge, that the difference is seen between the skilled workman, even of moderate ability, and the unskilled labourer, even of very superior powers. Order being established, our schoolmaster has breathing-time to look to other matters. He wants new books and apparatus—suggests to his managers the desirableness of applying for a Government grant—is encouraged to make out his list—and (all due forms being complied with) sees himself at the end of the first quarter fairly supplied with his needful tools. So far good. But his numbers are increasing—he needs a gallery, pupil-teachers, and if possible a class-room; obtains perhaps the first, and permission to prepare candidates. The day of examination arrives, but brings with it a trial for our master's pride. Not having a certificate, it will be necessary for him to be examined, to prove his competency to instruct pupil-teachers. Few teachers, probably, have submitted thus to sit down, side by side with their scholars, without an inward vow that no efforts should be wanting on their part to obtain the magic parchment which shall raise them above this very galling necessity. That it is no small evil thus to lower the status of the teacher, can hardly be doubted. But it is not easy to provide a remedy, while the present system of certificate lasts, or indeed under any system which allows of pupil-teachers under imperfectly trained masters and mistresses.

Our friend, however, obtains his certificate at the next examination. We make but one remark—on the mode adopted to test his powers as a teacher. He is required to give a short lesson to a class, in the presence of the Inspector, on a subject of his own selection. On the evidence so

afforded, the Inspector pronounces judgment. We very much doubt the soundness of this operation. A teacher can be fairly judged of only in his own school; and, even then, the true proof of his success is to be sought rather in the results than in a supposed sample of his manner—or, at the very least, in both these combined.

The certificate, when obtained, may be of various degrees of merit. Let it be of the second division of the second class,—the middle point of the nine grades. In that case the master becomes entitled to a yearly payment from Government of £21, 10s. in augmentation of his salary; provided that he receives from the managers not less than £43, of which one half must be raised by voluntary contributions. In Scotland, all payments by heritors above the legal minimum are reckoned as voluntary contributions.

We believe this to be the least successful part of the scheme of 1846–7. It gives too much to the lucky candidate at one examination, and too little to the persevering energy of years. It apportion Government aid, not according to the want of places, but according to the scholarship of the teacher. Lastly, it leaves in the cold shade those places which are really too poor to purchase its aid, or in which what wealth there is, is in unfriendly, or careless, or niggard hands.

This brings us at once to the practical view of our subject. The preceding sketch, however imperfect, may tend to establish the fact of the great change that has been wrought in our educational condition and prospects within the last five years. We see every reason for maintaining all the main features of the pupil-teacher system. Testimony is almost unanimous as to its success. It is equally so on the fact, that the disease for which it was to be the remedy has a seat which we have not yet reached. Two great evils are yet untouched—want of money, and want of children. Vast masses are still uneducated, or educated so partially as to receive little or no benefit: the most necessitous districts lie shivering within sight of the Council's central fire, forbidden by stern poverty to approach and warm themselves. What is our remedy?

According to the published summaries for 1850, the number of schools receiving annual grants was, in that year,—

In England and Wales—	
Church of England Schools,	1141
Protestant Dissenters,	250
Roman Catholics,	64
carried forward	1455

Brought forward,	1455
In Scotland—	
Established Church,	126
Other Denominations,	131
Roman Catholics,	5
	262
Total,	1717

The following is the condensed summary of the statistics of that year, including all schools actually inspected, whether receiving annual grants or not:—

	Schools.	Children.	Cert. Masters or Mistresses.	Pupil Teachers.
Church of England,	1662	157,690	568	3086
Protestant Dissenters,	282	39,888	126	850
Established Church of Scotland,	92	7,209	31	150
Free Church, &c.,	128	12,833	78	218
Roman Catholics,	99	7,769	27	167
	2263	225,389	830	4471

It is hardly necessary to point out the inferences to be drawn from this table. They all point in one direction—the exceedingly small progress which has yet been made, in proportion to the whole population of the country. Nor is the rate of advance more encouraging. The building grants made in the same year are only 232 towards the erection of schools to accommodate 29,848 children. Allowing for the increase of population, we must be losing instead of gaining ground, year by year. Again we ask, What is our remedy?

We do not think that a very large number of new schools is required, or that there is any great difficulty found in erecting them under the existing arrangements. It is the burden of maintaining them in efficiency for which some relief is demanded. The Dean of Hereford tells us that all schools—at least, all agricultural schools—may be made self-supporting.* Mr. Norris seems inclined to confirm the Dean's testimony.† We believe them both, with the amendment of the word "all" into "many more than are supposed." Much might be done with such men as Mr. Dawes to do it; but, could he multiply himself till he filled all Britain with Daweses, the complaint of poverty, though greatly diminished, would still in its degree be true.

* See his most interesting pamphlet, "Suggestive Hints" &c.; also, the Reports on King's Somborne School,—especially Mr. Moseley's for 1847, (Min. vol. i. p. 7.)

† Min., p. 630.

Mr. Baines of Leeds tells us that voluntary exertion is able to do all that is required. Our reply is simple: *Do it.* We shall be convinced when we see it done; and in the meantime we may provide for the contingency of failure.

There remain, before the *English* public, two schemes only with apparent prospect of success. Both owe their origin to that fruitful mother of schemes—Manchester. The one—propounded by the Lancashire Public School Association—contemplates united instruction, without specific religious teaching. The other—commonly known as the Manchester Local Bill—sacrifices union in order to secure religious education.

For *Scotland*, the only plan which has been fully matured, is that embodied in Lord Melgund's Bill of last session. In its leading features it approaches pretty closely to the Lancashire or secular scheme.

It is not our purpose at present to enter into the details of any of these proposals. We regard them all as still in embryo, and feel satisfied a really comprehensive and satisfactory measure has yet to be matured. Should the first weeks of the session, contrary to present appearances, find leisure for a full educational discussion, and should any well-digested measure be really before Parliament, we may, perhaps, in another Article, consider the details of its provisions, as a complement to the present historical sketch of recent progress in this department. Meanwhile we close with a few prolegomena on leading principles, which seem to require for their application nothing but an enlightened comprehensiveness of mind, and an honest determination to rise superior to party interest and local controversies.

One point is generally conceded: there must be an educational rate for England; and for Scotland, a re-adjustment of existing provisions. We do not dissent. The necessity is urgent. But we would very strenuously contend against a rate so laid as to supersede the payments by parents for their children's education. Free-schooling is, in our view, an unmitigated evil. Another evil which should be carefully guarded against, is the needless multiplication of schools. It is easy to see that, in this matter, competition is a worse than doubtful advantage. The possibility of having more than one good school in a locality is restricted within certain limits of population.

We are not sure of the *necessity* of having schools in England denominational, or that no common ground can be found for a co-operation of religious parties in a national education. On the other hand, we do not

feel that denominational schools are an unmixed evil. What we lose in unity, we perhaps gain in definiteness of religious teaching and impression. It is not improbable that both objects might, in a wise spirit of conciliation, even in England, be combined. If thinking men in the middle classes are agreed on any point, it is to repudiate any primary education which is not by some means associated with religion.

In Scotland there is an obvious evil in multiplying schools on the ground of religious divisions, in which the same standards are universally to be taught. Still greater would be the anomaly of establishing a non-religious education for a people nine-tenths of whom are prepared for religious co-operation in popular education.

The things chiefly needed in both countries are of a practical nature. We must secure, for example, the appointment of teachers properly qualified. This ought not to create any serious difficulty. The Normal seminaries should be the key-stones of the arch. The subject of separate Female schools will also become very important when the plea of poverty is removed. Mixed schools, with all their merits, are in our eyes objectionable; not on the ground of danger from the association of boys and girls, but because the female mind, morals, and manners, cannot be rightly moulded except under female influence. Industrial Schools must soon, both in England and Scotland, acquire a far higher degree of importance than they have yet received. Hitherto, the anxious endeavours of Government to ingraft industrial occupations on ordinary school-work, have not, we think, been very successful. Even at the best, it is too like "playing at gardening," to produce very solid results. It may deserve attention, whether some system of regulated *half-time* agricultural labour might not do more towards implanting industrial habits. "Ragged Schools" ought no longer to be isolated from the general Educational system. Both their own well-being, and that of the non-ragged class, demand that their efficiency be extended, their finance prosperity secured, and their management carefully guarded, so as to occupy their proper field without encroaching on the territory of the self-supporting school. Night-schools for adults are indispensable in large towns, and most desirable in the country. Their inspection is a little difficult, but the difficulties *must* soon be overcome, if the education of the people is to be really a national interest.

On the whole, we have good hope that

the recent discussions on this subject of Popular Education, though tedious, will not be unproductive. Scotland especially seems called, as she has often been before, to march in the van of civilization. Her people are already united under one doctrinal banner, however much divided on minor points of difference. It will be strange if there is not wisdom enough, or mutual forbearance enough, found among us to take advantage of this most important fact. If jealousies and suspicions keep separate those whom Providence is drawing together, a deep stain will rest on our national character. We know of nothing so nearly resembling the case as the dispute for the post of honour between the Clans at Culloden, in the very presence of the enemy. *Our enemy is full in view.* Vice and Infidelity watch for the signs of dissension in our ranks. But we are no "false wizard" to sound the hoarse note of evil augury. We are full of hope; for we are full of faith in the common sense and religious sincerity of the English, and still more of the Scottish people. When next we address our readers on this topic, we trust to be able to congratulate them on the accomplished harmony of parties on some comprehensive measure. Meanwhile, we have to apologise for a very imperfect sketch of past progress; reminding them at the same time of the humble office which we undertook. We hope that the directions on our "finger-post" are at least distinct. May we soon be able to add the information, *how far they are from home!*

ART. X.—1. *Œuvres de Louis Napoléon Bonaparte.* Paris, 3 tom. 8vo.

2. *Des Idées Napoléoniennes.* Par L. N. BONAPARTE. Paris.

WHEN we wrote of France last May—of the difficulty of its task, the instability of its government, and the perplexity of its path—hopeless as we then were of a successful issue, we could scarcely have anticipated that in seven short months that Government would be overthrown once more, that task abandoned in despair, that path more dark and intricate than ever. Within three years from the expulsion of the Orleanist dynasty by a knot of fanatical Republicans, both victors and vanquished in that sudden struggle have been suppressed by a military despotism: the polity they had joined in constructing has been violently swept

away, and France has again become a *tabula rasa* for constitutional experimentalists. We wrote thus in May,—

"The Revolution of February—being (as it were) an aggressive negation, not a positive effort, having no clear idea at its root, but being simply the product of discontent and disgust—furnishes no foundation for a Government. Loyalty to a legitimate monarch; deference to an ancient aristocracy; faith in a loved and venerated creed; devotion to a military leader; sober schemes for well understood material prosperity;—all these may form, and have formed, the foundation of stable and powerful Governments: mere reaction, mere denial, mere dissatisfaction, mere vague desires, mere aggression on existing things—never.

"To construct a firm and abiding commonwealth out of such materials, and in the face of such obstacles as we have attempted to delineate,—such is the problem the French people are called upon to conduct to a successful issue. Without a positive and earnest creed; without a social hierarchy; without municipal institutions and the political education they bestow; without a spirit of reverence for rights, and of obedience to authority, penetrating all ranks,—we greatly doubt whether the very instruments for the creation of a republic are not wanting. A republic does not create these—it supposes and postulates their existence. They are inheritances from the past, not possessions to be called into being by a fiat. They are the slow growth of a settled political and social system, acting with justice, founded on authority and tradition, and consolidated by long years of unshaken continuance."

Viewed in our imperfect light, and from our field of limited and feeble vision, the sun in his wide circuit shines down upon no sadder spectacle than France now presents to the gazing and astonished world. Rich in material resources, but unable to turn any of them to full account; teeming with brilliant talent and clear intelligence, but doomed to see the talent prostituted and the intelligence abortive; prolific beyond any other country in theories of social regeneration and impossible perfection, yet fated beyond any other to wallow in the mire of the past, and to re-tread the weary cycle of ancestral blunders; unable to reduce into wholesome practice any one of her magnificent conceptions; unable to conduct to a successful issue any one of her promising experiments; ever building houses of cards, which every wind of passion sweeps away; ever re-commencing, never ending; the loftiest and most insatiable of aspirants, the most paltry and laggard of performers; assuming to lead the vanguard of civilisation, but for ever loitering in the rear, for ever acting as the drag. Such is the aspect of France to eyes yet shrouded in the flesh,

and darkened by the fears and frailties of humanity. To higher and wiser witnesses,

"Who watch, like God, the rolling hours,
With larger, other, eyes than ours,"

who gifted with a deeper insight, and purged from our dazzling and misleading sympathies, can see through the present confusion to the future issue—it may be that all these convulsions and vicissitudes are but the struggles of Chaos to form itself into Kosmos, the throes and efforts of a new birth. Each apparent failure may be an essential step in the process of ultimate achievement; each backslider may be a *recluse pour mieux sauter*; each shattered hope, over whose ruin we have mourned, may have been built upon a false foundation; each seemingly fair and promising construction, which we repine to see destroyed, may have been an obstacle to something sounder and more solid in the distance; and the late apparent annihilation of all that past toil and sacrifice had gained, may be, when viewed aright, an indispensable pre-requisite to greater and more permanent acquisitions—not the ebb of progress—only the receding wave of the advancing tide.

Let us endeavour to arrive at a clear notion of the actual situation of affairs, by a rapid glance at the defunct Constitution, and the conduct of the Assembly and the President respectively.

The destruction of the Constitution inaugurated in 1848 has surprised no one; the peculiar mode and time of that destruction has surprised nearly everybody. From the outset it was evident that it was not made to last. The Republic itself was a sudden and unwelcome improvisation. It was *imposed* by the violent agents of the Revolution, and was never cordially accepted by the intelligence, the property, or the experience of the nation. When the Convention met, the Republican form of government was *proclaimed*, not deliberated on nor chosen. The constitution, the work of this Convention, bore upon it the stamp of the circumstances under which, and the body from which it emanated. It was concocted by a combination of parties who had all of them ulterior aims, and whose ulterior aims were at variance with one another. The Republicans were anxious to make it as purely democratic as possible. The Constitutionals desired to make the Assembly supreme, both over executive and people. The Imperialists wished to prevent the return of the Bourbon Branches. The Or-

leanists and Legitimists wished reciprocally to destroy each other's hopes. But all parties, dreading lest their rivals should, by caprice or accident, be recalled and entrusted with the executive authority, concurred in reducing that authority to a minimum. The Constitution had many faults; this was probably its chief one. It would be unreasonable to demand from a scheme concocted to meet the wants and satisfy the exigencies of a passing crisis, and with the cannon of the barricades yet ringing in the ears of its fabricators, either the maturity of reflection which characterizes the productions of patient reasoning, or the thorough understanding of human passions and requirements, which can only be obtained by long practice in political affairs; or that happy conformity with national tastes and manners, which belongs only to institutions which have grown up in the course of ages, and have become firmly rooted in the soil. Few of those who joined in the construction of it regarded it with hope; fewer still with admiration or real satisfaction. To some it was a work of desperation; to others a pilot balloon; to nearly all an expedient to feel their way out of an embarrassing position. Between the various and hostile elements which contended for the mastery in France, the Constitution was not a permanent peace, but merely an armistice, a hollow truce. From the first hour that it was promulgated no one had faith in its durability; and perhaps the wisest provision which it contained was the clause which anticipated the probability and prescribed the mode of its revision.

A powerful and long-established Government—skilful and unscrupulous, and as resolute in denying the most reasonable demands of the constitutional opposition, as the wildest clamours of the Socialists—had been overthrown by a popular outbreak. A period of strange misrule had succeeded, in which the more worthless of the working classes and their leaders reigned almost supreme. The first attempt at return to that state of order and repression which the very life of society demanded, had been met by the desperate insurrection of the 15th of May, which gave a glimpse of the fearful fate which hung over Paris, and the other great cities of France, if the arm of the executive should be for one moment paralyzed or shattered. Scarcely had this been expressed, and the capital been rescued from the "*douze heures de pillage*" which Blanqui had promised to his followers, when the same warning was repeated in still more awful tones. The three days'

battle in the streets, which only the concentrated energy of a most resolute Dictator was able to determine in favour of the cause of property and law; when Cavaignac was preparing to blow up a whole quarter of the city rather than run the risk of a defeat; when the issue appeared so doubtful, and the case so threatening, that he even meditated withdrawing his army into the country, and concentrating his forces for a prolonged civil war; when the skill and desperation of the insurgents was such, and compelled such terrible severity, that to this hour it is not known how many perished, and some estimate the number at 10,000; this terminated the series of impressive lessons which should have shown the contrivers of the Constitution what was needed, and in what direction their fears and precautions ought to lie. But while the ears of every one yet tingled with the frightful denunciations of the defeated insurrectionists; while the heart of every one yet beat at the thought of the horrors they had barely escaped, through the dangerous but indispensable resource of a military dictatorship; they devoted their entire attention to weakening and hampering the executive power which had just, and with difficulty, saved them;—to a situation and necessities almost unheard of in the world till then, they opposed ideas and plans whose impotence and inadequacy had been fully proved by reiterated failures.

It was clear that what France demanded from the Constituent Assembly, was the establishment of a supreme power truly and efficiently executive, and a representation really national,—a government sufficiently strong to satisfy the craving need of being governed, which all Frenchmen feel by a secret instinct, and have been accustomed to by long generations of a bureaucracy,—and competent to wield with a firm and masterly hand, the stupendous administrative sceptre which the centralization organized by Napoleon had bestowed on France; and a legislative Assembly which should give to the various elements which constitute the real permanent majority, to the summary of all the feelings, opinions, and interests of the nation, an easy, natural, and regular predominance, proportioned to their respective worth and weight. How did it discharge this double task?

For fifty years France has been covered with the columns and arches of a most majestic administrative edifice, constructed by a master hand, which strikes the imagination by its grandeur, and charms the eye by the uniformity and regularity of its arrangements. The central power, seated in

the capital, radiates to the remotest corners of the land, embraces everything in its glance, grasps everything in its hand, exerts everywhere its mischievous stimulus or its stern control. It asks advice from local bodies, but gives them no power, and permits no interference. Even where it respects private rights, it paralyzes personal freedom, and weakens individual responsibility; it keeps everything and everybody under surveillance and in leading strings. A system of direct taxation, strictly levied, gives it an acquaintance with all fortunes; an organized system of state education opens to it an entrance into all families. Nothing, either in the domain of thought or of material interests, escapes its interference; everything looks towards it; everything reposes upon it. From one end of the country to the other, every one of the 37,000 communes into which it is divided, and every one of the 36,000,000 of people who inhabit it, keep their eyes steadily fixed upon the head quarters of the motive power; await their signal from its will; imbibe their inspiration from its breath. The tremendous weapon of authority thus given to the central government, the fearful burden of responsibility thus concentrated upon a single head,—hard to be wielded and oppressive to be borne even by royalty secure of its position, accustomed to command, aided by prestige, and protected by inviolability,—the new Constitution placed in the hands of a novice, renewable every four years; chosen by the mass to-day, re-confounded with the crowd to-morrow; chosen by one party, and consequently the antagonist and the destined victim of all other parties; the butt of a thousand intrigues, and driven to counter-intrigues for his defence; superintended with a hostile vigilance by the most unsatisfiable and imperious of masters; viz., a single, numerous, inexperienced, divided, and factious assembly, seldom suspending its sittings, and having always a committee of “detective police” to watch him during its short vacations. A dictatorship in the hands of a puppet! Supreme power in the hands of one who is watched and treated as a public enemy! A most subtle, complete, and universal organization, created by the fiat, and designed for the purposes of an iron and imperial will, yet confided to the management of a transient, ill-paid officer, bound hand and foot to the caprices of a popular assembly! The President was expected, out of a salary of £25,000 a-year, to fill with *éclat* the position of Representative Chief of a nation fond of splendour, of gaiety, of hospitable show. He was

expected to keep the cup of supreme power ever at his lips, but never to do more than taste it. He was to be a great monarch without monarchical permanence, without monarchical veto, without monarchical inviolability. He was carried up to a pinnacle from which he saw all authority, all grandeur, all dominion within his reach, and as it were his appointed inheritance, and then was bidden peremptorily to descend from the giddy eminence, and to turn away his gaze from the alluring prize. Restored for a moment to the imperial throne, and grasping the reins of the imperial chariot, he was expected to still every throb of imperial ambition. Selected by a people accustomed to be much and energetically governed, needing to be so, clamorous to be so, and entrusted therefore with the power of a Caesar or a Czar, he was expected to be the submissive slave of a debating club of vestrymen, quarrelling among themselves, and elected by far fewer numbers than himself.

Such was the executive power in France as defined and inaugurated by the new Constitution: was the legislative body more wisely organized? It was perhaps scarcely to be expected that a people just broke loose from all rule, fresh from a triumphant struggle with established authority, fought in the name of the exciting watch-words of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, should admit any aristocratic element into the new system they were framing; but why should they have deprived themselves of that mighty influence in the scale of order and stability which, as all history shows, is afforded by a second Chamber! There are many ways of constituting an Upper House without making it either a Council of Nominées, or a Senate of Hereditary Peers. It might be elected simply by a higher class of electors, or as in Belgium, require higher qualifications for its members. It might, as in Sardinia, be composed of men selected from among literary, judicial, scientific, and military notabilities. It might be chosen by different districts and for different terms from those of the Lower House, as in the State of New York, or might be obtained by a double election, as in the Federal Union of America. There are so many modes in which an effective and valuable second Chamber might be obtained, that the French had no excuse for rejecting it on the ground of difficulty. But the Assembly being resolved to retain the supreme power in its own hands, was unwilling to be in any way checked or fettered, or compelled to an unwelcome degree of deliberation. It therefore cast away,

almost without the compliment of a discussion, the suggestion of a second Chamber, with all the obvious advantages that might have flowed from such an arrangement, and substituted a most clumsy and incautious scheme for preventing hasty or inconsiderate changes in one direction only,—by enacting that, however faulty their new Constitution might prove, it should be in the power of a small minority to prohibit its amendment. They required a majority of *three-fourths* to legalize a revision. They tied their own hands in the one case, in which, as it happened, it was peculiarly desirable to leave them free. Every thing else was stamped in moveable types: the hasty and unmanageable Constitution was alone stereotyped.—It was, perhaps, scarcely to be expected that, in a Constitution springing from a revolution which, if not made by the masses, was at least promptly seized upon by them, any other system than that of universal suffrage should have been adopted. But three things these law-makers might have done which they did not: they might at least have left the discussion of the matter free; they might have respected the principle, once adopted, when it pronounced against them as well as when it spoke in their favour; and they might have surrounded its exercise with all the wise precautions and judicious arrangements which could mitigate its dangers and render it the *bonâ fide* expression of the nation's will. Instead of this the convention hastily passed a law early in 1848, placing the principle of universal suffrage under the protection of the tribunals—making it penal to question or discuss it—treating the exposure of its evils and its dangers as sedition and treason. In the next place, as if conscious that their successors would desire to undo their clumsy workmanship, they violated the principle they had laid down, setting universal suffrage, or the government of the majority, at defiance, by enacting that, where the Constitution was in question, the many should bow to the decision of the few. Consider for a moment the full extent of this grotesque and insolent absurdity. Every Republic, and the Republic of 1848 more nakedly than any other, is based upon the will of the majority. It is their sole recognised foundation. An absolute monarchy rests upon the divine right of kings. An hereditary aristocracy rests upon the superior claims and powers of special families. A theocracy rests upon direct religious sanction. But republics sweep all these away. The Republic of 1848 ignored and denied them all. Hereditary right, constitutional lega-

lity, established institutions, equilibrium of power,—it sacrificed all to the blind worship of THE MAJORITY. No sooner, however, had it done so, than it turned round upon the nation, and said: "The majority is omnipotent, and its authority unquestionable, only to authorize us and to sanction our decrees: we pronounce it powerless to negative or change them. So long as a minority of one fourth supports our constitution, so long that constitution shall be inviolable." The majority of the nation, by the voice of the majority of its representatives legally elected, demands a change in the form of the government. The minority steps in and says, "No! there shall be no such change—neither to-day, nor to-morrow, nor ten years hence, so long as one-fourth of the people or their deputies object to it. We, the few, will control and govern you, the many." And the men who held this language and considered this proceeding just, are the republicans *par excellence*! The democrats are the oligarchs. The very men who thus contended for the permanent right of the few to bind the many, were the very men who sprung out of the victory of the many over the few,—whose position, whose very existence, was the creation of the principle they thus repudiated! The Constitution which declared itself inviolable and unchangeable, even by a large majority, was the very Constitution which was found to be so intolerable that a large majority insisted upon altering. Were they to retain and obey a bad law, because that law itself forbade them to repeal it? Whence could any body derive a right to make such an enactment? With what decency or justice could a constituent assembly, itself the offspring of the victory of the majority over the minority, enact that in future the minority should bind the majority?

If the principle of universal suffrage was thus slightly respected even by those who asserted it most loudly, the arrangements for carrying it into practical operation were marked with no extraordinary sagacity. Out of the seven or eight million of voters who found themselves endowed with the franchise, a very large proportion consisted of the peasantry of the rural districts, little cognizant of political affairs, and little interested in party strife. Numbers of them would have no idea how to vote: numbers of them would not care how they voted: numbers more would not wish to vote at all. The rock on which universal suffrage is almost always wrecked is, the ignorance or the indifference of the great mass of the electors. Thousands of the peasantry never stir from home; hundreds of thousands know no one beyond the limits of their own commune.

and never hear the names of obscure or intriguing political aspirants. If, therefore, it were desired most effectually to confirm their indifference to the elections, and to embarrass them in their choice of a candidate, and utterly to confuse their comprehension of the whole transaction, no better scheme could have been devised than to make them vote by *departments* instead of by *arrondissements*, or by *communes*,—and to call upon them to elect at once, not one man, whom they may chance to know, but a whole list of ten, fifteen, or twenty, the names of nearly all of whom they probably never heard of, and of whose respective qualifications they cannot form the most remote conception. A plan like this was sure to throw the virtual choice into the hands of clubs, or knots of political agitators, who would *exploiter* the great body of the electors for their own purposes and interests; and was likely to end in the great mass of the people retiring from the exercise of the suffrage in carelessness or disgust. One of the chief evils, indeed, of universal suffrage is, that it never does, and rarely can, give the actual sentiments and wishes of the numerical mass of the population. Those interested in political strife vote; those who are sick of it, or indifferent to it, abstain from voting. Among the working classes this is particularly the case. There is the peaceful industrious artisan, loving work much, independence more, and his family most of all, living aloof from the turmoil and passions of the public world, and whose leisure is spent by the domestic hearth, and in the society of his wife and children. And there is the artisan who considers himself enlightened, who frequents *cafés*, who reads newspapers, who heads processions, who mans barricades, to whom haranging is far pleasanter than honest labour. To the first, a day lost at elections is a nuisance and an injury, a supper or a breakfast wanting, diminished wages, an unfinished job, scantier food or clothing for his children or himself. To the second it is a joyful holiday, a noisy spree, a positive indulgence, possibly an actual gain of more than he would have earned in a week by steady industry. The result is, that the first man, whose vote would be of real value and meaning to the community, never gives it: the second whose vote is worthless and a deception, records it on every occasion; and the nation is as far as ever from having gathered the real feelings and opinions of its citizens. In times of excitement and of novelty, such as the first general election, or the choice of a President, this evil is not so much felt; but so strongly was it beginning to be feared, that one of the last proposals laid before the late Assembly, was for making it penal to abstain from the exercise

of the franchise,—for inflicting a fine on all who neglected to record their votes.*

Such being the Constitution imposed upon France, but never submitted to the country for ratification, what has been the conduct of the Assembly elected under its auspices? Its whole career has been one series of intrigues against the President, of squabbles amongst its members, of assaults upon the liberties of the nation, of violations of its trust, and of decisions which gave the lie to its origin and its professions; and it has done more to sicken France with the very name and principle of representative government than any elected body since the days of the National Convention. It was elected under a Republic; it was appointed to consolidate and perfect the Republic; it commenced life by swearing allegiance and fidelity to the Republic;—yet it was composed in great part of Orleanists, Bonapartists, and Legitimists, who made no secret either of their actual views or of their ulterior designs. Probably not more than 250 members were at any time genuine republicans at heart. The Orleanists visited Claremont, and intrigued for the return of the exiled House. The Legitimists avowedly received their directions from Wiesbaden, and kept steadily before them the interests of the Count de Chambord. The Bonapartists openly sighed after the Imperial *régime*, and took their orders from the Elysée. The members of the Mountain alone were faithful to their trust: they stood to their colours, though conscious that the country was against them, and combined with each of their antagonists in turn to defeat and embarrass the others. A sadder, more factious, more disreputable spectacle a free country has seldom seen. They turned round almost immediately upon the constituents who had elected them. They abolished universal suffrage by 466 votes to 223, and disfranchised three millions of electors. They sent an army to crush the Republic of Rome, then fighting so gallantly for its existence, by 469 votes to 180. They handed over the primary instruction of the nation to the clergy by 445 votes to 187. They enacted laws and sanctioned proceedings against the liberty of the press, severer than Louis Philippe had ever ventured upon. By compelling every writer to sign his name to each article in the journals, they struck a fatal blow at both the influence and the independence of journalism. They sat nearly in permanence, and kept the nation in perpetual hot water. Whenever they adjourned for a short holiday, they left a committee of watch-dogs to overhaul every act of the executive. Their ques-

* For this sketch of the vices of the Constitution, we are greatly indebted to two *brochures* by M. Albert de Broglie.

tors attempted to gain the command of the army. And, finally, at the moment of their dissolution, they were discussing, and were expected, by a factious combination, to pass a law ("on the responsibility of the executive") which would have virtually transferred the whole power of the state into their hands.

While the Assembly were thus conspiring against, violating and discrediting the constitution to which they owed their existence, and which they had sworn to maintain, the conduct of the President had scarcely been one whit more patriotic or more honest. From the first day of his inauguration, it was evident that he was determined to be re-elected—by a revision of the Constitution, if that could be obtained; if not, in defiance of the Constitution. It is even probable that he aimed, not only at a prolongation, but at an increase of his power. For this he flattered the army; for this he removed and appointed generals and prefects; for this he played into the hands of the priests; for this he joined the conservative majority in enacting the law of the 31st May; for this he joined the republicans in demanding its repeal. Every action betrayed his patient, plodding, and unscrupulous ambition. But on the other hand, he had shewn always such sagacity, and often such dignity; his language and bearing were moulded with such unerring tact to suit the tastes and fancies of the French people; and his personal objects, as far as they were seen, were felt to harmonize so much with the apparent interests of the country, that a strong feeling had grown up among nearly all classes in his favour. His popularity rose as that of the Assembly declined. While reputation after reputation among public men had sunk or suffered shipwreck,—while every other statesman had gone down in general estimation,—while Cavaignac had lost much of his prestige, and Lamartine had been utterly extinguished, and Thiers had been utterly excommunicated, baffled, and unmasked, and even Guizot had failed to make any progress towards the redemption of his fame,—the character of Louis Napoleon gradually rose, from the first day of his election; every step, whether his own or his opponents', contributed to confirm his popularity and consolidate his power. He suffered his rivals and antagonists to exhaust and expose themselves by their own violence; and keeping strictly within the limits of his prerogative, he "bided his time," and came out victorious from every struggle. Previous, therefore, to the *coup d'état*, there had gradually grown up among all classes of Frenchmen, a conviction that the destinies of the nation would be far safer, and its character far higher, if confided to a man who, whatever were his faults, had at least shewn that

he possessed a definite purpose and a firm will,—than if left in the hands of a body of men who had manifested no signs of a lofty and decorous patriotism, who had regarded all questions of public policy, foreign and domestic, only as they could be turned to their own private or factious advantage, and who had permitted the sacred banner of the commonwealth, entrusted to their keeping, to be torn by the animosities, and soiled by the passions of party.

Indeed, it is not easy to exaggerate the discredit brought upon themselves, and upon the very theory of Representative Government, by the proceedings of the leaders of the various political parties in France. Chosen by a suffrage almost universal, bound to their constituents by the closest ties, and returning to them after only three years' tenure of office, it might have been anticipated that, if only from selfish considerations, they would have steadily devoted themselves to study the real and permanent interests of the country, and would have co-operated heartily and zealously with the Executive in devising and carrying out schemes for rendering France peaceful and prosperous at home, and powerful and respected abroad. It might have been hoped that their labour would have been earnestly directed towards developing the vast resources of the country, and securing to its industry the freest and most favourable action; that everything calculated to raise and improve the condition of the masses would have had their first and most sedulous attention; and that, above all things, they would have striven hard and have sacrificed much for the maintenance of that silent internal harmony, which is the primary necessity of a nation's life. It might have been expected that they would have regarded every question of foreign policy, first, in its bearings on the special interests of France, and secondly, in its bearings on the progress elsewhere of that freedom which they had just re-conquered, and of which everywhere they were the professed defenders. Instead of this, party politics, not social philosophy, occupied almost their whole time; and external action was dictated by a desire to gain the support of this or that section, to destroy this rival, or discredit that antagonist; till their entire career became one indecent and disreputable scramble.

The result inevitably was an increased feeling on the part of the public, first of indignation, then of disgust, latterly of sickened and most menacing indifference. Menacing, that is, for popular leaders and representative assemblies;—for the people—wearied of watching the objectless and petty

squabbles of their chosen legislators, and disheartened by finding that the rulers they selected for themselves treated them no better, and served them no more effectively, than the rulers who had been imposed upon them—began to turn their attention on their own private affairs, and to discover how much more they could do for themselves than Governments and Assemblies could do for them. Since they had trusted more to themselves and less to Parliaments, they had prospered comparatively well. Trade was spirited, and industry was thriving and increasing. The political storms which used to agitate all ranks began to pass nearly unheeded over their heads; for they perceived how paltry and inconsequential they were. They put their own shoulders to the wheel, instead of calling on the gods above to help them; and all the noisy quarrels of the great Olympus fell, as by magic, into their genuine insignificance. An idea had already dawned upon the French, that an Assembly which had done so little for them was not of much importance to them; and that if they could prosper in spite of its scandalous dereliction of its duties, and its selfish abuse of its powers, they might perhaps prosper even were it non-existent. A wholesome lesson, possibly, for the people, but a fatal one for demagogues and orators.

When a people has thus begun to look after their private affairs instead of discussing affairs of state, and to act for themselves instead of calling on their rulers to act for them, only one thing is needed to insure their welfare—viz., that the Government should bring them and secure them tranquillity and order. If it will do this, they ask no more: if it does not do this, it abnegates its paramount and especial function; it becomes to them a nuisance, not a protection—"a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." Now, few Englishmen are aware, though it is no novel information to a Parisian, to what an extent Frenchmen had come to look upon the Assembly in this light. The constant series of moves and stratagems of which the history of that body was made up, kept the nation in a perpetual state of excitement, expectation, and turmoil. They never knew what would come next. They were constantly on the *qui vive* for some new explosion. So long as the Assembly was sitting, there was incessant agitation and wild unrest; and thousands would thankfully have paid the Members their 25 francs a-day not to sit at all. Peace—comparative peace—came with prorogation; but the sessions were felt to be deplorably too long, and the vacations

piteously too few. So that the body which ought to have been the shield and safeguard of the nation, the guardian of its interests, the protector of its rights, had come to be regarded as a plague, a mischief, and an enemy. Only when it ceased to sit, did France begin to breathe freely.

The plain truth is that no nation—not even the French—can bear to be for ever in hot water. Ceaseless political agitation is an element in which neither material prosperity, nor moral well-being can live. If it seemed hopeless to find the needed tranquillity in freedom and republicanism, who can wonder if many lost faith and heart, and began to cast a sigh after the calm despotism which beckoned to them out of the softening haze of the past, or towards that which loomed gradually out of the uncertain future. France, for many months back, had echoed in her heart of hearts the words of that touching inscription on the Italian tombstone—*implora pace*. Wearied with achievements which had led to nothing, and victories which had been crowned by no enduring conquests, and trophies, dearly purchased, but barren of the promised consequences—her whole desires were fast merging into the one succinct petition of the grand old warrior of Carthage, who—harassed by perpetual warfare, broken by family afflictions, and thwarted by an ungrateful State—closed a public life of singular glory and of bitter disenchantment, with the simple prayer, comprised in so few words, yet full of such melancholy pathos:—"Ego, Hannibal, peto pacem!"

Such was the state of feeling in France, and such the relative position of the contending parties, immediately previous to the *coup d'état*,—and it is important thoroughly to fix this in our minds, in order to comprehend the full meaning of the President's attempt, and the explanation of the manner in which it was received by the nation. On the one side stood Louis Napoleon, who had far surpassed all expectations formed of him from his discreditable antecedents, and had risen higher day by day in public estimation, who had shown consummate knowledge of the temper of the people, and supreme tact in dealing with it—who had finally taken his stand on the broad basis of universal suffrage—who had long foreseen and been preparing for the inevitable struggle—and with strange sagacity and patience had, as the phrase is, given his opponents "rope enough to hang themselves." On the other side stood the Assembly, on the eve of an election, yet seemingly intent on showing how unfit they

were to be re-chosen,—pointing, as their sole titles to popular confidence and a renewal of their trust, to millions of constituents disfranchised—to the revision of a clumsy Constitution demanded by the people but refused by themselves—to the freedom of the press, through their means, trampled under foot—to France, through their intrigues, rendered light as a feather in the balance of European power—to her gallant army, through their connivance, engaged in the degrading employment of restoring a miserable Pontiff, and enslaving an emancipated people—to a sacred trust, perverted to the purposes of a low ambition—to the very name of a representative assembly, through their misconduct, covered with ridicule and shame.

What the President did we need not relate here; how he dissolved the Assembly, abolished the Constitution, imprisoned deputies and generals, appealed to the people, and extinguished all resistance with unsparing severity,—all this is known to every one. The degree of his criminality in this daring usurpation will be differently estimated by different men according to the view they may take as to the wishes and interests of France, the urgency of the crisis, and the reality of the alleged and indicated intention on the part of the Assembly to have forestalled and deposed him. On the one hand, it is unquestionable that if he had waited till the Assembly had passed the bill, (on executive responsibility,) which they were then considering, he would have been wholly in their power. If he had allowed matters to go on as they were till the election of May, a popular outbreak and a deplorable convulsion would have been almost inevitable; for matters had been so arranged that both the legislative and presidential elections would take place at nearly the same time, under a disputed electoral law, and when all the powers of the State were in a condition of paralysis and dissolution. The greatest contest ever known in a representative system was to take place round the dying bed of an expiring President and an expiring Assembly; and the president sure to be chosen was a president ineligible by law,—Moreover, Louis Napoleon might plead that *he*, as well as the Assembly, was elected by universal suffrage; that the Assembly had ceased to be in harmony with their constituents, while he had not; that when two co-ordinate powers, equally chosen by the people, disagree, the only mode of deciding the dispute is by an appeal to the authority from which both emanate; and that all he did was to make that appeal *arbitrarily*, which the Constitu-

tion denied him the power of doing legally.—on the other hand, it is equally undeniable that the act which he has perpetrated bears, on the face of it, all the features of a great crime. The Constitution which he has violently suppressed, bad as it was, was the deliberately framed Constitution of his country, and was the one which, knowing all its faults, he had sworn to maintain and obey. The liberties which he has so ruthlessly trampled under foot, were the liberties which he had sworn to respect and to watch over. The blood which he has shed was the blood of his fellow-citizens, and ought to have been precious in his eyes. The oath which he has broken was an oath solemnly tendered and often voluntarily re-affirmed. Therefore, if he is to be forgiven, he must sue out his pardon from the future. Nothing can palliate his crime, except its being the last. Nothing can excuse his seizure of power, except the patriotic use he makes of it. In the meantime we are not anxious to hold the balance or to cast the lot between the guilty President and the guilty Assembly. We adopt the words of Victor Cousin on a different occasion,—“*je renvoie, donc, les extravagances aux extravagans, les crimes aux criminelles, et je détourne les yeux de ce sang et de cette boue*,”—and, from the sickening and idle task of awarding the palm between two worthless combatants, we turn to consider the prospects, the feelings, and the fate of FRANCE under the new régime. Power illegally seized, is sometimes legally sanctioned. The crimes of individual ambition are often overruled by Providence so as to work out the welfare of nations.

In the first place, Louis Napoleon's usurpation has been since ratified and sanctioned in a manner which, after every reasonable deduction has been made on account of the circumstances of the polling, leaves no ground whatever for doubting that it was approved by the nation. Whatever some of our English journals, in their anger and amazement, may say as to the probability of the returns having been falsified, no man in France believes that any thing of the kind has been done, to any important extent at least. The total adult male population of France is as near as can be ascertained, nine millions, and of these we can scarcely reckon fewer to be disqualified from various causes than half a million. This would leave 8,500,000 as the total number of electors under universal suffrage. Of these in round numbers seven millions and a half have voted for Louis Napoleon, and 700,000 against him, while 300,000

have abstained from voting. There can be no doubt that some voted in ignorance of the facts of the case; some in an overweening fear of the Socialists; some because, though no friends to Louis Napoleon, they saw no alternative between him and anarchy. It is impossible to affirm, that an election which has taken place while all newspapers were suppressed or garbled, while all public meetings and other facilities for forming and circulating opinion were proscribed, while the principal political chiefs were in durance, and while many departments were under martial law, can be considered as a fair one. We believe that Louis Napoleon has done himself serious injury and injustice by thus enabling his antagonists to assert, without the possibility of disproof, that votes have been tampered with, coerced, or obtained by fraud. But when every allowance has been made, we do not believe, and we think no man in France really believes, that the late poll does not give the fair and genuine result of the sentiments of the vast numerical majority of the nation. As to the feelings of the middle classes, we are left to gather the truth from a variety of indications. The great and continued rise in the French *rentes*, which, notwithstanding the foolish insinuations of some ignorant journalists, was perfectly *bonâ fide*; the equivalent advance in the price of railway shares; the increased price of most kinds of goods; the immediate and marked revival in nearly all branches of trade; the issuing of orders which had been long suspended, all concur to intimate the warm approval of the *coup d'état* by the industrial, commercial, and financial classes of France. All our own private foreign correspondents, whether enemies or friends of the President, confirm this conclusion. All agree in representing the state of anxiety and uncertainty in which they had long been kept as utterly intolerable; most express confidence in the wisdom of Louis Napoleon's future rule and its suitability to France; all speak of the satisfaction felt at the revolution being nearly universal among all who have anything to lose, or anything to gain by honest and reputable means. The majority of the press we presume to be hostile, as also most of the politicians of France. The opinion of the Legitimists and that of the Orleanists appears to be divided. On the whole, however, it cannot be denied that France has elected Louis Napoleon with hearty good will, and anticipates much from his government.

In considering this matter, it is important that we should divest ourselves of our in-

sular prejudices and habits of thought, and inquire not what we should feel under such circumstances, but what Frenchmen would be likely to feel; not what *régime* would be suitable for England, but what *régime* is best adapted for France. We must bear in mind that our notions of freedom and policy are utterly at variance with theirs—that our *beau idéal* of a perfect Government is diametrically opposite to theirs. The French notion of liberty is political equality; the English notion is personal independence. The French are accustomed to have their Government do everything for them, and direct them in everything, and they expect and wish it to do so; the English wish never to feel the action, or be compelled to recognise the existence, of Government in their daily and private life. It would therefore be both pedantic and misleading to judge the one nation by the standard of the other, or to act for the one on the system of the other. There are two kinds of freedom—two modes in which a nation may exercise and prove its liberty. We have chosen one; France has always shewn a marked preference for the other. We prefer to govern ourselves: it is the peculiar taste of the Anglo-Saxon. The French prefer to choose their governor, and then leave everything in his hands: it is the fancy of the Celt. If we select the more troublesome mode, of directing and ruling ourselves, and displaying our liberty in every action of our daily life, we are scarcely at liberty to despise our neighbor as a slave, because he prefers the easier, lazier, and more dangerous plan of concentrating all *his* liberty into a single deed, and then abnegating self-management and self-responsibility for ever. Ours, indeed, is unquestionably the wiser and the safer plan; but it may not be suited for, or practicable among, a race so divergent from ourselves as are the people of France.

May not the French have been all along upon the *wrong tack*, in aiming at the establishment of a Representative Government in their country? May they have not been entirely mistaken in adopting and supposing that they could manage a machine which appeared to have done so well with us? May not the form of Government and the guarantees of freedom suitable for France be wholly different from these which have been found available in England?

An ancient legend of deep significance relates that there once lived a magician who had discovered a spell of singular cogency and virtue, by means of which he could command the attendance and compel the

obedience of a familiar spirit, through whose services he acquired fame, wealth, and wide dominion. A favourite pupil, inspired with the ambition of rivalling his master's power, possessed himself of the mighty secret, pronounced the magic spell, and evoked the wondrous agency; but he had omitted one little and apparently unimportant word in the formula of invocation, and the demon, therefore, though he had obeyed the summons, refused to submit to the control of the incompetent magician; instead of being a serviceable and obedient slave, he became an imperious and terrific tyrant, whom the unfortunate evoker was unable to dismiss, who tormented him through life, and ended by tearing him to pieces.

The events that for the last sixty years have been passing on the other side of the Channel, seem the reproduction of this mediæval tale. France is the ambitious pupil; Representative Institutions the magical spirit—the power for good or evil—which she has evoked, but cannot manage or dismiss. In summoning them to her aid to enable her to rise out of the servitude and degradation of the past, and enter on a new career of greatness and of glory, she forgot one little ingredient in the composition of the magic spell, the omission of which has converted a blessing into a bane, a patient servant into a capricious despot, and has transmuted the pride and safeguard of England into the curse and reproach of France. Personal virtue, public principle, pure, lofty, and self-abnegating patriotism was omitted from the invocation. The formula was borrowed faithfully enough; the spirit which sanctified and gave it efficacy was alone left out.

From its first glorious beginning in 1789, to its last ignominious ending in 1851, the whole history of Representative Assemblies in France has been one series of oscillations between despotism and impotence. When there has been only one Chamber it has almost invariably grasped at the supreme authority; when there have been two they have been as uniformly curbed or rendered insignificant. Parliaments in France have always either absorbed the Executive power or been absorbed by it. They have alternately been omnipotent, or powerless. They have always been either sinned against, or sinning. Never yet have the Legislative and the Executive worked in harmony as co-equal and co-ordinate functionaries. Neither has endured "a brother near the throne." Neither seems to have been able to conceive any medium between absolute authority or

complete subserviency, nor to have believed its existence safe or dignified till its rival and colleague was effaced or enslaved. The reins of power have dangled between the two, snatched alternately by the one or the other,—the unhappy chariot of the State, in the meantime, dragged first into one ditch, then into the other, but always going to the dogs.

When the first great Revolution broke out, sixty-two years ago, nearly all parties seemed disposed to put aside the past as an ugly dream,—the present looked very hopeful, and the future very bright. A monarchy strong in old associations, an Assembly rich in young hopes and enthusiastic aspirations, a fine spirit of patriotism and energy pervading most classes of the nation, seemed materials to warrant the most sanguine anticipations. But the struggle for supremacy soon began, the Sovereign intrigued against the Chamber; the Chamber encroached upon the Sovereign, thwarted him, fettered him, reduced him to a cypher, imprisoned him, and slew him. The Assembly possessed itself of the executive power, and governed the country by sections and committees; *how*, let the Reign of Terror, and the reaction, incapacity, and license of the Directory, proclaim. When Napoleon, on the 18th Brumaire, overpowered the Chambers by an armed force, and became First Consul, then Consul for life, then Emperor, the Representative Assembly sank into nullity, and throughout his reign remained little but courts for registering and giving legal form and validity to his decrees. Under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., they were little heeded by the Monarch, and little respected by the people; they spoke sometimes, but scarcely ever acted, and such spirit of liberty as survived in France was kept in existence by a resolute but persecuted press. Then came the Revolution of 1830, when "the charter was henceforth to be a truth," a real fact; but corruption soon again made the Chambers what oppression had made them before, the passive tools of the Monarch's will. An Assembly chosen by 180,000 electors, among whom the Sovereign had 600,000 places to dispose of, could be no valid barrier to his authority; and Louis Philippe became nearly absolute under the forms of constitutionalism. Lastly followed the Revolution of February, which installed in office a single popular and powerful Chamber, with an elective President high in station, dignity, and nominal authority, but watched, thwarted, and guarded as a public enemy. The old contest immediately recommenced; the President resented and

fretted under his position of invidious and jealous slavery; the Assembly intrigued to engross the entire authority of the State; and the old miserable struggle was terminated by the old rusty weapon—a *coup d'état*, and a military despotism.

Now, why is it that Constitutional Government, which works so well in England, will not work at all in France? Why is it that, however often it is re-established there, the irresistible tendency of the nation towards another state of things ensures its speedy overthrow, or its virtual dormancy? Why is it that the representative system, every time it is set up in France, seems, by its failure, to proclaim its want of adaptation to the national necessities, its want of harmony with the national characteristics? Does not this reiterated rejection of it, like food which does not agree, indicate that *it is not what France requires*, that it is not the medicine or the aliment which nature prescribes for her present constitution, or her actual maladies? Let us consider, especially, two points which will illustrate our meaning.

The representative system is essentially the creature and the child of *compromise*. Constitutional Government, by which we mean an elective body emanating from the people, co-existing as a reality by the side of an executive, whether hereditary or not, endowed with the requisite authority,—is the result of mutual forbearance, moderation, and respect; exists only by virtue of these qualities; could not endure for an hour without them. It is an entire mistake to imagine such a scheme *theoretically good*; it is, on the contrary, *theoretically imperfect*, and is feasible only on the supposition of additional elements, which are not “nominated in the bond.” It is an entire mistake to affirm that English liberty has flourished in consequence of our glorious Constitution. English liberty has flourished in spite of our anomalous and defective Constitution; it has flourished in consequence of national virtues, in the absence of which that Constitution would have been utterly unmanageable. The machine which is supposed to have made us what we are, would have broken down generations ago, had we been other than what we are. It is full of checks, and counter-checks, of anomalies and incongruities, which would seem to indicate its fitting place, as an unworking model, in a museum of monstrosities. The Monarch has the sole power of forming treaties, and of declaring peace and war. He alone commands the army. He alone appoints all functionaries, civil, military, and judicial. He can dissolve Parliament whenever it thwarts him, and as often as he pleases. He can put an absolute veto on all its enactments. He can suspend

laws by orders in Council, if he can find Ministers bold enough to run the risk of a refusal on the part of Parliament to indemnify them afterwards. The House of Lords, or a majority of them, about 200 men, can snub both King and House of Commons, and stop all proceedings indefinitely, and paralyze the entire action of Government. Again, the House of Commons can release the army from their allegiance, by omitting to pass the yearly “Mutiny Bill.” It can refuse the Monarch the means of carrying on the war which it yet empowers him to declare, and of paying the functionaries whom it yet authorizes him to appoint. It can impeach the Ministers whom it allows him to nominate; yet if they are condemned, it still leaves him the power of conferring immunity upon them by an unlimited prerogative of pardon. The Constitution gives the Monarch means of absolute despotism, *if* he is wicked enough to desire it, and *if* the army will stand by him, and *if* the people will endure military rule. It gives the nobles power to set both people and Monarch at defiance, if they are selfish and daring enough to do so. It gives the lower House the power of starving both its colleagues into a surrender, on the supposition that both its colleagues will keep within the limits of the law. But it proceeds throughout on the supposition that none of these things will occur; *that their occurrence will be prevented by their possibility*; that none of the three parties will be forgetful of their duties, or be disposed to push their rights to an extreme; that each will bear and forbear; that all will join in masking the impossibilities of the Constitution, and avoiding the collisions which its theory makes so easy; and that all, like the reverential children of the frail Patriarch of old, will concur in covering, with a decent and respectful drapery, the nakedness of their common parent.

But what would be the result were the English machine to be worked by French hands? Each of the three co-ordinate authorities would assert its power to the utmost. Each would make use of its large portion to seize the whole. The Peers would put on the drag at the slightest opposition to their will. The Commons would stop the supplies on the most trivial provocation. The Sovereign would employ the army to levy the taxes and subdue the people. The Parliament would impeach the Minister, and the Monarch would insult and defy them by giving him a free pardon. The whole would be at a deadlock in a month. The opposing forces would substitute mutual antagonism for mutual control; and the result would be, not a *diagonal* as with us, but simply a checkmate—not a medial movement, but

an absolute stoppage. The *ultima ratio* which we have staved off for centuries, would be reached by Frenchmen in a single session. —Representative Government, then, we say, embodies the essence, breathes the atmosphere, lives the life of COMPROMISE. But the French hate compromise. The very idea of it disgusts them. What they are, they like to be completely. What they have, they like to have to themselves, without colleague or without competitor. A possession which they hold only in concert, with equal co-proprietors, has few charms for them. The legitimists are unwilling to replace their Sovereign on the throne, on any basis but that of divine right, and absolute authority. In their notion he would be degraded if he owed his crown to the summons of the people, or shared his power with a new aristocracy, or a popular assembly. The *bourgeoisie* in like manner would ignore the nobles, and reduce them to a nullity. And the democracy, equally exclusive and intolerant, cannot imagine that the mass of the people can be rightfully called on to admit the existence or recognise the claims of any other party, and insist upon an exclusive, absolute, and uncontrolled dominion. Guizot, in his treatise on Democracy, seized this peculiarity of France with the quick instinct of a master's eye. "Peace is impossible," (he says, for the word *peace* we would substitute *representative constitutionalism*;) "so long as the various classes and political parties whom our society comprises, nourish the hope of mutually destroying each other, and possessing an exclusive empire. This is the evil which, since 1789, torments us continually, and overthrows us periodically. The monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic elements, have not accepted or recognised each other, but have toiled for their reciprocal exclusion. Constitution, laws, administration, have been in turn directed, like engines of war, to the destruction of one or other party. It has been a 'war to the knife,' in which neither of the combatants believed it possible to live if his rival was still erect and breathing by his side."

French exclusiveness and hatred of compromise, then, is the first reason why representative institutions have not flourished in France. But there is another and a yet deeper cause. Their revolutions have always begun at the wrong end. They have looked only to one point, and that not the primary, nor the most essential one. They have begun their reforms with institutions, not with individuals. They have thought it sufficient to reconstruct society in the aggregate, without modifying or amending the units which compose it. They forget in their earliest efforts, and have never paused to remember since,

that the concrete mass must represent and resemble the materials of which it is made up; and that if the individuals are corrupt, selfish, violent, and impure, the community cannot be firm, peaceable, dignified, or noble. Accustomed to trace their evils to their Institutions, taught alike by their writers and their orators to cast upon empty forms the burden of their ingrained sins, they conceived that a change of institutions and of forms would work those miracles, which are the slow and painful product of private virtue and individual exertion; of patient toil, and more patient endurance—of mutual respect, and mutual love. They imagined they could reform society without first reforming themselves. Hence all their schemes and Constitutions have been projects for obtaining the reward without the effort—the victory without the conflict or the sacrifice; for dispensing with indispensable qualifications in place of eliciting or exercising them; for doing great actions without first training great souls; for seeking in the barren and narrow range of the mechanical, what can only be found in the rich resources of the moral world. They worked for the salvation of the individual without requiring his participation in the task. Fatal blunder! They imagined that men might be rendered free and equal by destroying external barriers and striking off material chains; they did not perceive that freedom and equality have their sole roots and guarantees within the man. They abolished the *ancien régime*; but they abolished it in vain, while each man carried his *ancien régime* within himself. The old vices, the old corruption, the old selfishness, the old ambition, the old passion for material enjoyments, the old incapacity for silent and elevated patriotism, still survived, and were never struck at or fairly encountered: how then should not the old anomalies re-appear? The garments were torn and buried; but the body and the life remained. Now, as surely as the laws of Providence are constant and inexorable, so surely can there be, for nation or for individual, no short cut to a goal which God has placed at the end of a toilsome and appointed path; no mechanical contrivances for the attainment of an end which is the allotted reward of moral effort and self-denying virtue; no human fiat for the gratuitous bestowal of blessings for which heaven has appointed a hard and heavy purchase-money. The functions of government—self-government as well as every other—demand qualifications, negative and positive, of no ordinary kind; qualifications which are not inherent or innate; qualifications for which the demand by no means

always calls forth the supply. The mere possession of power confers neither capacity nor virtue to exercise it well; and in obtaining the representative institutions that belong to freedom, while still tainted with all the vices of their ancient servitude, the French only seized a treasure of which they had forgotten to secure the key, a weapon of which they had not learned the mastery, a writing in cypher to which they had not got the clue. Caution, humility, obedience to law, long-suffering patience, respect for others' rights, and others' opinions,—these, the *sine qua non* of a constitutional régime, they never dreamed of practising;—aspiring to raise the superstructure, while shirking the preliminary drudgery of laying the foundation.

A third reason why parliamentary government, which has answered so well in England, has answered so ill in France, may be found in the fact, that it harmonizes with our habits and institutions, but is wholly discrepant and incongruous with those of our neighbours. We govern ourselves; they are governed by officials. Our whole system is municipal, theirs is bureaucratic. We have already spoken of their centralized administration, and the extent to which it pervades and interpenetrates the daily and domestic life of the nation. In England the civil servants of the government are few, unconnected, and unobtrusive; in France they are innumerable, omnipotent, and constitute a separate, organized, and powerful class. In England they confine themselves to absolutely necessary functions; in France they interfere with every transaction and every event of life. In England, as a general rule, a man is only reminded of their existence by the annual visit of the tax-gatherer, unless indeed he has to appeal to the law, or has rendered himself amenable to it; in France, scarcely a day passes, scarcely an operation can be concluded without coming into contact or collision with one or other of their number. Many of the duties performed by officials on the Continent are here performed by elected parochial or municipal functionaries, many are left to individual discretion, many more are not performed at all. With us a man's free-will is limited only by his neighbour's free-will and his neighbour's rights; in France, as in Austria, it can be exercised only subject to government or police permission previously obtained. Restriction is the exception here; it is the rule there. Throughout the Continent, a citizen cannot engage in business, build a house, or take a journey, without leave; and leave is only to be obtained through an es-

tablished routine of tedious and annoying formalities which would drive an Englishman frantic.

A second operation of this centralized and over-active bureaucracy, has necessarily been to deprive the people of France of all share in those minor acts of government which should form their education for higher offices and more important functions. They have only the faintest vestiges of those municipal institutions which, with us, are such invaluable normal schools of peaceable agitation and political discussion. They have no local senates to prepare them for the central senate of the nation; or where such exist, they have no real power, and therefore excite little interest. The officials do everything; the people do nothing. They are associated with none of the acts of government except the highest. They choose no one except their legislative representatives and their executive chief—no one at least whose functions are much more than nominal. Under a bureaucracy, they have, and can have, no opportunity of training themselves in those skillful tactics, those mutual forbearances, those timely retreats, those judicious compromises, which form the essence of safe and wise political strategies. In a word, they are almost wholly without those real parochial and communal liberties, which are an indispensable preparation for national and republican liberties. Hence, when summoned to the task of self-government by means of a popular assembly, they are like pilots intrusted with the navigation of a ship who have never been at sea before.

But the French system of administration, while making children of its subjects, inevitably makes a despot of its chief. He who seizes, or to whom is entrusted, the reins of Government in France, finds himself—owing to its essential construction—absolute master of every functionary in every department throughout that vast empire. Through these functionaries he finds himself invested with almost uncontrolled power over every one of his fellow-countrymen. He is at the head of the police, justice, *gendarmerie*, finance, and education, not merely in Paris, but in Corsica and Algiers—in the remotest and obscurest corner of the land. He finds himself, by the simple accident of his position, a despot—an autocrat; and it is to ask a miracle of human nature to expect him not to use this despotic power. Moreover, the very habits of the nation, the very nature of the organization force him to use it. The functionaries throughout the country, feeling themselves only wheels in one great machine—

accustomed to refer everything to their head in Paris—constantly and naturally apply to him for orders; and he is thus, as it were, compelled to act, or the machine of administration would stand still.

In May last year we wrote thus:—"Republicanisim and bureaucracy are incompatible existences. You may call your state a republic if you will—you may modify its form as you please—you may have two chambers or one—you may place at the head a military dictator, or an elective President holding office for one year, for four years, or for ten;—but so long as the administration of public affairs remains central and bureaucratic, the utmost that full representation or universal suffrage can give, is the power of choosing the particular set of busy bodies who shall rule you, or rather the irresponsible individual who shall appoint them. It is not liberty, but merely the selection of your head oppressor. Thus France is in a radically false position, and she has not yet found it out; she is endeavouring unconsciously to unite two incompatibilities. Her government has all the finished and scientific organization of a despotism, with the political institutions which belong to freedom. Each man has a share in the choice of his legislator and his executive chief; each man is the depository of a calculable fraction of the sovereign power; but each man is the slave of the Passport office, the prefect, the gendarme, and the policeman. The republic of to-day may wake and find itself an empire to-morrow—scarcely an individual Frenchman would *feel* the difference—and not one iota of the administration need be changed. As it exists now, it was the child and may be the parent of imperialism. The whole machinery of autocratic rule is at all times ready for the hand of any one who can seize it."

What a commentary on our prediction has the Revolution of the 2d of December afforded! Surely it should teach France the soundness of our present position—viz., that she cannot serve two masters; she cannot at the same moment "fill her cup from the mouth and from the source of the Nile." *She cannot be at once representative and bureaucratic.* If she desires Parliamentary Government she must abolish Centralization. But it is beyond dispute that this system of administration, which to us seems so intolerable, is singularly popular in France; and that Parliaments, which appear to us so indispensable, are by no means popular. The one system is indigenous, and is therefore welcome and stable: the other is an exotic, and therefore

takes no root, shows no stamina, can arrive at no permanency or durability. It did not grow out of the people's wants: it does not harmonize with the people's sentiments. What France wants is what Napoleon gave her—viz., a firm and all penetrating administrative system, with municipal bodies and national assemblies, whose functions were limited to the representation of grievances;—and, in addition, she wants what he did not give her—and what yet remains a desideratum—a guarantee against the misgovernment of arbitrary power. Now, we in England are too apt to fall into the natural but somewhat pedantic error of supposing that this guarantee is afforded, and can only be afforded, by representative institutions. Yet the whole history of France since her first revolution might have taught us our mistake. She had representative institutions in 1793; yet they did not secure her against the most grinding tyranny which was ever imposed upon a people—a tyranny which was known and proved to be that of a minority—a tyranny, nevertheless, which it required the bloodshed and the *coup* of the 9th Thermidor to overthrow. She had representative institutions in 1799; yet they did not protect her against the wretched misgovernment of the Directory, nor against the daring conspiracy by which, on the 18th of Brumaire, both they and the Directory were superseded. Representative institutions did not protect France against the arbitrary decrees of Charles X., nor against the necessity of a revolution to dethrone him. They did not enable her to extort reform from Louis Philippe without the same bloody and rudimental expedient. Finally, they did not protect her from the violent usurpation of the President in December last. She has tried them under every form and modification; and under none have they superseded the necessity of revolutions;—*under none have they enabled her to dispense with the same rude and primitive mode of expressing their dissatisfaction and desire of change which is resorted to by nations to whom Parliaments and ballot-boxes are unknown.* They are effective to preserve the rights and liberties of citizens only where patriotism and a sense of justice are so paramount that instruments cannot be found to trample upon them. They are powerful to deter bad rulers from misgovernment, only when it is known that misgovernment will not be borne. The same *coup d'état* which has overturned the Government in France might have taken place in England just as well, if the Monarch had been wicked enough to attempt it, the Parliament discredited

enough to provoke it, the army subservient enough to enact it, the people base enough or wearied enough to submit to it. A representative system contains "the form but not the power" of freedom. It offers no security except on the assumption—true with us, false with our neighbours—that the parties concerned in it will be kept within its limits by a sense of duty, or a sense of fear. A King of England could not have acted as the President of France has done, not because the Parliament and the law forbade him, but simply because the army would not have assaulted the Parliament or disobeyed the law, and because the people would not tamely have endured either violation. Representative institutions are merely an established mode of manifesting to the ruler the resolution of the nation. Other simpler, louder, and more cogent, modes of manifesting this resolution may be found—not indeed suited to our meridian, but possibly to the meridian of France. This louder language is what France always speaks in whether she has a Parliament or not. A central Executive Chief, chosen by the free vote of the whole people, and liable at any time or at stated intervals to be cashiered by a reversal of that vote if he loses national confidence or incurs national condemnation, may possibly enough be a better system of government for France than any she has yet tried. "But where is the security (we are asked) that such adverse vote will be submitted to by a powerful Chief?" True; but in reply we ask—"Have we found that Representative Assemblies have afforded any such security?" And may not the whole matter be summed up in this brief decision, that no mode of expressing the national will will ever obtain submissive acquiescence, or reach the undisputed dignity of a sacred and supreme decree, till the whole people, those who command as well as those who obey, those who succumb as well as those who prevail, are penetrated and imbued with a paramount love of justice, a noble servitude to duty, and a solemn reverence for law. When these qualities reign universal and despotic, almost any form of government will suffice to embalm freedom and insure greatness; till these are acquired and maintained, the wisest system of policy are devised by the profound and subtle intellect of man can secure them no liberty and bring them no rest.*

* We particularly recommend to our readers the following quotations from one of the greatest historians and political thinkers of our time:—

"The English in the 16th century were, beyond all doubt, a free people. They had not indeed the

The cultivation of these qualities, then, and of the virtues which are allied to them and foster them, is the first necessity of the national life of France. For this process the two requisites are time and rest. The whole morale of France is fearfully perverted and disorganized; *how* fearfully we endeavoured to describe in a recent Number. The very alphabet of the decalogue has to be revived. Religion has to restore its influence and re-assert its claims. Literature has to be rescued from its grotesque deformities and its hideous pollutions, to be cleansed from its old abominations, and inspired with a diviner life. The foundations of social existence have to be purified and renovated. The school-time and apprenticeship of political action have to be passed through. But how can religion

outward show of freedom; but they had the reality. They had not as good a Constitution as we have; but they had that without which the best Constitution is as useless as the King's proclamation against vice and immorality, that which without any Constitution keeps rulers in awe—force, and the spirit to use it. . . . A modern Englishman can hardly understand how the people can have had any real security for good government under Kings who levied *benevolences* and chid the House of Commons as they would have chid a pack of dogs. People do not sufficiently consider that, though the legal checks were feeble, the natural were strong. There was one great and effectual limitation on the Royal authority—the knowledge that, if the patience of the nation were severely tried, the nation would put forth its strength, and that its strength would be irresistible.

"The Irish are better represented in Parliament than the Scotch, who, indeed, are not represented at all. [This was written before 1832.] But are the Irish better governed than the Scotch? Surely not. But this only proves that laws have no magical or supernatural virtue; that priestcraft, ignorance, and rage of contending factions, may make good institutions useless: that intelligence, sobriety, industry, moral freedom, firm union, may supply in a great measure the defects of the worst representative system. A people whose education and habits are such that, in every quarter of the world, they rise above the mass of those with whom they mix, as surely as oil rises to the top of water; a people of such temper and self-government that the wildest popular excesses recorded in their history partake of the purity of judicial proceedings and the solemnity of religious rites; a people whose high and haughty spirit is so forcibly described in the motto which encircles their thistle;—such a people cannot be long oppressed. Any government, however constituted, must respect their wishes, and tremble at their discontents. . . . They will be better governed under a good Constitution than under a bad Constitution. But they will be better governed under the worst Constitution than some other nations under the best. In any general classification of Constitutions that of Scotland must be reckoned as one of the worst—perhaps the worst—of Christian Europe. Yet the Scotch are not ill-governed. And the reason simply is that they will not bear to be ill-governed."—Macaulay, *Lord Burleigh and his Times*.

flourish or be heard amid the miserable intrigues or the sanguinary conflicts of balanced factions? How can the moral standard of a people be raised and cleared amid the tumults of passions constantly excited, and of strife unceasingly renewed? How can literature rise into a purer atmosphere, or breathe a calmer tone, or spread abroad the soothing influence of a serener spirit, when "the loud transactions of the outlying world" keep the cultivated circles in a perpetual fever, which makes all wholesome food distasteful, and all moderate and gentle stimuli insipid? An interval of repose, a breathing time of recollection and recovery, seems to be demanded alike in the name of the material and the spiritual interests of France—alike for the development of her physical resources, and the renovation of her moral life; a period during which a new generation might grow up, nurtured amid all the sweet sanctities of domestic life, played upon by all the countless influences of social peace, and sheltered from the angry passions and turbulent emotions which muddled and distracted the existences of their fathers and their grandfathers;—a stable rule, against which rebellion would be madness; a settled law, which should no longer leave obedience or disobedience an open question;—a government which all could respect, and which the bad should fear—and such just, civil, and moderate political rights as might be enjoyed and strengthened, and be gradually augmented as they were exercised and mastered—these seem now what France requires, and what her new ruler, if he be either wise or patriotic, might bestow.

That the French nation as a whole is ardently attached to the great idea of the first Revolution, there can, we think, be no reasonable doubt. But there may be great doubt whether French politicians are not as pedantic in supposing that this idea necessarily involves a republic, as English politicians are in conceiving all liberty to be bound up in Parliamentary forms. The two prolific principles established in 1789 were, first, the sovereignty of the people; and, secondly, the inadmissibility of a privileged class. Now neither of these principles require that a republic, *according to our notion of one*, should be the form of government selected. They merely require that it shall not be an oligarchy; and that, whatever it be, it shall emanate from the people. Many months ago we were assured by a very intelligent Parisian, that "*La France est républicain et Bonapartiste*;" and that the two were by no means incongruous or incompatible. That France should

at one and the same moment cling to a Republic and to the name and memory of the man who destroyed the Republic, who rose upon its ruins, and replaced it by one of the most iron and autocratic despotisms the world ever saw, seems at first sight to involve a contradiction; but the inconsistency and improbability will vanish when we reflect that Napoleon professed to complete the idea of a Republic, and to govern in its name—that he took especial care to receive each successive elevation through the forms of a popular election—that a Frenchman's notion of liberty is not personal freedom, but political equality—that a republican form of Government is chiefly dear to him as embodying this inaccurate and incomplete conception—and that his bug-bear, his *bête noire*, his pious abomination, is not a chief or master, but a privileged order. He dislikes and dreads an aristocracy, not an autocracy. A nominal Commonwealth, even with an arbitrary despot like Napoleon at its head, provided it be in any sense, whether tacitly or formally, the nation's choice, satisfies a Frenchman's confused and misty ideal. This singular union of what seems to Englishmen two opposed and mutually excluding conditions of polity—Republican Institutions and Imperial sway—is embodied in a most characteristic manner in much of the current coinage of France. Every old five-franc piece contains what we should call an Irish Bull. All the money coined under the empire bears "*République Française*" on the one side, and "*Napoléon Empereur*" on the reverse. The face of the coin affirms a fact; the back gives it a point-blank contradiction.

We believe the coin so marked to be a faithful representation of the mind of the great mass of the French people, and to speak their real sentiments. An Emperor stamped upon a Republic! A regal, central, powerful, brilliant chief, elected or confirmed by popular suffrage. Not freedom from control, but the selection of the great controller. Napoleon understood this well. Chosen by the people, at first by a sort of general acclamation, and afterwards by an almost universal vote, he believed himself, and we believe him to have been, a truer representative of their wishes and opinions than any assembly that was ever elected. Strong in the strength of this conviction, and confident in his perfect comprehension of the requirements of his country, he framed that wonderful administrative organization of which we have already spoken, and promulgated the Constitution under which, with some modifications, France lived so long. The principle of that Constitution was that

of a strong and concentrated executive, aided by all the enlightenment and assistance it could derive from the practical knowledge and experience of the ablest men in the country. Napoleon refused no advice, but permitted no interference. The idea never entered into his head of ingrafting upon one another two things as distinct in their origin and as discordant in their operation as the centralized administration, so peculiarly French, and the parliamentary régime, so peculiarly British. He looked upon the Senate, the legislative body, the Council of State, the local and departmental councils, as collections of men from whom he could gain much useful information, and much valuable aid; he never recognised their right to shackle his administrative action, or to step out of their narrow and allotted province. With regard to the Provincial Councils, he wished that they should be listened to with deference and patience. One of the prefects of the Côte d'Or having failed to listen with due respect to the representations of the municipal body, Napoleon sent him a severe and grave rebuke. But when the Council-General of the Haute-Garonne, in the same year, took upon it to criticise a portion of the system of taxation then established, he snubbed it most unmercifully, and explained very clearly to its members the nature and limits of their functions, as follows:—

“Les conseils généraux ne sont point institués pour donner leurs avis sur lois et sur les décrets. Ce n'est par là le but de leur réunion. On n'a ni le besoin ni la volonté de leur demander de conseils.

“Ils ne sont et ne peuvent être que des conseils d'administration. Dans cette qualité, leurs devoirs se bornent à faire connaître comment les lois et les décrets sont exécutés dans leurs départemens. Ils sont autorisés à représenter les abus qui les frappent, soit dans les détails de l'administration particulière des départemens, soit dans la conduite des administrateurs; mais ils ne doivent le faire qu'en considérant ce qui est ordonné par les lois ou par les décrets, comme étant le mieux possible.

“Un homme qui sort de la vie privée pour venir passer trois ou quatre jours au chef-lieu de son département fait une chose également inconvenante et ridicule lorsqu'il se mêle de comparer ce qui existe en vertu des lois de l'administration générale actuelle avec ce qui existait dans un autre temps, et lorsqu'à la faveur de quelques observations utiles sur l'administration particulière de son département, il se permet des observations critiques et incohérentes. . . . Sans doute, il a été des temps, où la confusion de toutes les idées, la faiblesse extraordinaire de l'administration générale, les intrigues, qui l'agitaient, faisaient penser à beaucoup de citoyens isolés, qu'ils étaient plus sages que ceux qui les gouvernaient, et qu'ils avaient plus de capacité pour les affaires. *Ce temps*

n'est plus. L'Empereur n'écoute personne que dans la sphère des attributions respectives.”

We are far from saying or thinking that the amount of political liberty and of participation in national affairs which Napoleon allowed even at the commencement of his consulate, can or ought permanently to satisfy a people like the French. But it well deserves the dispassionate consideration both of our own *doctrinaires* and our continental imitators, whether a sounder and higher ultimate result may not be obtained by commencing from such moderate germs of political freedom and civil action as may in time, by degrees, and through a process of extorted concessions, be ripened and expanded into an ample and fitting Constitution, than by starting with such a Constitution ready made—on paper; whether it would not be wiser for Frenchmen to follow our example in the slow, painful, and laborious steps by which we have achieved and wrung out our liberties—practising them as we won them—consolidating them as we went along—rather than to grasp at the finished treasure, without learning the lessons which teach its value, or acquiring the mastery over it which confers its value and guarantees its security. As in the grand old fictions of the Rosierucian fancy, those aspirants after super-human power and earthly immortality—who seized prematurely on the arch-gift and inhaled the rich elixir, before a long course of strengthening toil, purifying abstinence from earthly passions, and resolute crucifixion of all low desires, had fitted their frames to breathe a rarer atmosphere, and gaze upon intenser light—were stricken into insanity or dazzled into blindness by the awful revelation and the intolerable stimulus, so surely do the exciting air, the intoxicating draught, the wild delight, the terrible power of liberty, ask for their healthy endurance and their noble exercise, preparation scarcely less tedious and elaborate, a soul scarcely less purified and strengthened. To seize upon the splendour before the sight is purged and fortified, is to rush not into light, but into darkness.*

If Louis Napoleon, as both his writings and his actions appear to indicate, takes the same view of the needs and capabilities of France which we have here endeavoured to explain, and if he be really animated by that partially pure patriotism which consists in wishing to connect his name indis-

* “Constitutions (said Sir James Mackintosh) cannot be made; they must grow.” In this profound aphorism we may learn the secret of French failures.

solubly with the grandeur and regeneration of his country, we believe that he *may* yet employ his tenure of power in a manner which will cause its origin to be forgotten and forgiven. That he *will* do so, is rather our hope than our sanguine expectation. It is what one of their own philosophers described a future state to be, *un grand peut-être*. It certainly seems somewhat foolish to fancy that a man who has attained his supremacy by violence should use that supremacy for good. It seems the very simplicity of sanguineness to expect that a man who, in marching to his end, has trampled all legality under foot, should, when that end has been reached, proclaim, enforce, and submit to legality in future. It is the curse and the punishment of guilt, in public even more than in private life, that one crime almost always necessitates another and another. It is difficult for a usurper to control and restrain the tools of his usurpation. It is difficult for the victor in a civil strife, to restore freedom and power of action to the vanquished. It is difficult for a chief whose conduct is open to the harshest criticism and the bitterest invective, to permit fair license to the tongues and pens of his antagonists. Nevertheless, on his ability and courage to dare all this depends Louis Napoleon's exoneration and success. We cannot too often repeat that he owes a great expiation to his country. He has committed a deliberate act of violence and treason, which can be pardoned only on condition of its being the last. He has seized power in a manner which only the beneficial use he makes of it can induce history to forget or gild. Yet it is undeniable that he has examples before him of others who have stolen a sceptre and yet have wielded it in the service of their country. It is still left for him, by imitating their excellencies and avoiding their errors, to throw a veil over all that is deplorable and disreputable in the past. Augustus waded to a throne through an amount of bloodshed and of perfidy of which Louis Napoleon has given us only a faint and feeble reflex; yet by giving to Rome a long respite from sixty years of civil strife and tyrannous dominion, by developing her resources, re-organizing her empire, cultivating her intelligence, and laying the foundation for 350 years of peace, he has left behind him a name associated for ever with an age of political and literary glory. Cromwell dismissed a Parliament scarcely less despised or discredited than that of France, with a degree of violence and ignominy as great as Louis Napoleon inflicted; yet he governed better, and raised the name of England higher than any sove-

reign had done since the Great Queen. In 1799 Napoleon drove out the Council of Five Hundred by the actual use of the bayonet, and installed himself as First Consul by an autocratic fiat and a military force; yet his name is still dear to France—less on account of that long series of splendid campaigns, which brought her at first so much glory, and afterwards so much discomfort and mortification—than because, for the first time since 1789, he gave her a strong and settled Government; because he made her feel that she had a master-hand and a sagacious pilot at the helm; because he gave her rest from intrigues, conspiracies, and the wearisome and humiliating succession of imbecilities which had so long misruled her; because he restored, under wise and stern conditions, her shattered and desecrated altars; because, lastly and chiefly, he reorganized the dissolved and decrepid system of administration on a basis which has never since been shaken, and educed order out of chaos. Louis Napoleon may find in the history of his predecessors something of example, but far more of warning. Three especial errors he must guard against: He must avoid that love of war and too exclusive reliance on the army, which eventually lost Napoleon his crown; he must avoid the reaction towards priestcraft and the dread of a free press, which led to the overthrow of Charles X.; and that neglect of the sentiments and demands of the middle classes, which prepared the way for the ignominious catastrophe of Louis Philippe.

First, If Louis Napoleon relies exclusively on the troops to support his Government he will commit a fatal blunder. They cannot be trusted in to coerce the nation. They may be relied on for a *coup d'état* against an Assembly respected by no one, deserted by the *bourgeoisie*, and abused by the working classes; but assuredly they cannot be relied on for a systematic crusade against the liberties, feelings, and affections of their fellow citizens. It has been all along pretty well understood, that, though ready enough to fight against *émancipés* and Socialists of Blanqui's caste, they could never be relied upon to put down any insurrection in which the National Guard sided with the masses. In each individual instance, in each sudden crisis, the habit of obedience and the recollection of their military oath would probably prevail, and cause them to obey the orders of their immediate superiors. But this would no longer be the case as soon as they had time to consult and discuss among themselves, and as soon as they perceived that they were made the

tools of a regular system inimical to those whom they loved, and to whose ranks they belonged, and to the interests of that nation of which they formed a recognized and sympathizing part. They soon learn and strongly retain the instinct of discipline and the *esprit du corps*; but they never wholly lose the sentiment of citizenship. French soldiers are not, like English ones, chosen from the lowest portion of the populace, and enlisted virtually for life. The conscription takes them nearly indiscriminately from all ranks, and they serve, or are required to serve, only for seven years. After that time, unless they wish otherwise, they return to mingle with the mass of their fellow-citizens. The result of this is twofold: first, that they retain most of the feelings and predilections of the classes out of which they were called yesterday, and into which they will be re-absorbed to-morrow; and, secondly, that France swarms with thousands of trained and disbanded soldiers, equal in skill and experience to those actually enrolled, but as full of political interests and predilections as any of their compatriot civilians. Thus the army in France is not, as in England, a distinct body set apart from the nation, and having no feelings and opinions that are not bounded by the barrack-walls. It is merely that portion of the people which in each particular year chances to be under arms. One-seventh of them were simple citizens—sons, brothers, husbands, before everything—last year; one-seventh of them again become simple citizens—sons, brothers, husbands, before everything—this year. The idea of using them against the NATION, it would therefore be folly in Louis Napoleon to entertain.

The officers of the army, again, are chosen from among those middle classes out of whose hands the late *coup d'état* is by some supposed to have wrested power. They belong to these classes, they marry into them, they frequent their society, share their feelings, imbibe their sentiments. Like them, they read the newspapers, and feel the deprivation when newspapers are suppressed. In proportion to their rank and education will be their susceptibility to all those social influences which will make them reluctant and unsafe tools for resolute misgovernment.

Moreover, the moment the army perceives that Louis Napoleon's government depends on it alone, that moment it becomes supreme, exacting, jealous, and tyrannical. That moment also it becomes the arena of the most desperate personal intrigues. That moment gives to Louis Napoleon a score of formidable rivals. He is

a civilian. He has won his spurs in no memorable battle; and it is only a military chief who can reign by the sword. If the army is to be the centre and instrument of power, there are many who have a better title than he has to seize it. If, therefore, he relies on the army alone, as an instrument of misgovernment, he is leaning on a spear which will break and pierce him.

Above all, Louis Napoleon must beware of so far mis-reading the history of the great man whose name he bears as to look to war either for safety or for power. Let the nephew well understand and lay to heart the real foundations of the uncle's glories,—the true reason why the mere name is one of such magic,—the true reason why that name secured his own election, while yet an unknown or an ill-known man. It was not Napoleon's military, but his *civil* services that made him the idol of the nation from 1800 to 1804; it was a repetition, not of his military, but of his civil services, that, in 1848, France looked for from his nephew, when she chose him as her Chief at a moment when a similar confusion to that which Napoleon had closed seemed to call for a similar elucidation, and made the people turn with hope and affection to the mere echo of a great name. Napoleon's military career, magnificent and brilliant as it was, exhausted the nation, wearied the army, carried mourning and desolation into every family: Napoleon's military grandeur all passed away, and left France no wider, no greater, no richer than he found her. But his *Code Civil* has maintained its ground in every country where he planted it; his clear and simple coinage has been everywhere adopted and confirmed by the Sovereigns whom he had ejected, and who returned after his defeat; and his elaborate and scientific system of Centralized Administration has never once been shaken or meddled with by any of the Monarchs or Revolutions that have succeeded him. The trophies of war have all perished: the trophies of peace have all survived. The former made France miserable: the latter have made her a celebrity and an example. The former landed Napoleon in a miserable exile, and gave

“His name a doubt to all the winds of Heaven.”

the latter placed him high among the permanent benefactors of mankind.

To Louis Napoleon, situated as he is, a war would probably be about the most shallow and suicidal policy he could pursue. In the first place, till firmly and fairly established on his new throne, a foreign war would only let loose his domestic foes. No

wise chief will march against an enemy, if he leaves half-subdued treason and angry discontent behind him in his own camp. In the second place, a war undertaken in these days must either be a war against despots with insurgents for allies; or a war against freedom with despots for allies. A war of the first kind would not only concentrate against the President all the continental powers, but would involve him in a net of incongruities and perplexities which would aggravate ten-fold the perplexities of his actual position. It could be successful only by the aid of those republican parties in Hungary, Italy, and Prussia, whose equivalents and *analoga* in France he had just repressed with such stern severity. He, the military usurper, the violent destroyer of a free Constitution, would have to hoist the banner of liberty, and march to the watchword of the people's war-cry. The hero of the *coup d'état*, the prisoner of inviolable deputies, the gaoler of popular generals, would have to proclaim everywhere liberty to the captive, and the restoration of rights to the oppressed. If, on the other hand, he joined the European autocrats, and made war on liberty, and on England, Belgium, and Sardinia as its representatives, he would commit a still more fatal blunder. A war with England would be very popular, no doubt, with many Frenchmen, but it would be hateful to many more. It would be a proclamation of deliberate hostility against the cause of Constitutional rights and liberties all over the world. It would bring him, the Representative and Chief of a nation which still clings to the ideas of the first great revolution, into close alliance with the old worn-out tyrannies of Europe, and degrade him into the ape and flunkey of the withered legitimacy of the world. It would bring the Republic of France, which swears by universal suffrage, into direct collision with every state in which any vestige of popular election yet survives. It would involve her in a crusade against the freedom for which she has fought so gallantly and suffered and sacrificed so much. Such a war would be absolutely detestable to all the better spirits of the French nation—to the intelligent classes whom it is so important for Louis Napoleon to conciliate to his régime—to the moderate as the extreme—to all, except those who love plunder, and those who are thirsty for revenge. The Republicans of France sympathize deeply with the struggling patriots of every land. To them the expedition against Rome was the most hateful act of the Assembly. The Orleanists and Moderates feel that they must make common cause with the support-

ers of free Constitutions and limited Monarchy throughout the globe. The nation as a whole feel that, if the great contest and victory of 1789 is to bear any fruit—if it is not to be regarded as a gigantic and insane blunder—if it was an emancipation to be glorified in, not a crime to be repented of—France must remain the ally and champion of national independence and popular rights, wherever they may be asserted. To espouse the cause of despotism, to attack the free states of Europe, would be to blaspheme the past, to deny her mission, to desecrate her flag. For France to league with the Russian autocrat, the Prussian perjurer, the Austrian tyrant against Constitutional England and Sardinia, and Republican America and Switzerland, would indeed be for "the dog to return to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

A war must either be successful or unsuccessful; in either event it would be fatal to Louis Napoleon's supremacy. If unsuccessful, the French would never forgive him for having provoked it. The army would desert him; the people would despise him; the gentry would hate him; the whole nation would cry out against him; every private interest and every patriotic passion would combine to assail him; and the very foundations of his power would crumble away like sand. If, on the other hand, the war were to be glorious and triumphant, it would insure his downfall as infallibly, though from another cause. Louis Napoleon is not a soldier. His army must be entrusted to the leadership of the ablest generals he can appoint. His victories must be won by others. He must select for the supreme command, not the men he can rely upon as devoted to himself, but the men whom the public voice or the desire of the troops shall proclaim to be most fitted for the post. The first brilliant exploit will give him a rival. The first glorious campaign will designate his dethroner and successor. He may give the signal for war; but others will reap its laurels, others will gather in its fruits, others will monopolize its glory. A war would at once place the very men whom he has just circumvented, insulted, and imprisoned, at the head of the army by means of which he has climbed to power. A war would at once place Cavaignac, Changarnier, Bedeau, and Lamoricière above him. And if one of these should display any portion of that political and administrative genius, which the life of camps so often develops, and affords so many opportunities of manifesting; if he should be gifted with that terse and stir-

ring eloquence which soldiers often possess; and if solid and practical capacity should give him over the reason of his countrymen, that ascendant which his victories have already given him over their imagination,—then, assuredly, Louis Napoleon would have found his master, and the Assembly its merciless avenger.

Secondly,—Louis Napoleon must especially guard himself against the very probable mistake of supposing, that because he has the support of the army and of the masses—of the numerical majority, and of the organized forces of the nation—he can afford to despise the hostility, or dispense with the allegiance of the middle and educated classes. He has already given some indications of his tendency to fall into this error. He is said to be contemplating the abolition of the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*, the imposition of an income-tax, and the promotion of extensive public works, with a view to satisfy the poorer classes. But measures of this sort will not suffice. The great body of the ignorant peasantry have indeed voted for him as representing in their minds the cause of order, and the brilliant recollections of the Consulate and the Empire. Large numbers of the working people in the towns have also voted for him under the impression that he will unite the two incompatibilities, of a large remission of taxation, and a vigorous increase of public expenditure. But these alone cannot maintain him. The town ranks of all sections are always unreasonable in their expectations from a new *régime*, and therefore certain to encounter disappointment, and to change their admiration into disgust. Moreover, in no country, least of all in France, can the contest ever be a hopeful one for despotism, when all the cultivation and intelligence of the nation is on one side, and only brute numbers on the other. In no strife in modern days, is the *major vis* ever on the side of the mere numerical majority. The skill, knowledge, discipline, mental influence, intellectual resources, and moral weight, of the middle and upper ranks, will always be an immense over-match for mere masses of ignorant, untrained and stupid *prolétaires*. Louis Napoleon, therefore, must govern so as to conciliate the adherence of the writers, the financiers, and the literary and political notabilities of France—the natural leaders of her people—the representatives of her material interests and her moral power.

Now, to these classes, material interests are not the only ones, nor social comfort and physical wellbeing the sole necessities of existence. Selfish and worldly as

too many of them are, they cannot live by bread alone. They demand a scope for their activity, an arena for their talents. They will no longer be content with the old frivolities of the theatre and the *salon*. They have eaten of the tree of political knowledge; and, henceforth, the paradise of the senses and the fancy is disenchanted in their eyes. They have known the fascinations of political action, and will not again acquiesce in being utterly debarred from it. It will be dangerous to attempt to re-convert them into cyphers, and impossible to confine their energies within the poor and narrow circle of social trifling which once sufficed. The President must reckon with this natural ambition, and this rational activity. His new Constitution must be such as to offer an adequate and worthy field for the power and aspirations of the practical intellect of France. His administration must provide places wherein the capacities of the restless and the ardent may find ample, safe, and serviceable development. He must prove to the rising and the experienced politicians of the country, that the new system offers great prizes for the ambitious, wide scope for the active, noble occupation for the high-minded. He must shew them that there are worthier and loftier vocations for the trained and ripened intellect than party squabbles, or parliamentary intrigues, in aiding the action of the State, and developing the resources of the country. His Cabinet must be a place where genuine ability of every kind may find an entrance. His Senate must be an assembly to which it will not be a degradation to belong. His House of Representatives must be a body entitled to speak freely and discuss without reticence and fear.

Further, Louis Napoleon must remember that the educated classes will not long endure to be debarred from the full privileges and enjoyments of their education. It is idle to imagine that men gifted with the wonderful power of precise and brilliant expression, which distinguishes the French, will not chafe and rebel if condemned to an enforced silence, or compelled to restrain their utterances within limits, or to direct them into channels which it may suit a despot to prescribe. Men conscious of capacity to think worthily and to write splendidly on the exciting questions of government and war, will not tamely permit themselves to be warned off their favourite and chosen fields and relegated to the duller walks of science or fancy. Genius and talent, in every department of literature, like gunpowder, becomes dangerous by being compressed. They must be enlisted in the ser-

vice of the Government, or they will be arrayed against it, and in the end will be too strong for it. A free press is even a better safety-valve than a free Constitution for the restless intellects and fiery tempers of the cultivated classes. In addition to this, we must bear in mind that the French are great readers. The circulation of the Parisian newspapers is far beyond that of the London journals. Books and pamphlets, too, sell there in numbers which appear to us nearly fabulous. The recent *brochure* of M. Garnier de Cassagnac is said to have sold 100,000 copies. To most Parisians of any education, and to many provincials, their daily paper, with its brilliant "leader" and its exciting *feuilleton*, is as necessary as their daily breakfast. To deprive them of their habitual intellectual pabulum, and to render it so innutritious and insipid as it would inevitably become under a censorship, would render the President almost as unpopular with the Parisians as if he were to endeavour, actually and without metaphor, to starve them into allegiance. The support then of the thousand writers, and the million readers of France, Louis Napoleon can only conciliate by respecting the freedom of the press.

Lastly, and above all, Louis Napoleon must beware of relying on the PRIESTS. They are about the worst, the weakest, and the most treacherous reed upon which he could lean. We regard the tendency he has shewn in this direction with more jealousy than any of his other proceedings. It looks like a projected coalition between the two armies of despotism—the military and the ecclesiastical. It is true that one of the saddest and most menacing features of the present aspect of French society is the absence of a religious spirit. It is true that any one who should reanimate religion in the nation would be the greatest of human benefactors. But playing into the hands of the Jesuits will have precisely a contrary effect. They are the notorious and irreconcilable enemies of the central ideas which lay at the bottom of the great French Revolution, and which are still inscribed in the hearts of the whole nation,—viz., the sovereignty of the people, as opposed to the divine right of kings, and the reign of equal justice, as opposed to class privileges. All that the country has of noble in its recent history is arrayed against the priests. All the long years of its degradation and dishonour are associated with their rule. Everything generous and lofty, everything popular and stimulating, in its literature, has proclaimed relentless war against priestcraft under any form. Right or wrong,

priests in general, and Jesuits in particular, are hated by everything in France, (except moral ignorance and rare fanaticism, and legitimacy, with its sinister and ulterior designs,) as the foes to enlightenment, the upholders of humbug, the allies of despotism, and the serpents who creep into and poison domestic life. The restoration of them, even to most modified and regulated influence, was one of the most daring, difficult, and unpopular of Napoleon's achievements. Notwithstanding the strong reasons which then existed for doing it, notwithstanding the consummate skill and caution with which he did it, it was a reactionary step, which his supporters could hardly tolerate or forgive. The attempt to associate the priests once more in State authority had done much to undermine the influence of Charles X., before their mischievous advice led him to that attack upon the press by which he forfeited his throne. The active intellects of the French nation, in immense preponderance—it is most deplorable that it should be so, but it is so—regard Christianity as a deception and a chimera; and their religious teachers must resemble the Archbishop of Paris much more, and the Bishop of Chartres much less than the great body of them do at present, before this sad error can be rectified. And so long as this is the case, any truckling to the priests, any favouritism towards them, any signs of an intention to re-impose upon the nation a system which its intellectual leaders believe to be a sham, will be resented as an insult. Christianity itself is a glorious truth as well as a great fact; but to the educated portion of the nation the substitution of priestly despotism in its place presents the system which Rousseau discredited, which D'Alembert, Helvetius, and Condorcet, and all the great literary names connected with the social and political changes of the 18th century, won their fame by contending with and overthrowing. The French may endure the restoration of the Imperial despotism—never that of priestly sway. They may again come under the dominion of the Bastille—never under that of the Inquisition. Louis Napoleon could scarcely commit a blunder which will more surely and more righteously combine against him all that is virulent and all that is selfish, all that is noble and all that is vicious, all that loves freedom and all that loves fame, all that loves truth and all that loves power, in the intellectual and social world of France,—than by holding out a hand of favour and alliance to the Jesuits. The army will despise him for it. The *Salons* will ridicule and sneer at him for it. The Press will hate him for it almost

to a man. The stern Puritan Guizot, the unprincipled and brilliant profligate Thiers, the learned, eloquent, and democratic historian Michelet, the richly-gifted and artist-minded George Sand, the dignified and honoured philosopher Victor Cousin, even the disgracefully-popular ransacker of moral cesspools and obscene *cloaca*, Eugene Sue,—men who could join in nothing else, who have scarcely one other sentiment in common,—would all unite in one wild cry of mingled scorn, indignation, and disgust at the Ruler who could dream of replacing France under the broken crozier and the stained and tattered surplice of the priest.

Nor could the support of the clergy, thus dearly purchased as it must be, ever be relied on by Louis Napoleon. He can scarcely be weak enough to imagine that an organized hierarchy, whose head and centre is in Rome, can ever give faithful or cordial adherence to a man who has risen on the ruin and succeeded to the inheritance of anointed kings. He cannot believe that the servants of a Church whose first dogma, and whose pervading idea is the supremacy of Divine Right, can in their hearts espouse a cause based on military usurpation, and sanctioned by an appeal to universal suffrage. He cannot flatter himself that the alliance between the child of popular sovereignty and the proclaimers of royal sacredness and inviolability, can ever be more than a treacherous and hollow truce. He must know that by the necessity of the case, the Catholic clergy—such of them especially as receive their impulse from Rome—are secret and zealous Legitimists; that they regard him only as a warming-pan; and that they propose to use him as the restorer of an edifice which, when ready, the old and rightful heirs are to inhabit,—as the instrument for the recovery of a patrimony which, as soon as it is secured against the common enemy, they intend to transfer to the legal owner. Knowing all this, we can scarcely suppose, however Louis Napoleon may coquet with the Jesuits for a temporary purpose, that he will commit the enormous blunder of calling them into his councils, or sharing with them his power.

We have said that we are not sanguine as to Louis Napoleon's success in the position which he has so violently and unwarrantably seized. The chapter of accidents is always too rich in France to induce us to venture on a prophecy. Our object in this paper has been to trace the causes which have led to the catastrophe; to explain the reasons why we think the French nation may have been altogether on a wrong tack in their endeavour to naturalize a parlia-

mentary government; to call attention to the irreconcilability of such government with the centralized and bureaucratic administration which is apparently so popular, and is certainly so fixed; and to shew how the powers which are held by the President may be wielded for the benefit of his country, if he be really animated by a patriotic spirit, and gifted with adequate capacities.

Since this Article was in type, the President has published his Constitution and fulminated his decrees of banishment. The first we have no time nor space to criticise: the latter we cannot pass over without the expression of our conviction that they are a great blunder, as well as a great crime. Such indiscriminate and illegal severity has alarmed and staggered his supporters, and enraged more than it has terrified his enemies. It is an indication and confession of weakness,—a wanton trampling upon legal forms,—a menacing inauguration of a reign of terror. Already the murmurs of the Parisian *salons* have warned him of his mistake and his danger. Confiscation has now followed proscription, and the whole arsenal of tyranny seems to be opened.

NOTE TO ART. IV. IN NO. XXXI.

We deeply regret to find, that in our Review of Mr. Newman's "Hebrew Monarchy," in last Number, through an unfortunate, and of course unintentional and quite accidental mistake, words have frequently been put into quotation-marks which are not his, but which were supposed to convey his meaning. Arguments and sentiments have also been imputed to him which we understand he disowns. As language is attributed to Mr. Newman which is not literally his, we are anxious to take the earliest opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to the circumstance. They can judge for themselves, by comparing his Work with our Review, whether his meaning has been conveyed in *substance*. But it is due to him and to them to offer this apology for not having conveyed it in his own *form of expression*.

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